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ORATIONS

AND

SPEECHES

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

BY

EDWARD EVERETT.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON:
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1879.

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PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH VOLUME.

THE orations and speeches contained in the present volume were all delivered subsequent to July, 1858, with the exception of that on the Character of Washington, originally spoken on the 22d February, 1856, and repeated at intervals till the spring of 1861. It has never before been printed.

The address entitled "Franklin the Boston Boy," and "The Causes and Conduct of the War," have also never appeared in type; that at the dinner to Prince Napoleon has been *privately* printed only; the remaining speeches are all republications, in some cases from newspaper reports, which never received the author's correction, and in which, therefore, some errors may be detected.

The first three volumes contained no addresses of a political character. In accordance with what appears to have been the author's intention, the present volume comprehends two speeches partaking of that nature, — the fifteenth and fifty-fourth, on pages 235 and 698. They were both spoken long after the close of the author's official life, and are neither of them a contribution to partisan literature.

The republication of other writings of Mr. Everett's, and a memoir of his life, are in contemplation.

H. S. E.
W. E.

BOSTON, 1st September, 1868.

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ORATIONS AND SPEECHES.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.*

[The following statement relative to the preparation and delivery of this Oration was made by the author in pursuance of the request of the Chairman of the Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society, George Livermore, Esq., and read by Mr. Everett at the meeting of that body on the 17th of June, 1858.]

THE first proposal for the purchase of Mount Vernon by private subscription, as far as I am aware, was made, four years ago, by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, a native of South Carolina, of a Virginia family on the mother's side; and to her zeal, perseverance, and energy is mainly to be ascribed whatever success has attended the movement. This most estimable lady, under the signature of "A Southern Matron," which she has retained till very lately, published, in the year 1853, an address to the women of the United States, calling upon them to engage in a general effort for the purchase of Mount Vernon. Somewhat later, and in consequence of this address, an association of ladies was formed in Virginia for the promotion of this object, with branches in several of the other States, principally at the South. The payment of a dollar was the condition of membership; and in this way a considerable fund was raised.

Such was the state of things, when, in the autumn of 1855, I was requested by the Chairman of the Lecture Committee of the Boston Mercantile Library Association (Mr. Charles G. Chase) to deliver the introductory, or some other, lecture in their approaching course. But it was not in my power to comply with this request. It occurred to me, however, soon after, that the next winter would complete a century since the first of three visits made by Washington to Boston, — namely, in 1756, 1776, and 1789; and that this circumstance would furnish an appropriate occasion for a commemorative discourse on the 22d of February; particularly if, on examination, it should turn out that

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* An Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, on the 22d of February, 1856, and repeated in many places.

Washington passed his birthday in the year 1756 at Boston; which, however, did not prove to be the case. The general subject grew upon me as I reflected upon it; and I determined at length to propose to the Lecture Committee of the Mercantile Library Association, that they should celebrate the next anniversary of the birthday of Washington, offering to prepare for that occasion a discourse upon his character, the proceeds to be applied to some commemorative purpose. I intended, at this time, to treat the subject very much in its historical aspects, and in connection with the three visits to Boston already referred to. This offer was readily accepted, and the proposed celebration was announced in the Boston papers.

About this time I received an invitation to deliver an address before some society in Richmond, Va.; I think the Young Men's Christian Association. So numerous are the invitations received by me to deliver public addresses and lectures, that, to avoid the difficulty of making discriminations, I am obliged, generally speaking, to excuse myself altogether. I accordingly did so on this occasion; but having accidentally seen a short time before, in the "National Intelligencer," some notice of the organization and objects of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," I offered to repeat at Richmond, for the benefit of that institution, the discourse on the character of Washington, which I was under engagement to prepare for the Boston Mercantile Library Association on the ensuing 22d of February. This offer was readily accepted; and this was the commencement of the repetition of my discourse for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund.

In the course of the autumn of 1855 I received invitations to deliver addresses before a Young Men's Society at New Haven, the Mercantile Library Association at New York, and the Maryland Institute at Baltimore. Having declined previous invitations from these places, for the reason above given, I felt disposed to accept those extended to me this season, and to repeat the discourse on the character of Washington; that being a subject of equal interest throughout the Union. It is true, that, to fit it for repetition in the several places named, it would be necessary, in the treatment, wholly to abandon my original plan of dwelling in detail on Washington's three visits to Boston, and of deriving the main interest of the discourse from the successive developments and manifestations of his character in the events connected with those visits. Such a treatment of the subject would be likely to command the sympathy of a Boston audience, but would, in the same degree, have made the discourse less fitting for repetition elsewhere. I determined, therefore, after accepting the invitations to repeat the address at Richmond, New Haven, New York, and Baltimore, to give up the original conception, and, after a brief allusion to the three visits of Washington to this part of the country, to devote the rest of the discourse to an attempted delineation of his character.

The announcement in the newspapers of the several engagements just named attracted some attention in other places, and I began to receive invitations to repeat the address from various parts of the country. But the idea of an extensive repetition for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund had not yet occurred to me; nor had I, when the discourse was delivered for the first time in the Music Hall in Boston, on the 22d of February, 1856, formed any positive engagement to repeat it, beyond those already mentioned. For the same reason, I made no stipulation relative to the appropriation of the proceeds of the address at New Haven, New York, and Baltimore; at all which places the audiences were large and the receipts considerable, but, for the reason stated, not appropriated to the Mount Vernon Fund.

The Committee of the Mercantile Library Association in Boston having asked my advice as to the manner in which the proceeds of the original delivery of the discourse under their auspices should be expended, I recommended that a copy of Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington, in civilian's dress, should be procured for the hall of the Association; which was done. The portrait painted by Stuart for the State House at Newport was admirably copied by the late lamented Mr. Hoyt. In addition to this, a copy by Howorth of the fine head of General Hamilton by Trumbull, now in the possession of Hon. R. C. Winthrop, was also procured for the hall of the Association. These paintings, with their frames, cost between eight and nine hundred dollars.

The Mercantile Library Association of New York appropriated the net proceeds of the discourse, which was delivered before an immense audience in the Academy of Music, to the purchase of books for their library. The proceeds at Baltimore passed into the treasury of that excellent institution: but its directors liberally gave me one hundred dollars for my expenses; which, however, I paid over to the Mount Vernon Fund; having, on that occasion, formed the resolution to which I have since adhered,—to pay over to that fund every dollar which should come into my hands for the repetition of the address, without any deduction by way of compensation or for the reimbursement of expenses.

I delivered the discourse for the fifth time at Richmond, Va., on the 19th of March, 1856. This, as I have stated, was its first repetition for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund; and from that time to the present, with the exception of three instances of a particular character, the proceeds have been exclusively devoted to that object. Ex-President Tyler, Governor Wise, and the Mayor of the city were on the platform at Richmond, and addressed the audience at the close of my discourse. On the 21st of March I repeated the address at Petersburg, Va.; and on the 25th, at the University of Virginia, in the presence of the faculty and members of that institution. I had numerous invitations that spring to proceed farther South; but it was out of my power at that time to accept any of them. Returning homeward, I repeated the discourse at Washington, on the invitation and in the presence of the Secretary of State (Hon. W. L. Marcy) and other members of the Cabinet, and several of the most distinguished members of Congress. On the 1st of April I delivered it for the second time in Baltimore; on the 4th of April, before a very large audience, in the Musical-Fund Hall in Philadelphia, by invitation of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, — the Hon. Richard Rush, Joseph R. Ingersoll, G. M. Meredith, and other persons of distinction, being present. On the 7th of April I spoke at Princeton, at the request of the faculty and students of New Jersey College; on the 8th, at Newark, N. J.; and, on the 10th, at Brooklyn, N. Y., before a very crowded and enthusiastic assembly, in Plymouth Church; returning to Boston the next day. I was absent on this tour seven weeks, and gave the address, including its first delivery, thirteen times, nine times being for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund, and with an aggregate net receipt of fifty-five hundred and five dollars fifty-four cents. This sum includes the one hundred dollars paid to me for expenses by the Maryland Institute; and twenty dollars paid me, on the same account, by the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of Virginia, at Richmond.

After my return home in the spring of 1856, and beginning on the 16th of April, at Providence, R. I., in the presence of President Wayland and the faculty and students of Brown University, I repeated my address at Charlestown, on the 30th of April; at Springfield, on the 2d of May; at Cambridgeport, on the 6th; at Worcester, on the 13th; at Salem, on the 16th; at Hartford, on the 21st; and at Taunton, on the 30th of May. The aggregate net receipt from these eight repetitions was two thousand four hundred and three dollars and nineteen cents.

Having somewhat over-exerted myself this spring, after two years' intermission of public speaking, and taken a severe cold at Taunton, which affected my throat, I was obliged, for the present, to postpone other engagements. I did not again repeat my address till the 22d of

February, 1857; when, on the invitation of the Mercantile Library Association, I gave it for the second time in Boston, in the Music Hall, before a very large and distinguished audience. On the 17th and 19th of March I repeated it at Albany, in the presence of President Fillmore, the Rev. President Nott, and Governor King, who presided on both occasions, and many members of the Legislature of New York. The net proceeds of these three repetitions were two thousand six hundred and seventy-five dollars and fifty-eight cents.

In the third week of April, 1857, I went to St. Louis to deliver an address, on occasion of the inauguration of Washington University of the State of Missouri. On this occasion I repeated my "Washington," on the 20th of April, by invitation of the Mercantile Library Association, and on the 25th by invitation of a committee of the citizens of St. Louis, and in the presence of very large and respectable audiences. I then made a hasty circuit through the Northwestern States, delivering my address at Chicago, on the 28th and 29th; at Detroit, on the 1st of May, on which occasion the Governor of that State, and Chancellor Tappan of the University, were present; at Indianapolis, on the 4th, in the presence of the Governor, and Ex-Governor Wright; at Cincinnati, on the 7th and 9th of May, in the presence of Governor Chase, Mr. Justice McLean, Mr. Senator Pugh, and many other eminent persons; at Louisville, on the 12th and 13th of May, in the presence, among others, of Mr. Secretary Guthrie, Hon. Humphrey Marshall, and Hon. Wm. Preston; at Lexington, on the 14th, in presence of Vice-President Breckinridge, Judge Robertson, and other persons of eminence; at Maysville, on the 15th (making four times, in four successive days, in parts of the State lying at some distance from each other); at Buffalo, on the 20th, in presence of Judge Hall of the United States District Court, Hon. A. Tracy, and other distinguished persons; at Utica, on the 21st, in presence of Ex-Governor Seymour and other prominent individuals; and at Troy, on the 22d, in presence of Major-General Wool and other persons of distinction. In this tour of four weeks I gave the address fifteen times. I spoke, however, once at Chicago and once at Cincinnati, under former engagements to address the Mercantile Library Associations of those places, and not, consequently, for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund. The aggregate net receipt of thirteen repetitions on this tour, for the benefit of the fund, was six thousand three hundred and ninety dollars eleven cents.

In the summer and early autumn of 1857, beginning on the 18th of June at Cambridge, I spoke, on the 23d, at Dartmouth College, in presence of the faculty and students of that institution; on the 29th, at

Roxbury, Mass.; on the 1st of July, at Amherst, in the presence of the faculty and students of the college at that place; at Northampton, on the 2d of July, in the presence of Mr. Justice Dewey, Hon. Erastus Hopkins, Rev. President Allen, and other eminent persons; on the 20th of July, at Newburyport; on the 27th, at Andover, in the presence of many of the professors and members of the Theological Seminary and Academy in that place; on the 29th, at Lawrence; on the 6th of August, at Brunswick, before the faculty and students of Bowdoin College; on the 7th, at Portland, in the presence, among other gentlemen of note, of Judge Shepley, Hon. C. S. Davies, &c.; on the 10th, at Bangor, in presence of his Honor the Mayor, Governor Kent, &c.; on the 17th and 24th, at Newport, in presence of President Van Buren, Bishop Clark, Hon. Wm. B. Lawrence, Dr. King, &c.; on the 2d of September, at Medford; on the 15th, at Fall River; on the 18th, at Nashua, N. H.; on the 28th, at West Cambridge, Mass.; on the 29th, at Woburn; and on the 30th, at Charlemont, N. H., in presence of Governor Metcalf and other prominent persons. Having engaged to deliver an address at Amherst College in the usual way, and being unable to keep the appointment, the repetition of the "Washington" at that place was gratuitous. The aggregate net receipt of eighteen repetitions on this summer tour was four thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars and eighty-two cents.

Having occasion to go to Buffalo, in the first week of October, to deliver an address before the New York State Agricultural Society, I availed myself of this opportunity to fulfil some engagements to repeat my address in the West. I gave it at Fredonia, in Chautauque County, N. Y., on the 8th of October; at Ann Arbor, before the faculty and students of the University of Michigan, on the 12th; at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 13th; and at Erie, Penn., on the 14th. Returned home, I gave my address at Lowell, Mass., on the 22d of October; at Concord, N. H., on the 23d; at Gloucester, Mass., on the 26th; at Hingham, on the 28th; at Norwich, Conn., on the 11th of November, in the presence of Governor Buckingham and other distinguished gentlemen; at Fitchburg, Mass., on the 2d of December; and at New Bedford, on the 29th, when I was introduced to the audience by Governor Clifford. The aggregate net proceeds for October, November, and December (eleven repetitions) were eighteen hundred and ninety-six dollars and sixty-eight cents.

On the 11th of January of the present year (1858) I repeated the address at Portsmouth, N. H. Rev. Dr. Peabody, Editor of the "North American Review," G. W. Haven, Esq., and Rev. Dr. Burroughs, &c., were of the audience. On the following day I spoke at Augusta, Me., in presence of the Governor, and many members of the Legislature, of Ex-Governor Bradbury, R. H. Gardiner, Esq., and other persons of eminence. On the 21st of January, by the invitation of a large number of the most distinguished citizens of New York, I gave the address for the second time in that city. It was delivered, as on the former occasion, in the Academy of Music. The officers of the Mercantile Library Association kindly took charge of the arrangements. The audience, both for numbers and respectability, was of the most distinguished character. On the 23d, I returned to Boston.

On the 4th of February, on the invitation of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, I gave my address for the second time in Philadelphia. It was delivered before a magnificent audience, in the Academy of Music; Hon. H. D. Gilpin, a Vice-President of the Society, presiding. Bishop Potter, Judge Kane, and many other persons of distinction, were present. At the particular request of several persons of influence, I again repeated the address in the Academy of Music, for the third time in Philadelphia, on the 16th; the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania presiding. On the 22d of February, I went to Richmond, by invitation of the commissioners for erecting Crawford's noble equestrian statue of Washington, to witness the interesting ceremonies of that occasion. On the following day General Washington's cane was presented to me, and his spyglass to Mr. Yancey of Alabama, on behalf of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, in acknowledgment of our services in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund. The presentation took place in the theatre at Richmond, in presence of Governor Wise; of the Governors of Connecticut, New Jersey, and Michigan; of Lieutenant-General Scott; of Major-General Persifer Smith; of Mr. Senator Mason; of Miss Cunningham, the Regent, and several of the other officers of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association; and of a most distinguished and appreciative audience. After the ceremonial of presentation, I repeated the discourse of the character of Washington; and again, at the African Church, at Richmond, on the 26th, William H. Macfarland, Esq., introducing me to the audience. Returning northward from Richmond, I repeated the address at Wilmington, Del., on the 8th of March, in the presence of the Mayor, Bishop Lee, and other distinguished gentlemen; I. R. Latimer presiding. On the 10th, I spoke at Trenton, by invitation of the two houses of the Legislature of that State, in the presence of the Governor, many members of the Legislature, Judge Dayton, and other prominent citizens; and was honored on the following day by a public reception by the two houses of the

Legislature and the Court of Appeals of New Jersey. On the 12th of March, in pursuance of an invitation signed by Governor Packer and every member of his administration, and by every member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, I repeated the address at Harrisburg. The venerable Judge Wilkins, an active member of the Senate, was among the distinguished persons present. Again directing my course southward, I delivered my address at Alexandria, Va., on the 18th, — W. H. Fowle, Esq., of that city, presiding; and, on the day following, at Fredericksburg, in presence of Judge Lomax, Mr. Douglas Gordon, I. Horace Lacy, Esq., Colonel Tayloe, Dr. Philip Stuart, and a highly intelligent audience. These repetitions did not take place in a continuous absence from home. I had returned to Boston twice since leaving it for New York on the 20th of January. The aggregate receipt of twelve repetitions was seven thousand six hundred and ninety-three dollars fifty-four cents.

I was on my way to the South to make an extensive tour in that part of the Union, when letters from home made it my duty to return from Richmond to Boston. After remaining at home a short time, I found that I could again be absent without very great inconvenience; and I accordingly went to New York, and took passage to Charleston on the 3d of April, arriving off the bar on the afternoon of the 5th. Some misapprehension of the days on which I was to speak at Savannah and Augusta made it necessary that I should immediately proceed to the former place, where I spoke in the theatre, on the 7th of April; Bishop Elliot introducing me to the audience. On the 9th I spoke at Augusta, in the presence of his Honor the Mayor, Hon. Mr. Jenkins, Colonel Berrien, and other persons of note. On the following day I returned to Charleston, where I gave my discourse in the Hall of the Southern Institute, before a magnificent audience; Governor Allston, Chancellor Dunkin, Hon. Charles Macbeth, Mayor of the city, and many other persons of eminence, especially the leading gentlemen connected with the press, occupying places on the platform. Hon. James L. Petigru introduced me to the audience. On the 16th, I gave my address at Columbia; Hon. W. F. Desaussure presiding. The audience was of the most distinguished character. The faculty of the College were present; but the institution itself was not in session. Hon. W. C. Preston, Rev. Dr. Thornwell, Dr. R. W. Gibbes, and Colonel Cunningham were among the eminent persons present. The net proceeds of four repetitions of my address in South Carolina and Georgia were four thousand one hundred and eighty-six dollars twenty-eight cents.

I was the next week to have spoken four times in Western Georgia; and then to have proceeded, by the way of Montgomery and Mobile, to New Orleans. I received, however, on the eve of my intended departure to keep these appointments, letters from Washington informing me that the health of my son-in-law, Lieutenant Wise, of the United States Navy, was such as to require a voyage to Europe. I felt it my duty to return immediately to Washington to take leave of my daughter and her husband before their departure. Having accomplished this, I returned to Virginia to fulfil a few engagements in that State, which I had been obliged to postpone on my unexpected return to Boston in March. I arrived at Lynchburg on the 3d of May, in pursuance of a long-standing invitation from the citizens of that place. I was received by Judge Wilson on behalf of the citizens, and by a military escort composed of the Cadets of the College. On the 4th, my address was delivered in Dudley Hall to a fine audience; John M. Speed, Esq., presiding. On the following day I went to Lexington; where, on the 6th instant, I repeated the address before the officers and members of Washington College, of the Virginia Military Institute, and a favoring audience. I devoted the following day to an excursion to the Natural Bridge; the only time I have taken for a purpose of personal recreation while moving from place to place to repeat my address. On the 10th of May I gave it for the second time at the University of Virginia, in the presence of the faculty and students of that seminary, and a crowded audience from Charlottesville and the neighboring country. On the 14th, I repeated the address at Norfolk, in the presence of the Mayor of the city, Hon. George Loyall, Professor Tucker, Tazewell Taylor, Esq., and a very large audience. The aggregate receipts of these four repetitions were two thousand sixty-four dollars twenty-five cents.

The sum total of the net receipts of eighty-two repetitions for the benefit of the fund is a trifle over thirty-seven thousand dollars. I have also received, as already stated, one hundred and twenty dollars, kindly paid me by the Directors of the Maryland Institute, and of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association for the State of Virginia, on account of expenses; the sum of eighty-one dollars thirty-eight cents, paid to me by Edward Wilcox, Esq., on behalf of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of Philadelphia; one hundred dollars, as a donation, from Henry Farnum, Esq., of Chicago; and fifty dollars, as a donation, from John Tisdale Bradlee, Esq., of Boston.*

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* Mr. Bradlee, in November, 1858, doubled this sum.

The foregoing statement was, as has already been intimated, made to the Historical Society, at the request of the Chairman of the Standing Committee, at the meeting held on the 17th of June, 1858. The publication having been delayed, it may not be improper to continue the narrative to the present time.

Finding myself somewhat exhausted by the exertions of the winter and spring, I spoke but once during the summer of 1858, namely, at Framingham, on the 6th of July, 1858. In the latter part of the month of September I visited the western portion of New York, and spoke at Watertown, Binghamton, and Rome; at the first two to large audiences, particularly at Binghamton, where many persons had assembled to attend the inauguration of the Asylum for Inebriates. I was introduced to the audience by Hon. D. S. Dickinson. The proceeds of the three evenings were seven hundred and seventy-one dollars and seventy cents.

On the 20th of October I gave the address at Waltham, Mass., in presence of Governor Banks and other distinguished citizens; on the 22d, at East Bridgewater, Mass.; on the 25th, at Bridgewater; on the 27th, at Burlington, Vt., where I was introduced by President Wheeler; and at Montpelier, the following day, in the presence of Governor Hall, and the Legislature of the State, by whose invitation, conveyed in a joint resolution of the two houses, the address was repeated. On the 2d of November I spoke at North Bridgewater; and, on the 4th, at Haverhill, Mass., when I was presented to the audience by Hon. James H. Duncan. The proceeds of these seven evenings were one thousand eighty-three dollars ten cents.

On the 12th of November, I repeated the address for the third time in New York, in Niblo's Theatre, before a crowded audience, at the invitation of the Vice-Regent and Managers of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association for the State of New York. The net proceeds were nine hundred and ninety-two dollars and eighty-eight cents.

On the 18th of November, I gave the discourse at Abington, and on the 26th at Weymouth, Mass.; and the joint proceeds were three hundred and thirty-four dollars and seventy cents.

On the 14th of December, I spoke at Canandaigua, in Western New York, when I was introduced to a numerous audience by Hon. Francis Granger; at Rochester, on the 15th, in presence of President Anderson, General King, and other eminent persons, and to a full house; and at Auburn, on the invitation of Rev. Dr. Cressy, Governor Seward, and other prominent citizens, on the 17th, also to a large audience The proceeds of these three evenings were nine hundred and sixty-two dollars sixty-three cents.

On the 22d of December I had the pleasure, by invitation of the citizens of Plymouth, of delivering my address on that ever-memorable anniversary. I was introduced to a sympathizing audience by C. G. Davis, Esq. On the 24th, I spoke to a crowded house at Barnstable, at the invitation of a committee, of which Major Phinney was the chairman. On the 19th of January, 1859, I spoke at Brookline, Mass.; when I was presented to the company, again a crowded house, by Hon. A. A. Lawrence. The proceeds of these three evenings were five hundred and thirty-two dollars and forty-four cents. Fifty dollars were added to the fund, the following day, by G. B. Blake, Esq., a citizen of Brookline.

Having occasion to go to Philadelphia, to repeat, in that city, a discourse delivered on the 17th, in Boston, on the "Early Days of Franklin," I gave my "Washington" by the way, at Middletown, Conn., on the 24th of January, and at New Britain on the 25th; in both places to full houses. The "Franklin" was delivered in the Academy of Music, on the 27th, at Philadelphia; and, the following week, I repeated the "Washington" on five consecutive nights, in New Jersey, by invitation of the Vice-Regent of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of that State, and of respectable committees in the several places where it was repeated, namely, at New Brunswick, on the 31st of January; at Elizabeth, on the 1st of February; at Newark, on the 2d; at Plainfield, on the 3d; at Jersey City, on the 4th. At all these places I was honored with large audiences. On the 7th of February I spoke to an immense house, in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the Plymouth Church, by invitation of the Mercantile Library Association of that city. The aggregate proceeds of these eight nights were twenty-eight hundred and eleven dollars and eighty-seven cents.

On the 4th March, being the anniversary of the day on which the Constitution of the United States became the supreme law of the land, I repeated my address for the fourth time in the city of New York, on the invitation of a large number of the most distinguished citizens, headed by his Honor Mayor Tieman. Much interest was given to the occasion by the attendance of the Seventy-first Regiment of New York Militia, under the command of Colonel Vosburg. I was introduced to the vast assembly by Hon. Luther Bradish, President of the Historical Society of New York. The net proceeds were thirteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars and four cents. On the 11th of March I delivered my discourse to a fine audience in East Brooklyn; receipts, four hundred and forty-two dollars fifty cents.

On the 21st of March I spoke at Hopkinton, Mass.; on the 25th, at

Middleborough; on the 29th, at Newton, — to audiences large in proportion to the population of those places. The proceeds of the three evenings were four hundred and twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents.

Early in April I made a journey to the South; being under engagement to repeat my "Franklin" and "Washington" in several places, principally in Virginia and North Carolina. I gave the "Washington" at Wilmington, N. C., on the 11th of April, before an immense audience (to which I was presented by George Davis, Esq.) from that city and the neighboring country; at Newbern, on the 12th, to a very full house, to which I was presented by Judge Donnell; at Raleigh, on the 14th, in presence of Governor Ellis, Senator Bragg, Judge Badger, George E. Mordecai, and other distinguished persons, and a very large assembly, in the Commons Hall of the Capitol; at Chapel Hall, on the 14th, before the faculty and students of the University of North Carolina, and a very large audience, to which I was introduced by Governor Swain, the distinguished head of the university. On the 25th instant I gave the address at Staunton, in Virginia, before a crowded audience, to which I was introduced by Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, in the large hall of the Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind. The net proceeds of these five evenings were thirty-three hundred and forty-three dollars and forty-four cents; the proceeds at Wilmington alone being one thousand and ninety-one dollars and eighty cents, — the population of that city not exceeding, I believe, ten or twelve thousand.

On the 12th of May I repeated the address in the Academy of Music at Philadelphia, for the fourth time in that city, at the earnest request of the Vice-Regent of the Association for the State of Pennsylvania. I was introduced to the audience by Professor Coppee, of the University of Pennsylvania.

On my return from my first excursion in 1856, having then several thousand dollars in hand (there being no immediate prospect of effecting the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate), I invested them to advantage, with the assistance of my much-esteemed business friend, the late Mr. John E. Thayer. As the amount was rapidly increasing, I was unwilling to retain it exclusively under my own control; and I accordingly conveyed the funds, by a formal deed of trust, to a Board of Trustees, consisting, besides myself, of Hon. George S. Hillard and Messrs. John E. Thayer, Sidney Brooks, and Francis H. Peabody, Treasurer. On the decease of Mr. John E. Thayer, his brother, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, the surviving partner of the banking-house, was chosen trustee in his place. Mr. Peabody has acted as Treasurer of he board. The sums accruing from the repetition of my address, after the organization of the trust, and before the contract for the purchase of Mount Vernon was concluded, were invested by the trustees. Since the purchase was made in March, 1858, the trustees have converted the invested funds advantageously into cash, and paid over the proceeds to George W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, the General Treasurer of the Association. The sum so paid over at different times amounts, in the aggregate, to fifty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-three dollars eighty-one cents. This sum includes interest on investments, and premium on stock sold. The proceeds of my last tour, amounting to thirty-three hundred and forty-three dollars and forty-four cents, remain in the hands of the trustees, uninvested, but bearing interest, and ready to be paid over.

In the course of the last autumn I entered into an engagement with the editor and proprietor of the "New York Ledger," Robert Bonner, Esq., to furnish an article weekly for that paper for one year, in consideration of the sum of ten thousand dollars to be paid in advance to the Mount Vernon Fund. No stipulation was made as to the subjects or the length of the articles. They have averaged from two and a half to three columns in length. The sum of ten thousand dollars was advanced by Mr. Bonner on receiving my letter of acceptance, and by me forthwith paid over to the Treasurer of the Fund.

In the first of these articles, which were designated the "Mount Vernon Papers," I invited the readers of the "Ledger" to transmit each the sum of fifty cents or more toward the augmentation of the Mount Vernon Fund. A considerable number of persons, readers of the "Ledger," have responded to this call; and other persons and individuals, fire companies, Masonic and Odd Fellows' lodges, and companies of ladies and gentlemen uniting for the purpose, have transmitted larger or smaller donations. They have received in return a handsome engraved receipt, containing vignettes of the river and garden fronts of Mount Vernon, and signed by the Chairman and Treasurer of the Trust. The net amount received from this source is $2,929.94, and is included in the sum of $53,393.81, mentioned above, as having been paid over to the General Treasurer. The total amount received by me from all sources is $68,163.56; of which the sum of $4,769.75 is at present in the hands of the trustees, payable at sight to the order of the General Treasurer.

I have greatly to regret that it has not yet been in my power to visit the Southern Western States of the Union; from all of which (with the exception of Arkansas), as well as from Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, which I have also been unable to visit, I have been honored with invitations. Domestic circumstances of a painful nature have obliged me twice to turn back, when on the way to fulfil engagements in those parts of the Union, of whose interest in the cause I have received many intimations. I still promise myself the pleasure of visiting them at no distant period.

In order to give a correct idea of the circumstances under which my "Washington" has been delivered, it may not be improper to state, that simultaneously with its repetition, commencing on the 22d of December, 1857, I delivered an "Address on Charity and Charitable Institutions," for the benefit of the Boston Provident Institution; which has since been repeated in different parts of the country fifteen times, with an aggregate net receipt, for the benefit of various charitable institutions of about $ 13,500. On the 17th of January of the present year, I delivered an address on the "Early Days of Franklin," at the invitation of the Association of the Franklin Medalists of the city of Boston; which has since been repeated at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and the University of Virginia, yielding in the aggregate about four thousand dollars for the benefit of various charitable and public institutions. On the 7th of December, 1858, I pronounced a Eulogy on Mr. Thomas Dowse, before the Dowse Institute at Cambridgeport; which was repeated on the 9th before the Massachusetts Historical Society; yielding to the two institutions about $ 1,500. The aggregate of sums realized in the various ways above mentioned, and paid over to the Mount Vernon Fund and sundry public and charitable institutions, is about $ 87,000. If to this be added the proceeds of seven repetitions of the "Washington" not included in the above returns, four of which were to very large audiences, the sum total will not fall short of ninety thousand dollars.

Having observed above, that no deduction from the sums which have come into my hands for the repetition of my "Washington" has ever been made in payment of my own expenses, I ought to add, that those expenses have been much reduced by the hospitality with which I have uniformly been received and treated, and by the liberality of the presidents or superintendents of railroads, and the proprietors or commanders of steamboats. I have seldom lodged at a public house in any part of the country while travelling to repeat my address; and I have, in most cases, been favored with free tickets in the railroad-cars and steamers.

In the foregoing statement, hastily prepared at the request of Mr. Livermore, on behalf of the Standing Committee, and of the Hon. R.

C. Winthrop, the President of the Society, I have briefly set down, in the most matter-of-fact style, the principal *data* relative to the preparation and delivery of the "Address on the Character of Washington." It has required the constant recurrence of the first person, which I regret, but which, from the nature of the case, could not be avoided. I have occasionally mentioned the names of persons of note introducing me to the audience, or otherwise present. They have generally been persons who fill, or have filled, public station, or who are otherwise conspicuous for age or position in the community. I have done this, partly to relieve the dryness of a bare list of times and places, and still more because these names will illustrate the fact, to me personally of a most agreeable nature, — and, I venture also to hope, of some public interest, — that the praises of Washington have been listened to with equal favor by persons of all parties, in every section of the Union. Even in cases where a few expressions may have failed to command unanimous assent, a generous measure of approbation has been accorded to the spirit in which my discourse is conceived and executed. I ought also to add, with reference to the names of the individuals which have been introduced in the manner alluded to, that it has been done in most cases from recollection, and without the aid of a contemporary memorandum; that such an enumeration must of necessity be limited; and that names equally conspicuous and distinguished with those given have no doubt, in many cases, been omitted. Had circumstances enabled it to be done by a person who could without indelicacy do it, a full report of the incidents connected with the repetition of this address, in different parts of the Union, would be a document of a somewhat peculiar character, and not without value, as illustrating the state of public sentiment in different parts of the country. For the favor with which it has been so extensively received, I would express in this way my heartfelt gratitude.

BOSTON, May 9, 1859.

The address was subsequently repeated at Lynn, Mass., on the 31st of May, 1859; at Portland, Me., on the 5th of December; at Dedham, Mass., on the 9th, and at Auburndale on the 28th. In 1860 it was repeated at South Boston on the 8th of February; at Marlborough, Mass., on the 9th of March; at Keene, N. H., on the 11th of April; at Bristol, R. I., on the 12th; and at Lewiston, Maine, on the 24th. The aggregate sum received from these last nine repetitions was thirteen hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents. — EDS.

I AM to speak to you this evening, my friends, of the character of Washington, on this the anniversary of his birthday; a great, a glorious theme, but as difficult as it is interesting and important.

When that dark cloud of sorrow fell upon the land on the 14th December, 1799, in pursuance of the report of a committee of which Chief Justice Marshall was chairman, a name of itself enough to give lustre to the age in which he lived, it was recommended by Congress to the people of the United States, on the next anniversary of his birthday, "to testify their grief for the death of General George Washington by suitable eulogies, orations, and discourses." This mournful duty was performed throughout the Union by the most eminent writers and speakers of the day. In this city (Boston) the eulogy was pronounced by one of the most gifted sons of Massachusetts, Fisher Ames. From that time to this, the 22d of February has been held in honored remembrance, and has afforded occasion for public discourses on the life and character of Washington in every part of the country. It furnished the subject of an address delivered at the city of Washington, in 1832, by Mr. Webster, — the work, I need not say, of a master. At the laying of the corner-stone of the monument at Washington, the same great theme was treated by our fellow-citizen Mr. Winthrop, at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, with admirable beauty and power. In these performances, several of which have taken an abiding place in the literature of the country, all the topics which form the appropriate materials for a eulogy on Washington — the events of his life (which is but an abstract of the history of the country while he lived), his political principles, his conduct as a magistrate, his relation to the Constitution of the country, and the general influence of his character on its prosperity — have been discussed in a manner which leaves little to be added or desired. I shall, therefore, in discharging the duty which devolves upon me this evening, not attempt to travel over this ground except incidentally; but I shall with your permission approach the great subject in a different direction. After briefly alluding to the three great eras in his life, in which he appeared before the people of the country in distinct and important characters, I shall offer you some views of the relation of Washington, not merely to the United States, but to the age in which he lived, and then endeavor to point out the true nature and foundation and distinctive character of his greatness. Grant me, I pray you, my friends, your candor, your indulgence, and your sympathy.

Washington's first appearance before the country at large, — then hardly to be called a country, — his first of three visits to Boston, — then a town of perhaps eighteen thousand inhabitants, — took place just a century ago last February, when he came among us, already the youthful hero of the Seven Years' War. That war was not formally declared in Europe till the following May, but hostilities had already been carried on for two years, on the frontier of the Anglo-American Colonies, upon this continent. Washington was identified with the struggle from its commencement. If, in tracing back great consummations of affairs to their origin, we should endeavor to fix the very earliest date to the Revolution, the first distinct movement of a military nature in that series of events which resulted in the establishment of American Independence, I should be inclined to place it in the adventurous journey of Major Washington, then a youth of twenty, to the French post at Venango, in what is now the western part of Pennsylvania. When hostilities broke out, two years later, the post of active and efficient duty and of danger devolved upon him. He alone, of all in conspicuous stations, — hero of misfortune, — escaped with life and honor from the disastrous field of Braddock's defeat, with all the reputation for conduct and courage which others bring home from successful wars. In the morning of his days the great cares of life were laid upon him. His pure spirit was early tried in the fires of disaster, and came out like thrice-refined gold from the furnace. Our Governor Shirley had lately been appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Royal forces in British America; and in the month of February, 1756, Colonel Washington, with one or two brother officers, came to Boston to obtain Shirley's decision on a question of precedence between the Provincial officers and those in the pay of the crown, and also to receive instructions as to the general plan of the campaign.

Washington, at the time, was twenty-four years of age, a model of manly strength and beauty, perfect in all the qualities and accomplishments of the gentleman and the soldier, but wise and thoughtful beyond his years, inspiring at the outset of his career that love and confidence which are usually earned only by a life of service. Young as he was, his fame had preceded him. The events of the late campaign had drawn public attention toward him more distinctly than to any person in the country; and he had been the subject of that celebrated prophetic allusion from the pulpit in which he was spoken of by President Davies as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to the country." He passed about ten days at Boston on this his first visit, in 1756, the object of public and private courtesy; but no particular record, I believe, remains of the manner in which his time was employed. In addition to the public objects of his errand he had an office of private sympathy to perform. The son of Governor Shirley had fallen the year before in Braddock's field; and Washington probably brought the first detailed information of that event to the sorrowing father. The season for taking the field had not yet arrived, and the youthful hero, whose heart was alive to the tenderest and most sacred sensibilities of our nature, lingered awhile in New York. Tradition has lifted a corner of the veil that hides the cause of his detention, but the bright vision of domestic felicity which it discloses failed to be realized. After a few days passed in New York, he returned to his post on the frontier of Maryland and Virginia, where he remained in active service till the operations of the war were transferred to the Northwest.

Such was his first visit to Boston, such his first appearance before the country at large. His second was twenty years later. A mighty change in affairs had taken place. The

Seven Years' War had been brought to a triumphant close for England; Quebec had fallen, and the American possessions of France in the Northwest had been transferred to Great Britain. That important event changed the destinies of the continent. It relieved the English colonies of the ever-impending danger of a French and Indian war, and opened wide the road to their independent national existence. The ministry at London, in the unforeseen result of their policy, with their own hands dug the grave of British supremacy on this continent upon the heights of Abraham, and buried it, never to rise again, beneath the monument of Wolfe and Montcalm. The ill-starred plan of new taxation, matured at London while the old colonial ties were strained to bursting, brought on the crisis; and in twelve years from the signature of the treaty of 1763, blood was shed on Lexington Green.

Washington had passed the interval in retirement at Mount Vernon, for the most of the time a member of the Virginia Assembly, thoughtfully, not passionately, watching the progress of events; till in July, 1775, the young chieftain, who twenty years before seemed preserved by a special Providence in the desperate encounters of the Western wilderness, takes the field at Cambridge, beneath the noble elm-tree still standing on the Common, as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of United America. Having in that capacity brought the first great act of the Revolutionary drama to a triumphant close, by the expulsion of the Royal army from Boston, he entered it himself for the second time on the 18th of March, 1776, crossing in a boat from Lechmere's Point, now East Cambridge. He was still at the meridian of life, but the solemn destinies to which he was called had set the sacred impress of sadness on his brow. His natural temperament was joyous; it is even said that in a sally of youthful spirits he had declared that the whizzing of the bullets at Braddock's defeat was a music to his ear; but from the time he took command of the ill-appointed, suffering, sometimes dispirited armies of the Revolution, there is a tradition that the Father of his Country was seldom seen to smile.

This was the second visit of Washington to this part of the country,—his second appearance in a high national capacity before the people of the Union. Years pass by; the august plan of Providence ripens; the beloved and revered chieftain, aided by his patriotic associates, carries the bleeding country through another seven years' war,—hard apprenticeship of Freedom; the great European antagonist and rival of England, revenging the loss of her American Colonies, and moved by the persuasive ardor of Lafayette, throws her sword into the scale,—thirteen independent State governments succeed to as many Colonies,—peace crowns the work,—the wounds of the Revolution are slowly healed,—America takes her place in the family of nations,—and a Constitution of Confederate Union, the bright consummate flower of our political growth, is formed.

Heaven forbid that I should ascribe all the glory of this auspicious result to one man, even though that man were Washington: Heaven forbid that I should appear insensible to the merit of those by whom he was seconded and sustained, both in the revolutionary and constitutional age,—of Franklin and Adams, of Henry and Jefferson, of Lafayette, of Green, of Knox and Lincoln, of Jay and Hamilton and Madison,—men to whom the great chief himself never failed to do justice; but I say no more than each and all of these revered patriots would themselves have said, no more than several of them did say, in pronouncing the character of Washington to have been the beacon light which guided the country through that broken and stormy sea. Beacon light did I say: it was more and higher. The tempest might rage, the ocean might heave from its depths, the eternal hills might tremble upon their rocky thrones, and the bewildered needle might wander from its path, but there was one

> "As constant as the Northern Star,
> Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
> There is no fellow in the firmament."

Reared, cradled almost, in arms,—the chieftain of two wars,—all but engaged in a third, for even in his boyhood a midshipman's warrant had been procured for him, and nothing ut the fond yearnings of a mother's heart prevented his entering the British navy,—inured to military command from his youth, he sheathes his sword with all that gladness of heart with which unchastened ambition draws it:—the first in war, he becomes (O, rare union of graces!) the first in peace; and the first President of the United States was unanimously chosen in the hearts of the people; not merely in advance of the constitutional forms of election, but without the poor machinery of caucuses and conventions by which, in later times, disinterested politicians of all parties relieve the people from the trouble of selecting their rulers.

In the first year of his administration he made his tour in the Eastern States; and on the 25th of October, 1789, thirty years after his first visit, he came to Boston for the last time, the chief magistrate, unanimously chosen, of the infant confederacy. He was then fifty-seven years of age, in personal appearance not widely different from Stuart's portrait painted about six years afterwards; and he himself less powerful in the prerogatives of office than in the love and veneration of his fellow-citizens. O, that his pure example, his potent influence, his parting counsels, could bring us back the blessings of national harmony! O, that from the heavens to which he has ascended, his voice might even now be heard and teach us to unite again in the brotherhood of love, as we are united on one precious remembrance of the past, one glorious vision of the future, one bond of constitutional Union!

Such were the three visits of Washington to Boston; such are the three great events in his career. To do justice to his character, we must sketch the background of the picture of which he forms the most prominent personage. He has been often called, and among others by the first living parliamentary orator of England (Lord Brougham), "the greatest man of our own or of any age"; and in this estimate of his character, long since pronounced by his grateful countrymen, seems to me more and more confirmed by the general assent of the reflecting portion of mankind. And if the first part of the eulogium is founded in truth, the second is not less so. Not like Alfred and Charlemagne, bright lights shining in dark ages, Washington lived in an age which, notwithstanding the illustrious names which adorn other periods of history, in many respects stands first in the annals of our race for great names, great events, great reforms, and the general progress of intelligence. The period which has elapsed from about the commencement of the last century, down nearly to our own time, and of which Washington is the brightest ornament, may be called, with propriety, the *seculum mirabile*, the age of wonders, humanly speaking, in the history of mankind. Let us, my friends, to justify this remark, and to show the grandeur of that theatre on which Washington played his illustrious part, cast a rapid glance over this age, which in periods of history far distant will be designated by his name.

In the first place, then, we behold in the North this great Sclavonian race, one of the elemental families of man, after swelling in the progress of centuries, unperceived by the rest of mankind, to a great numerical, but ill-compacted strength in the steppes of Northwestern Asia, organized at length under the autocracy of the Czars, bursting into the front rank of nations as the Russian Empire, like one of those mysterious champions of whom we read in tales of chivalry, that sometimes stalked unexpected into the lists at the tournaments, face and form clothed in dark impenetrable steel, bidding defiance to all around, and inspiring a sort of ghostly distrust and terror. We behold this new member of the political family stretching away, east and west, through the arctic zone of two continents,—absorbing the kingdoms which bounded it on the south in Europe and sapping the foundations of the Ottoman power, which for three centuries had been the terror and the scourge of Europe. Four names of note, Peter the Great, Catherine the Second, and in our times Alexander and Nicholas, illustrate the development of this colossal power. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden met the youthful giant in deadly conflict,

> "But left the name at which the world grew pale
> To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Of equal note, as we cast our eyes along the map, are Fred erick the Great, sovereign of another state raised in this period to the front rank, and Maria Theresa, his magnanimous antagonist, the Empress Queen of Germany and Hungary. While the wars and policy of these great Northern powers are new moulding the relations of Western Europe, the march of civilization is reversed, and the foundations of a commercia empire of European origin are laid upon the ruins of the oldest despotisms of the East. One hundred years ago last May,—so low was then the British power in the East,—one hundred and forty-six Englishmen were driven at the point of the Sepoys' bayonets into the black hole of Calcutta, where they trampled each other to death in the agonies of suffocation. But in the next year,—just a century ago,—while Washington, under the order of a British colonial governor, was defending Western Virginia, in the valley of the Shenandoah, against the Indians and French, Lord Clive pushed his little army where the phalanx of Alexander never penetrated, and at the battle of Plassey, 23d June, 1757, conquered Hindoostan for England. Little knowing what she did, with her right hand she laid the foundation of a subject empire at the gates of the morning, while with her left hand she sowed the seeds of this imperial republic beneath the setting sun. Notwithstanding these successes abroad, the administration of the government languished at home. The mighty ship of state lay rolling in the trough of the sea, and ready, as it seemed, to founder, when the illustrious Pitt was summoned to the helm; and from the moment the hand of the mighty master was laid to the wheel, the noble vessel came up to the wind and rode upon the waves, as if every timber and spar from the keel to the main truck had been instinct with the life and power that now governed the steerage. That great minister in a year or two sent General Wolfe to the gates of Quebec, of whom George the Second said, when told that Wolfe was mad, that he hoped, "if he were so, he would bite some of his other generals." With Wolfe there went up the St. Lawrence an English mariner, as yet unknown to fame, Captain James Cook, who, ten years later, first effectually solved the mystery of the Pacific, threw open the portals of this great Australian world-cradle of future states, republics, and confederations, springing, while I speak, into existence as rapidly as the coral reefs on which they rest, and gathering dimensions and strength with a rapidity scarcely surpassed by our own. How they start into being, these minute, rudimental worlds! In one age the living tomb of the industrious little madrepore, that builds as he dies; in the next a tropical islet, covered with palmetto groves, nodding with bread-fruit, and perfumed with sandal-wood. In one century fathom deep beneath the weltering Pacific, and in another spouting torrents of fire from the volcanic peaks of Mauna Loa. Now a calcareous ledge, the unseen terror of the navigator; and anon the abode of the simple children of nature, forerunners of the civilized races, which are rushing from the agitated kingdoms of the Old World, to act over again, in regions beyond the Eastern, ay, beyond the Western hemisphere, in these new-found Eldorados, the troubled, mysterious drama of human life.

While these events are in progress in the East, our own Revolution, the great political consummation of the ages, is accomplished in the West. In its progress the leading powers of Europe are drawn into the vortex, and we behold,—O, wonder of human policy!—the oldest monarchies of the Eastern hemisphere, one of them herself the mistress of American colonies stretching through a hundred degrees of latitude from California to Cape Horn, darkening the Atlantic with the navies sent to the aid of the revolted colonies of England, and stationing their auxiliar armies as a guard of honor around the cradle of insurgent republicanism. Scarcely has the curtain fallen on our Revolution when it rises on the Revolution of France; that terrific convulsion, dismal parody on auspicious original, which laid the last strongholds of feudalism in the dust, overturned the traditions of ten centuries in France, shook to its centre the entire fabric of continental Europe, and commenced a series of political changes, subversions, and renovations,—some auspicious, some doubtful,—not yet nor soon to be finally composed and adjusted.

Nor let us, in this most hasty survey of the age of Washington, omit the great developments of thought, the social, the intellectual, and moral revolutions,—often more important than the political and military changes by which dynasties are founded and overturned,—such as the effectual transfer of the powers of government from the aristocracy to the people in the person of the elder Pitt in England,—the full development of the representative system and of the great idea of the confederative Union in our own country,—the establishment of the freedom of speech and of the press in both countries,—the vast development of journalism, a revolution of itself,—the incalculable extension of manufacturing power, the steam-engine, the steam-car, the steam-ship, the steam-press,—the great discoveries in chemistry, astronomy, and every other branch of natural science,—the voltaic battery,—the electric telegraph,—the great improvements in education, especially the education of the blind, of the deaf and dumb, and of idiots, in the care of the pauper, the discipline of the criminal,—the suppression of the African slave-trade, the commencement of the civilization of Africa by her own returning children, first dawn of a brighter day for that benighted continent and race,—the translation of the Bible into every language, and the beginning of obedience to the Divine injunction to preach the Gospel to every creature. In conducting and promoting these and other great improvements, revolutions, and reforms, in parliaments and cabinets, on the battle-field and on the ocean, at the forum, in the closet, in the desk, in all the strenuous exertions, and gallant struggles and brilliant achievements and pious labors and noble sacrifices which they have required, a long line of worthies — statesmen, and chieftains, and thinkers, and writers, and sages, and philanthropists, heroes of peace and heroes of war, and not of one sex alone—have passed over the stage of humanity, numerous, gifted, illustrious, I must think, in the aggregate beyond those of any other period. But in all this eventful century, over which you have joined me in casting this most hasty glance, so rich in character, so crowded with events, so productive of institutions and reforms, so prolific and so prodigal of life, so auspicious in anticipation, among all its greatest and brightest names, each a star shining in its own sphere, and often there with unsurpassed brightness, it has long been conceded that the star of Washington shines the brightest and in the highest sphere.

> "Micat inter omnes
> Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
> Luna minores."

Among all the wise in counsel, the valiant in battle, the firm and prudent in government, the pure in life, — however eminent the single points of character, however meritorious their achievements, — I find not one of any nation, in any part of this remarkable period of history, who has left so deep an impression of himself in the public opinion of mankind; not one, the sum total of whose qualities, and the aggregate of whose character, can be measured with that of our Washington.

There are but three individuals of this period upon whom mankind, with some approach to general consent, have bestowed the epithet of "the Great." Shall we compare our Washington for a moment with each of them? Shall we compare him with Peter the Great of Russia, who flourished in the beginning of the century, and hewed that political colossus of the North into form and symmetry? A sovereign of vast though often most ill-directed energy; a fearless and on some occasions a beneficent reformer; a consummate organizer, who with a kind of rough tact truly felt the pulses of national life in the Titanic frame which he called into being; pursuing a few grand ideas, though often by eccentric methods bordering on madness, but with a resolution which no labors could weary and no dangers appall, and forcing them with an iron will upon an unsympathizing and apathetic people. These are his titles to the epithet of "Great"; but with them all he was an unmitigated tyrant, — the murderer, perhaps the torturer, of his own son, a man who united the wisdom of a philosopher and the policy of a great prince with the tastes of a satyr, the manners of a barbarian and the passions of a fiend; guilty of crimes so hideous and revolting, that if I attempted to describe them, I should drive you shrieking from this hall. You surely would not permit me to place the name of Washington in comparison with his.

Or shall we compare him with Frederick the Second of Prussia, to whom complacent public opinion has also accorded the epithet of "Great," the European hero of that war in which Washington in the morning of life won his first laurels? He was no doubt a military and a civil genius of the first order; by the energy of his character he built up a kingdom scarcely known by that title when he came to the throne into a first-rate power; the fearless soldier, the profound strategist, the heroic chief; nor less a master of political combination, a zealous promoter of the material prosperity of his subjects, who doubled the population of his little kingdom, and increased all the resources in more than the same proportion, notwithstanding the wars in which he was continually involved; but at the same time a pedant, ostentatious of superficial literary attainments, a wretched poetaster, a dupe of the insipid adulation of godless foreign wits, who flattered him to his face and ridiculed him behind his back; a German sovereign who yet preferred to write and speak poor broken French, in which Voltaire said there was not a sentence which you would not know to be the language of a foreigner, rather than to use his native noble Teutonic tongue, the mother of our own, the language of Luther's translation of the Bible, in which Klopstock had just sounded the clarion of the Messiah to the utmost borders of Germany; a prince raised by Providence in the bitter school of adversity to an absolute throne, entertaining the most exalted ideas of the kingly prerogative, drawing everything, even the administration of justice, into an arbitrary centralization, who had yet trained his undevout heart to believe that blind chance or blind destiny occupies the throne of the universe; that the heavens and the earth could do without a God, though the paltry electorate of Brandenburg could not do without a king; and that while it was impossible for him to hold the scattered provinces of his little realm together without a daily outgoing of civil, military, and judicial power, moved by one intellect and one will, could yet believe that the systems and systems which compose the universe, beyond the power of human speech to enumerate or human thought to conceive, are thrown out into one vast anarchy, wheeling and hurtling through the regions of space without a lawgiver and a head; who, so thinking and so believing while he lived, when he came to die, in order to mark more emphatically—as we are told by his not unfriendly biographer—his contempt for the species to which he belonged, instead of allowing his "poor old carcass," as he himself called it, to be laid by the side of his kindred, ordered that it should be buried with his favorite dogs at Potsdam!

Or shall we compare Washington with the third greatness of his age, the illustrious captain of the last generation in France, that portentous blazing star which began to flame in the eastern sky as our benignant luminary was sinking in the west, amidst the golden clouds of a nation's blessings? I have no wish to trample on the memory of Napoleon the First, whom I regard by no means as the most ambitious of conquerors, the most arbitrary of despots, or the worst of men. The virtues and the feelings, like the talents, the opportunities, and the fortunes of this extraordinary man, are on too colossal a scale to be measured by ordinary standards of morality. The prevalent opinions in this country of his character and career have come to us through a British medium, discolored by a national prejudice and the deadly struggle of a generation; or by natural reaction have been founded on the panegyrics of grateful adherents and admiring subjects, who deem every Frenchman a partner in the glory of their chief. Posterity and impartial history will subdue the lights and relieve the shadows of the picture. They will accord to him a high, perhaps the highest, rank among the great masters of war, placing his name upon an equality with the three great captains of antiquity, if not above them; will study his campaigns for lessons of strategy; will point to his code as a noble monument of legislative wisdom; will dwell upon the creative vigor with which he brought order out of the chaos of the Revolution, retrieving the dilapidated finances and restoring the prostrate industry of France; will enumerate the harbors, the canals, the bridges, the public buildings, the Alpine roads, the libraries, the museums, and all the thousand works of industrious peace and productive art; will not withhold their admiration for the giant grasp of his genius and the imperial grandeur of his fortunes, nor deny a tribute of human sympathy to his calamitous decline and fall; — but the same impartial history will record more than one ineffaceable stain upon his character, and never to the end of time, never on the page of historian, poet, or philosopher, never till a taste for true moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of men by a mean admiration of success and power, never in the exhortations of the prudent magistrate counselling his fellow-citizens for their good, never in the dark ages of national fortune, when anxious patriots explore the annals of the past for examples of public virtue, never in the admonition of the parent forming the minds of his children by lessons of fireside wisdom, never, O never, will the name of Napoleon, nor of any of the other of the famous conquerors of ancient and modern days, be placed upon a level with Washington's.

But though Washington was thus great in an age of great men and great events, yet was his greatness neither borrowed nor reflected, but original. This is a trait in his character, and in that of some of his most distinguished contemporaries, not perhaps duly appreciated; that they were to a degree rarely if ever equalled, the architects of their own character, and of their country's fortunes. Enriched and instructed as we are by the bright examples, the recorded opinions, and the established institutions of the past, we reflect too little how much guidance we derive from them in the practical duties of public life; nor do we sufficiently bear in mind how many of these examples, opinions, and institutions came down to us from the age of Washington; how few go back to an earlier period, or could have been of use in the formation of his mind or the guidance of his conduct. In order fully to estimate what he was and what he did for the country, he and his associates, we must contrast America as it was in 1732, without great events, great institutions, great traditions, and great characters, with America as it stood at his decease, rich in great events, great institutions, great traditions, and great characters, and his the greatest of them all. Our voyage is on a well-known sea, the course laid down on faithful charts, and the shores and the havens pointed out and described by those who have preceded us; Washington and the men of his age, like the great Columbus, were compelled, against adverse tempests, to sound their way along the unvisited coasts of republican government and constitutional liberty.

In the old societies of Europe (though in them, also, there is all-pervading progress, even when least favored by circumstances), and here among us, in the middle of the nineteenth century, in a proportionate degree, the relations of individual men to the masses of society, to institutions, and to preexisting material, social, and political conditions, are far less critical than they were in America at the commencement of Washington's career. An established form and constitution of government, in some cases the slow growth of centuries, connected with it, and sometimes stronger than the government itself, an ascertained and permanent order of society, traditions public and domestic filling up the vacant places, if any such there be, not covered by the express constitutions of the state, venerable laws, and manners older than laws, and especially the accumulated examples of ages, unite in the Old World to form, to influence, and to control the individual man, far more than the individual man, however brilliant his endowments and indomitable his will, can influence, control, and change the mass. For the last three centuries certainly in Europe, the most original and self-made characters have been powerfully conditioned and controlled in their action upon society. Even in the result of great revolutions in the old countries (those, for instance, the greatest of all, in England in the middle of the seventeenth and in France at the end of the eighteenth centuries), although in their progress the oldest governments were shaken to their foundations, yet the social system, after the most violent convulsions, often falls back substantially to its pre-existing conditions. What arrogant princes call legitimacy, and mistake for attachment to a family, is a struggle of the body politic to revert to a long-established type of political and constitutional organization.

Far different the case in this country previous to our constitutional age. In a little more than a century and a half, the English Colonies passed through all the stages of social and political existence which lie between the feeblest provincial infancy, and powerful, vigorously acting, earnestly projecting, self-reliant national manhood, by far the most important steps in the rapid movement having been taken in the lifetime of Washington. He was constantly called upon, he and his associates, to engage in great measures in which there was no precedent to guide them; and to display qualities of character, of which, on a larger scale, no examples were furnished by the history of the country. The first century of the settlements North and South had no doubt produced its worthy men, in Church and in State, useful in their day and generation; but the population was too small in the aggregate, and scattered, without any principle of cohesion, over too wide an extent of country,—the theatre was, morally speaking, too narrow, the control of means, material and political, too inconsiderable, the want of organization too absolute, to admit the formation and development of high national character, or furnish precedents for the new order of things. There was no great revolutionary struggle in the seventeenth century to afford examples to guide, or beacons to warn, the leaders of the great movement in the eighteenth; there was but a very imperfect effort at constitutional union in 1754 to direct the minds of men in the organic elaboration of that great idea which forms the consummation of the Revolutionary movement. I doubt if a hundred pages had been written on either side of the Potomac before the Seven Years' War, to which Washington and the men of his age could refer for such lessons as to us — drawn from the writings and examples of the Revolutionary age — are as familiar as household words. To say all in one word, there was no Washington in the seventeenth century, in the pure mirror of whose character the Washington of the eighteenth century could mould and fashion his youthful virtues, or rehearse the great part he was to act in life.

There was none in America, there was none in Europe, there was none in the modern world, there was none in the ancient world. I cast my eyes along the far-stretching galleries of history, still echoing to the footsteps of the mighty dead; I behold with admiration the images and the statues of the great and good men with which they are adorned; I see many who deserved well of their country in civil and military life, on the throne, in the council-chamber, on the battle-field; while they lived, wreathed with well-won laurels and scarred with honest wounds,— Hampden and William of Orange, William Tell and Robert Bruce and King Alfred, and in the olden times Cato and Tully and Demosthenes and Timoleon and Epaminondas; but I behold in the long line no other Washington. I return from the search, up and down the pathways of time, grateful to the Providence which, at the solemn moment when the destinies of the continent were suspended in the balance of a doubtful future,—doubtful to human apprehension,—raised up a chieftain endowed with every quality of mind and heart to guide the fortunes of a nascent state.

If, then, we claim for Washington this solitary eminence among the great and good, the question will naturally be asked, in what the peculiar and distinctive excellence of his character consisted; and to this fair question I own, my friends, I am tasked to find an answer that does full justice to my own conceptions and feelings. It is easy to run over the heads of such a contemplation; to enumerate the sterling qualities which he possessed and the defects from which he was free; but when all is said in this way that can be said, with whatever justice of honest eulogy and whatever sympathy of appreciation, we feel that there is a depth which we have not sounded, a latent power we have not measured, a mysterious beauty of character which you can no more describe in words than you can paint a blush with a patch of red paint, or the glance of a sunbeam from a ripple with a streak of white paint thrown upon the canvas; a moral fascination, so to express it, which all feel, but which we cannot analyze nor trace to its elements. All the personal traditions of Washington assure us that there was a serene dignity in his presence, which charmed while it awed the boldest who approached him.

It is with his character as with his image on the canvas. Who can fully account for the emotions with which he contemplates Stuart's portrait or Houdon's statue? To use the hackneyed phrases of artistic criticism, there is no lordly brow, no hyacinthine locks, no flashing eye, no dilated nostril, no chiselled lips; in the face no one strongly marked feature, in the form no muscular development like that of the youthful Hercules, no marvellous symmetry like that of the Apollo Belvedere; but there is something in face and form which supplies and surpasses them all,—the stamp of unassuming superiority, sincerity, and truth; a benignant serenity which is more than beautiful; a calm dignity, like that of the affable angel who has put on the lineaments of man.

> "A reverend state he had, an awful eye,
> A dazzling, yet inviting majesty."

You feel as you are gazing into that patient blue eye, where resignation shades into sadness, that you are looking upon a man whose word you would respect as an uninspired scripture; whose probity you would trust with uncounted gold; whose counsels you would lay up in your heart, as those of a dying father; whose lead you would implicitly follow in the darkest hours of trial; whose good opinion you would not barter for the wealth of the Indies;—a man toward whom affection rises into reverence, and reverence melts back into childish, tearful love.

It is usual, I am aware, with a certain class of writers, especially foreign writers, while they do a sort of vague justice to the character of Washington, assigning him a most eminent rank in peace and in war, as a chieftain, a magistrate, and a pure patriot, to qualify this estimate by denying to him the possession of those brilliant traits which dazzle the imagination, and to apologize for his wanting what is called genius.

Now, it is certainly of little consequence to a memory like Washington's, — a memory founded upon a life of services to his country and mankind, without a parallel in history, — to contest a point like this, which belongs rather to the criticism of language than the estimate of character. If Washington was able, under the circumstances of the utmost difficulty and danger with which he was surrounded, to conduct the war of the Revolution to an auspicious and honorable close; if confidence in him was the sheet-anchor, so to say, to which the country was moored during the anxious period of no government which succeeded the Revolution; if his influence was mainly instrumental in giving us the Constitution of the United States; and if in his eight years' administration of the chief office he set an example, which to the end of time will be the model of a patriot President;—if he was all this and did all this, without those dazzling powers of mind which constitute what is commonly meant by genius, then we may safely say, in reference at least to the conduct of affairs, that genius is an endowment of very little importance. Men will gladly exchange the qualities which fascinate the imaginations for those by which righteous wars are brought to honorable issues, families of states gathered into confederacies, wise constitutions framed, governments administered, and the happiness of states promoted. "I cannot play the fiddle," said the illustrious Grecian statesman (a man, however, not to be named in the same day with Washington for purity and elevation of character), — "I cannot play the fiddle," said Themistocles; "but I can make a small town into a great city."*

But, so far from regarding the absence of brilliant qualities as a defect, I am disposed to place the distinctive beauty and excellence of Washington's character in that well-balanced aggregate of powers and virtues for which he was distinguished, and which necessarily excludes the possession of one or two highly developed prominent traits. No one, I think, who has carefully reflected on the subject, but will come to the conclusion that, instead of being improved, his character would have been impaired by any such dazzling quality, especially when we take into account the defects with which such qualities are sure to be accompanied. The ardent and ungoverned temperament, the indomitable will (often another name for arrogant obstinacy and selfishness), the passionate love of distinction and applause, which enter so largely in most cases into what is called a brilliant public character, would have destroyed the beauty and broken down the strength of Washington's. The ancient philosophers placed the true conception of perfect manhood in the possession of those powers and qualities which are required for the honorable and successful discharge of the duties of life, each in the golden mean, equally removed from excess in either direction, and all in due proportion. This type of true greatness I find more fully realized in the character of Washington than in that of any other chieftain or ruler of ancient or modern times. He did not possess a few brilliant qualities in that exaggerated degree in which they are habitually ascribed to the heroes of poetry and romance; but he united all the qualities required for the honorable and successful conduct of the greatest affairs, each in the happy mean of a full maturity, and all in that true proportion in which they balance and sustain each other.

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* Plutarch's Themistocles, as the saying is rendered by Lord Bacon, whose translation, as might be expected, is far more spirited than the original.

Now, the popular estimate of character knows nothing of this golden mean and harmonious adjustment. In the chieftain, it coldly approves a thoughtful valor, and loves the gallant rashness which finds a joy in the maddening conflict. In the magistrate, it faintly applauds a discreet and well-weighed system of public measures, but it does not frown on the selfish management of the artful manœuvrer, and delights in the success which occasionally follows an audacious *coup d'état.* In the senate or on the platform it listens with respectful, often with constrained, attention to the voice of well-urged reason and argument, but yields itself a willing captive to the specious declamation, which often misleads the judgment while it delights the ear, and sometimes maddens while it charms.

But, above all, it belongs to a well-balanced character like Washington's that it should include the grave, sober, and, I am sorry to add, the unpopular qualities. Such a virtue, for instance, is prudence, which, according to the stern Roman satirist, disarms Fortune of her power. Consummate prudence marked the life and conduct of Washington. But, in the inverted estimate of the world, prudence receives no applause, excites no admiration, wins no love. We sometimes almost hate it for the restraints which it imposes upon the endearing weaknesses and generous follies of a warm and kindly nature.

Justice is another of the great kingly virtues of life; the governments of men, the government of God on high, rest upon it. Justice was personified in Washington; it was the law of his life. But justice is not a quality that fascinates the imaginations of men. Moralists inculcate it, all men exact it in their dealings when it promotes their interest; the Athenians, at the height of their refinement, grew tired of it, in the person of Aristides, and banished it.

Modesty is a lovely trait, which sets the last seal to a truly great character, as the blush of innocence adds the last charm to youthful beauty. When, on his return from one of his arduous campaigns in the Seven Years' War, the Speaker of the Virginia Assembly, by order of the House, addressed Colonel Washington in acknowledgment of his services, the youthful hero rose to reply; but humility choked his utterance, diffidence sealed his lips. "Sit down, Colonel Washington," said the Speaker; "the House sees that your modesty is equal to your merit, and that exceeds my power of language to describe." But who ever heard of a modest Alexander or a modest Cæsar, or a modest hero or statesman of the present day? — much as some of them would be improved by a measure of that quality.

Common sense was eminently a characteristic of Washngton; so called, not because it is so very common a trait of character of public men, but because it is the final judgment on great practical questions to which the mind of the community is pretty sure eventually to arrive. Few qualities of character in those who influence the fortunes of nations are so conducive both to stability and progress. But it is a quality which takes no hold of the imagination; it inspires no enthusiasm, it wins no favor; it is well if it can stand its ground against the plausible absurdities, the hollow pretences, the stupendous impostures of the day.

But, however these unobtrusive and austere virtues may be overlooked in the popular estimate, they belong unquestionably to the true type of sterling greatness, reflecting as far as it can be done within the narrow limits of humanity that deep repose and silent equilibrium of mental and moral power which governs the universe. To complain of the character of Washington that it is destitute of brilliant qualities, is to complain of a circle that it has no salient points and no sharp angles in its circumference; forgetting that it owes all its wonderful properties to the unbroken curve of which every point is equidistant from the centre.* Instead, therefore, of being a mark of inferiority, this sublime adjustment of powers and virtues in the character of Washington is in reality its glory. It is this which chiefly puts him in harmony with more than human greatness. The higher we rise in the scale of being, — material, intellectual, and moral, — the more certainly we quit the region of the brilliant eccentricities and dazzling contrasts which belong to a vulgar greatness. Order and proportion characterize the primordial constitution of the terrestrial system; ineffable harmony rules the heavens.

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* I was not aware, when I wrote this sentence, that I had ever read Dryden's "Heroic Stanzas consecrated to the Memory of his Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector of this Commonwealth, written after celebrating his funeral," one of which is as follows: —

> "How shall I then begin or where conclude,
>   To draw a fame so truly circular,
> For in a round what order can be shewed,
>   When all the parts so equal perfect are?"

All the great eternal forces act in solemn silence. The brawling torrent that dries up in summer deafens you with its roaring whirlpools in March; while the vast earth on which we dwell, with all its oceans and all its continents and its thousand millions of inhabitants, revolves unheard upon its soft axle at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and rushes noiselessly on its orbit a million and a half miles a day. Two storm-clouds encamped upon opposite hills on a sultry summer's evening, at the expense of no more electricity, according to Mr. Faraday, than is evolved in the decomposition of a single drop of water, will shake the surrounding atmosphere with their thunders, which, loudly as they rattle on the spot, will yet not be heard at the distance of twenty miles; while those tremendous and unutterable forces which ever issue from the throne of God, and drag the chariot-wheels of Uranus and Neptune along the uttermost pathways of the solar system, pervade the illimitable universe in silence.

This calm and well-balanced temperament of Washington's character is not badly shadowed forth in the poet's description of Cicero: —

"This magistrate hath struck an awe into me,
And by his sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boisterous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth to fill
The large unfit authority it wears.
How easy is a noble spirit discerned
From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and bursts." *

And did I say, my friends, that I was unable to furnish an entirely satisfactory answer to the question, in what the true excellence of the character of Washington consists? Let me recall the word as unjust to myself and unjust to you. The answer is plain and simple enough; it is this, that all the great qualities of disposition and action, which so eminently fitted him for the service of his fellow-men, were founded on the basis of a pure Christian morality, and derived their

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* Ben Jonson's Catiline.

strength and energy from that vital source. He was great as he was good; he was great because he was good; and I believe, as I do in my existence, that it was an important part of the design of Providence in raising him up to be the leader of the Revolutionary struggle, and afterwards the first President of the United States, to rebuke prosperous ambition and successful intrigue; to set before the people of America, in the morning of their national existence, a living example to prove that armies may be best conducted, and governments most ably and honorably administered, by men of sound moral principle; to teach to gifted and aspiring individuals, and the parties they lead, that, though a hundred crooked paths may conduct to a temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of posterity.

Born beneath an humble but virtuous roof, brought up at the knees of a mother not unworthy to be named with the noblest matrons of Rome or Israel, the "good boy," as she delighted to call him, passed uncorrupted through the temptations of the solitary frontier, the camp, and the gay world, and grew up into the good man. Engaging in early youth in the service of the country, rising rapidly to the highest trusts, office and influence and praise passing almost the bounds of human desert did nothing to break down the austere simplicity of his manners or to shake the solid basis of his virtues. Placed at the head of the suffering and discontented armies of his country, urged by the tempter to change his honest and involuntary dictatorship of influence into a usurped dictatorship of power, reluctantly consenting to one re-election to the Presidency and positively rejecting a second, no suspicion ever crossed the mind of an honest man,—let the libellers say what they would, for libellers I am sorry to say there were in that day as in this,—men who pick their daily dishonorable bread out of the characters of men as virtuous as themselves,—and they spared not Washington,—but the suspicion never entered into the mind of an honest man, that his heart was open to the seductions of ambition or interest; or that he was capable in the slightest degree, by word or deed, of shaping his policy with a view to court popular favor or serve a selfish end; that a wish or purpose ever entered his mind inconsistent with the spotless purity of his character.

> "No veil
> He needed, virtue proof, no thought infirm
> Altered his cheek."

And is the judgment of mankind so depraved, is their perception of moral worth so dull, that they can withhold their admiration from such a character and bestow it, for instance, upon the hard-hearted, wondrous youth of ancient renown, who when he had trampled the effeminate rabble of the East under the iron feet of his Macedonian Phalanx, and that world which he wept to conquer was in fact grovelling at his footstool; when he might have founded a dynasty at Babylon which would have crushed the Roman domination in the bud, and changed the history of the world from that time to this, could fool away the sceptre of universal dominion which Providence was forcing into his hand in one night's debauch, and quench power and glory and reason and life in the poisonous cup of wine and harlotry?

Can men coldly qualify their applause of the patriot hero of the American Revolution, who never drew his sword but in a righteous defensive war, and magnify the name of the great Roman Dictator who made the "bravo's trade" the merciless profession of his life, and trained his legions in the havoc of unoffending foreign countries for the "more than civil wars" in which he prostrated the liberties of his own?

Can they seriously disparage our incorruptible Washington, who would not burden the impoverished treasury of the Union by accepting even the frugal pay of his rank; whose entire expenditure charged to the public for the whole war was less than the cost of the stationery of Congress for a single year; whom all the gold of California and Australia could not have bribed to a mean act,—can they seriously disparage him in comparison with such a man as the hero of Blenheim, the renowned English commander, the ablest general, the most politic statesman, the most adroit negotiator of the day, — of whom it has been truly said that he never formed the plan of a campaign which he failed to execute, never besieged a city which he did not take, never fought a battle which he did not gain, and who, alas! caused the muster-rolls of his victorious army to be fraudulently made out, and pocketed the pay which he drew in the names of men who had fallen in his own sight four years before.

There is a splendid monumental pile in England, the most magnificent perhaps of her hundred palaces, founded in the time of Queen Ann at the public cost, to perpetuate the fame of Marlborough. The grand building, with its vast wings and spacious courts, covers seven acres and a half of land. It is approached on its various sides by twelve gates or bridges, some of them triumphal gates, in a circumference of thirteen miles, enclosing the noble park of twenty-seven hundred acres (Boston Common has forty-three), in which the castle stands, surrounded by the choicest beauties of forest and garden and fountain and lawn and stream. All that gold could buy, or the bounty of his own or foreign princes could bestow, or taste devise, or art execute, or ostentation could lavish, to perfect and adorn the all but regal structure, without and within, is there. Its saloons and its galleries, its library and its museum, among the most spacious in England for a private mansion, are filled with the rarities and wonders of ancient and modern art. Eloquent inscriptions from the most gifted pens of the age — the English by Lord Bolingbroke, the Latin, I believe, by Bishop Hoadley — set forth on triumphal arches and columns the exploits of him to whom the whole edifice and the domains which surround it are one gorgeous monument. Lest human adulation should prove unequal to the task, Nature herself has been called in to record his achievements. They have been planted, rooted in the soil. Groves and coppices, curiously disposed, represent the position, the numbers, the martial array of the hostile squadrons at Blenheim. Thus, with each returning year, Spring hangs out his triumphant banners. May's Æolian lyre sings of his victories through her gorgeous foliage; and the shrill trump of November sounds "Malbrook" through her leafless branches.

Twice in my life I have visited the magnificent residence, — not as a guest; once when its stately porticos afforded a grateful shelter from the noonday sun, and again, after thirty years' interval, when the light of a full harvest moon slept sweetly on the bank once shaded by fair Rosamond's bower, — so says tradition, — and poured its streaming bars of silver through the branches of oaks which were growing before Columbus discovered America. But to me, at noontide or in the evening, the gorgeous pile was as dreary as death, its luxurious grounds as melancholy as a churchyard. It seemed to me, not a splendid palace, but a dismal mausoleum, in which a great and blighted name lies embalmed like some old Egyptian tyrant, black and ghastly in the asphaltic contempt of ages, serving but to rescue from an enviable oblivion the career and character of the magnificent peculator and miser and traitor to whom it is dedicated; needy in the midst of his ill-gotten millions; mean at the head of his victorious armies; despicable under the shadow of his thick-woven laurels; and poor and miserable and blind and naked amidst the lying shams of his tinsel greatness. The eloquent inscriptions in Latin and English as I strove to read them seemed to fade from arch and column, and three dreadful words of palimpsestic infamy came out in their stead, like those which caused the knees of the Chaldæan tyrant to smite together, as he beheld them traced by no mortal fingers on the vaulted canopy which spread like a sky over his accursed revels; and those dreadful words were, —

Avarice, Plunder, Eternal Shame!

There is a modest private mansion on the bank of the Potomac, the abode of George Washington and Martha his beloved, his loving, faithful wife. It boasts no spacious portal nor gorgeous colonnade, nor massy elevation, nor storied tower. The porter's lodge at Blenheim Castle, nay, the marble dog-kennels were not built for the entire cost of Mount Vernon. No arch nor column, in courtly English or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country; he needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls. No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior, — the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage to it as to a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

Yes, my friends, it is the pure morality of Washington's character in which its peculiar excellence resides; and it is this which establishes its intimate relations with general humanity. On this basis he ceases to be the hero of America, and becomes the hero of mankind. I have seen it lately maintained by a respectable foreign writer, that he could not have led the mighty host which Napoleon marched into Russia in 1812; not so much one army as thirteen armies, each led by its veteran chief, some of them by tributary kings, and all conducted to their destination across continental Europe without confusion and without mutual interference, by the master mind, the greatest military array the world has ever seen. That Washington, who never proved unequal to any task however novel or arduous, *could* not have led that gigantic army into Russia I am slow to believe. I see not why he who did great things with small means is to be supposed to be incompetent to do great things with large means. That he *would* not, if it depended on him, have plunged France and Europe into that dreadful war, I readily grant. But allowing, what cannot be shown, that he was not as a strategist equal to the task in question, I do not know that his military reputation is more impeached by this gratuitous assumption, that he could not have got that mighty host into

Russia, than Napoleon's by the historical fact that he could not and did not get it out of Russia.

At any rate, whatever idle comparisons between Napoleon and Washington, unfavorable to the military genius of the latter, may be instituted, Washington himself, modest as he was, deriving conscious strength from the pure patriotism which formed the great motive of his conduct, did not fear to place himself in a position which he must have thought would, in all human probability, bring him into collision with the youthful conqueror of Italy, fresh from the triumphs of his first, and, all things considered, his most brilliant campaigns. The United States, I need not remind you, were on the verge of a war with France in 1798. The command of the armies of the Union was pressed by President Adams on Washington, and he consented to take command in the event of an invasion. In a very remarkable letter written in July, 1798, he mentions the practice "adopted by the French (with whom we are now to contend), and with great and astonishing success, to appoint generals of juvenile years to command their armies."* He had every reason at that time to suppose, and no doubt did suppose, that in the event of a French invasion, the armies of France would have been commanded by the youngest and most successful of those youthful generals.

A recent judicious French writer (M. Edouard Laboulaye), though greatly admiring the character of Washington, denies him the brilliant military genius of Julius Cæsar. For my own part, considering the disparity of the means at their command respectively and of their scale of operations, I believe that after times will, on the score of military capacity, assign as high a place to the patriot chieftain who founded the Republic of America, as to the ambitious usurper who overturned the liberties of Rome. Washington would not most certainly have carried an unprovoked and desolating war into the provinces of Gallia, chopping off the right hands of whole populations guilty of no crime but that of defending their homes; he would not have thrown his legions into

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* Washington's Works, Vol. XI. p. 249.

Britain as Cæsar did, though the barbarous natives had never heard of his name. Though, to meet the invaders of his country, he could push his way across the broad Delaware, through drifting masses of ice in a December night, he could not, I grant, in defiance of the laws of his country, have spurred his horse across the "little Rubicon" beneath the mild skies of an Ausonian winter.† It was not talent which he wanted for brilliant military achievement; he wanted a willingness to shed the blood of fellow-men for selfish ends; he wanted unchastened ambition; he wanted an ear deaf as the adder's to the cry of suffering humanity; he wanted a remorseless thirst for false glory; he wanted an iron heart.

But it is time, my friends, to draw these contemplations to a close. When the decease of this illustrious and beloved commander-in-chief, in 1799, was officially announced to the army of the United States by General Hamilton, who of all his honored and trusted associates stood highest, I think, in his affections and confidence, it was truly said by him in his general orders, that "the voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivalled in the lists of true glory." It is for us, citizens of the country which he lived but to serve, children of parents who saw him face to face, enjoying ourselves the inestimable blessings which he did so much to secure and perpetuate, to reflect lustre upon his memory in the only way in which it is possible for us to do so, by showing that his example and his counsels, instead of losing their influence by the lapse of years, are possessed of an ever-during vitality. Born into the family of nations in these latter days, inheriting from ancient times and from foreign countries the bright and instructive example of all their honored sons, it has been the privilege of America, in the first generation of her national existence, to give back to the world many names whose lustre will never fade, one of which the whole family of Christendom is willing to acknowledge the pre-eminence; a name of which neither Greece nor Rome, nor republican Italy, Switzerland nor Holland, nor constitutional England can boast the rival. "A character of virtues so happily tempered by one another," (I use the words of Charles James Fox,) "and so wholly unalloyed with any vices as that of Washington, is hardly to be found on the pages of history."

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† "Ut ventum est parvi Rubicontis ad undam." — LUCAN, I. 185.

He lived indeed, not for us alone, but for all nations. Notwithstanding his leading agency in wresting a colonial empire from Great Britain, the moral sense of that country was not slow to apprehend the grandeur and beauty of his character. "No one who has not been in England" (writes Mr. Rufus King, our minister to that country, to General Hamilton in 1797) "can have a just idea of the admiration expressed among all parties for General Washington. It is a common observation that he is not only the most illustrious, but the most meritorious, character that has yet appeared."* Nor was France, notwithstanding the uneasy relations of the two countries at the time of his decease, less willing to do justice to his memory. When the news of his death reached Paris, the youthful and fortunate soldier who had already reached the summit of power, by paths which Washington could never have trod, commanded the highest honors to be paid to him. A solemn funeral service was performed in the Invalides, in the presence of all that was most eminent in Paris. "A sorrowful cry," said Fontanes, the orator chosen by Napoleon for the occasion, "has reached us from America, which he delivered. It belongs to France to yield the first response to the lamentation which will be echoed by every great soul. These august arches have been well chosen for the apotheosis of a hero."† Ah, how often in those wild scenes of her Revolution, when the best blood of France was shed by the remorselessness of ephemeral tyrants, who chased each other, dagger in hand, across that terrible stage of crime and woe, during the reign of terror, — how often did the thoughts of Lafayette and his brethren in arms, who with him had fought the battles of constitutional liberty in America, call up the image of the pure, the just, the humane, the unambitious

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* Hamilton's Works, Vol. VI. p. 257.

† In Bourrienne's Memoirs, a work which must be read with great caution, the entire eulogy of Fontanes is given. — Tom. III. p. 365.

Washington! How different would have been the fate of France, if her victorious chieftain, when he had reached the dizzy heights of power, had imitated the great example which he eulogized! He might have saved his country from being crushed by the leagued hosts of Europe; he might have prevented Moscow and Waterloo from being written in letters of blood upon the page of history; he might have escaped himself the sad significance of those memorable words of Fontanes, on the occasion to which I have alluded, when in the presence of Napoleon he spoke of Washington as a man who, "by a destiny seldom shared by those who change the fate of empires, died in peace as a private citizen in his native land, where he had held the first rank, and which he had himself made free." How different would have been the fate of Spain, of Naples, of Greece, of Germany, of the South American Republics, had their recent revolutions been conducted by men like Washington and his associates; and in the momentous movements now in progress (February, 1856), and which in all probability will in the course of thirty years put a new face upon many parts of Europe, how gladly will the weary and stricken nations exchange the dazzling qualities which throw an ephemeral lustre around the names of ambitious heroes, for the prudence, wisdom, probity, and disinterestedness with which the Father of his Country conducted the American Revolution to an auspicious result!

But to us citizens of America, it belongs above all others to show respect to the memory of Washington, by the practical deference which we pay to those sober maxims of public policy which he has left us, — a last testament of affection in his Farewell Address. Of all the exhortations which it contains, I scarce need say to you that none are so emphatically uttered, none so anxiously repeated, as those which enjoin the preservation of the Union of these States. On this, under Providence, it depends in the judgment of Washington whether the people of America shall follow the Old World example, and be broken up into a group of independent military powers, wasted by eternal border wars, feeding the ambition of petty sovereigns on the life-blood of wasted principalities, — a custom-house on the bank of every river, a fortress on every frontier hill, a pirate lurking in the recesses of every bay, — or whether they shall continue to constitute a confederate republic, the most extensive, the most powerful, the most prosperous in the long line of ages. No one can read the Farewell Address without feeling that this was the thought and this the care which lay nearest and heaviest upon that noble heart; and if — which Heaven forbid — the day shall ever arrive when his parting counsels on that head shall be forgotten, on that day, come it soon or come it late, it may as mournfully as truly be said, that Washington has lived in vain. Then the vessels as they ascend and descend the Potomac may toll their bells with new significance as they pass Mount Vernon; they will strike the requiem of constitutional liberty for us, — for all nations.

But it cannot, shall not be; this great woe to our beloved country, this catastrophe for the cause of national freedom, this grievous calamity for the whole civilized world, it cannot, shall not be. No, by the glorious 19th of April, 1775; no, by the precious blood of Bunker Hill, of Princeton, of Saratoga, of King's Mountain, of Yorktown; no, by the undying spirit of '76; no, by the sacred dust enshrined at Mount Vernon; no, by the dear immortal memory of Washington, — that sorrow and shame shall never be. Sooner let the days of colonial vassalage return; rather let the Frenchman and savage again run the boundary with the firebrand and scalping-knife, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, than that sister States should be arrayed against each other, or brother's hands be imbrued in brother's blood.

A great and venerated character like that of Washington, which commands the respect of an entire population, however divided on other questions, is not an isolated fact in History to be regarded with barren admiration, — it is a dispensation of Providence for good. It was well said by Mr. Jefferson in 1792, writing to Washington to dissuade him from declining a renomination: "North and South will hang together while they have you to hang to." Washington in the flesh is taken from us; we shall never behold him as our fathers did; but his memory remains, and I say, let us hang to his memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday; and ever, as the 22d of February returns, let us remember, that while with these solemn and joyous rites of observance we celebrate the great anniversary, our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love. Nor we, nor they alone, — beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along that stupendous trail of immigration from East to West, which, bursting into States as it moves westward, is already threading the Western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the golden gate of California, and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There and there only, in barbarous archipelagos, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown; and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, new honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

CATTLE-SHOW AT SPRINGFIELD.*

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:—

I AM greatly indebted to my friend Ashmun, to you, sir, and to the company for the kind manner in which they have been pleased to receive the announcement of my name on this occasion. That storm to which he alluded, which prevailed yesterday, prevented me from coming here, as I intended to do, a day earlier, though, as the effect of the storm was to interfere with the continuance of the exhibition, in that respect I lost nothing. I regret, however, that I have only had the gratification this day of witnessing the very interesting exhibition and exercises of the race-ground. I do not pretend, sir, to be a *connoisseur* in those exercises, but a man need not be that, surely, to enjoy the spectacle which has this day been presented to us. If he has any taste for anything animate or inanimate, surely he could not have been disappointed to-day. Sir, that magnificent river, sparkling beneath the beams of a September sun; the remnant of the primitive forest, dating from the creation of the world,—for the axe never fell upon it, the plough never passed through it; that gorgeous circle of hills, Mount Tom standing like a giant sentinel at the entrance to the scene; then, sir, the animated spectacle,—fifteen, twenty thousand of the sons and daughters of the land, from the immediate neighborhood, from more distant parts of the country, from our sister States, gathered together to exchange friendly congratulations, to enjoy together the delightful scene, to witness this most pleasing spectacle, all without disorder, without confusion, without a single instance of excess, so far as my observation has gone, — if in all this there is not something to gratify a man's taste, whatever it may be, I know not where on this fair earth he could go to be gratified. Judge Morris gave me, an hour or two ago, upon the course-ground, a piece of your local history with which I was unacquainted. "Do you know," said he, "what this beautiful meadow was originally called? 'Three-corner Meadow,' because it was granted, at the very dawn of the settlement of the country, to William Pynchon, Jehu Burr, and Henry Smith." I don't think it entered into the imagination of Jehu Burr that such a set of Jehus as we have witnessed here to-day would be his successors on that beautiful field.

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* Address at the banquet of the Hampden County Agricultural Society at Springfield, 17th September, 1858.

Mr. President, you surely would not call upon me for any practical suggestions on this occasion, though I do confess to cherishing a sincere sympathy in the object and in the exercises of the day. I have, with his Excellency the Governor, always regarded the horse as the most beautiful of the subject-race of animals. I have looked upon him as one of the most useful, the most intelligent, of those humbler associate partners of our toils; and, tracing the history of our race from the very commencement, I do believe that the horse is entitled to a far greater share of the credit as a partner in the concern than an unreflecting mind is willing to allow. Deduct all that has been achieved directly or indirectly by the aid of the horse, in the way of conveyance at home from place to place, for business or recreation; of distant journeyings, before the power of steam was so wonderfully applied to the purposes of locomotion, of the draught of heavy burdens, of motive power connected with machinery, of agriculture, and of war, in all countries and of all ages, — deduct all that has been done directly or indirectly in all these respects, by the aid of the horse, and what a stupendous abatement you would make from the sum total of achievement and progress! Then, sir, it is really startling to reflect on the degrees of sagacity, of memory, of generous emulation, of sensibility to kind treatment, which are possessed by these inferior animals, as in our pride of rational nature we regard them. I remember to have read, not very long ago, an authentic account of a charger, all fire and nerve, whom the sound of the trumpet stirred almost to madness, whose furious impatience to rush upon roaring batteries and bristling bayonets could hardly be restrained by the most powerful rider, who would yet permit the child of two years old, who had strayed accidentally into the stable, to sport about his heels, and drag a little rattling cart, unmolested, between his legs.

Sir, it is perplexing, it is almost painful, to consider what high degrees of intellectual and moral power are evinced by animals whom we profanely call brute beasts. I suppose it was a reflection on these noble qualities of the horse, intellectual and moral, that led the wittiest, the bitterest, and, I am sorry to say, the filthiest of the satirists of our language, (I mean Dean Swift,) in that remarkable romance of his, — one of the most fascinating as well as the most revolting of books, — to represent the horse, under that unpronounceable name which he gives him, as the wiser, the more sagacious, the nobler animal, and to describe the human race, disgustingly caricatured as Yahoos, as an inferior order of beings. I don't know, sir, but you will think it rather beneath the dignity of the occasion to allude to such a book as Gulliver's Travels, and yet it does contain, among many most instructive remarks, one of those passages into which the wisdom of ages is condensed in a single sentence, and which is more often quoted, at least a part of it, at all agricultural and rural shows, than, perhaps, any other in the whole compass of literature. " The man," says the King of Brobdingnag, " who can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow on the spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and render a more essential service to the country than the whole race of politicians put together." When this passage is quoted at agricultural meetings by patriotic candidates for office, this last part of the sentence is generally omitted.

The noble qualities of the horse seem, indeed, to have made an impression upon the most brutalized of our own species. I suppose it is this, if it were worth while to attempt to account for the whims of a madman, which led the Emperor Caligula to erect a marble stable for his horse Incitatus, to provide him with an ivory manger, with housings of imperial purple, a breastplate studded with diamonds and pearls, and then to elevate him to the dignity of the consulship. This seems, to be sure, a mere freak of madness, and yet I am inclined to think that at that time it was a better choice than could have been made out of the venal courtiers and factious prætorians of the imperial court. I have no doubt, if it had been put to the vote throughout the Roman Empire, then co-extensive with the civilized world, they would have decided that they had a better consul than emperor. Sir, they had been too familiar with the rapacity of tyrants not to be pleased with the elevation of a ruler who would take nothing but oats out of the public crib, — a ruler who, while the reins were with him, would at least have given them a *stable* administration.

I hope, sir, with the Governor, that the general result of these exhibitions will be, that, while they tend to improve the animal himself, they will also have the effect of enlarging our sympathies toward him, and thus, in the final result, to secure him better treatment. There is too much room for improvement in this respect in all parts of the country. I saw, but a few days ago, in the city of Boston, a brute in human form, perched upon the seat of his wagon, holding his horse with a careless and loose rein, — going at a smart trot all the while, — allowing him to go down on his knees at a sharp corner on the slippery flagstone. The noble animal made a convulsive and finally successful effort to recover himself; but he had hardly risen to his feet, when the driver leaped from his wagon and began, for what was his own fault, to apply the handle of his whip to the head and the inside of the legs of the noble beast, and could scarcely be restrained by the indignant remonstrance of the by-standers. I trust, sir, that the surprising performances of Mr. Rarey, to which my friend Ashmun has alluded, may be the means of diffusing some useful ideas in this respect throughout the community. Whether there is yet some unexplained means of influence in the possession of that gentleman not shared by the rest of the community I know not; but one thing, I think, sir, is certain, that one great part of the operation consists in gaining the affections of the animal by gentle approach and kind treatment. For this, if for no other reason, they deserve the greatest credit for what they have done in this respect, although I believe they are not the first who have succeeded by this same treatment in subduing the wildness, changing even the native instincts, of what are commonly regarded as the almost untamable animals. I often saw in the streets of London — and I believe the same thing may be seen at Barnum's Museum in New York, — what was called "The Happy Family," — a collection of animals, in a large wire cage, most hostile in their nature, — cats and rats, hawks and mice, owls and wrens, living together in these close quarters, in the utmost harmony and friendship. I asked the showman what was the secret of the operation by which he brought about those astonishing results. He told me it was persevering kindness. He did not say in what particular way that kindness was to be manifested. I believe that part of it consisted in always keeping them supplied with plenty of the food they were most fond of, — but it was *persevering kindness*. It is true that my experience led me to think that the amicable relations did not extend in the same degree to outsiders; for I rather inadvertently put my finger through the bars of the cage, when a large rat sprang at it with such rapidity that I drew it back a good deal quicker than I put it in. I assure you my bosom was overflowing with *kindness* toward every member of that "happy family," not excepting the rat; but after such demonstration on his part, I did not think it expedient to *persevere*.

I have sometimes, sir, been led to moralize upon that trivial spectacle, as on the success of the extraordinary experiments of the Messrs. Rarey, and to ask myself whether we may not derive from them a lesson which may be of advantage to us in our treatment of our fellow-men. The best of books says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." Sir, may we not go to the fractious and ungovernable horse, whose nature has been changed by these gentlemen, and learn how to treat our fellow-men? Is the nature of man, sir, this "lord of the creation," — is the nature of man so much more obdurate than that of the wild zebra and untamed horse, that what changes their instincts, and makes them gentle and quiet, would be all lost upon us? I do not believe it. The Messrs. Rarey tell us that it is not strong perfumes, it is not powerful drugs. No, sir, it is that ineffable charm, that never-to-be-described influence, of a soft approach, kind words, gentle treatment. This, *this*, sir, is the true horse-castor, this is the genuine oil of rhodium, that enables the softened brute to read a reproachful lesson to rational humanity. Persevering kindness, sir; let us try it. Let us see whether it is not like those delicious sweetmeats that used to come from the tropics when I was a boy. You have seen them, sir, — the pretty white paper boxes, ornamented with filigree, and all around was the inscription, "Good for sick people, but will not materially injure those who are well." Sir, what if it should turn out that this kind, gentle treatment, which is good for cats and dogs, for zebras and horses, would have an equally salutary effect upon human beings? What if it should turn out that, good for horses, it would not materially injure fellow-men and fellow-Christians? Might we not, sir, be more likely to agree with each other, and be happier when we disagree, if, instead of exhausting the vocabulary of detraction and abuse upon those who differ from us, we should approach them with language of good-will and kind feeling?

However this may be, sir, if there is any one who doubts that the horse — the animal that most concerns us on this occasion — is susceptible of the kindest feelings of our nature, I think he would be convinced of his error by a most interesting anecdote of Edmund Burke. In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living in retirement on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad; and the fact that was stated in support of this rumor was, that he went round his park kissing his cows and horses. A friend, a man of rank and influence, hearing this story, and deeming it of too much importance to be left uncorrected, hastened down to Beaconsfield, and sought an interview, with the view of ascertaining the truth of the rumor. He entered into conversation with him. Mr. Burke read to him some chapters from his "Letters on a Regicide Peace." His friend immediately saw, that though the earthly tenement was verging back to its native dust, the lamp of reason and genius shone with undiminished lustre within. He was accordingly more than satisfied as to the object of his coming down, and in a private interview with Mrs. Burke told her what he had come for, and received from her this pathetic explanation.

Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had not long before died, leaving behind him a favorite old horse, the companion of his excursions of business and pleasure, when both were young and vigorous. This favorite animal was turned out by Mr. Burke the father into the park, with directions to all his servants that he should in every respect be treated as a privileged favorite. Mr. Burke himself, of course, in his morning walks, would often stop to caress the favorite animal. On one occasion, as he was taking his morning walk through the park, he perceived the poor old animal at a distance, and noticed in turn that he was recognized by him. The horse drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with a most pleading look of recognition, which said, as plainly as words could have said, "I have lost him too"; and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head upon Mr. Burke's bosom! Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, moved by the recollection of his son, whom he had never ceased to mourn with a grief that would not be comforted, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal, expressed in the mute eloquence of holy Nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and, clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up that voice, which had filled the arches of Westminster Hall with the noblest strains that ever echoed within them, and wept aloud!

This was seen, and was heard by the passers by; and the enemies of Burke, unappeased by his advancing years, by his failing health, by his domestic sorrows, made it the ground of a charge of insanity. "Burke had gone mad." But, sir, so help me Heaven, if I were called upon to designate the event or the period in Burke's life that would best sustain a charge of insanity, it would not be when, in a gush of the holiest and purest feeling that ever stirred the human heart, he wept aloud on the neck of his dead son's favorite horse, but it would rather be when, at the meridian of his fame, when the orb of his imperial genius rode highest in the heavens, amidst the scoffs of cringing courtiers, and the sneers of trading patriots, he abased his glorious powers to the scramblings and squabblings of the day, and,

> "Born fȯr the universe, narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I have only to renew my acknowledgments for the kindness with which you have been pleased to receive me, and to express my best wishes for the continued success of your most useful and patriotic undertaking.

THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.*

Mr. President, Fellow-Citizens: —

If my worthy friend and host, who has just taken his seat, (Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson,) were capable of doing anything unkind or unfair, I should think he had been guilty of it on the present occasion, in requiring me to place my poor, unpremeditated remarks in direct contrast with the mature thoughts and finished discussions and eloquent sentiments which have held your attention, instructed your minds, and warmed your hearts on this interesting occasion. In fact, Mr. President, I almost think that, under the circumstances of the case, I am hardly amenable to your jurisdiction, that I ought to be looked upon, not as a volunteer, but as one impressed into the service. It reminds me, sir, of the pretensions of a foreign power (if you will not think me going out of the way for a comparison), in years long past, when the whole civilized world, except our own country, was involved in war, claiming the rights of belligerents, and we the only neutral. That foreign power, sir, did n't claim the right to enter our neutral vessels for the sake of impressing our seamen into their service, but if, in the exercise of the belligerent's right of searching neutrals for contraband goods, they encountered the king's subjects, or those they chose to consider such, they claimed the right to impress them. Now, sir, I have come here, as you know, on a very different errand; you have caught me on the platform, and you have impressed me. It was, I own, with some little misgiving that I found myself — retired as I am entirely from public life — stepping upon the

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* Remarks at the laying of the corner-stone of the State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, New York, 24th September, 1858.

Binghamton platform. But inasmuch, sir, as I saw my friend, who has so kindly presented me to this audience, examining the platform rather carefully, looking at it from above and beneath, to see if it were safe, I thought if he might venture, I might; and that a platform which could hold him and you, sir, and Doctor Francis, and Doctor Bellows, Mr. Street, and all whom I see around me, of all sects and all parties, though not very compact in its appearance, was strong enough to hold me.

Sir, to speak more seriously, I should be ashamed of myself if it required any premeditation, any forethought, to pour out the simple and honest effusions of the heart on an occasion so interesting as this. A good occasion, sir; a good day, notwithstanding its commencement. I have heard from one friend and another this morning — kind enough to pay his respects to me, knowing on what errand I had come — that he was sorry that we had n't a good day. It was, it is true, raining in the morning. But it is a good day, notwithstanding the rain. The weather is good; all weather is good; sunshine is good; rain is good. Not good weather, sir? Ask the farmer, into whose grains and roots there yet remains some of its moisture to be driven by to-morrow's sun; ask the boatman, who is waiting for his raft to go over the rapids; ask the dairyman and grazier, if the rain, even at this season, is not good. Ask the lover of nature, if it is not good weather when it rains. Sir, one may see in Europe artificial water-works, cascades constructed by the skill of man at enormous expense, — at Chatsworth, at Hesse-Cassel, and the remains of the magnificent water-works at Marly, where Louis XIV. lavished uncounted millions of gold, and thus, according to some writers, commenced those dilapidations of the treasury which brought on the French Revolution. The traveller thinks it a great thing to see these artificial water-works, where a little water is pumped up by creaking machinery, or a panting steam-engine, to be scattered in frothy spray; and do we talk of its not being a good day, when God's great engine is exhibiting to us his imperial water-works, sending up the mists and vapors to the clouds, to be rained down again in comfort and beauty and plenty upon grateful and thirsty man? Sir, as a mere gratification of the taste, I know nothing in nature more sublime, more beautiful, than these genial rains, descending in abundance and salubrity from the skies.

It is a good day, sir, be the weather what it may, for it is consecrated to a good work. You are taking the first step in a great enterprise of mercy and humanity. Sir, the duty which society owes to the interesting class for whose relief this institution is founded is one of the most important and the most delicate which it has to perform. If there were any doubts before, they would have been removed by the eloquent discourses we have just heard. What society ought to do, what it can attempt hopefully, is a question not yet perhaps satisfactorily solved, as far as concerns the great authoritative expression of the will and the power of the community in the form of law. How far, and in what way, the law of the land can be applied to remedy and mitigate the tremendous evils of intemperance, is a question not yet perhaps satisfactorily solved.

But we have come here, sir, brought together by no law that creates any divisions of opinion, — the law of love, – where we are all magistrates and all subjects. In obedience to the dictates of that law, sir, we have come together. You have come together, friends and fellow-citizens, to take the first step in founding an institution which is to furnish a home for the homeless, a refuge from the world, that visits its own faults with such severity upon the frail and suffering of our race, — a kindly refuge, where they will be received in the hour of their extremity, and welcomed with all the comforts which their condition admits and demands; and especially, sir, where they will be removed from temptation.

Removed from temptation! Sir, during those interesting ceremonies which we have witnessed at the laying of the corner-stone, when the most sublime of petitions from the wisest and best of Masters was repeated by those hundreds and thousands that stood with uncovered heads to witness their performance, I was struck, with a force which I own I have never felt before, with the sequence of the ideas. "Lead us not into temptation," — that comes before deliverance from evil. "Lead us not into temptation." Sir, a great moral poet has said,

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

That is the evil from which we pray to be delivered. It is the hideous monster,

"That to be hated needs but to be seen."

But it is not so with temptation. Temptation is not a hideous monster. It too often comes in a lovely form, clothed with grace and beauty, decked with garlands, speaking with a silver voice, and calling to us when we are off our guard. That is what we first need to pray to be protected from. Evil, that hideous monster: few persons who have enjoyed the ordinary advantages of an education in this part of the world, few persons that have anything that can be called a virtuous home, are in great danger of being led astray by this hideous monster, when it stands before them in all its native deformity. But who is safe from the Circæan voice of Temptation?

Mr. President, the reverend and eloquent gentleman who preceded me has said, with great justice, that you were not only laying the foundation of an asylum for this State, but, if it succeeds, you have laid this day a corner-stone for a similar asylum in every State of this Union, in every kingdom of Europe. Has n't it been so with all great improvements that may be classed with this? Was n't it so with prison discipline? There is not in all the civilized world, except Naples (if you include Naples in the civilized world), a place where the old abuses in prison discipline exist. The humane treatment is everywhere imitated and adopted. So it is, sir, with asylums for the insane. The old system of coercion and cruelty is done away with, not in New York, in Philadelphia, and in Boston alone, but throughont the civilized world.

So it will be, sir, with the Asylum for the Inebriate. Let these first steps result successfully; let these walls go up; let the poor victims of inebriety be gathered there; let the kind treatment, medical counsel, and employment for the mind and for the time produce the effects, which I have n't the slightest doubt they will produce; and, as I have said before, as fast as they can be erected, you will have a similar institution in every civilized country in the world. Yes, sir; bring these unhappy inebriates there, protect them from temptation, occupy their time, amuse their thoughts, surround them with rational pleasures; above all, sir, let the delightful influences of the beautiful nature that here surrounds us have their due effect upon them; let them learn to worship the Common Father in this glorious temple, of which these surrounding hills are the pillars, and this glorious concave the vaulted arch, — and believe me, many years will not pass away before it will appear that what you have just done for your own community, you have done for the civilized world.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT DANVERS.*

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-CITIZENS: —

I AM greatly indebted to you for the most kind and hospitable manner in which you have welcomed the announcement of my name. It would not be easy for me to do justice to the feelings which I experience at this moment, when rising, after such a reception, to address you. You have truly stated, sir, that twenty-two years have now elapsed since I had the pleasure of meeting my fellow-citizens of the county of Essex on an occasion like this, in this place. Twenty-two years, sir, — a very considerable portion of the life of man. It is not without emotion that I have looked around the grounds, that I look around these tables, and behold so few of those present this day who tendered me a cordial and hospitable welcome on that occasion. I miss many a respected, many an honored person that I would gladly have met to-day. Above all, sir, I call to mind that venerated patriot, Gideon Foster, whose presence on that occasion gave it so much of its dignity and of its interest; whose venerable form seemed to be a connecting link that united this generation with the fathers of the Revolution. Sir, he has passed away, and with him have passed away many younger than he indeed, but who then stood in the front rank of active life. I believe I should speak the truth if I should say, that, of those gathered together on that occasion, more are resting beneath the sod of the village churchyard than are alive to meet us to-day. But, sir, though they have gone, though men pass away, their labors, the fruit of their labors, remains. The work of man, — the work of his hands, of his mind, his work in the field, in the factory, on the shore, on the sea; his intellectual work, the word fitly spoken, the written page, and, above all, the virtuous deed, — in every department of life, these make the man, and these remain. It is not the corporeal frame, it is not the vital action; it is the work of the intellectual and immortal principle within. The individual has passed away; the good men are gone, but the fruit of what they counselled and what they thought and what they did remains with us; and if, sir, I am inclined on this occasion to yield to some melancholy feelings in looking around and missing so many that I would gladly have met here, I would rather rejoice, — I console myself, that the memories and the influence of the good men remain.

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* Remarks made at the dinner of the Essex Agricultural Society at Danvers, 30th September, 1858.

Sir, the ranks are not only filled up, but are wonderfully recruited. Comparing the year 1858 with the year 1836, when I had the honor of meeting my fellow-citizens of Essex County at this place, — comparing these two years together, we shall make out the picture of a progress not easy to be paralleled in any other country, or in any similar period in the history of the world. I might, perhaps, with pertinence, apply this remark to the progress of agriculture; and did intend, my friends, to say a few words on that subject; but the worthy gentleman on my right (Dr. Loring), who has entertained and instructed us in another place, and your excellent President, who has just spoken to you in such a practical manner on several interesting agricultural topics, make it superfluous for me to say anything on that subject. I will rather, sir, following the train of reflection which you have suggested to me, in recalling my former visit to this place, attempt, in some other respects, to point out the progress made by the country in these two-and-twenty years.

In the first place, in the mere point of population. Have you considered, sir, that in these twenty-two years the population of these United States has nearly doubled? Have you reflected upon the significance of the facts contained in these few words? The population has nearly doubled. Another America has sprung into existence, not only to take the place of those who have passed from the scene, but to add more than ten millions to the aggregate. Sir, I understate these figures. The population in 1840 — according to the census of that year, which was the first census after my first visit to this place — amounted, in round numbers, to seventeen millions. In 1850 the population, in round numbers, amounted to twenty-three millions; and in 1860, by the best estimates which we can make, it will be little if anything less than thirty millions. Three millions of these may be taken as emigrants, to whom our vast domain has furnished a refuge from the destitutions and oppressions of Europe; and the other ten millions are natives of the soil, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, fellow-citizens, brethren. Ten millions of brethren added to the population! Mr. President, what achievements of diplomacy or war, what conquests of hostile provinces, what annexations of foreign islands, can be compared to ten millions of fellow-citizens, natives of the soil, added to the population, — three times as many as the whole population of America on that morning when Gideon Foster went with the men of Danvers to Lexington and Concord.

Then, sir, the great interests of social life that concern you farmers as much as they do the navigator or the merchant or the man of any profession, — railroad communication, for example. Why, sir, in 1836 the communications of this State westward did not extend beyond Worcester. I attended the opening of the railroad from Worcester to Springfield in 1839, and it must have been two or three years later that the communication was carried still farther forward to Albany. I suppose that at the time of my former visit to this place, under the auspices of the Essex Agricultural Society, there could not have been fifteen hundred miles of railroad in the whole United States; and now there are twenty-six thousand miles of such communication. I know that many of these enterprises, considered as investments of property, have proved disastrous to those engaged in them; but what vast results to all the industrial classes of the community have accrued, often from the most unprofitable of those enterprises!

Then, sir, another great phenomenon of those two-and-twenty years, — the navigation of the ocean by steam, — wholly the growth of the period has intervened since I last had the honor of addressing my fellow-citizens of Essex County at Danvers. I find much matter for sober reflection when I contemplate the history of this navigation of the ocean by steam. It seems to me to illustrate in the most striking manner the slow steps by which a great improvement moves forward for generations, for ages, from the first germ, and then, when the hour has come, the rapidity with which it rushes to its final consummation. Sir, Providence offered this great problem of navigating the ocean by steam to almost every civilized nation on the globe. As long ago as the year 1543 there was a sea-captain in Spain who constructed a steam vessel, and in the presence of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in the harbor of Barcelona, exhibited a vessel of two hundred tons, propelled by an engine, the construction of which was kept a secret. According to documents describing the occurrence, which are preserved in the archives of Simancas, it was a monster cauldron or boiler of water, and there were two movable wheels on the outside of the vessel. The Emperor was satisfied with its operation, but the treasurer of the kingdom made great objections to its introduction. The engine seems at once to have reached a point beyond which, in some respects, it has not been carried at the present day. "It was very complicated, very expensive, and the boiler was very apt to explode." No encouragement was given to the enterprise. Spain was not ripe for it. The age was not ripe for it. The unfortunate contriver, Biasco de Garay, wearied and disgusted with the want of patronage, took the engine out of the vessel, allowed the ship to rot in the arsenal, and the secret of the machine was buried in his grave. This was the result in 1543.

A century passes away, and Providence offers the same problem to be solved by France; and in reference to this we have a most extraordinary account from a source equally extraordinary, — a celebrated female in the middle of that century, equally renowned for her beauty, for her immoralities, for her misfortunes, and for her longevity, — for she is stated by some writers to have lived to be one hundred and thirty-four years of age, — Marion de Lorme. We have all read of her in the modern French writings of fiction. There is a letter written by this lady to one of her admirers in 1641 which contains these most astonishing details. She is giving an account of a visit with the Marquis of Worcester, the English nobleman so well known in the history of invention, to the Bicêtre, the famous madhouse in Paris. She was crossing the court-yard of that dismal establishment, almost petrified, she says, with terror, clinging to her companion for safety, when she saw a frightful face through the bars of the building, and heard a voice, crying: "I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery which will enrich the kingdom that shall adopt it." She asked her guide what the man meant. He shrugged his shoulders and laughed and said: "O, not much; it is something about the powers of steam." Upon this the lady laughed also, — that a man should go mad upon such a frivolous subject as that; and the guide went on to tell her that this poor Solomon de Caus came from Normandy four years before, to exhibit to the King an invention by which, by the power of steam, you could move a carriage, you could navigate the ocean; in short, if you could believe him, said the keeper, there was nothing that you could not do by the power of steam. Well, now, Mr. President, what followed upon this? Cardinal Richelieu, who was France embodied, wielding the whole power of the kingdom, and was in truth a most sagacious and enlightened man, as worldly wisdom goes, — the Cardinal would not hear a word from the projector, and turned his back upon him. Solomon de Caus was a persevering man, and followed Cardinal Richelieu from place to place, exhibiting his drawings; and the Cardinal getting tired of him, sent him to the madhouse. There he was, and there he was seen. The guide went on to say that his mind is so full of the subject that he has written a book, and, said he, "Here is a copy of it, called Moving Powers." The Marquis of Worcester was very much struck with the appearance of De Caus and was much interested with the book, and incorporated some portions of it in his celebrated work, " The Century of Inventions."

But you see in this recital how France proved herself in 1651, as Spain had proved herself in 1543, unable to take up and wield this mortal thunderbolt. No, sir; the problem of navigating the ocean by steam was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon, and from the time of which I am now speaking some of the best mechanical skill of England was turned towards the subject of the motive power of steam. Experiment after experiment was made, sometimes with no success and sometimes with partial success, till some time after the middle of the last century. So late as that, and though the germs of the invention had been floating about in the minds of ingenious men for more than two hundred years, the steam-engine, — mark you, I do not now say the navigation of the ocean by steam, — the steam-engine, that scarcely inanimate Titan, that living, burning mechanism, was brought nearly to its perfection by James Watt. James Watt took out his patent in 1769, that great year in which Wellington and Napoleon were born; and ages after the names of Austerlitz and Waterloo shall perish from the memory of man, the myriad hosts of intelligent labor, marshalled by the fiery champions that James Watt has placed in the field, shall gain their bloodless triumphs, not for the destruction but the service of mankind. All hail, then, I say, to the mute, indefatigable giant! In the depths of darksome mines, along the pathways of travel and of trade, and on the mountain wave, drag, urge, heave, toil, for the service of man! No fatigue shall palsy thy Herculean arm. No trampled hosts shall writhe beneath thine iron feet. No widow's heart shall pay bleeding tribute for thy beneficent victories.

Sir, England invented the steam-engine, but it seemed as if, by the will of Providence, she could not go any further in its application. Queen of the seas, as she deemed herself, she could not apply this invention, which she had brought almost to perfection, to the navigation of the ocean. That part of the problem was reserved for the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, — the branch situated in a region — this

Western hemisphere — whose territory is traversed by some of the noblest rivers that belt the surface of the globe, and is separated by the world-wide ocean from the Eastern hemisphere. It is amazing, sir, to consider how, with the dawn of the Revolution, the thoughts of men in this country were turned to the application of steam to navigation. Rumsey, Fitch, Evans, at that early period, made their experiments. One of them attracted the notice of him whom nothing escaped that belonged to the welfare of his country, — I mean Washington; and we have a certificate from him, expressing the satisfaction with which he had witnessed the experiments of Rumsey. But for a time they proved unsuccessful, and I have thought it almost a providential appointment that the ocean was not navigated by steam in the Revolutionary age. I have sometimes thought the enormous preponderance of British capital and of British mechanical skill at that time, if the ocean had been navigated by steam, would have put into her possession facilities for blockading our ports and transporting armies to our coasts which might have had a disastrous effect upon the result of the whole contest.

At the close of the Revolution, and on the establishment of a settled order of things in independent America, it plainly appeared that the hour had come and the man was there. In the year 1799 the thought had become matured in the mind of Fulton. He had found a liberal and enlightened coadjutor in Chancellor Livingston, and in that year, 1799, they came to the Legislature of New York for an act of incorporation. I am sorry to say that America at that moment could not boast of much keener perception of the nature of this great discovery than France and Spain had done before her. Chancellor Livingston tells us, that after he had thrown his petition into the Legislature, and the act which they desired to be passed was drafted, the young men in the assembly, when tired with the "graver matters of the law," used to call up the Steam Bill, that they might have a little fun out of it. Young America on that occasion did not show himself so much wiser than his seniors. But, nothing daunted, nothing discouraged by the coldness with which the project was received, nothing discouraged with the imperfect successes of the first experiments, they persevered; and twenty years had not passed away before steamers were found upon our sounds, upon our lakes, upon our great rivers, and at the time when such a thing was known only by hearsay in Europe. This application of steam was all that was of immediate pressing necessity in this country; and twenty years more passed before English capital was applied to the navigation of the ocean, — that part of its application in which England was so much interested, as giving her access to the commercial stores of the Western world.

I could not, when the news of the laying of the Atlantic telegraph reached us, but reflect what would have been the emotions of Fulton and of Franklin, if they could have stood upon the quarter-deck of the Niagara, as she was lashed to the Agamemnon, and seen the commencement of that electric communication which, in the results of their joint discoveries, had bound the two worlds together!

Now, sir, to go back to the point from which I started. This great development of steam, its application to the navigation of the ocean, has taken place since I had the honor, twenty-two years ago, of meeting my fellow-citizens of Essex County at this place. There are some other thoughts to which I should like to allude, if the time were not passing so rapidly away. There is the electric telegraph itself, which was known but as a theory twenty-two years ago. It now pervades, not only every portion of our own territory, but of the civilized world. And may we not refer, sir, with satisfaction to the part that has been taken — in this brightest, this most wonderful application of the forces of material nature to the purposes of intellectual communication — by such men as Franklin, as Morse, as Field, and, may I not add, that modest engineer, whose name I have the honor to bear, whose practical skill has been so conspicuous in the details of the operation?

I might, sir, to come nearer home, — I might speak of other things in which vast progress has been made in these twenty-two years in our immediate Commonwealth and community. There is the great subject of education. In 1836, the year that I had the honor to visit this place before, the Board of Education of Massachusetts was established, — a measure in which I had some humble co-operation. I need not tell you, my friends, for many of you have personal knowledge, how the standard of education has been elevated and every department of it improved through the operations of the Board and its intelligent secretaries.

I might speak, sir, of the progress of agriculture, but that topic has been too ably treated by my friend on the right to make it necessary to enter into detail, were I otherwise able to do it. I may, however, remind you that a citizen of Essex was employed, on my own recommendation, to make that survey of the agriculture in the different counties which has been the means of diffusing so much valuable information. (I allude to Mr. Colman.) But, sir, all is not done. There is a great deal of work remaining. There is no danger that we shall anticipate posterity. We shall leave enough for them to do. We are human, sir. There are defects in our social system that require to be supplied. There are evils that need to be cured, and there are existing beneficent institutions that are capable of being carried much further. There is time enough for all these purposes and work enough to fill it. The time of individual man is limited. He has but a span, but the years of Providence are endless. I scarce know, sir, that I ought, in connection with this serious sentiment, to refer to the light catch which we used to hear in our youthful days. I was young once, sir. I remember something like this: —

> " A time twice as long as the siege of old Troy,
> To win a fair maid I my time did employ.
> But still as I pressed her the day for to set,
> She constantly answered, ' There 's time enough yet.' "

Now, sir, I don't go in for that. I think that in some things you may wait a little too long; and if she cared anything about him, she ought not to have made him wait twenty years. But, sir, there is time enough yet to make your schools far better than they are now; there is time enough to improve your farming; there is time enough to improve your legislation; there is time enough to make most important progress in all those great desirable objects of life for which the societies of men are brought and kept together. The generation that has passed away, as I think you perceive from the slight sketch that I have attempted, has not wholly neglected its duty; and let us hope that those that come after will be equally faithful in their day and generation.

I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the kind attention you have given me, and I desire to tender to each and every one of you my most heartfelt wishes for your health and happiness.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE.*

MR. MAYOR, CAPTAIN ALEXANDER, FELLOW-CITIZENS:—

I AM greatly indebted to you for this kind reception, and I esteem it a piece of good fortune to have been permitted by his Honor the Mayor to be present on an occasion so interesting and important. The Mayor, however, is fully aware, that I have not come with any formal speech, fit to follow the gentlemen whose carefully prepared and eloquent addresses have furnished so much pleasure and instruction to the company. I can only offer you the unstudied assurance of my cordial sympathy; and that in a few words. The hour is speeding; the great eclipsing light of the heaven, after illuminating this hemisphere, has already sunk behind those western hills. His parting smile lingers upon them, but he has gone to kindle another portion of his circuit into life and light, while the dusky shadows of evening steal over us.

We have had a pleasant though somewhat "promiscuous" day, and I for one, Mr. Mayor, am not sorry to stand again on *terra firma.* I thought for a while, when you had us down in the outer harbor, that you had been learning a lesson from the sinking of the Atlantic telegraph; that as they had laid that at the bottom of the sea, you were for laying the corner-stone of your light-house below low-water mark. However greatly approving the enterprise, I must own myself too much of a landsman to have co-operated very efficiently in the undertaking; and I rather inferred from the grave looks and long faces of several of our friends, that I was not alone in that disability. But we are once more on good firm land,

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* Remarks at the laying of the corner-stone of the light-house on Minot's Ledge, 2d October, 1858.

and I think that most of us feel the better for the change of element.

We have come, sir, to express our interest in a great public work. Well do I remember that dreadful night, the 16th of April, 1851, when a furious storm swept along the coast of New England, by which houses were unroofed, steeples toppled down, and vessels driven on shore. In the course of that tremendous night the light-house on Minot's Ledge disappeared; it was last seen at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and between that hour and daylight the following morning the ocean, driven in by the furious tempest, had heaved the light-house from the nine iron pillars on which it rested, and which it twisted like osiers, had dashed it in fragments on the rocks, and with it the two brave men who, in that awful hour, stood firmly at their posts. We have come now, sir, to repair the desolations of that hour, and to lay the corner-stone of a structure destined, by that Divine blessing which has been so fervently invoked by the reverend Chaplain, to resist the utmost violence of the winds and the waves.

It is a point second to no other on our coast, both for the amount of the commerce which passes it, North and South, to its destined markets, and for the perils which here await the mariner. If Minot's Ledge could keep a Minot's ledger, in which the value of every cargo that passes it in either direction could be entered, and in which, on another page, could be recorded the fearful apprehensions and heart-broken lamentations of anxious and bereaved mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, sorrowing for the delay of the loved ones, destined many of them never to return, it would furnish an illustration of the importance of a light-house on these mournfully notorious rocks, which would need no comment of mine.

It is a work of interest for other reasons, to which you, sir (Captain Alexander), have so pertinently alluded. We are assembled here to-day, not as citizens of Massachusetts, but as citizens of the United States. The light-house is for the more immediate benefit of the commerce of Massachusetts, but the expense is borne by the general government. The appropriations for its construction have been passed by the concurrent votes of representatives from the remotest parts of the Union. As the light-houses off Cape Hatteras, on the Florida reef, and at the mouths of the Mississippi have been erected by the votes of your representatives, and proportionably by the resources which you have furnished to the common treasury, so the noble and expensive structure whose corner-stone is now laid will be built with the concurrence and aid of your fellow-citizens who inhabit portions of the Union which the sun does not reach the same hour that he shines on you. In fact, it was primarily for the commerce of the country, and all the works and measures requisite for its growth and protection, that the Constitution of the United States was framed, and the present government established.

But you are not alone promoting the interest of our own vast country, in erecting this noble structure. As has been well stated by the gentleman who has preceded me, it is for the common benefit of the nations. The light which you kindle, you kindle not to guide your own vessels alone. The vessels of the friendly provinces on the north, from which we are happy to see a most respectable gentleman present on this occasion (Hon. Joseph Howe of Halifax), and the vessels of the neighboring republic on the south, whose late President (General Comonfort) also honors us with his presence, will equally share the benefit. Nay, sir, it will extend to the remotest regions of the civilized world, from which a ship shall go forth to navigate our waters.

But I must not detain you, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, at this late hour. Let me close by responding to the patriotic sentiment of Captain Alexander. As the costly and important structure whose erection he has so auspiciously commenced has been founded and carried on under the auspices of the government of the Union, let it prove a symbol of that Union's duration and solidity. Owing so much of our prosperity to it, let us warmly cherish and support it. Let us remember that in the event of its rupture, — which Heaven in its mercy avert! — the protecting power which now spreads its ægis over us, East and West, North and South, will be forever gone; and as you have told us, sir, that the solid foundations of the structure you are rearing are linked and bolted together with dovetailed blocks of granite and bars of galvanized iron, so as never to be moved, so may the sister States of the Union be forever bound together by the stronger ties of common language, kindred blood, and mutual affection.

EULOGY ON THOMAS DOWSE.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Massachusetts Historical Society: —

We are assembled this evening to pay a long-deferred debt of duty and gratitude to the memory of our greatest benefactor. At the time of the ever-memorable announcement of the donation of his library on the 5th of August, 1856, we expressed our thankfulness in becoming resolutions of acknowledgment. When, a few months afterwards, he was taken from us, we followed him to his last resting-place with unaffected demonstrations of sorrow and respect. When his magnificent library was, after his decease, transferred to the possession of the Society, and opened for consultation and use, we took an appropriate public notice of the interesting and important occasion; and we have now come together to unite in one more demonstration of respect, and one more act of grateful acknowledgment. We have come to gather up the recollections of the diligent, modest, unambitious, but in many respects important and memorable, life; to trace the strongly marked traits of a character which, in an humble sphere of action, wrought out so much solid good, and appropriated to itself so much of the refinement and culture of the more favored pursuits; to do justice to those pure tastes, refined sympathies, and high aspirations which, beneath the burden of uncongenial circumstances, seemed hardly to do justice to themselves; in a word, to characterize a representative man, unconsciously such on his own part, and during his life inadequately recognized by his contemporaries.

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* Pronounced before the Massachusetts Historical Society, 9th December, 1858. See Vol. III., addresses on pp. 417, 477.

The events of Mr. Dowse's life were few and simple, of no great interest in themselves, and important only as furnishing the basis and cohesion of that quiet action, by which he carried on the even and beautiful tenor of his existence. He was born in the lower walks of society; one might almost say, the lowest of those removed from actual dependence and penury. He enjoyed scarcely the humblest advantages of education; and was placed in no position to give promise of future eminence, had he been designed and endowed by Providence for an eminent career. He was not favorably situated in early life to engage in any of the pursuits by which men attract notice and earn reputation: but he early entered on a course of manual labor not well adapted to stimulate the mental powers; a career which might be successful, but which in scarce any possible event could lead to distinction. Hugh Miller, a stone-mason in the old red sandstone quarries of Cromarty, George Stephenson in the depths of the coal-mines at Black Callerton, may seem to be placed on the lowest round of the ladder of advancement; but it was one which led by a regular, though at first arduous, ascent to the heights of fame. The young leather-dresser's apprentice could, however successful, scarcely grow up to be anything but a respectable master-workman. His humble industry, pursued under the livelong disadvantage of a serious bodily infirmity, was crowned with success. The diligence, energy, and intelligence with which he carried on his laborious calling, resulted in the accumulation of a handsome property; of which, from an early period, he began to employ a liberal share, not in the ordinary luxuries of building, equipage, and domestic establishment, but in the gratification of a taste for books, for art, and for Nature in her simpler beauties, and genial, home-bred relations. As his fortune continued to grow, instead of struggling to rise in social position or increased importance in the eyes of the community, he availed himself of his ample means only to redeem added hours from manual labor, in order to devote them to reading. Late in life, he rose, not to the places which a vulgar ambition covets but cannot fill, but from his work-bench to his study-table.

The shop-windows were still open beneath his library, though the work was carried on by others in his employ. The decently carved lamb still stood upon its lofty pillar before his door, symbolizing his quiet nature, while it advertised his humble trade, for years after the growing infirmities of age had obliged him to leave hard work to younger hands. Advancing years stole upon him, and still found him occupied with an instructive book; turning a costly volume of engravings, of the beauty of which he had a keen perception; contemplating with never-cloyed zest the valuable collection of copies in water-colors of the ancient masters, the acquisition of which formed what may be called the fortunate accident of his life; strolling among his flower-beds, listening to the hum of his bees, whom he would not allow to be robbed of their honey; superintending the planting of his shrubbery, and pruning his trees. Under still-increasing infirmities, he reaches, he passes, the accepted term of human life; and the sobered thoughts which suit its decline take more exclusive possession of his mind. He begins to make frequent visits to Mount Auburn, in preparation for that visit on which we bore him company, from which there is no return. Humble mechanic, owing all the solace of his lonely existence to the success with which he had been able to ennoble manual labor by intellectual culture, he thinks it no presumption, toward the close of his life, and when no selfish motive of attracting worldly applause could by possibility be ascribed to the act, to raise at Mount Auburn a simple and solid shaft in honor of his brother-mechanic, — the immortal printer; he digs his own sepulchre at the foot of the monument thus piously erected to the memory of Franklin; bestows his precious library, the fruit of all his labors, the scene of most of his enjoyments, the concentrated essence, so to say, of his existence, on the Massachusetts Historical Society; at their request, yields his placid and venerable features for the first time to the pencil of the artist; and sinks to rest.

Such was our benefactor, whose biography I have substantially exhausted in this prelusive sketch. He was the seventh of the eight children of Eleazer and Mehitable Dowse; and was born at Charlestown, in Massachusetts, on the 28th of December, 1772. His father was a leather-dresser, and owned a wooden house and a large lot of land nearly opposite to the spot where the church of our respected associate, the Rev. Dr. Ellis, now stands. I do not suppose that it would elevate Thomas Dowse in the estimation of any judicious person to be able to say of him, that he belonged to what is called a distinguished family; on the contrary, it would rob him of much of his merit as a self-made man to trace his fondness for books, and his aptitude for intellectual and artistic culture, either to hereditary tastes or patrimonial advantages of education. Still, however, I have never known a person whose self-reliance was of so austere a cast, that he did not take pleasure, when it was in his power to do so, in tracing his descent from an honored line. It may, therefore, be proper to state, that, though the parents of Mr. Dowse occupied an untitled position at a time when titles were a trifle less shadowy than at the present day, one of his family, Jonathan Dowse, is mentioned in a land-conveyance in Middlesex County, in 1732, with the title of "Honorable." Honorable Jonathans are more plentiful now than then; and I suppose, that, in the first third of the eighteenth century, that designation was confined to members of the Executive Council, or persons in high judicial station, and entitled the individual decorated with it to the decent adornments of a scarlet cloak, white wig, and three-cornered hat. In what capacity Jonathan Dowse was complimented with this distinguished title, — distinguished at that time; now rather conferring distinction on the principle that Cassius and Brutus were distinguished at the funeral of Junia, — I am uninformed.

If it were possible to penetrate to the remote and occult sources of temperament and character as developed in after life, some sensible effect would no doubt be traceable to the influence of stirring, anxious, and disastrous times upon the tenderest years of infancy. Vague but abiding impressions are probably made upon the imagination long before the reasoning faculties begin to act; and, if the influence is one which pervades the whole community, the effect will be seen in the character of the age. It is, I suppose, in this way that we are to explain the appearance of vigorous, high-toned, and resolute generations of men in critical and decisive periods, when great interests are at stake, and mighty energies are in action. The year 1772, in which Thomas Dowse was born, was one of the most important of the momentous years that preceded the Revolution. The mind of the entire community was in a state of intense excitement, fermenting toward the crisis. The domestic circle of his father's house was darkened by the death, in that one year, of three children. The public crisis at length came on; and his parents fled from the flames of their humble dwelling in Charlestown on the ever-memorable 17th of June, 1775: he, a child of two and a half years of age, too young, of course, for a distinct remembrance of the event in after-times; old enough to have retained dark and solemn though indistinct impressions of the anxious haste, the energetic trepidation, the sorrowful parting, the bitter and the tender emotions, which must pervade a quiet home, surrendered all at once to the worst horrors of war. The nurses in Normandy still awe their restless children by the ominous chant of Malbrook, — a name of terror throughout the cottages of France a century and a half ago, of which the force is not yet expended. Dr. Samuel Johnson, at the same age with Mr. Dowse when his parents fled from Charlestown, was taken to London to be touched for the king's evil by Queen Anne, and retained through life "a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, with a long black hood," — a spectral image which no doubt fed his constitutional melancholy. There was a shade of severity in Mr. Dowse's manner which may have had its origin in the impressions produced upon the child's mind by the sorrowful and indignant *hegira* from the flaming streets of Charlestown; kept alive, as those impressions would necessarily be, by the more distinct recollections of the members of his family older than himself.

The family, fleeing from the ashes of their humble dwelling, retreated first for a short time to Holliston, and then to Sherborn, in Middlesex County, where it had been originally established; and here Thomas grew up till he became of age. It was far from being a time of prosperity. The burden of the Revolution, and of the unsettled times that succeeded it, fell heavy upon the land. Eleazer Dowse recommenced the business of a leather-dresser at Sherborn; but it was much if it yielded a frugal support to his family. One incident only, as far as I am aware, has been remembered of the childhood of Thomas; and it was one of two accidents, as they are called, the one disastrous, the other fortunate, which exercised an important influence over his tastes and occupations. The misfortune took place when he was six years old. It was a fall from an apple-tree, succeeded by a rheumatic fever, which ended in an incurable lameness, with frequently recurring periods of acute suffering throughout his life. Judging him from his appearance at the meridian of his days, when, notwithstanding his lameness, he stood full six feet in height, — I think rather more, — with a frame by nature evidently of an athletic cast; retaining even to the last, as we see in Wight's excellent portrait, distinct traces of a countenance once symmetrical and comely, — it is not difficult to suppose, that as the thoughtful child compared himself with his nimble comrades in boyhood, or as he grew in years with his strenuous companions in later life, something of the bitterness of feeling which clouded Byron's spirit may have stolen over him, and given a sombre tinge to his habitual meditations. At all events, as I knew him, he was a taciturn, lonely, self-reliant man, drawing solitary enjoyment from the deep cold wells of reading and thought.

It is probable, that during the first confinement, caused by the painful accident, and the fever which followed it, in his case, as in that of Scott and so many other intelligent children under similar circumstances, the weary and languishing hours were soothed by the assiduities of mother, sister, and friends reading to him such books —then few and precious — as would amuse the tedium of the sick-chamber, and that his taste for reading began in this way. He had some schooling; but the town-school in Sherborn, eighty years ago, could have been of very little account. His lameness was the most earnest and successful teacher. The feeble and aching limbs, which prevented his engaging in out-door sports, led him to seek occupation and amusement in books. In one of the few conversations which I ever had with him on this subject, — for, uncommunicative in all things, he was especially so in whatever concerned himself, — he said, that, from his very earliest recollection, he was fond of books, and devoted every shilling that came into his possession to their purchase. When, in after-life, he became acquainted with the writings and history of Sir Walter Scott, he felt himself drawn by sympathy toward him as a fellow-sufferer. "Lameness," he used to say to a young friend, "drove us both to books, — him to making them, and me to reading them." This sympathy led him to procure a bust of Scott, the only one which adorned his library.

But though books, from his childhood, formed the solace of his life, they could not furnish his support. The ample funds, which now exist for the education of meritorious but needy young men had not then been provided by public and private liberality. The circumstances of his family were not such as to put a college education within his reach. At the proper age, the poor lame boy must begin to learn a trade; and that of a leather-dresser was naturally selected. He had probably begun to work under his father, in the shop and on the farm, as soon as he was able to labor. His taste for reading, as we have seen, was developed still earlier. As he grew up, all his leisure time was devoted to it; and, before he was eighteen years of age, he had read all the books which he could procure in Sherborn.

He continued to work with his father till he attained his majority; at which time a strong desire possessed him to see the famous places abroad, of which he had learned something from books. To gratify this desire he gladly accepted the offer of one of his father's friends and neighbors, the captain of a vessel about to sail from Norfolk, in Virginia, to London. He was to get to Norfolk before the vessel sailed, at his own expense. Too poor to accompany the captain by land, he engaged a passage in a coasting vessel bound from

Boston to Norfolk. A long-continued east-wind detained the coaster in port, till it was too late to reach Norfolk before the vessel sailed for London. Thomas lost that chance of seeing Europe; and another never offered itself. It was a critical period in his life. The money which he had brought from Sherborn ran low at a boarding-house while the cruel east-wind prevailed; and he was not willing to return, a disappointed adventurer, to his father's door. Seeking employment in the business in which he was brought up, he engaged in the service of Mr. Wait, a wool-puller and leather-dresser in Roxbury, as a journeyman, at twelve dollars a month. He remained in this situation for ten years; and the highest wages he ever received was twenty-five dollars a month.

In 1803, Mr. Dowse, now thirty-one years of age, was enabled, with the assistance of Mr. Wait, to set up in business for himself. In that year he established himself in Cambridgeport; which was beginning sensibly to prosper under the influence of the building of West Boston, or, as it is now called, Hancock Bridge. Those who recollect the Port as it was at the beginning of the century will be able to appreciate the forecast which led Mr. Dowse to select it as an advantageous place of business. Few portions of the environs of Boston were, at that time, less attractive. It was near the great centres of interest, literary, commercial, and historical; but it was not of them. In the early settlement of the country, Governor Winthrop's party, as is well known, made its first permanent landing at Charlestown. The communication westward by land, from the spot where they stationed themselves for the summer of 1630, was over Charlestown Neck, and by the old Charlestown road, which now leads to Cambridge Common, and is called Kirkland Street. Along the line of this road there had probably been an Indian trail, which left Cambridgeport quite to the south. Water communication by boats was, in the absence of roads, much resorted to along the coast and up the river. It was, no doubt, the principal mode of conveyance from Charlestown and Boston to Watertown, which began to be settled earlier than Cambridge. The shores of Charles River for a considerable part of the way, along what is now Cambridgeport, were low and wet, and afforded no conveniences for landing. A great part of the territory was a sunken marsh or an almost impenetrable swamp, interspersed with a few tracts of upland, nearly, and some wholly, insulated. This condition of things did not materially change for a century and a half. Lieutenant-Governor Phipps purchased as a farm the entire territory of what is now East Cambridge, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Inman and Soden Farms were cultivated about the same time; and these were the only considerable improvements, east of Dana Hill, before the building of West Boston Bridge.

That event took place in 1793. Till then, the chief value of the lands in Cambridgeport arose from the salt hay procured from them. The situation was altogether uninviting. There were no highways or bridges across the marshes. "It was," says Dr. Holmes, "a sort of insulated tract, detached from every other." It was called "the Neck"; and few persons went into it in the course of the year, except for the purpose of cutting and bringing off the salt hay, and for what is ironically, I suppose, called "sport"; that is, wading all day up to your middle through oozy creeks and tangled bushes, beneath a burning sun, and under clouds of mosquitos, gnats, and green-headed flies, with a heavy fowling-piece on your shoulder, and an affectionate but muddy dog at your heels, in the hope of bringing home a sheldrake and half a dozen yellow-legs, at nightfall, as the trophy of the day's success. There were but four houses east of Judge Dana's before the bridge was built, and a repulsive loneliness reigned around them. The remains of an Indian wigwam, of rather equivocal reputation, existed, within my recollection, in the depths of a gloomy thicket; and there were portions of this forlorn territory, if the popular superstition could be credited, not in the exclusive occupation of the denizens of this world.

With the building of the bridge, and the opening of the causeway to it, — of which, however, the construction was very imperfect, — the improvement of the Port began. In 1801 a considerable part of the Inman Farm was sold in small parcels; and a rapid increase of building and population now took place. Young men of enterprise began to resort to Cambridgeport from the interior of the Commonwealth. Mr. Dowse followed in 1803. He established himself near the Universalist church, in partnership with Mr. Aaron Gay; his old master Wait furnishing the capital, and receiving half the profits. This arrangement lasted but about a year, when the partnership was dissolved. Mr. Dowse remained in the pursuit of his business for about ten years longer, on the spot where he had first established himself, and with such success that he felt warranted, in 1814, in erecting the ample premises at the corner of Main and Prospect Streets. These he continued to occupy as a wool-puller and leather-dresser, with a succession of partners, to the close of his life; retiring, however, from the actual pursuit of his business at about the age of seventy-four.

Industrious, punctual, energetic, intelligent, and upright, he prospered in his calling. The wool-trade was profitable: the sheep-skins manufactured by him, and chiefly in request with the book-binders and glovers, acquired the reputation of superior finish and durability, and consequently enjoyed a preference in the market. His gains were therefore steady, and they were frugally husbanded. But, though simple in his tastes and moderate in his expenditure, he was far from parsimonious. His house, his domestic establishment, and his garden, were on a scale of convenience and comfort — one might almost say luxury of a Doric cast — seldom witnessed on the part of those who live by manual labor. A moderate fortune was invested by him — unproductively, except as it produced rational and healthful enjoyment — in his buildings and grounds; and a constantly increasing portion of his income was laid out in books. His days were devoted to hard work, and to the conveyance of its products to market in Boston; but the early morning and the evening hours were employed in reading. He never stinted himself in the purchase of books; and the sums of money, hardly earned by daily labor, and withdrawn from accumulation to be expended in this way, amounted of themselves, in the course of his life, to what would have been an independent fortune. The cost of his library, as presented to our Society, is supposed to have been not less than forty thousand dollars. If interest is taken into the account, it must have been twice that sum. I mention these facts, not as wishing to bring the value of books in the hands of an intelligent reader down to a pecuniary standard, but for the opposite purpose of showing how little this was done by Mr. Dowse. It may be difficult to find another instance of an individual, especially one physically infirm, who confined himself beyond the age of threescore years and ten to a laborious mechanical trade, and invested in buildings, grounds, and books a sum of money amply sufficient to have supported him without manual labor.

About the year 1821 happened the second of the two accidental occurrences of his life — the one adverse, the other prosperous — to which I have alluded : I refer to the acquisition of a valuable collection of copies, in water-colors, of paintings by the great masters. Mr. Dowse had early formed a taste, not merely for reading, but for beautiful typography and binding, in which the publications of the American press were at that time sadly deficient. Nor were the shelves of our booksellers then, as now, supplied by importation with ample stocks of the choicest productions of the foreign press. To gratify his taste in the beauty of his editions, Mr. Dowse was accustomed to import his books directly from London. About the year 1820, his agent there sent him the prospectus of a lottery for the disposal of the copies of a magnificent series of engravings of the ancient masters, and of the water-color copies which had been made of the originals in order to this publication. The lottery was arranged on the principle, that, according as the first-drawn number was even or odd, all the even or all the odd numbers should receive a set of engravings as a prize; while the water-color copies were divided, and formed the two highest additional prizes. This probably was an artifice of the managers of the lottery to induce every one, disposed to adventure in it, to buy at least two tickets. Mr. Dowse and a neighbor in Cambridgeport united in the purchase of three, dividing them between the even and the odd numbers. It was not convenient to the neighbor to retain his interest in the purchase of the tickets, and Mr. Dowse took the three to himself.

His first information of the fortunate result came from the Custom-House in Boston, in the shape of a heavy demand for duties upon the boxes, which contained fifty-two paintings in water-colors, in their frames; a set of the colored engravings executed from them, and a set of the same engravings not colored; all of which he had drawn as the second and third prizes in the lottery. The entire amount of duties, freight, and other charges was about a thousand dollars. Whether this was a greater sum than it was convenient to Mr. Dowse to advance for what he must have regarded at that time as a mere luxury, or whether his taste for this branch of art remained to be developed, I have been informed that he hesitated at first about retaining the collection, and consulted one or two friends on the expediency of doing so. Their counsel — seconded, no doubt, by his own inclination — determined him, at any rate, to proceed with caution. The collection was placed on exhibition at Doggett's rooms, in Market Street, for the gratification of the public. It attracted great attention on the part of all persons of taste, and of the artists then residing in Boston, and especially of Allston and Stuart. Mr. Dowse himself, perceiving the value of the collection, abandoned all thoughts of parting with the treasure thus thrown into his hands; fitted up two rooms in the rear of his library for their reception; and there they remained, one of the great ornaments of his establishment, an object of curiosity and interest to strangers visiting this region, and of delightful contemplation to those who enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Dowse's friendship, to the end of his days.

This event I take to have decided his course for the residue of his life. His hesitation, whether or not he would dispossess himself of the treasures of art which had fallen to his lot, seems to show, if the anecdote is authentic, that hitherto he had not entirely made up his mind to devote his time and his means wholly to the gratification of intellectual and artistic tastes. It is probable that the inspection of the paintings at the exhibition, and the study of the engravings at home, opened within him the hitherto hidden fountains of feeling and perception for high art. It may seem extravagant to ascribe such an effect to a collection of copies: but although there is an incommunicable beauty in the original canvas of a great master, yet a faithful engraving, and still more a spirited copy, are to the intelligent observer no mean substitute; for even the original canvas is, so to say, but a lifeless thing, into which the taste of the observer, in sympathy with the artist, is to infuse vitality and meaning. It is the medium through which the suggestive ideas of the creative mind are reflected to the perceptive mind, — painter and spectator dividing the work of enjoyment and admiration. Surveyed by the untaught eye, scanned by the unsympathizing gaze, Raphael's Madonna at Dresden, and Titian's Cornaro Family, stand upon a level with the memorable painting of the Primrose Family, which was executed by the industrious artist in four days. The sublime and beautiful images, created by genius in the soul of the artists, are projected on the canvas, — perhaps inadequately projected, even by the most gifted master, — in order to call up corresponding images in the mind of the beholder. There is no doubt that the gifted painter or sculptor, like the gifted poet, feels and conceives higher and brighter things than he can possibly express in words, in form, or colors; while the observer and the reader of congenial spirit find a significance in the page, the statue, or the canvas far above the literal expression. As he muses on the poem, the statue, the painting, the fire burns within him. The electric circuit between his mind and that of the poet, the sculptor, the painter, is completed; and lo! the airy imaginings of the artist crystallize into substantial realities. The dead letter of Homer and Dante and Milton begins to cry in melting articulate tones; the stony lips of heroes and sages, moulded by Phidias and Praxiteles, shake off the dust of two thousand years, and move and talk to the beholder; and the transfigured canvas of Raphael blazes with the unutterable glories which irradiated the Son of God, when, as he prayed, the fashion of his face was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering. According to the acuteness of his natural perceptions, the extent of his artistic culture, and his own sympathy with original genius, the observer will find on the canvas mere mechanical execution, the lowest stage of art; imitative resemblance of nature, the point where ordinary criticism stops; embodied thought and character, in which the reign of genius begins; rapt ideality the third heaven of the artistic creation. Keen is the eye profound the study, exquisite the taste, rare the congeniality, of creative power, which can comprehend at once all the elements of artistic beauty and life, and melt them into a harmonious whole, in which sense and intellect and feeling, the eye, the mind, and the soul, enter for an equal part.

Mr. Dowse's eye was true, though hitherto little exercised; his taste was naturally pure and simple; and, in matters of art, he had at least nothing to unlearn. The collection, of which he had become the fortunate possessor, consisted indeed of copies in water-colors; but they were copies of choice originals, executed by skilful hands. They were truthful representatives of some of the most celebrated works of the greatest masters of what has been called the lost art of painting; works of which, at that time, neither copies nor engravings had often reached this country. The collection consisted altogether of fifty-two paintings, of which four were copies of Raphael; three each of Titian, Guercino, Claude Lorraine, Rembrandt, and Rubens; two each of Giotto, Domenichino, Guido, Annibale Caracci, and Andrea del Sarto; and one each of Cimabue, Ghirlandaio, Correggio, Giulio Romano, Parmegiano, Bordone, Garofalo, Schidone, Cortona, Sebastian del Piombo, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Giorgione, the two Poussins, Paul Potter, Teniers, Jr., Ostade, Gherard Dow, Berghem, Van de Werf, Wouvermans; and one fine water-piece, of the Dutch school, not named,— nearly all the greatest names in all the classic schools of art, and an adequate specimen of their peculiar styles; and this, too, before the sparkling paradoxes and fearless dogmatism of Ruskin had cast a shade of doubt on their accepted merit.

Thus he became possessed of a collection of paintings,—copies, indeed, but copies of originals that never cross the Atlantic; a collection which was declared by Allston to embody in the aggregate richer and more instructive treasures of art than could have been found at that time in the whole United States. This acquisition no doubt exercised, as I have already stated, a considerable influence upon his feelings and purposes, and confirmed him in his resolution to devote his time and his means to the gratification of his taste and the improvement of his mind. Of his personal history at this period of his life there is little else to record. There is a tradition, that, at the age of fifty, he contemplated marriage. This intention, if ever cherished, was soon abandoned; and his latter like his earlier days were passed in the somewhat ungenial solitude which appears to have suited his temperament. He seems to have been wholly free from the unhappy restless desire "to better his condition," as it is called, which, in a few exceptional cases, leads to brilliant fortune, condemns the majority of men to a life of feverish and generally unsuccessful change, and tempts not a few to their ruin. Giving his hours of labor to his trade, and those of relaxation to his books, his pictures, and his garden, he lived on to a serene, contented, unaspiring, and venerable age; exhibiting a beautiful example of the triumph of a calm and resolute spirit over what are usually regarded as the most adverse outward circumstances.

A supposed invincible necessity of our natures has, in our modern society, almost separated the mechanical from the intellectual pursuits. A life of manual labor and business cares has usually been found (less perhaps in our country than in most others) to be inconsistent with the cultivation of a taste for literature and art. It is generally taken for granted, that, for this purpose, means and leisure are required, not within the reach of those who live by the labor of the hands. Hence society, speaking in general terms, is divided into two classes, — one engrossed with manual labor or business cares, and suffering for want of a due culture of the mental powers; the other employed in pursuits that task the intellect, without calling into play the wonderful faculties of our material frames. The result in too many cases gives us labor without refinement, and learning without physical development. Such was evidently not the design of our nature. Curiously, wondrously compounded of soul and body, it was meant to admit the harmonious and sympathetic development of the material and intellectual principle: rather, let me say, its attainable highest excellence can exist only when such development takes place. It is quite evident that, as far as that object is attainable, labor should be ennobled and adorned by the cultivation of intellectual tastes and the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures; while those whose leading pursuits are of a literary or scientific character ought to inure themselves to exercises, occupations, and sports which strengthen the frame, brace the muscles, quicken the senses, and call into action the latent powers of our physical nature.

It has ever appeared to me that Mr. Dowse's life and career were replete with instruction in this respect; in which, indeed, he is entitled to be regarded as a representative man. Few persons, as we have seen, above the dead level of absolute penury, start in life with such slender advantages of position and outfit. He inherits no fortune, he enjoys no advantages of education. From the age of six years, he labors under a serious physical infirmity. The occupation he has chosen furnishes no facilities for the cultivation of the mind over most other mechanical trades; and till he has advanced to the age of fifty, nothing that can be called a piece of "good luck" occurs to give an impulse to his feelings. But, under these certainly not propitious circumstances, he forms a taste for books and for art such as is usually displayed only by persons of prosperous fortune; and he provides himself, by the labor of his hands, with ampler means for gratifying those tastes than are often employed by the affluent and the liberal. If his example proves the important and salutary truth, that there is no incompatibility between manual labor and intellectual culture, the rarity of the example shows with equal plainness how firm was the purpose, how resolute the will, which enabled him to overcome the difficulties of such a course. We can fancy the unspoken reflections that may sometimes have passed through his mind as he leaned over his work-bench. We can imagine, that in his hours of solitary labor, and at the commencement of his career, he sometimes said to himself, "These halting limbs and this enfeebled frame shall not gain the mastery. If I cannot move with vigor in the active and busy world, much more shall these hard-working hands provide me the means of mental improvement. Poverty is my inheritance: I know from the cradle the taste of her bitter but wholesome cup; but I will earn for myself the advantages which fortune sometimes in vain showers on her favorites. A resolute purpose shall be my patrimony; a frugal life, my great revenue. Mean may be the occupation, hard and steady the toil; but they shall not break nor bend my spirit. It has not been given me to pass the happy days of emulous youth in the abodes of learning, or to sit at the feet of the masters of science or literature; but, if Providence has denied me that privilege which most I should have coveted, it has granted me a love of letters not always brought from academic halls. The wise of every country and age shall teach me from the shelves of my library; the gray dawn and the midnight lamp shall bear witness to my diligence; at the feet of the great masters I will educate myself."

How effectually he did this may be seen by a hasty glance at his library. A short time before his death he caused a few copies of a catalogue of it to be printed for private distribution. It is contained in an octavo volume of two hundred and fourteen pages. The number of works entered in the catalogue is two thousand and eight, and the estimated number of volumes is not less than five thousand; all decently, many elegantly, a few magnificently bound. They are, for the most part, of choice editions, where a choice of editions exists. A fair proportion of them are specimens of beautiful typography; a few of them works of bibliographical luxury and splendor. It is an English library. Mr. Dowse was not acquainted with the ancient or foreign languages; and as it was formed not for ostentation, but use, it contained but a few volumes not in the English tongue. In running over the catalogue cursorily for this purpose, I find nothing in the Greek language, and but a single work in Latin, and that not an ancient author, — a volume of De Bry's collection of voyages; and nothing in any foreign languages but the works of the three great masters of sacred oratory in French, — Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon; in all, seventy-two volumes. These, with the addition of the voyage of Father Marquette, who, first of civilized men, descended the Mississippi, from its junction with the Wisconsin to the Arkansas, were the only books in a foreign language contained in Mr. Dowse's library, — the last being a present.

But, though he confined his library almost exclusively to the English language, it was enriched with the best translations of nearly all the classical writers of Greece and of Rome, as well as of several of the standard authors of the principal modern tongues. Thus his shelves contained translations of Homer, Hesiod, the minor lyric and elegiac poets, Pindar, Theocritus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes, Plato and Aristotle, Philostratus, Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Arrian, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Polybius, Plutarch, Pausanias, Dio Chrysostom, Longinus, Aristænetus, Anacreon, Lucian, Porphyry, and the Emperor Julian. From the Latin he had translations of Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Lucan, Claudian, Juvenal, Persius, Plautus, Terence, Cæsar, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Justin, Cicero, Quintilian, Seneca, Pliny the Younger, and Apuleius. Among German writers he had translations of the principal works of Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, of Norden, Niebuhr, father and son, Johannes von Müller, Heeren, Otto Müller, Raumer, Ranke, Mendelssohn, Kant, the two Schlegels, Menzel, Heinrich Heine, and Weber. From the Italian language he had translations of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, Marco Polo, Macchiavelli, the Memorials of Columbus, Guicciardini, Clavigero, Botta, Lanzi, and Metastasio. Of French authors he had translations of the old Fabliaux, De Comines, Froissart, Monstrelet, Rabelais, Montaigne, Pascal, De Retz, De la Rochefoucault, Fénelon, Racine, Lafontaine, Molière, Madame de Sévigné, Boileau, De la Salle, La Hontan, Rapin, Bayle, Rollin, Montesquieu, Bossu, Charlevoix, Voltaire, Rousseau, Grimm, Vertot, the Abbé Raynal, St. Pierre, De Vaillant, Volney, Brissot de Warville, De Chastellux, Marmontel, Barthélémi, Necker, Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Mirabeau, Chénier, Chateaubriand, La Roche Jacquelein, Baron Humboldt, Sismondi, Guizot, De Tocqueville, Lamartine, and Béranger. In Spanish and Portuguese he had Cervantes, Cortez, Gomara, Bernal Diaz, Las Casas, De Soto, De Solis, Garcilaso de la Vega, Herrera, Mariana, Molina, Quevedo, Ulloa, Cabrera, Alcedo, and Camoens. It is scarcely necessary to add to this, I fear, tedious recital of names, that it was evidently Mr. Dowse's intention, as far as it could be effected through the medium of translations, that his shelves should not only contain the works of the master-minds of every language and age, but also a fair representation of the general literature of the ancient and modern tongues.

But it was, of course, upon his own language that he expended his strength; for here he was able to drink at the fountains. Putting aside purely scientific, professional, and technical treatises, — in which, however, the library is not wholly deficient, — it may be said to contain, with a few exceptions, the works of nearly every standard English and American author, with a copious supply of illustrative and miscellaneous literature, brought down to within a few years of his death, when, under the growing infirmities of age, he ceased to add to his collection. No one department appears to predominate; and it would be impossible to gather, from the choice of his books, that his taste had even strongly inclined to any one branch of reading beyond all others. He possessed the poets and the dramatists, from the earliest period to the present day (more than three pages and a half of the printed catalogue are devoted to Shakspeare and his commentators); a fine series of the chroniclers; the historians and biographers; the writers and collectors of voyages and travels, among which is the beautiful set of Purchas's Pilgrims, one volume of which was selected as the earnest volume of the donation of his library to the Historical Society; the philosophers, theologians, moralists, essayists; and an ample choice of miscellaneous writers. To enumerate the most important of them would be simply to repeat the prominent names in the literature of the English language. Though not aiming in any great degree at the acquisition of books whose principal value consists in their rarity, Mr. Dowse was not without fondness for bibliographical curiosities. His collection contains a considerable number of curious works seldom found on this side of the Atlantic, and among them a magnificent large paper-copy of Dibdin's bibliographical publications. Though somewhat reserved in speaking of his books, and generally contented with simply calling a friend's attention to a curious volume, he sometimes added, in a low voice, " A rare book."

When the works of authors, falling within his range, had been collected in a uniform edition, he was generally provided with it. There is not much of science, abstract or applied; though that expression may seem ill chosen, when I add that it contains translations of Newton's " Principia " and Laplace's " System of the World." There is but little of jurisprudence in any department; but Grotius and Vattel, and one of the critical editions of Blackstone, show that neither the public nor municipal law had been wholly overlooked by him. In American books the library is rather deficient. It contains President John Adams's " Defence of the American Constitutions "; but no work on the Constitution of the United States, and but very few having any bearing upon political questions. There are the works of Hamilton, whom Mr. Dowse greatly respected; of Fisher Ames; Jefferson's " Notes on Virginia "; and the little volume entitled the " Political Legacies of Washington ": but with these exceptions, and that of the works of Franklin, whom he held in especial honor, Mr. Dowse's library contains the writings of no one of the Presidents of the United States, nor of any one of our distinguished statesmen. It is well supplied in the department of American history, and in that branch contains some works of great rarity and value. Of congressional documents, I think there is not one on the catalogue!

That it wants many books not less valuable than many which it contains is no doubt true. Nothing else was possible, in a collection of five thousand volumes. Had it been fifty or five hundred thousand, the case would have been the same. It is to be remembered, also, that he formed his library not in a mass, and on the principle of embracing at once all the books belonging to any particular department. He sent for the books which he wanted; for the books which were offered in sale catalogues at acceptable prices; for the books which fell in with his line of thought at the time; reserving to future opportunities to supply deficiencies, and make departments more complete. It must be recollected, too, that though his business prospered, and yielded what, under the circumstances of the case, might be deemed an ample income, he never had at command the means for extravagant purchases. Nothing would be more inconsiderate than to compare his library with the great foreign private libraries, — Mr. Grenville's or Lord Spencer's in England, or Mr. Lenox's in this country, on which princely fortunes have been expended; although, if estimated in proportion to his means, his modest collection would not suffer in the contrast. "When I was twenty-eight years of age," Mr. Dowse remarked to Mr. Ticknor, "I never had any means but the wages of a journeyman leather-dresser, at twenty-five dollars per month; I had never paid five dollars for conveyance from one place to another; I never had worn a pair of boots; and I was at that time in the possession of several hundred good books well bound."

Such, very inadequately described, — and how can a library be adequately described, except by reading the catalogue? — was Mr. Dowse's collection of books, of which with such simple but affecting formality he transferred the possession to the Historical Society, through you, sir, its President, on the 30th of July, 1856. Here, as he advanced in years, he passed the greater part of his time; withdrawing more and more from the out-door cares of the world, and the heavier toils and closer confinements of his handicraft. His lameness, which increased with the advance of age, caused him to have rather a morbid disinclination for company abroad; and he had pursued his taste for books and art without sympathy at home. Hence, though his heart was kindly, it was, except in the circle of his most familiar friends, closed in by an unaffected modesty. He had never coined the rich ore of his really genial nature into that bright currency of affable demonstration, which adds so much to the ease and spirit of social intercourse. Having never formed those domestic relations which call out and train the tenderest of our affections, that portion of his nature remained undeveloped. He had never lived in the sunshine of a loving eye, nor reposed in the soft moonlight of a patient, uncomplaining smile. With a mind full of the richest materials for the exercise of that great characteristic of our common humanity, — the gift of rational speech, — his words, in general society, were ever few. Naturally affectionate, he had but little aptitude for the minor graces of life, by which the affections are nourished. It was not difficult for him to render a great service; nor would it have been easy for him to furnish the social circle with the amusement of a leisure hour. A person who judged of him from his taciturnity in a mixed company would have supposed him wholly destitute of that beautiful talent of conversation, too lightly deemed of, too little cultivated, exhausted by most persons when the state of the weather has been agreed upon, the last wretched phase of party politics canvassed, or the character of some absent friend handsomely pulled to pieces, — this happy gift, the product in about equal degrees of good temper, good spirits, and a ready wit; which with playful mastery wrests our time and thoughts from the dominion of the grim perplexities of life, extracts real happiness out of the sportive nothings of the hour, lights up the fireside with contagious cheerfulness, sets the table in a harmless roar of sympathetic mirth, casts out for a while the legion demons of care, and charms even rooted sorrows, for the moment, into forgetfulness. They would have judged amiss. There are those in this hall who can testify that he also had his genial hours; and they were not few, nor far between. In a trusted company, on a happy theme, a choice volume, a favorite character, the ice was melted, the waters flowed; and he poured forth his thoughts and feelings, and the fruits of his reading, in a stream of colloquial eloquence which the most gifted might have envied, and to which the best informed might have listened with instruction.

Mingling but little in society, still less did he take part in the larger gatherings of men; scarcely ever attending church, — though the hours of Sunday were given to a graver choice of books, of which his library contained an ample store. To every form of communication with the public by the written or the spoken word he was absolutely a stranger. He never addressed a public meeting; for he never attended a public meeting, except to exercise the right of suffrage. He never wrote a paragraph for the press; never was a candidate, successful or unsuccessful, for office; and never, that I am aware of, took any active part in the political discussions of the day; at least, in the course of nearly forty years' acquaintance with him, it never occurred to me to hear him express an opinion on any question of party politics.

Of the religious opinions of Mr. Dowse I have no personal knowledge. I have reason to believe, from reliable information, that he cherished a profound traditionary respect for the Christian Revelation; and that, having pursued a course of manly inquiry, he had settled down upon a rational faith in those prominent doctrines which unite the assent of most professing Christians. His library contained, in whole or in part, the works of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, of Hobbes, of Toland, of Chubb, of Tindal, of Mandeville, of Voltaire, and of Rousseau: but it also contained those of the great theologians of the English Church, — of Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Chillingworth, Barrow, Tillotson, Clark, Sherlock, and Horsley; those of the orthodox dissenters, Watts and Doddridge; those of Campbell and Blair; and those of Lindsey, Priestley, and Wakefield. Of American divines, he had the writings of Chauncy; of Freeman, of whom he was a great admirer; and of Buckminster; but not those of Jonathan Edwards, Dwight, or Channing. He admired the Liturgy of the Church of England; and it was in presumed conformity with his wishes in this respect that the solemn and affecting service for the burial of the dead was performed at the door of his tomb, amid the falling leaves of November. He had constantly on his table, during the latter months of his life, a copy of the Liturgy compiled a few years since by a distinguished layman of this city,* from the liturgies of the leading branches of the Christian Church; a truly significant expression of that yearning for union, which is cherished, as I think, by sincere and earnest men throughout Christendom. I am inclined to the opinion, that, without dogmatizing, he leaned to the ancient formularies of belief, as they were received by the liberal clergy of the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth; not following opinion to the extremes to which it has more recently been carried. I believe that he felt devoutly, speculated modestly and sparingly, and aimed to give proof of Christian principles by Christian word and deed; covering up the deep things of religion in a thick-woven veil, of which awe of the Infinite was the warp, humility the woof, love the bright tincture; and which was spangled all over with the golden works of justice and mercy. The queen of New England's rivers flows clear and strong through her fertile meadows; the vaporous mists of morning hang over her path: but the golden wealth of autumn loads her banks and attests her presence. In like manner, the stream of practical piety flowed through the heart and conduct of our departed friend; but the fleecy clouds of silent reverence hovered over the current, and a firm and rational faith was principally manifested, not in sectarian professions, but in a chastened temper, a pure conversation, and an upright life.

* Hon. David Sears.

It would not, I think, be easy to find another instance of a person, possessing equal means of acting upon society, who, from unaffected diffidence, impressed himself less by outward demonstration on the public mind. As his fortune grew, his establishment grew with it, but so that no sudden expansion arrested the attention of the public. His library swelled to be in some respects the most remarkable in the neighborhood; but no flourish of trumpets proclaimed its existence or its increase. He kept no company, he joined no clubs, belonged to no mutual-admiration societies, talked little, wrote less, published nothing. At length, toward the close of his life, and when no selfish end could be promoted by the unavoidable notoriety of the act, he stepped out of the charmed circle of his diffidence to make a very significant public demonstration of his interior sentiment; not by the methods which most win the gratitude of society, or what is often mistaken for it, the applause of public bodies; not by donations to public institutions or fashionable charities; but by a most expressive tribute of respect to the honored, the irresponsive dead. Franklin had always been one of his chief favorites among the great men of America. The example of the poor apprentice, of the hard-working journeyman printer, who rose to the heights of usefulness and fame, had often cheered the humble leather-dresser, as it has thousands of others similarly situated, in the solitary and friendless outset of his own career. The teachings of the philosopher of common sense had found a clear echo in his practical understanding: and so, at the close of his life, he pronounced the eulogy of the great man whom he so highly honored and warmly appreciated; not in the fleeting breath of well-balanced phrases, but in monumental granite. Mr. Dowse's eulogy on Franklin was pronounced in the following inscription, placed upon the side of the obelisk, in which all the prominent points in the character of the great man to whom it is consecrated are indicated with discrimination, and nothing appropriate to the place is omitted but the name of the venerable and modest admirer, by whom this expensive and abiding tribute of respect was paid: —

TO THE MEMORY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
THE PRINTER
THE PHILOSOPHER
THE STATESMAN
THE PATRIOT
WHO
BY HIS WISDOM
BLESSED HIS COUNTRY AND HIS AGE
AND
BEQUEATHED TO THE WORLD
AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE
OF
INDUSTRY
INTEGRITY
AND
SELF-CULTURE
BORN IN BOSTON MDCCVI
DIED IN PHILADELPHIA MDCCXC

The manner in which Mr. Dowse proceeded in the erection of a monument to Franklin was as remarkable as the act itself. It was eminently characteristic of the man. He raised no committee; levied no contributions on the weary circle of impatient subscribers, who murmur while they give; summoned no crowd to witness the laying of the cornerstone; but, in the solitude of his library, projected, carried on, completed, and paid for the work. With the exception of the urn in Franklin Place, — a matter of ornament rather than commemoration, — the first monument raised to the immortal printer, philosopher, and statesman, — one of the brightest names of his age, — was erected by the leather-dresser of Cambridgeport. Boston, that gave him birth; Philadelphia, that holds his ashes;* America, that boasts him, with one peerless exception, her greatest son; Europe, that places him on a level with the highest names, — had reared neither column nor statue to Franklin; when within the shades of Mount Auburn, and by the side of his own tomb, a substantial granite obelisk was erected to his memory by Thomas Dowse.

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* Since this discourse was delivered, I have been reminded that a statue to Franklin was procured at the expense of the distinguished merchant, Mr. William Bingham, of that city, and is placed in front of the Philadelphia Library, originally founded by Franklin.

One more duty remained to be performed; and I know nothing more beautifully heroic in private character than the last few weeks of Mr. Dowse's life. For a long course of years, he seems to have contemplated no other destination for his books than that which awaits the majority of libraries at home and abroad, — that of coming to the hammer on the decease of their proprietors. Happily for us, — and may I not add, happily for him while he yet lived? — happily for his memory, he conceived the noble idea of bestowing it, while he lived, on a public institution. By an act of calm self-possession rarely witnessed so near the falling of the curtain, he called you, sir (Hon. Robert C. Winthrop), with our worthy associate, Mr. Livermore, to his presence, as the representatives of our Society; and divesting himself in our favor of what had been his most valued property, — the occupation of his time, the ornament of his existence, — in which he had lived his life and breathed his soul, transferred it to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The disposition of the remainder of his property was equally characterized by generous feeling toward his natural kindred, and an enlightened regard to the public. Twenty-five thousand dollars were distributed by will to his relations, in equal shares, according to their affinity, which in no case was nearer than nephew or niece; forty-five hundred dollars were given in special bequests; and the residuum of his estate — above forty thousand dollars — was confided to his executors, to be by them appropriated to charitable, literary, or scientific uses. I may, without indelicacy, venture to say, that they have, in my judgment, fulfilled the important trust with signal good judgment and discretion. His beautiful collection of water-colors has been appropriately added by them to the gallery of the Boston Athenæum. A conservatory at the Botanic Garden, built in part at their expense, will preserve the memory of his own fondness for the beauties of nature. The public clock, procured by them for the street in which he lived, and the chime of bells in the not distant village, toward the expense of which they have liberally contributed, will frequently remind his fellow-citizens of the remarkable man who has left behind him these pleasing mementos of his liberality. The Asylum for Aged Indigent Females and the Massachusetts General Hospital (two of the most meritorious charities in Boston) have received important additions to their funds from the same source. The town of Sherborn, where he passed his youth and learned his trade, will possess, in the Dowse High School, an abiding monument to his memory; while his immediate fellow-citizens and neighbors, in the hopeful institution which bears his name in Cambridgeport, are destined, I doubt not, — they, and their children to a far-distant posterity, — to enjoy the rich fruits of his energy, perseverance, and probity. May the courses of instruction which it will furnish be ever sacred to the cause of virtue and truth; and the love of letters, which cheered the existence of the generous founder, be nourished by the provision which is thus made for their culture!

You, gentlemen of the Historical Society, appreciated the value, you felt the importance, of the gift of his library, and received it as a sacred trust. You have consecrated to it an apartment, I venture to say, not unworthy a collection so curious in its history, so precious in its contents, — an inner room in your substantial granite building, approached through your own interesting gallery of portraits and extremely important historical library, looking out from its windows on the hallowed ground where the pious fathers of Boston and Massachusetts rest in peace. There, appropriately arranged in convenient and tasteful cabinets at the expense of his executors, and by their liberality, wisely interpreting and carrying out the munificent intentions of the donor, endowed with a fund which will insure that permanent supervision and care, without which the best library soon falls into decay, it will remain to the end of time, a *μνῆμα* as well as a *κτῆμα εἰς ἀεί*, —

a noble monument, more durable, more significant, than marble or brass, — to his pure and honored memory. There, with the sacred repose of death beneath the windows, and the living repose of canonized wisdom around the walls, the well-chosen volumes — the solace for a long life of his own lonely, but, through them, not cheerless hours — will attract, amuse, inform, and instruct successive generations. There his benignant countenance — admirably portrayed by the skilful artist, at the request of the Society, in the last weeks of his life — will continue to smile upon the visitor that genial welcome, which, while he lived, ever made the coveted access to his library doubly delightful. There the silent and self-distrusting man, speaking by the lips of all the wise and famous of our language, assembled by his taste and judgment on the shelves, will hold converse with studious and thoughtful readers, as long as the ear drinks in the music of the mighty masters of the English tongue, — as long as the mind shall hunger, with an appetite which grows with indulgence, for the intellectual food which never satisfies and never cloys.

FRANKLIN THE BOSTON BOY*

In former times, and before the ancient town of Boston had been raised to the dignity of a city, the municipal government was substantially in the hands of the whole body of the people assembled in town-meeting; the executive authority alone being confided to a chosen board, called the selectmen, though on what principle *selected* was not always apparent. These meetings were opened by reading the warrant under which they were held, and no business was in order to be transacted that was not set forth in the warrant. The warrant for our meeting this evening, my fellow-students, is contained in the following extract from the will of Benjamin Franklin: —

> "I was born in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there. I therefore give one hundred pounds sterling to my executors, to be by them, the survivor or survivors of them, paid over to the managers or directors of the free schools in my native town of Boston, to be by them or those persons or person who shall have the superintendence and management of the said schools put out to interest, and so continued at interest forever; which interest shall annually be laid out in silver medals, and given as honorary rewards annually, by the directors of the said free schools, for the encouragement of scholarship in the said schools belonging to the said town, in such manner as to the discretion of the selectmen of the said town shall seem convenient."

This is the warrant, my brethren, under which we are assembled. Having — while we enjoyed the advantages of the free public schools of Boston, to which Franklin not only owed, as he tells us, "his first instructions in literature," but all the school education which he ever had — been the recipients of the medal for which he made this testamentary provision, we entered a few years since, on occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Franklin, on the spot where he went to school, into the association under whose auspices we have come together this evening. Its objects are to strengthen and perpetuate the recollection of the advantages which we, in common with our great founder, have enjoyed at the free grammar schools of Boston; to cultivate a kind feeling with each other, as fellow beneficiaries on his foundation; and to pay some united tribute of regard to his great and honored name. It is this last purpose which has called us together at the present time. We are met, as Franklin medallists, to contemplate Franklin, whose interest in the schools of his native town has made us such, in his capacity as a Boston boy; not to attempt a survey of his whole illustrious career, which covers so large a portion of the history of the country; not to trace him from his native Boston to his adoptive Philadelphia, in whose annals he fills so large a space of honor and usefulness; not to comment on his sagacious labors and brilliant discoveries in the fields of natural science and practical philosophy; not to accompany him on his arduous and honorable agencies in Europe; nor to follow him to his political services at home in the government of Pennsylvania, and in the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States. These great topics, however pertinent to a eulogy on the life and character of Franklin, seem to transcend the natural limits of the present occasion. They have also, to a considerable degree, been exhausted; in Boston by the extremely appropriate and eloquent address which was pronounced at the inauguration of the Franklin statue on the 17th of September, 1856, by our respected associate, Mr. Winthrop, and in Philadelphia by the admirable discourse delivered before the Franklin Institute of that city, on the 4th of December in the same year, by Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, in which the entire career of Franklin is treated with a master's hand. It would be impossible to write a comprehensive eulogy of Franklin without repeating in the same or in other words, which would gain nothing by the change, no small portion of the contents of these most interesting and instructive discourses.

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* An Address delivered before the Association of Franklin Medal Scholars, in the Music Hall, Boston, 19th January, 1859.

Leaving, then, these larger contemplations to other eulogists or to other occasions, it is the Boston boy that demands the attention this evening of Boston boys, crowned from his bequest with the first rewards of effort; and the recollections of his ancestry, of his birth, his boyhood, his apprenticeship, and the sensible memorials of him contained in our city, will form the topics of the present address.

Let us, then, first visit the old Granary burying-ground in Boston, where a substantial granite obelisk marks the last resting-place of the parents of Benjamin Franklin. This ancient cemetery, now in the centre of the population of our city, was formerly on the outskirts of the inhabited portions. Surrounded now by the Tremont House, the Park Street Church, the Boston Athenæum, and some of the most stately private mansions of the city in Park Street and Beacon Street, it was originally open on the southwest to the Common, from which it was afterwards separated by the public granary, the almshouse, and Bridewell, — names which sufficiently indicate the change which time has made in the geography of Boston, since the days when Copp's Hill was the court end of the town.

The front of this fine old cemetery is shaded by a row of eleven noble English elms, planted near a century ago by Major Adino Paddock and John Ballard, entitled for that act to the blessings of posterity. Their roots languished in time past under burning flagstones and granite pavements, but have of late been made, by a thoughtful municipality, to drink in the gentle dews and the copious showers of heaven. But though admirably shaded in front by these magnificent trees, the ancient cemetery was still, till the last generation, neglected and bare. Pious hands, within that period, especially those of our late respected brother medallist, Mr. Andrew Belknap, have wiped away this reproach. The scarlet maple, the prim and sea-green pencils of the larch, the ruddy clusters of the mountain-ash, the basswood, the pensive willow, now mingle their shadows lovingly over the great and good of other times. Their intermingling branches hide from the careless passer-by the pilgrim who comes to explore the moss-covered memorials of the departed. Nature's little choristers, unconscious of the sleeping dead, tune their merry songs from their unmolested covert, and the playful squirrel hides his store amidst the fragments of crumbling gravestones.

> "In living green,
> Cypress and stately cedar spread their shade
> O'er unforgotten graves, scattering in air
> Their grateful odors."

In the centre of this ancient cemetery lie the ashes of Josiah Franklin and Abiah Folger his wife, who never knew any sickness but that of which they died, — he in 1744, at the age of eighty-nine, she eight years later, at the age of eighty-five. Being on a visit to his native city of Boston in 1754, after the adjournment of the Colonial Congress, which met in Albany in that year to concert a plan of union for the Anglo-Saxon Provinces, in which body he bore the leading part, Benjamin Franklin placed a marble slab over the graves of his parents. It bore this simple inscription — a volume of eulogy in a dozen lines: —

JOSIAH FRANKLIN
AND
ABIAH HIS WIFE
LIE HERE INTERRED.
THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER IN WEDLOCK
FIFTY-FIVE YEARS
AND WITHOUT AN ESTATE OR ANY GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT,
BY CONSTANT LABOR AND HONEST INDUSTRY
(WITH GOD'S BLESSING)
MAINTAINED A LARGE FAMILY COMFORTABLY
AND BROUGHT UP THIRTEEN CHILDREN AND SEVEN GRANDCHILDREN
REPUTABLY.
FROM THIS INSTANCE, READER,
BE ENCOURAGED TO DILIGENCE IN THY CALLING,
AND DISTRUST NOT PROVIDENCE.
HE WAS A PIOUS AND PRUDENT MAN,
SHE A DISCREET AND VIRTUOUS WOMAN
THEIR YOUNGEST SON,
IN FILIAL REGARD TO THEIR MEMORY,
PLACES THIS STONE.
J. F. BORN 1655; DIED 1744. ÆT. 89.
A. F. BORN 1667; DIED 1752. ÆT. 85.

Such was the inscription placed by Benjamin Franklin over the graves of his parents. Happy the son permitted thus to bear witness to those who gave him birth; happy the parents, thrice happy, thus commemorated by such a son. The marble slab, having suffered by time and casualty, a solid granite shaft was in 1827 erected in its place, on which the inscription just recited has been copied from the original stone, the fragments of which were buried beneath the new monument.

But Josiah Franklin, though buried in the soil of New England, is not a native of it: let us follow him, for a moment, to the old country. And here we are met at the outset by a most notable and imposing coincidence. In the very central county of England, Northamptonshire, from which the waters flow to the east, to the south, and to the west,* (the latter tributary to the Avon), within thirty miles of each other lie the manor of Sulgrave and the village of Ecton, the former for three centuries the seat of the Washingtons, the latter for the same period the seat of the Franklins. The Washingtons belong to the landed gentry; the Franklins have sustained themselves for generations on a farm of thirty acres, uniting the handicraft of a blacksmith to the produce of their simple husbandry. In both families, seated but thirty miles apart, but entirely strangers to each other, there is, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a disposition to seek new fortunes beyond the sea. In 1657, Lawrence Washington, the ancestor of George Washington, emigrated to Virginia; in a quarter of a century afterwards Josiah Franklin, the father of Benjamin, emigrated to Massachusetts. The histories of England, local and general, the geographies and gazetteers, are filled with the wars of the Roses, the foundation of churches, the dignities of the great houses of Northamptonshire, but make no mention of the fact, that from one vicinity in this favored county, descended the two most illustrious leaders of the American Revolution. But their memory is embalmed on every volume and every page of *our* history, on coins and medals, on postage-stamps, in the designations of innumerable associations, towns, and cities, in portraits and statues, in the names of hundreds and thousands of individuals, and in the hearts of a grateful people, throughout the continent.

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* Camden's Britannia, Vol. II. p. 266.

Josiah Franklin was born at Ecton in 1655, a year in which Europe was ripening towards great events. Cromwell was firmly seated, really if not nominally, on the throne of England, and in that year, under Admiral Blake, sent a fleet into the Mediterranean, — the first which had entered it since the crusades; laid Leghorn and Algiers under contribution, levelled with the ground the castle of Tunis, and, having startled Europe by the terror of his name from that contempt of England into which the Stuarts had plunged her, sent a squadron into the American seas, under the father of William Penn, and wrested Jamaica from the Spaniards. Josiah Franklin, though in the humbler walks of life, grew up with the strong qualities of character which suited the stirring and critical times. Benjamin's description of him is the sweetest page in his autobiography. The family had adhered to Protestantism in the days of Philip and Mary, and Josiah adhered to nonconformity when two thousand pastors of that faith were ejected from their churches in one day. Hopeless of toleration at home, their places of worship closed by the ministers of the law, led by an invisible guidance, about the year 1685 he bade farewell to his pleasant native land, to the green fields and gentle streams of Northamptonshire, and with a wife and three children emigrated to New England. Four children of the first marriage and ten of the second marriage with an American wife were added to the patriarchal flock, among them Benjamin, the youngest of ten sons, and, with the exception of two daughters, the youngest of seventeen children.

I hold in my hand a curious and interesting memorial of the English home of the Franklins, — the record for more than half a century of the small tithes of the parish of Ecton in Northamptonshire, covering the period of Josiah's residence in his native land. Having fallen into the hands of Mr. Thomas Carlyle a few years ago, it was by him confided to me, and is now the property of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It makes frequent mention of the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin and other members of his family, blacksmiths in the village of Ecton. " Here they are," says Mr. Carlyle, in the letter accompanying the donation, " their forge hammers still going, renting so many yard lands of Northamptonshire church soil, keeping so many sheep, &c., &c., unconscious that one of the demigods was about to proceed out of them." When the first entries in this volume were penned, all British America did not contain a hundred thousand inhabitants. I cannot but regard it as a pleasing coincidence, that this curious memento of the Franklins should have found its way, at this late period, from the ancient seat of the family in Northamptonshire to the distant American birthplace of that unforeseen " demigod," and should now be produced to adorn the celebration of his birthday.*

But we have lingered too long at the graves of the parents of Franklin in the old Granary Burying-ground; let us now repair to the spot in Milk Street, where, on the 6th of January, old style, corresponding with the 17th of the modern calendar, Benjamin was born one hundred and fifty-three years ago this day, and carried to be christened on the same day to the Old South Church. Many of you, brethren, well remember the humble wooden building in which he first saw the light, — humble even for that day of frugal things and the narrow circumstances of his family. It was destroyed by fire in 1810. Here his father, who had brought the trade of a silk-dyer from England, but found little custom in that occupation in plain-dressing New England, adopted that of a tallow-chandler and soapboiler instead, and hung out, in 1698, the blue ball which symbolized a cake of soap, and which we all remember, till within a few weeks, at the corner of Hanover and Union Streets. The substantial granite building which occupies the spot on which Benjamin Franklin was born, and which bears on its front, in bold relief, the record of that fact, will constitute a permanent memorial of the event, which will gain new interest with the lapse of time, as successive generations shall furnish, in the growth of the country, new proofs of the sagacity, the fortitude, and the courage of those who influenced its early fortunes and paved the way to its future greatness.

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* See the subject of the Ecton Tithes-Book at greater length in Vol. III. p. 482 of this work.

Here, then, Benjamin Franklin was born,—one of the leading spirits of the country, one of the master minds of the race. The hour has come for the appearance of a great character,—the age is ripe for his advent,—a stage is erected in the sight of the civilized world for his momentous part. He is born beneath a lowly roof, and of humble parentage,—but to a marvellous career and an undying fame. It was a year of great events, political and military, in every part of Europe. In Great Britain a long-projected and most important constitutional arrangement was consummated, in the union of England and Scotland,—an event of the deepest interest in itself, and so regarded at the very extremities of the British empire. Here, in our little provincial metropolis, on the other side of the Atlantic,—a town at that time of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants,—the union of England and Scotland in one kingdom, and the settlement of the crown in the person and family of the Electress Sophia of Hanover, were deemed of so much importance, that the two streets at whose corner Josiah Franklin established himself when he removed from Milk Street were called Union and Hanover Streets. On the continent of Europe the year 1706 was fatal to the pride and ambition of Louis XIV. His armies and those of his allies were defeated at Ramillies by Marlborough; in Piedmont by Prince Eugene; in Spain by Lord Galway;—Charles XII. of Sweden penetrated to Dresden; a Portuguese and English army occupied Madrid; and on this continent a formidable expedition of French and Spaniards against Charleston, South Carolina,—then claimed by the Spaniards as belonging to Florida,—was repelled with signal valor and energy by the Colonial authorities. But while the civilized world was stirring with these momentous agitations, and its principal kingdoms were ablaze with war, the birth of a child on the 17th of January, beneath an humble roof in this provincial town, one hundred and fifty-three years ago this day, was, in its connection with the progress of physical science, of practical philosophy, of constitutional freedom, and of American independence, an event of higher interest than any I have recorded. It is surely not extravagant to say, that the union of England with Scotland, like the union with Ireland, might have been delayed another century, and Marlborough and Eugene might have been defeated in Flanders and Piedmont, with less momentous results to the great interests of humanity, than that Benjamin Franklin should not have been born.

I hold in my hand the record of his baptism on the day of his birth; and the rolls of Parliament and the archives of state may be searched in vain, in Europe and America, in that year, for another record of equal importance. It stands in antiquated characters on the discolored page of the old parish register, undistinguished among the sons and daughters of the ancient church, who ran their humble round, and passed unremembered away. There he stands, the youngest born of the sons of his father's patriarchal house, whose names flit before Benjamin's on the list, unknown to fame, in dim procession, till he the chosen, he the unconsciously appointed, comes; the "expectancy and rose of the fair state"; one of the glories of the land and of the age, like the last of the shadowy kings in the weird vision; the twofold balls of nature and science in his hand; the triple wreath of Philosopher, Patriot, and Statesman on his kingly brow. No royal salvos from feudal towers, no sweetly clangorous chimes from mediæval belfries proclaim his birth. Poverty sings her patient lullabies over his cradle; Labor clasps him to her austere but healthful bosom; the art of arts clothes his hand with her cunning; the hearts of the people melt like water at the homely teachings of Poor Richard; anon the wise of the earth learn new wisdom from his lips; the forked lightnings at length admit him to their secret pavilion in the bellowing clouds; and in the end, humbled monarchs give up the map of their dominions, to be rent asunder at his bidding!

From Milk Street, then, we proceed to the spot to which, not long after Benjamin's birth, but how soon is not known, his father removed his establishment, — the corner of the two streets, Union and Hanover, in whose names, as we have seen, the great political event in the British empire for 1706 was commemorated by the observant loyalty of our forefathers. Here Josiah Franklin resumed the humble industry commenced at his former place of business, and symbolized, as I have stated, by the ball which still bears his name, and has been taken down within the last few weeks. Here began to beat the first youthful pulsations of that ardent frame; the first aspirings of that sanguine, inventive, and courageous, but practical, discreet, and wary temper in the hopeful son. In what year the wooden dwelling to which Josiah Franklin removed gave way to the brick building which has just been taken down we do not know, nor, consequently, whether the latter was ever inhabited by Benjamin; but it was on this spot that he passed his early years. Here, in his own language, while yet in his infancy, he showed his passionate fondness for books, — here that he took the lead, self-elected and willingly obeyed, in the sports and mischiefs of his fellows, — here that he received his two years' schooling, — here that he wrought two years at his father's uninviting trade, — here that he began to sit up half the night in the lonely attic, reading his father's books on polemic divinity, Plutarch's Lives, Defoe's Essay on Projects, and Cotton Mather's Essay to do Good, — here that, the other trades having been surveyed and rejected, he was apprenticed, at twelve years of age, to his brother James the printer, — here that he made his first secret efforts at composition, setting up himself the types of the anonymous boyish essays, which he thrust at night under the door of the office, and which were accepted by James for insertion in the paper, — here that, amidst folios of controversial theology, an odd volume of the Spectator fell in his way, like a palm-tree drifted from the tropics to the Arctic Circle, and guided him in the formation of his transparent English style, — here that he preluded that memorable scene before the English Privy Council, when summoned as a witness before the Council of the Province, irritated at some trifling sarcasm in the newspaper,—here that he wandered unhappily from the paths of free inquiry into the wilds of scepticism,—here, in fine, that the injustice and severity of his brother drove him, at the age of seventeen, into voluntary exile from his home. On this spot, and within these few years, was comprised all the preparation of Benjamin Franklin, scholastic and practical, for active life. It consisted of a wide range of youthful reading, some of it no doubt directly influencing his subsequent career; a comely and legible handwriting, to which he justly attached great importance; moderate arithmetical skill, temperate and industrious habits, a mastery of the printer's art, an indomitable thirst for books, a turn for economy and thrift,—an aptitude for mechanical contrivance,—a spirit of adventure bordering on recklessness,—and a youthful self-reliance approaching audacity. The scene of these boyish attainments, essays, and aspirations has been greatly changed in the lapse of time; the public highway has, within a few weeks, been carried over the spot where Josiah Franklin gathered his sons and daughters round the still-preserved hearthstone; but the memories which cluster round it, the influences which issued from it, are interwoven with the inmost life, not only of the American Union, but of the eighteenth century.

But Benjamin is now eight years old. His father rejoices in the rare promise of his hopeful boy, and, as "the tithe of his sons," proposes to dedicate him to the Church. He is accordingly sent to the grammar school, kept in an humble wooden building on the north side of what is still called School Street. Venerable Master Cheever, the patriarch of New England schoolmasters, who followed that most honorable, but rather thankless occupation seventy years, had just whipped his last boy, and gone to his rest at the age of ninety-four; and the Rev. Nathaniel Williams, whom Franklin in his autobiography does not name, has taken his place. Little Benjamin enters the middle of the lowest class, and before the end of the year leaps from that to the head of the next highest class; doing as he always did, the work of two years in one. But his father suddenly changed his plans. Yielding to the pressure of straitened means and misgivings as to the prosperity of professional life, before the end of the year he took Benjamin from his Greek and Latin, and sent him, to learn to write and cipher as a preparation for a trade, to another school. It was kept by Master George Brownwell, then, says Benjamin, in the memoir of himself, "a famous man." Of all his contemporary renown nothing is left but these three words, in his poor little pupil's nine-years-old autobiography; but these three little words, such is the embalming power of genius, will forever perpetuate the humble fame they record, which else had perished with honest George Brownwell. "He was a skilful master," says Benjamin, "and successful in his profession, employing the mildest and most encouraging methods. Under him I learned to write a good hand pretty soon, but I failed entirely in arithmetic"; rather a serious deduction to be made from the credit kindly given to famous Master George Brownwell as a skilful instructer. The teacher who could not carry Benjamin Franklin, at the age of ten, through the multiplication-table was, I rather think, no great Solomon himself. At ten years old Benjamin was taken home to be his father's errand-boy; and thus ended his school education.

Such were the "first instructions in literature" to which, at the close of his long and eventful life, overlooking all the intermediate incidents of his illustrious career, his memory went back with filial tenderness and gratitude, requiting the two years' schooling with a bequest which will connect the name of Franklin with the schools of Boston to the end of time.

I am aware of the doubts which have been lately started whether the annual distribution of medals in our schools, so far from being a wise and beneficent measure, is not a pernicious practice which ought to be abandoned; and consequently, I suppose, whether we ought not to consider Franklin's bequest as at best a well-meant but injudicious provision, and ourselves, as the recipients of his medal, not so much beneficiaries as victims.

Sincerely respecting the scruples on this subject which have recently found utterance from the most estimable and respectable sources, I must own myself not convinced that it is possible advantageously to dispense in our schools with that influence of a conscientiously administered system of honorary rewards which has taken the place of the brutalizing discipline of former days. The main objections I understand to be, that very sensitive youthful natures are sometimes painfully and dangerously stimulated by the desire to obtain the much-coveted honor, and that on the part of other dispositions emulation sometimes grows into ungenerous and hateful rivalry. This may be true on both sides; but the number of over-sensitive natures is not great; they form the exception, and ought not to give the rule; and if competition sometimes degenerates into envious and malignant rivalry, it is quite as often accompanied — and human life presents no lovelier spectacle — with a generous and affectionate recognition of a rival's merits. If the medal, in some few cases, unduly stimulates a very sensitive organization, so does every other influence or motive which can operate on the human mind. If, in some cases, the earnestly desired reward is the cause of envious repinings on the part of the unsuccessful competitor, so is every other testimonial of success, nay, every manifestation of superiority, however unconsciously made on the part of a rival.

All educators, I believe, are agreed, that, for the majority of children (and I do not speak of exceptional cases), social education, that is, education in schools and with their fellows, is far better than solitary instruction at home, not merely with reference to progress in scholarship, but for the discipline of the temper and the formation of character. And yet the instruction given by a competent teacher to one or two pupils at home must be greatly more thorough than that of an instructer whose time and attention are divided between fifty or sixty. The security for morals beneath the parental roof must, in most cases, be far greater than in the best schools. Why, then, do we send our children where they will be not so well taught, and more exposed? We do it because, under the stimulus of self-exerting emulation, though they may be taught less, they will learn more; and because we wish to put them gradually, and for that reason betimes, into the great school of life. You wish to habituate them, by gentle approaches, to the mutual influences, the companions, the emulations, the collisions, the successes, and defeats of riper years. The competition, in which he engages for the medal, is the type of that which awaits an emulous nature in after life. If the youth has never been taught to bear his own success without self-conceit at school, he will not bear it without arrogance in society. Still more, if he has not learned to bear the success of a rival without repining, when the race is run under an efficient and responsible supervision, and the prize fairly assigned to ascertained superiority, how is he to stand the stern competitions of professional, and still more political life, in which the honors, at best, are bestowed with a scornful disregard to the feelings of the unsuccessful, and when too often audacity, intrigue, and base compliance carry off the rewards for which modest merit and solid worth have toiled through life in vain?

That no improvement can be made in the administration of the system, especially by bestowing one or two medals, not on absolute superiority in scholarship, but on those who have made the greatest relative improvement, and still more on those most distinguished for good conduct and an amiable temper, I would by no means deny; but that it is possible successfully to conduct large schools without sensible rewards I cannot believe; and I regard the attempt to do it as a hopeless warfare against principles deep-seated in the heart of man.

> "Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret."

Such, at all events, was the opinion of Benjamin Franklin, who, acting under the influence of a life-long experience, seldom surpassed for variety and richness, and desirous of making a practical return for the advantages which he had enjoyed at the free schools of his native town, made that provision for the annual distribution of medals "for the encouragement of scholarship in the said schools," which has been adopted, perpetuated, and enlarged by every municipal government for more than sixty years, and will, I trust, never be abandoned.

The humble wooden building in which Franklin received the rudiments of an education has long since disappeared, but the spot where it stood was fitly chosen for the first monumental statue erected by any public body to his memory. On the 17th of September, 1856, in the presence of an uncounted multitude of all the professions, trades, and classes of the citizens of Boston, exhibiting in lengthened array the symbols, instruments, and machinery of their several pursuits, this admirable work of a youthful American artist was, with appropriate and interesting ceremonies, and in a strain of surpassing eloquence, dedicated by our honored brother medallist, Robert C. Winthrop, to the immortal memory of Franklin. As I witnessed that day's work, — as I called to mind the poor tallow-chandler's boy, eight years of age, even then craving knowledge with a hunger that could not be appeased, tantalized with the hope of a liberal education only to have it blasted before the end of the year; — called home from school at ten to cut wicks and cast mould-candles; — bound as an apprentice at twelve to a harsh and unreasonable brother; — driven by his severity and injustice into exile at seventeen; — as with a memory filled with these thoughts, and with the later and sterner struggles of his life, I looked round on that vast multitude from Boston and the neighboring country, crowding the spacious square, the broad street, the windows, the very tops of the surrounding houses, assembled to unite in this work of pious commemoration, — as I listened to the most persuasive and eloquent voice of our friend, giving utterance, in a noble strain of well-deserved eulogy, to the grateful admiration of that mighty sympathizing concourse, — and as I saw at last the beloved flag of United America, which he did so much to paint with its stripes and spangle with its stars, withdrawn from the statue of the great Mechanic, Statesman, Patriot, and Sage, and the speaking bronze displayed in severe and tranquil majesty, and hailed with a shout that went up to the heavens from the spot where he received his poor little year's schooling, my heart melted within me, and I rejoiced in the pathetic demonstration, that, when the trials and the hardships, the feuds and the jealousies, the unsparing calumnies and the revilings, the hatreds without cause and the envyings with cause, which pursue the eminent through life, are rebuked by death, and appeased by time, there comes at last an hour that pays the debt of a century, and bestows even on earth an immortality of honest fame.

I have called this monument the first erected to the memory of Franklin by any of the public bodies, — the states, the cities, the patriotic associations of the country; they had all been anticipated in the pious work of commemoration by a private individual to whose modest worth, in connection with the name of Franklin, you will not think a passing meed unfitly paid, — Thomas Dowse, the leather-dresser of Cambridgeport. This remarkable man was himself possessed of some of the sterling qualities of Franklin's character, — the same temperance, frugality, perseverance; the same insatiable love of books and resolute cultivation of intellectual tastes in an humble round of mechanical labor. Prevented by invincible diffidence, increased by a severe physical infirmity, from emerging like Franklin into a sphere of public usefulness and fame, he pursued through life the noiseless and unambitious tenor of his way, unknown to the great public, scarcely known to the community in which he lived. It was only toward the close of his days that he stepped out of the charmed circle, which shrinking modesty drew around him, to express, in the most significant and imposing form, his veneration for the character of Franklin. The example of the poor boy, whose schooling ended at ten; of the hard-working printer's apprentice, who rose to be the instructer of the age in which he lived, cheered the humble leather-dresser, as it has thousands of others similarly situated, in the outset of his solitary and friendless career. Sheltered by fourscore years from all suspicion of selfish ends to be promoted by the unavoidable notoriety of the act, he determined before he left the world to proclaim his admiration for Franklin, not in the fleeting breath of public eulogy, but in monumental granite. His mode of executing this purpose was characteristic of the man. He consulted no friends; he raised no committee; he levied no tax on reluctant subscribers, who murmur while they give; he summoned no curious or sympathetic crowd to witness the laying of the corner-stone. In the solitude of his library he conceived, he planned, he executed, and he paid for the work. The first monument raised to the immortal printer, philosopher, and statesman — one of the brightest names of his age — was left to be erected by the leather-dresser of Cambridgeport. Boston, that gave him birth; Philadelphia, that holds his ashes; America, that boasts him, with one peerless exception, her noblest son; Europe, that places him on an equality with her own most honored names, — had reared neither column nor statue to Franklin, when, within the shades of Mount Auburn, by the side of his own tomb, a stately and graceful obelisk of granite was erected to his memory by Thomas Dowse.

But there is one more spot which we must visit in Boston, — a most important locality in the early life of Franklin, — the corner of Court Street (Queen Street as it was called in that gush of Whig loyalty to which I have already referred) and Franklin Avenue. Here was the printing-office where Franklin learned his trade. The boy has reached the age of twelve years, the last two of which he has passed discontentedly in his father's chandlery. Disgusted with this business, but fearful that he shall be compelled to follow it for a permanence, in consequence of his brother John, who had been bred to the work, having left his father and gone to Rhode Island, Benjamin begins, to use his own expression, to show a "hankering" for a sailor's life. His brother Josiah had done it before him, and was lost in a shipwreck three years before. The fond father naturally recoils from exposing his youthful hope, the Benjamin of his flock, to the same hard and precarious career. To divert him from this intention all the other handicrafts — joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, cutlers — were passed in review. Much useful information is picked up by the observant boy on his rounds; he acquires a knowledge of tools, and a skill in handling them which stands him in stead through life; and it was decided, at length, that he should be apprenticed to his Cousin Samuel, who had just come over from London, and set up in business in the last-named trade, — the cutler's. With him accordingly he was placed on trial for a few days; but Cousin Samuel, as the practice then was, demanded a premium with the youthful apprentice, — an exorbitant premium as it was thought; the negotiation was broken off, and Benjamin was again taken home by his father. The cutler's trade was abandoned. Boston, I firmly believe, lost many a keener carving-knife than it had known before, many a sharper razor, it may be many a cutlass tempered for the French and Indian wars; for what Benjamin did at all, he did better than most other men: but he was destined to deal with instruments and weapons of a higher polish, a shrewder edge, and a more fearful sway; to wield a blade of more than the icebrook's temper; to cut the gordian knot of great secular controversies; to hew off the distant dependencies of tyrannical governments; to carve Confederate Republics out of oppressed colonies; and to pierce with the two-edged sword of a brave diplomacy to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow of dismembered empires.

Benjamin "from his infancy was passionately fond of reading"; this was the fountain from which all the life-giving waters flowed. It caused his repugnance to the other handicrafts, which afforded no facilities for the gratification of this taste, and determined his father to make him a printer. He was accordingly, at the age of twelve, apprenticed to his brother James, who was ten years older than himself, and had just set up in that business. This step was the great crisis in Benjamin's life, and decided his career. To check, by legal restraint, his still-cherished passion for the sea, the boy was indentured, according to the manner of those days, for the term of nine years, for the last of which only he was allowed journeyman's wages. This was adding two years to the ordinary term of apprenticeship. The boy, as he tells us, "stood out for some time." Give me two years more of schooling, he probably said to his father; but Providence destined him for a sterner training. The indentures were reluctantly signed, and Benjamin entered on that apprenticeship which made him at length a Master Workman, in more than one kind, such as the world has rarely seen.

To the ordinary business of a printer his brother James united, in two or three years after Benjamin's apprenticeship began, that of a weekly journal called the "New-England Courant," the fourth newspaper published in the United States. The Boston Newsletter, begun on the 24th of April, 1704, was the first; the Boston Gazette, begun on the 21st of December, 1719, was the second; the American Mercury, begun at Philadelphia on the 22d of December, 1719, was the third; and the New-England Courant, begun on the 21st of August, 1721, was the fourth. Poor Benjamin seems to have had rather more than his share of the labor; for besides being a frequent contributor to its little columns, he set the types, worked at the press, carried it round when printed to the subscribers, and, what was perhaps the least agreeable duty, at the end of the quarter collected the bills. His connection with journalism, thus early commenced, continued through life; and even after filling the highest offices at home and abroad, he was an habitual contributor to the Newsletters, the Courants, the Ledgers of the day.

The conditions of Benjamin's indentures were onerous, and James's treatment of the apprentice brother was not gentle; he was worked hard, chid, and beaten. He was a forward, at times a moody, at times, as he is inclined himself to admit, "a saucy and provoking boy." He lived much alone, which is not good for men or boys. He adopted strange abstemious habits, commuted his board allowance for half its money value, and saved half that in his frugal diet that he might buy books; rose with the dawn and sat up with the stars, that he might read them; spun ballads about shipwrecks and piracies out of his poor little brains (his works they might well be called; for having composed them, he printed them with his own hands, and peddled them about the streets); wrote clandestinely for the Courant, and had the satisfaction of hearing the friends who frequented the office ascribe his contributions to the leading wits of the day; picked up Xenophon's Memorabilia, and learned the Socratic method of disputation, whereby he mischievously entangled those who argued with him, in the most vexatious admissions, which brought them out to the very opposite point from that which they wished to reach; — in short, showed himself, it is evident, in various ways, a rather uncomfortably forward boy.

It was a character, in fact, beyond, above, its surroundings, and this, while it lasts, is a sorrow; — a thoughtful, tender, daring spirit, storming into life; dimly conscious of a vast capacity, rapt at times into burning visions, ground between the upper and nether millstones of necessity, overworked and under-fed, looking round for sympathy, and looking in vain. His parents loved him, but did not comprehend, and could not guide him. His father, though a discreet and thoughtful man, had no conception of the range of the intellect which Providence had confided to his parental care. His mother, in the only letter from her pen which has survived, written when he was forty-six and had acquired a reputation for his experiments in electricity, congratulates him on being chosen an alderman; does not exactly know what that is, but is glad he has come to such honor. His brothers and sisters were honest and, to all appearance, amiable, but ordinary people. Home ceased to be attractive, with his escape from leading-strings. Religion was presented to him clothed in austerities unknown at the present day to any denomination of Christians, till he was driven to associates of loose ideas and profligate habits. He narrowly escaped shipwreck of principles and morals. But Providence watched over him, and guided him on the brink of the precipice. Surrounded by dangers and temptations, he committed no irreparable errors, and all that we know of his early frailties we know from his own confessions. Two things he learned in his brother's office, young as he was, which lay at the basis of his success and fame,— the art of printing, and the art of writing. His skill in his handicraft laid the foundation of his fortune; his skill with his pen was (he tells us himself) "the principal means of his advancement in life." He never outgrew his attachment to his trade as a printer, never at the height of his prosperity was ashamed of his calling. When he visited England in an important public trust in after-life, he sought out the printing-office where he had labored in his youth, called together the workmen, and encouraged them to imitate his example of industry and temperance; and at the close of his illustrious career, he begins the last solemn business act of his life with the ever-memorable words, "I, Benjamin Franklin, Printer; late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France, now President of the State of Pennsylvania, do make and declare my last Will and Testament": late Ambassador, now Governor; but Printer still!

Go forth then, Benjamin Franklin, printer, to thy great calling; master, not of arts, but of the art of arts; graduate, not of academic halls, but of the three great faculties of temperance, industry, and generous ambition. There is a conflict before thee long and sharp, but the Press has taught thy hands to war and thy fingers to fight; the victory is certain, the reward is glorious. Seas of trouble shall stretch before thee, but they shall roll up their crystal walls on thy right hand and on thy left, and thou shalt pass through on dry ground. Events of unexampled magnitude for thee and thy country attend thy career; great wars are to be fought; oppressive rulers set at defiance; arduous negotiations conducted; alliances contracted abroad, confederacies entered into at home, constitutions framed, and governments administered;—and in all these vast concerns thou, even thou, Benjamin Franklin, printer, shalt bear a responsible and a leading part, with the sages, the patriots, and the monarchs of Europe, with the most honored and trusted of thy own country, with Adams, with Jefferson, with Jay, with Laurens, and above all with Washington. Boston now sends thee forth a penniless fugitive; Philadelphia receives thee a homeless adventurer; but ere thou shalt taste of death, America, Europe, shall be too narrow for thy fame; and in times to come, the friendly strife of the city of thy birth and the city of thy adoption shall be which best, which most, shall do honor to thy memory.

NOTE.

This address was repeated at the following places: —

Boston,	17th	Jan.,	1859.
Philadelphia, Pa.,	27th	"	"
New York, N. Y.,	9th	March,	"
Baltimore, Md.,	4th	April,	"
Richmond, Va.,	8th	"	"
Univ. of Virginia,	26th	"	"
Abington,	4th	Jan.,	1860.
Boston,	17th	"	"
Charlestown,	20th	"	"
Cambridgeport,	6th	March,	"
Salem,	11th	"	"
New Haven, Ct.,	22d	"	"
Rutland, Vt.,	20th	April,	"
Burlington, Vt.,	24th	"	"
Lowell,	14th	Nov.,	1860.
Waltham,	15th	"	"
Manchester, N. H.,	19th	"	"
Portsmouth, "	21st	"	"
Biddeford, Me.,	23d	"	"
Portland, "	3d	Dec.,	"
Bristol, R. I.,	6th	"	"
So. Reading,	7th	"	"
Gloucester,	26th	"	"
Malden,	27th	"	"
Providence, R. I.,	31st	"	"
Brattleboro', Vt.,	8th	Jan.,	1861.
Springfield,	13th	Feb.	"
Troy, N. Y.,	28th	"	"

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.*

MR. PRESIDENT: —

AT the special meeting of the Society, held on the 1st instant, to take becoming notice of the death of our honored and lamented associate, Mr. Prescott, you kindly apologized, with your usual thoughtfulness, for my necessary absence. I was in the State of New Jersey that day, under a public engagement; and it was only by the aid of the telegraph that I received the notice of the meeting. You will readily believe that I regretted most deeply my inability to join you in the last tribute of respect to the memory of our friend, paid with so much feeling and pathetic eloquence, on behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society, by our worthy associates who took part in that day's proceedings. If I now ask permission to add a few words to what was so appropriately and touchingly said by them, it is not that the departed needs my poor testimony; not that the Society needs my aid in doing honor to his beloved name; but that I myself, the friend of more than forty years' standing, may not seem wanting on an occasion of such affecting interest.

Being about to leave home on Monday, the 24th of January, on a visit to Philadelphia, and taking my accustomed walk in the middle of the day on the Saturday preceding, I met our late lamented and beloved associate. He seemed to me as well as at any time the past twelvemonth; but my son, who was with me, thought his countenance somewhat changed. On the following Friday the telegraph transmitted the news of his death to Philadelphia; where, I think

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* Remarks made at a stated monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 10th February, 1859.

I can truly say, it was mourned as deeply and sincerely as anywhere in Boston, out of the circle of immediate relatives and friends. They felt his death as a loss, not of any one place, but of the whole country. And this feeling I found universally prevalent in a somewhat extensive circuit since made in New Jersey; in New York, where a most distinguished brother historian (Mr. Bancroft) gave utterance, in language the most appropriate and impressive, to the unaffected sorrow of the community; and in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, which I have since visited. Everywhere, Mr. President, those tributes of respect and affection which have been paid to our dear friend by his neighbors, associates, and immediate fellow-citizens, have found a ready response throughout the country, as they will throughout the civilized world.

I can add nothing to what has been already said in the general contemplation of his eminence as an author, his worth as a man, his geniality as a companion, his fidelity as a friend; his severe trials, his heroic exertions, his glorious success. But I have thought it might be in my power to say a few words not unacceptably of the rapidity and the extent to which his reputation was established abroad, and the prompt and generous recognition of his ability in Europe. The "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" was published at the close of 1837 or the beginning of 1838; and, on my arrival in Europe in the summer of 1840, I found it extensively known and duly appreciated. Mr. Prescott, following down the stream of Spanish history, had already conceived the project of writing, at some future period, the history of Philip II., after he should have narrated, in works to be prepared in the interval, the magnificent episodes of the "Conquest of Mexico and Peru." I remonstrated with him for passing over the reign of the Emperor Charles V.; urging upon him, that the materials which had become accessible since Robertson's time, especially the archives of Simancas (the want of access to which was so much deplored by that author), would enable him to treat that period to as good advantage as that of Ferdinand and Isabella, or Philip. But he modestly persisted in thinking that the reign of Charles V. was exhausted by Robertson. The supplementary chapter with which he has enriched the edition of Robertson's work, published under his supervision a few years since, is a sufficient proof that it would have been in his power to construct an original history of the reign of Charles V. which would have fully equalled in interest any that has been produced by him.

He requested me to make some preliminary inquiries at Paris in reference to materials for Philip II.; especially to obtain information as to the portion of the archives of Simancas which had been carried in the time of Napoleon to Paris, and were still detained there. No difficulty attended a thorough exploration of the rich materials in the royal library; but the papers from Simancas were guarded with greater care in the "Archives of the Kingdom." The whole of that celebrated national collection had been transported to Paris in the time of Napoleon; and after his downfall, and in the general restoration, those portions of the archives which purported to relate to the history of France were, in spite of the urgent and oft-repeated reclamations of the Spanish government, retained in Paris. It was natural, under these circumstances, that they should be watched with some jealousy: but the name of Mr. Prescott was a key which unlocked the depository; and by the kindness of M. Mignet, who had himself examined them with diligence, they were fully thrown open to my inspection on his behalf.

The same result followed a similar application at Florence the following year. Not only were the private collections of the Marquis Gino Capponi and the Count Guicciardini (the lineal descendant of the historian) thrown open to the use of Mr. Prescott, but, after tedious hesitations and delays on the part of subordinate officials, a peremptory order was at length issued by Prince Corsini, with the consent of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, that I should be allowed to explore the Medicean Archives (Archivio Mediceo), and mark for transcription whatever I thought would be useful for Mr Prescott. When I add that this magnificent collection of eighty thousand volumes (since greatly augmented, as I learn from my friend Mr. Ticknor, by bringing together all the provincial archives of every part of the Grand Duchy), the examination of which was rendered easy by a copious index, contained the correspondence of the Tuscan minister at Madrid, during the entire reign of Philip II., it will be readily conceived how rich were the materials for the history of that period. Nothing that I marked for transcription was refused. It was sufficient that I thought it would be useful to Mr. Prescott; and among the portions of the correspondence which I was able in this way to procure for him were the semi-weekly communications of the Tuscan minister on the arrest, imprisonment, and death of Don Carlos. That papers so delicate — guarded with such jealousy for three centuries — should have been fully thrown open by a Catholic sovereign to an American Protestant writer, bears witness at once to the liberality of the Grand Duke, and the European reputation of our lamented friend.

Nor was his fame less promptly and substantially established in England. Calling one day on the venerable Mr. Thomas Grenville, whom I found in his library (the second in size and value of the private libraries of England), reading Xenophon's "Anabasis" in the original, I made some passing remark on the beauty of that work. "Here," said he, holding up a volume of "Ferdinand and Isabella," "is one far superior." With the exception of the Nestor of our literature (Mr. Irving), no American writer appeared to me so widely known or so highly esteemed in England as Mr. Prescott; and, when he visited that country a few years later, the honors paid to him by all the cultivated classes of society, from the throne downward, were such as are seldom offered to the most distinguished visitant.

This is not the time nor the place for a critical disquisition on the merits of our lamented associate as a writer of history; nor am I prepared — arrived but last evening from an arduous journey, filled up with engagements which have left me no moment of leisure — to undertake the task. It would, moreover, be a work of supererogation. The public mind has passed judgment on his merits, in a manner to need no confirmation and to fear no contradiction. When, in after-times, the history of our American literature shall be written, it will be told with admiration how, in the front rank of a school of contemporary historical writers flourishing in the United States in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, more numerous and not less distinguished than those of any other country, a young man, who was not only born to affluence and exposed to all its seductions, but who seemed forced into inaction by the cruel accident of his youth, devoted himself to that branch of literary effort which seems most to require the eyesight of the student, and composed a series of historical works not less remarkable for their minute and accurate learning, than their beauty of style, calm philosophy, acute delineation of character, and sound good sense. No name more brilliant than his will descend to posterity on the roll of American authors.

But it will not be in this Association alone that he will be honored in after-times. So long as in ages far distant, and not only in countries now refined and polished, but in those not yet brought into the domain of civilization, the remarkable epoch which he has described shall attract the attention of men; so long as the consolidation of the Spanish monarchy and the expulsion of the Moors, the mighty theme of the discovery of America, the sorrowful glories of Columbus, the mail-clad forms of Cortez and Pizarro and the other grim *conquistadores*, trampling new-found empires under the hoofs of their cavalry, shall be subjects of literary interest; so long as the blood shall curdle at the cruelties of Alva, and the fierce struggles of the Moslem in the East,— so long will the writings of our friend be read. With respect to some of them, time, in all human probability, will add nothing to his materials. It was said the other day by our respected associate, President Sparks (a competent authority), that no historian, ancient or modern, exceeded Mr. Prescott in the depth and accuracy of his researches. He has driven his artesian criticism through wretched modern compilations, and the trashy exaggerations of intervening commentators, down to the original contemporary witnesses; and the sparkling waters of truth have gushed up from the living rock. In the details of his narrative, further light may be obtained from sources not yet accessible. The first letter of Cortez may be brought to light; the hieroglyphics of Palenque may be deciphered: but the history of the Spanish empire, during the period for which he has treated it, will be read by posterity for general information, not in the ancient Spanish authors, not in black-letter chronicles, but in the volumes of Prescott.

Finally, sir, among the masters of historical writing, — the few great names of ancient and modern renown in this department, — our lamented friend and associate has passed to a place among the most honored and distinguished. Whenever this branch of polite literature shall be treated of by some future Bacon, and the names of those shall be repeated, who have possessed in the highest degree that rare skill by which the traces of a great plan in the fortunes of mankind are explored, and the living body of a nation is dissected by the keen edge of truth, and guilty kings and guilty races summoned to the bar of justice, and the footsteps of God pointed out along the pathways of time, his name will be mentioned with the immortal trios of Greece and of Rome, and the few who in the modern languages stand out the rivals of their fame.

No one can speak of our dear departed friend without recollecting the infirmity under which he labored the greater part of his days, and with which Providence, in his case, applied the solemn law of compensation, by which the blessings of life are enjoyed, and endowments balanced by sorrows. To some it is given to ascend the heights of fame through the narrow and cheerless path of penury. Others toil patiently on beneath a load of domestic care and bereavement, — the loss of the dutiful, the hopeful, and the beloved. For him that dares to intrude on public life (as our friend never did), ferocious detraction stands ready to fly at his throat, and petty malice to yelp at his heels. Our friend achieved the miracle of his unexampled success under the privation — at times the total privation — of the dearest of the senses, — that through which the spirit of man is wedded to the lovely forms of the visible universe. At intervals, for some years before he commenced his historical labors, for him, as for the kindred genius by whose example he tells us he took courage, —

> "Seasons returned; but not for him returned
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

But he went from his darkened chamber and his couch of pain to his noble work, as a strong man rejoicing to run a race. A kind Providence at intervals raised the veil from his eyes, and his sweet resignation and heroic fortitude turned his trials into a blessing. His impaired sight gave him concentrated mental vision: and so he lived his great day, illustrious without an enemy, successful without an envier; wrought out his four historical epics to the admiration of the age; and passed away at the grand climacteric, not of years alone, but of love and fame.

> "Τὸν πέρι Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε·
> Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν."

HENRY HALLAM.*

MR. EVERETT, asking the indulgence of the Society for a few moments, that he might pay an unstudied tribute to the memory of one whom he might venture to call his friend, spoke as follows: —

I am very glad, sir, that you have called the attention of the Society to the loss they have met, in the death of their honored associate, Mr. Hallam. I am aware that it is not the practice of the scientific and literary bodies in England to take a contemporary notice of the decease of their foreign members. It is the custom, however, at the close of the year, for the president of those societies to deliver an address, of which an obituary notice of the members, both resident and foreign, who have deceased in the course of the year, forms an important part. I should be pleased to see that custom introduced here; certainly while the chair of our Society is filled as it now is: and in the mean time, as there is otherwise no opportunity of doing it, I fully concur with you in the propriety of taking a respectful notice of the decease of our distinguished honorary associate just mentioned. I feel that it must be the spontaneous will of every member of the Society to pause for a moment upon an event of so much interest in itself, and rendered peculiarly affecting by its coincidence with our own recent domestic loss. That two such lights of the literary firmament, shining in the same department of polite letters, — the one in Europe, the other in America, — should be extinguished within a few days of each other, is surely an occurrence not to be passed over without a respectful notice in a Society of which they were both members,—co-members with ourselves. Having, while I lived in England, been honored with the intimate acquaintance, I may venture to say the friendship, of Mr. Hallam, and with his correspondence since my return, I am sure that you will indulge me for a few moments in an unstudied tribute to his memory.

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* Remarks at a private meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 24th February, 1859.

It would be wholly superfluous, before the members of this Society, to dwell at length on the literary reputation of Mr. Hallam. After the last of the three great historians of the eighteenth century in England had passed away, historical studies in that country seemed to be in abeyance. They could hardly be said to have commenced in this country. Many valuable works in the department of ancient and modern history—a few of them on this side of the Atlantic—were produced; but nothing to be named by the side of Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson. At length, after mature preparatory studies, and being then forty years of age, Mr. Hallam, in 1818, published his first, and in the opinion of some persons his ablest work,—"A View of the State of Europe in the Middle Ages." This work—without, perhaps, an equal attractiveness of style with either of the three great writers just named—is, in some important respects, of higher merit than either. The erudition is sounder and more critical than that of Gibbon, though with a smaller display of learned authorities, many of which, in the lapse of near a century, have become obsolete. It is a still greater merit, that Mr. Hallam's work—that all his works—are wholly free from the taint of irreverence that poisons Gibbon's magnificent and truly monumental history. Mr. Hallam's history far transcends Hume in extent and accuracy of research; in a knowledge of the jurisprudence not only of England, but of the Continent; and in conscientious dealings with his authorities,—in which Hume, partly from indolence, is far from being exemplary. In all the qualities of a first-rate historian Mr. Hallam is superior to Robertson, with the single exception of a certain winning ease and lucid flow of style by which you are so delightfully borne along in the pages of the illustrious Scotchman. Mr. Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages" immediately assumed, and has ever maintained, the character of a classical work.

After an interval of nine years, the "Constitutional History of England, from the Beginning of the Reign of Henry the Seventh to the Close of the Reign of George the Second," was published by Mr. Hallam. This, too, is a work of standard excellence. Discussing questions which at that time, more than now, divided opinion in England, Mr. Hallam's views did not, in all points, command universal assent. By the Tory journals and the Tory politicians it was characterized as the work of "a decided partisan." Such has not been the verdict of the generation which has filled the stage since it appeared; such, in all probability, will not be the verdict of after-time; such, I am sure, will not be the light in which it will be viewed in this country. Here it will be regarded — as you have justly intimated, sir — as expounding the true principles of constitutional law for all representative governments. Mr. Hallam's work afforded, what was greatly wanted, — a correction of the political system of Hume. It is owing, I am confident, in no small degree, to the gradually spreading influence of Mr. Hallam's "Constitutional History," that the theoretical Toryism of former times has almost wholly disappeared in England. His work, I am inclined to think, is generally accepted as an accurate exposition of the true principles of the British government. It has been often said, — and never, to my knowledge, contradicted, — that it was from this work, under the guidance of the late Lord Melbourne, that the present Sovereign of England received her education in the constitution of the empire of which she was one day, with rare union of manly vigor and female gentleness, to wield the sceptre.

The "Introduction to the Literature of Europe for the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries" was published twelve or thirteen years later, and when the author was about sixty years of age. This, with the exception of a supplementary volume of notes to his "History of the Middle Ages," was his last work. It was prepared under a cloud of sorrow. It is a work of stupendous erudition; but, from its encyclopedic character, is of unequal execution. There is, however, no quackery in it. It is not, like some similar works, a mere compilation from former writers; but it is the fruit of original reference, and that, too, frequently in unfamiliar quarters. When, in following the course of classified inquiry, he has to speak of an author whom he has not read, he tells you so; and, when he expresses an opinion as his own, you know it *is* his own, — the fruit of his own inquiry and speculation. A striking instance of the wide range of his reading occurs to me at the moment. He was the first to point out the remarkable similarity between the celebrated passage on the universality of Law, at the close of the first book in Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," with a passage in the now nearly forgotten work of the Jesuit Suarez, "De Legibus et Deo Legislatore." Impartiality, good sense, pure taste, freedom from all extravagance, and a clear and significant though not brilliant style, are everywhere manifested in the "Introduction," as indeed in all the works of Mr. Hallam.

In his personal history there is little to record. He was educated to the law, but never, I believe, went into court. He regarded his legal studies, however, as very important, — as qualifying him to write the "Constitutional History of England." He speaks with emphasis of Hume's deficiency in this respect; though treating his great predecessor with commendable impartiality, considering the decided antagonism of their political views. In his family relations he was at once the happiest and unhappiest of men: the happiest, in being the father of two sons, of the rarest endowments and brightest promise; unhappiest, in being bereft of them on their entrance into life. Arthur died at the age of twenty-two, and Henry at the age of twenty-six; leaving their poor father broken-hearted, but for the hope of a reunion in a better world. Henry it was my good fortune to become acquainted with, in 1843, at the rooms of our countryman Mr. Bristed, in Trinity College, Cambridge; and an interesting memoir of this most hopeful and amiable young man, from the pen of Mr. Bristed, has been reprinted in England. One trait of noble feeling and sentiment has been related to me of him. When Sir Robert Peel tendered to Mr. Hallam the honorable title of Baronet he said he would be governed by his son's wishes. Henry, on being consulted, said, that, as far as his feelings were concerned, he was content to be known as the son of Henry Hallam, — a name to which no title could give added dignity.

Mr. Hallam, like all the popular authors of England, was more extensively read, in proportion to the population, in this country than at home. In 1848, he received the title of Doctor of Laws from Harvard College; and not till the same year, from his own Oxford. About the same time he was elected an Honorary Member of our Association. You will permit me, perhaps, to read — the Society, I think, will be gratified to hear it — the official letter written by Mr. Hallam in acknowledgment of his degree: —

"CLIFTON, October 26, 1848.

"MY DEAR MR. EVERETT, — It has given me the greatest satisfaction to receive the Diploma of the Senate of Harvard College, conferring on me the high honor of Doctor of Laws, — an honor even enhanced by the eulogy which, through the medium of a very classical Latinity, that distinguished body has been pleased to bestow upon my several publications.

"I have already, in the present year, received a similar distinction from my own University, — that of Oxford. It will be my pride, for the remainder of my days, to reflect, that not only at home, where I might better expect it, but in a land which it has not been permitted me to visit, my labors in the field of literature, deficient as I feel them to be, and perhaps unequal to what I once hoped to have been their extent, have obtained a reward of public approbation so ample and so honorable as has been allotted to them. The admiration of literary merit — and I must not now be understood as referring to myself — has become, of late years, very characteristic of America: it displays itself with a noble, and, we may say, juvenile enthusiasm, which we are far from equalling in Europe. Nothing is more likely to maintain that national affection, between those who spring from common ancestors and speak common language, which every wise and good man, on each side of the ocean, desires to see.

"I request you to return my sincere thanks to the Fellows of Harvard College. To yourself I need not say that I am peculiarly indebted, not only for the share you have had in conferring this honor upon me, but for many testimonials of your friendship during the too short period of your residence in Great Britain.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Everett, very faithfully yours,

"HENRY HALLAM."

Mr. Everett then offered the following resolutions; which having been seconded by Mr. Ticknor, — who favored the meeting with interesting reminiscences of his acquaintance with the distinguished historian, — were unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, That the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society have, with deep sensibility, received the intelligence of the death of their honored associate, HENRY HALLAM, in a mature and venerable age; that they highly appreciate his distinguished merit as an historian; that they reverence his impartiality, inflexible adherence to historical integrity, and his unswerving devotion to the cause of truth, justice, and civil liberty.

Resolved, That the President of the Society be requested to transmit an attested copy of this resolution to the family of Mr. Hallam, with the assurance of our respectful sympathy with them in their bereavement.

LATIN SCHOOL PRIZE DECLAMATION.*

I HAVE been requested, young gentlemen, to act as the organ of the Committee on this occasion, in announcing to you the result of your competition, and declaring the prizes. Before doing so, I must repeat what I suppose is generally said by those who perform this duty, and what is as true on this as on any former occasion, that the Committee have, in some instances, found it difficult to discriminate between degrees of merit nearly or quite equal. In these cases, unwilling to trust wholly to the single specimen of declamation afforded to-day, the Committee have taken counsel with your instructers, who have had so much ampler means to compare the relative merit of the different candidates, and to their judgment, in all doubtful cases, great deference has been paid by the Committee.

If the result to which the Committee have come should in some cases disappoint the candidates, their fellow-students, and friends, — and some such disappointment is, I believe, very common on these occasions, — it ought to be borne in mind that, with reference to speaking, there is no certain standard of excellence. The style of declamation which pleases the taste of one will fail to please another. The young and the old especially are apt to differ in this respect. Vehemence and passion generally please the former; calm earnestness and unstudied ease are more likely to gain the approbation of the latter. In addition to all this, there are few things in which there is a greater diversity of taste, among those likely to agree upon most matters, than the proper style of declamation.

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* Remarks at the distribution of the prizes for declamation in the Boston Public Latin Grammar School, 21st May, 1859.

I make these remarks, young gentlemen, to prepare you and your friends for any disappointment which the award of the Committee may cause you. Let me make another, to prevent the unsuccessful from being discouraged. It by no means follows that, because you have failed in getting a prize for declamation, you want the ability to become good speakers in after life. There is, no doubt, a great diversity in natural gifts in this respect; though less perhaps than is generally imagined. But it is not a matter of course that these superior natural gifts will be developed at school. Your experienced instructers will tell you, most persons advanced in life, who have given their attention to the subject, will tell you, that those who declaim best at school and college are by no means sure to speak best in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the senate chamber. It not seldom happens that those who fail to get the medal at school live to win the highest prizes in the competitions of after life.

And this leads me to say a word on the propriety of encouraging these competitions at school, of which we stand before you as the approvers and as the judges, and of which I am, on behalf of the Committee, soon to pronounce the result. I am aware that they are condemned by some most estimable and conscientious men, who have earnestly declared the opinion that the principle of emulation, being in its nature selfish and mean, ought not to be appealed to at school, nor admitted as a motive to exertion. If I entertained this opinion, I could not, with propriety, be here. If this opinion were sound, nine tenths of the educational machinery under which the minds of men, both now and in all past time, and in all civilized countries, have been formed and fitted for life, should be condemned as pernicious. But I entertain no such opinion. I believe the principle of emulation, the desire to excel, and to reap the honors and rewards, the approvals and the praises, of parents and friends, and the more tangible tokens of success bestowed on occasions like these, to be deepseated in the nature of the boy and the man. It should be accompanied by other generous qualities, — an unenvying recognition of superior merit, modesty in the enjoyment of our own victory, a delicate regard for the feelings of the unsuccessful; and these are the sentiments which the educator should cultivate in those committed to his charge. And I will believe that this sentiment of emulation can be eradicated when you can persuade the generous horse not to quicken his pace when he hears another horse behind him; or the mocking-bird or nightingale not to strain her little throat in new efforts, when she hears her rival or her companion in the neighboring thicket.

The school should be made, as much as possible, the preparation for life, as well as a preparation for the counting-room and the college. Arithmetic and geography, Latin and Greek, are not the only things needed to fit us for the world. It is just as important, nay, I think more important, that we should learn to submit with good-humor and patience to the disappointments that await us, to engage in the struggle of life with generosity, to submit to defeat with equanimity, and to wear the laurels of victory with modesty.

Mr. Everett then proceeded to declare the award of the prizes.

POWERS'S STATUE OF WEBSTER.*

Mr. Chairman: —

I never attended a meeting with greater regret in my life, nor rose to address one with greater pain. Fully concurring in the desire expressed by the gentleman who opened the meeting (Mr. T. B. Curtis), that all its proceedings should be conducted in the most friendly and conciliatory spirit, I forbear to dwell on all the causes which make the duty I now rise to perform a most painful one. I must, however, deplore that hopeless diversity of taste and opinion which exists among men. We are met together, all friends of one great and lamented name, selected by our fellow-citizens for the one object of doing honor to his memory; and yet, while I do the same justice to the motives of other gentlemen which I wish them to do to mine, the course pursued in reference to Mr. Powers's statue, — the course which this meeting has been called to consummate, appears to me, — I am compelled to say it, — entirely without justification in the character of the work itself, unjust and cruel in the extreme to the eminent and meritorious artist, the author of the work, and disrespectful and trifling toward the Legislature, to which (in virtue of a resolution passed with a single dissenting voice in this Committee, on the 17th of February last) we made application, through the Governor of the Commonwealth, for permission to place the statue in the State-House grounds; which permission, on the Governor's recommendation, was liberally and unanimously granted by both the two houses. In what light I regard the course which has been pursued, in its personal bearings on the majority of the executive committee, I will not say. I have too long been connected with public life to expect any consideration to be had of one's private feelings, on an occasion of this kind.

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* Remarks made on the 8th of June, 1859, at a meeting of the General Committee of One Hundred on the Webster Memorial.

Often as I have had occasion to marvel, in the course of my life, at the diametrically opposite views which are taken of the same subject by men who might rather have been expected to agree with each other, I have never been more astonished with this difference of opinion and judgment than on the present occasion. Let me, as briefly as possible, narrate the facts of the case. This Committee of One Hundred, raised by the citizens at large, assembled in Faneuil Hall to take suitable measures to do honor to the memory of Mr. Webster, appointed a sub-committee of ten (which has been called the executive committee), to consider and report the measures proper to be adopted. They reported in favor of a bronze statue of heroic size, to be executed by some distinguished American artist. This report was unanimously adopted by the general Committee of One Hundred, and the executive committee was instructed to carry it into effect. The executive committee appointed a sub-committee of three, of whom I had the honor to be one, to select the artist. The majority of that committee gave a decided preference to Mr. Powers; the other member of the committee acquiesced, and a unanimous report in favor of his being employed was made to the committee of ten, and accepted by them.

The choice lay between Mr. Powers and Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Powers was selected by the sub-committee as being, in the opinion of the majority of its members, the most skilful, as he was the oldest, of the living American sculptors; comparatively at leisure, while Mr. Crawford's hands were filled with government commissions for the new wings of the Capitol, for which Mr. Powers declined being a candidate; and, above all, as having modelled Mr. Webster's head from life, during a three weeks' visit for that purpose at Marshfield, — an advantage possessed by no other artist.

Mr. Powers was immediately written to, a contract was made, the statue executed, but lost at sea on its way to this country. A duplicate of the statue was ordered on the unanimous vote of the executive committee, and was received in Boston in the third week of last January. No spot having been definitively fixed upon for its erection, it was placed temporarily in the hall of entrance of the Athenæum, and in a very bad light. Under these circumstances unfavorable judgments, as in all similar cases, as I shall presently show, were expressed of the statue. It was immediately made the subject of hasty newspaper criticism, as also generally happens, and something like a public opinion by degrees created against it; the friends of the statue, as is usually the case, forbearing to enter into controversy, and not doubting that justice would eventually prevail. These events took place while I was absent from Boston.

On my return, and on the 12th of February, a meeting was called of the executive committee, of which I was the acting chairman, to take measures for the definitive erection of the statue. Unfavorable opinions of its merits were expressed by one or two members of the committee, but not the slightest intimation made by any gentleman that the statue ought not to be put up in the most conspicuous and honorable place that could be obtained. The head of State Street had been originally contemplated, but there were serious objections to putting it there. Permission had been kindly granted by the Secretary of the Interior to place it, if it should be so desired, in the vestibule of the building fitted up as a United States Court-House; but it was decided to recommend to the Committee of One Hundred to apply to the Legislature, through the Governor, for leave to place it on some suitable spot within the State-House grounds. It was not competent for the executive committee to make this application, without authority from the general Committee of One Hundred, inasmuch as this last-named body had originally accepted a report recommending the head of State Street.

Accordingly, on the 17th of February, the Committee of One Hundred was called together, and a report of all the proceedings of the executive committee was made by me, as its acting chairman. That report concluded with the following resolution: —

"*Resolved,* That the executive committee be, and they are hereby authorized and directed to make application, through his Excellency the Governor, to the Legislature of the Commonwealth, for permission to set up the statue of Mr. Webster on some suitable spot within the State-House grounds, at the expense of the "Webster Memorial Fund"; and, in case the application be granted, that the said committee be authorized and directed to make all suitable arrangements to carry the same into effect, provided the expense of the same shall not exceed the amount of funds in the hands of the committee."

This meeting of the 17th of February was not large, though the attendance was very nearly equal to that of the meeting where the original measures were adopted, in 1853. I believe that every one of the gentlemen, now actively engaged in procuring the present meeting in opposition to the statue, was present at the meeting of the 17th of February. Not a word was said by any individual against the report, or the resolution with which it concluded; and it was accepted without a call for a division, and with a single dissenting voice.

Thus instructed, as the organ of the executive committee, I addressed a letter to the Governor, enclosing a copy of the resolution just referred to. My letter and the resolution were communicated by Governor Banks to the House of Representatives, in a special message, recommending, in a very handsome and liberal manner, that the permission should be granted; a favorable report on the subject was made in the House of Representatives, and a resolve granting the desired permission passed the two houses unanimously, on the 5th of April.

On my return from another visit to the South, I received from the Governor, on the 2d of May, a certified copy of this resolve, together with the names of the Commissioners on the part of the Commonwealth for selecting the spot within the State-House grounds. I called together the committee of ten (reduced to eight by the removal of one gentleman from the city and the withdrawal of another from the committee, for reasons not connected with the statue), and to my profound astonishment, instead of taking measures to carry into effect the resolution of the 17th of February, by which we were positively directed to put up the statue in the State-House grounds, if permission should be granted (and which was the only business before the executive committee under any instructions of the Committee of One Hundred), a suggestion was made that a meeting of the One Hundred should be called to consider the expediency of procuring another statue of Mr. Webster! Three of the eight members of the executive committee being absent, all of whom were friendly to the statue, the meeting was adjourned without coming to any conclusion. At the adjourned meeting a formal motion was drafted, that the executive committee proceed to inquire on what terms a statue of Mr. Webster by Mr. Thomas Ball could be procured. The name of this artist was subsequently withdrawn, and the motion being put, was rejected, two members of the committee only voting in the affirmative. A motion in favor of again calling the One Hundred together was then made, and negatived by the same vote, and a resolution finally adopted (two votes only in the negative), that the executive committee should proceed to obey the instructions given, as I have said, on the 17th of February, with a single dissenting voice, by the Committee of One Hundred, and erect the statue in the State-House grounds.

At this stage of the proceedings, it was announced by the Secretary of the executive committee, who is a member as well as the Secretary of the general Committee of One Hundred, that he had received a paper, signed by seventeen members of the general Committee, requiring him to call that body together, to give further instructions to the executive committee relative to the disposition of Mr. Powers's statue, and that he should do so.

Here it is necessary to state, that in the month of April, after the passage of the resolve of the Legislature granting permission to erect the statue in the State-House grounds, a copy of Mr. Ball's statuette of Mr. Webster had been placed in the vestibule of the Athenæum (not, however, in conformity with the wishes of Mr. Ball), near the statue by Mr. Powers, and an anonymous paper alluding to that fact, and severely condemning the statue, had been printed and circulated, inviting subscriptions to a call of a meeting of the One Hundred, "to afford an opportunity for further consideration, before the irrevocable act of placing the statue in the grounds of the Capitol is consummated." In the course of five or six weeks seventeen signatures were affixed to a requisition for a meeting (which was stated to be "for the purpose of considering whether it is expedient to give further instructions to the executive committee respecting the disposition of Mr. Powers's statue of Webster"), and the present meeting has been called. Since it was summoned, the secretary has just informed us that seventeen additional names have been procured.*

Such, as briefly as I have been able to state it, is the history of the proceedings which have been had in reference to the statue, and of the attempt to reverse them, which is the object of this meeting. I must own, sir, and I desire to say it with all respect to the gentlemen concerned in the movement, that I think they cannot have duly considered its true nature and character. Let me submit to them a parallel case. The citizens of Boston, originally on the suggestion of my much-valued friend, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, took measures five or six years ago to erect a monumental statue of Franklin, — a most appropriate and becoming tribute to the greatest native son of Boston. Though less personally connected with him than the men of this generation are with Mr. Webster, it was not less our duty to posterity to hand down a truthful memorial of this not less illustrious name. Well, sir, a committee was appointed, subscriptions were raised, an artist selected, the statue modelled and cast, and permission asked and obtained of the city government to erect it in a public square. Thus far, as you see, the cases are precisely parallel, with the exception that, in reference to the statue of Mr. Webster, the more formal step of an application to the Legislature through the Governor of the Commonwealth, followed by the joint resolution of the two houses, had been taken. Now I have ever thought most favorably of this statue of Franklin. It formed the topic of two pages in the discourse which I delivered in Boston, on "the early days of Franklin," last January, and which was repeated in several other cities. I there expressed the opinion that it was an "admirable" work, and so I esteem it. But its greatest admirers will not claim that it is perfect, nor that no other good statue of Franklin can be made. It gives only one conception of his character, that of a serene equanimity verging toward the decline of life. It gives nothing of the bolder traits of Franklin's character; nothing of the spirit that stood erect before the privy council, nor of the heroism that entered, with an armed kite, into the thunder-cloud. I have even heard serious anatomical defects pointed out in it by good judges. Of these I do not pretend to have an opinion. Now suppose, after all the steps above enumerated had been taken, and while Mr. Richard Greenough's statue stood on temporary exhibition in a dark corner (like that where Powers's statue of Webster now stands), a popular statuette of Franklin had been procured, representing another and more spirited conception of his character, and free from the alleged defects alluded to, — had been placed for contrast by the side of the statue of Mr. Greenough, the newspapers filled with the bitterest sarcasm and ridicule of his work, an anonymous printed paper, denouncing the work, circulated to rally and organize this opposition, and at length a meeting like this called to undo all the former proceedings, and to procure the repudiation of Mr. Greenough's statue, can there be two opinions whether or not this would have been a most unjust procedure, cruel toward the artist, a trifling with the city government, and disrespectful toward the executive committee, who had acted under the unanimous instructions of their constituents? And yet, sir, in this supposed case I have omitted some features of hardship which exist in the case before you, and which give a still more oppressive character to the movement.

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* It appears that several of the signatures to this requisition were given by persons friendly to the erection of the statue, in entire misapprehension of the objects for which the meeting was called.

Much unfavorable criticism has been expended on Mr.

Powers's statue; much said here and in the newspapers on the injustice which it does to the great original; but the same criticisms, or criticisms still more severe, are almost sure to be made upon all attempts to portray the likenesses, whether by painting or statuary, of very eminent men. They arise partly from the unavoidable — the proverbial — difference of judgment which always exists in matters of taste, on the part of different observers, and then, in a case like this, from the impossibility of coming up in any work of art to the exalted ideal image which exists in the mind of the observer, differing it may be in each individual, but in all above the reach of pencil or chisel fully to embody. Let me, sir, as briefly as possible, illustrate this insuperable difficulty, by reference to the five celebrated statues of Washington, which have been erected in this country; those I mean of Houdon, of Canova, of Chantrey, of Horatio Greenough, and of Crawford. There are other statues of Washington by living artists, but I confine myself for obvious reasons to those of artists who have passed away. Every one of the works enumerated is a capital work by a renowned artist, so accepted and regarded by the public; and yet there is not one of them on which precisely the same unfavorable criticisms as those passed on the Powers statue have not been or might not be made, and in some cases criticisms still more severe. There is not one of them which could have stood the test to which it is proposed to subject this statue, — that of a preliminary exhibition.

To begin with Houdon's, an invaluable statue by a superior artist, modelled from life, and the only one of the five so modelled. There is a cast of it as large as the original in the vestibule of the Athenæum; every gentleman can see for himself whether or not exceptions precisely analogous to those taken to Powers's Webster could be urged against it. The head is surpassingly beautiful, and is the classical, standard head of Washington. With respect to the body, also modelled from life, I will ask those gentlemen who complain so much of the statue of Mr. Webster for not giving you an accurate idea of his majestic form, to go and look at the figure of Houdon's Washington, and ask themselves what idea it gives them, apart from the head, of his majestic person. The fasces on the left hand seem to me greatly out of proportion to the work, and otherwise objectionable; though I utter all these views with extreme distrust of my own judgment. I lately heard this statue pronounced "as bad as a statue could be," by a gentleman of great intellectual culture and taste in a Southern city, — a gentleman as likely to form a correct opinion of a work of art as any person in this room. Does not every gentleman already see that, with the same local influences, the same appliances, the same means as those employed in the case before us, it would have been quite as easy to discredit Houdon's Washington, in the opinion of those who knew General Washington at a later period of his life, and when his person had materially changed, as it has been to discredit Powers's Webster in the minds of some persons?

The statue of Washington by Canova, made for the State of North Carolina, and destroyed in the great conflagration of her Capitol, comes next. I saw this great work while it was in progress in the studio of the celebrated sculptor. I conversed with him on the difficulties attending the employment of the modern costume in the statues of great men. He regarded these difficulties as insuperable; he thought it was absolutely necessary to resort to the ancient costume. This he did in the case of Washington, and, regarding the Chieftain as the prominent conception of his character, he is represented in the Roman military dress, with a brazen cuirass, half of the thigh, the knee, and legs bare, and military sandals; and in this costume he was inditing the Constitution of the United States! The head, if I recollect right, was a not very accurate repetition of Houdon's. It is unnecessary to observe that, in the facts I have now stated, there are ample materials for judgments of this noble work, by an artist who stood at that time at the head of his profession, quite as unfavorable as those pronounced on the statue of Mr. Webster by Powers; and that if the same course had been pursued toward it, and a preliminary exhibition and criticism insisted upon, the result must for the moment have been as prejudicial to its reputation.

The statue of Washington by Chantrey stands on the floor of our State-House. He divided with Canova the palm of mastery in his art, at the time when the statue was made, which was before Thorwaldsen had become, by acknowledgment, equal, if not superior, to either of them. I saw this admirable work in Sir Francis Chantrey's studio in London, and I conferred with him on the vexed question of costume, repeating the substance of my conversations with Canova the winter before. Sir Francis differed *in toto;* he maintained that historical truth and accuracy required that modern statues should be clothed in modern costume, the ungainly peculiarities of which must be evaded by selecting those articles — cloaks, mantles, and dressing-gowns — which best admit a flowing development. In pursuance of this view, he draped Washington in a cloak; a dignified and beautiful drapery, but certainly unlike any cloak ever worn by Washington; entirely changing the aspect of his person, giving it a slightly round-shouldered appearance; and assuredly, if Houdon's statue is any authority, as unlike life as possible. How easy would it have been, by placing a skilfully wrought statuette side by side with this admirable statue on the eve of its erection, and exposing it to exhibition on probation, to raise an outcry against it!

I come next to the noble statue of Washington by Horatio Greenough, originally placed in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and afterwards removed to the open grounds on the eastern front, — removed, too, with the full consent of the gifted artist; and this I mention to show the importance to a work of art of its being seen in a favorable light. Although his statue was originally intended to stand in that magnificent hall, the central point of the Union, where, over all other places in the world an American artist would most wish to set up a statue, he yet preferred, on account of the disadvantageous lights under which it was there seen, that it should be removed into the Capitol square, and exposed to the elements, although, being of marble, it must necessarily perish by corrosion in the lapse of years, and in no very long time lose all the beauty of its surface, to say nothing of injuries by wanton hands, from which it has already suffered. We all remember the shout of derision raised against this magnificent work. For myself, sir, I greatly admired it. I saw it in Florence under the hands of the sculptor, whom I most highly esteemed as an artist and cherished as a friend. I wrote an article, in which I endeavored to do full justice to its merits, in one of the periodicals of the day. I declared that if it had been dug up from the ground, stained and mutilated, like the works of the ancient sculptors, it would be thought equal to any of them; and yet, sir, the terms of disparagement and ridicule so liberally bestowed upon Mr. Powers's Webster are complimentary compared with those lavished upon Greenough's Washington. They stung the generous and sensitive artist to madness, as the motion on your table, if it takes effect, will sting an artist equally gifted, generous, and sensitive. Mr. Greenough once wrote me, in the bitterness of his heart, that he intended to make an equestrian statue of Washington in small-clothes and Hussar boots, to show his loving countrymen that he was a tolerable tailor and bootmaker, which they seemed to think was the main thing in a sculptor.

Mr. Crawford's superb equestrian statue at Richmond closes the list. I had the good fortune to be present at its inauguration on the 22d of February, 1858; and at the banquet in the evening I expressed, in the most fervent language I could command, the sincere admiration with which I regarded it. And yet, sir, I have heard it spoken of in reference to almost every point both of the horse and rider, and that by persons of intelligence, culture, and influence, in terms far more severe than any that I have heard applied to Powers's Webster; and these remarks have been extended to the figures of Patrick Henry and Mr. Jefferson, which form part of the monumental work. I could, if I were willing to do so, give these unfavorable judgments in minute detail. Sir, these severe critics, in all these cases, supposing them to be competent judges of works of art, forget that no human work is perfect;

that nothing is easier than to find fault; and that, with reference to matters of taste, there is almost invariably a difference of opinion, and nowhere so surely as in works of this kind.

Now, sir, when, in meetings of the executive committee, I have urged considerations of this kind, two answers only have been attempted: one, that they are irrelevant. What, irrelevant to show, by these five capital examples, what might also be shown of all the portraits of Washington ever painted, and of Stuart's not less than any of them, that you are applying a test to Powers's statue of Webster which, if applied to all these first-rate works, not one would sustain any better than his? Not relevant to argue the injustice of the course you are pursuing against this statue, by showing that the same course, if equally pursued toward the statues of Houdon, Canova, Chantrey, Horatio and Richard Greenough, and Crawford, would have prevented every one of them from ever reaching its pedestal?

The other answer which has been given to these considerations is, that the cases are different. None of us, it is said, have seen Washington; we are either comparatively ignorant or indifferent how he looked or how he is represented. Mr. Webster we have seen and known; we carry his image in our minds, and it is our duty to see it faithfully reproduced in the statue. But I do not admit this indifference to Washington's likeness. I do not admit that the statues have been allowed to go up, merely because men did not care how he was represented. They have been allowed to go up because they were the works of capital artists, and because it is impossible in works of art that all should see and judge alike. Besides, sir, this answer strengthens my argument. If the test you apply is one which not one of these accepted statues can sustain, where the conditions of a satisfactory work are so comparatively easy, how can it be with any equity applied in this case, where you have got to satisfy an ideal in every man's heart, and reproduce Mr. Webster in such a way as to satisfy the multiform tastes and recollections of the thousands and tens of thousands who knew him personally, and flatter themselves they can measure with their eye, in a cursory inspection, more accurately than an experienced sculptor with the callipers in his hand?

But I do not rest the case merely on the ground that the exceptions taken to Mr. Powers's statue are no other, no greater in kind or degree, than those taken to other similar works. With entire deference to those who differ from me, I maintain that it is a first-rate work; true to nature and life, in countenance and expression, form and action; worthy of the great artist and of the great man whom it faithfully portrays. To support this opinion, I proceed to make a few remarks upon the statue, in reference to the several points of head and expression, form and action, costume and accessories; for these four points are, I suppose, all that are material to be considered.

I begin with what I consider the least material, and first the accessories, — the fasces symbolizing the Union of the States. I own that I do not much like the admixture of symbols of any kind with portraiture, and I do not particularly admire this part of the work. It is a very difficult part of a statue to treat. Most sculptors think a support of this kind necessary to give a balance to the work, but it is difficult to give it pertinence and character. It is treated in different ways in Mr. Ball's statuette (which has been placed in contrast with Powers's statue) and in Mr. Ball's statue; in one it is on the right hand and in the other on the left; in the one it is higher than in the other; in the one it is draped, and in the other I think not; and gentlemen may not find it easy to tell, in either case, precisely what the object indicated is. I mention this not invidiously, but to show the inherent difficulty in this part of an historical statue. I must say, as I have already observed, that I think the fasces in Houdon's statue very heavy, out of proportion, and otherwise objectionable.

The costume of Powers's statue has been severely criticised; in fact, the weight of rebuke has, I think, fallen on the unlucky set of the trousers on the lower leg. Well, sir, the costume is modelled from nature. A suit of Mr. Webster's garments was sent to the artist, and they were placed, not on poles, as one of the gentlemen who preceded me has suggested, but on a lay figure carefully built up for the purpose, of the size of life, as accurately as that can be measured by as true and keen an eye as ever beamed in the head of man. They may be a trifle looser than Mr. Webster would have worn them to an evening party, but before gentlemen conclude that they would have looked better or more life-like if differently treated, they would do well to examine the effect of a tight fit in Houdon's statue of Washington, of which the cast stands side by side, in the vestibule of the Athenæum, and also to consider the different appearance of woollen dress in bronze and in plaster, in works of art and in nature. A full-length likeness was lately taken of me, by one of the very best photographers in the country, — Brady of New York. It has been thought very true to nature. The figure is so small as not to be affected by the convexity of the lens. A member of my family, and a very nice observer, approving it in other respects, thought the lower garments and boots were such as I had never worn. I was wearing at the time, and had worn for weeks, the identical articles in which the photograph was taken!

The person and action of the statue have been much objected to as by no means characteristic or expressive. The figure has been called lank and slouching; it has been said that Mr. Webster's attitude was firm, and rested equally on both feet, and that he never, "from the cradle to his grave," stood as this statue represents him. Sir, gentlemen are misled by their recent recollections of Mr. Webster. The attitude to which they allude, and which I think they exaggerate, grew upon him with the increase of his person, towards the close of his life. I knew him a good deal nearer the cradle than most gentlemen; at least, than any one who has spoken here to-day. I went to school to him before he was twenty-one years of age; and if I could draw, I could give you his figure, down to the exact shape of the toe of his boot, as accurately as I could give you the faces at my breakfast-table this morning. I have his portrait, painted by a respectable artist, when he was about thirty-six years of age; it gives but the head and shoulders, but you can judge from them that there was, at that time, *nothing* of what you demand as the true Websterian attitude; and yet, sir, this was at the age when he argued the Dartmouth College case. He was then rather spare than stout. Advancing in life, as very frequently happens, he increased in size, and his carriage and attitude changed accordingly. This is unavoidable; tall men stoop; short men, if stout, hold themselves erect, rather leaning back; and a tallish man, but moderately portly, has a sway of movement, which disappears with increase of bulk. This change is not noticed, because it comes on, in most cases, gradually. When I returned from Europe in 1845, after more than five years' absence, I was very much struck with the alteration which had taken place in Mr. Webster's face and figure in the interval. If the change were made at once, it would always strike the observer. If you took a cincture weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds, and placed it round the person, you would immediately change the carriage of the individual, and cause him to stand more squarely on his feet. I make these remarks, not on my own authority, but on that of one of the most skilful artists in Boston, and they have been confirmed to me by one of our most eminent anatomists. If gentlemen will trace the person of Washington, as it appears in Peale's portrait, painted in 1770, in Houdon's statue, modelled in 1785, and Stuart's full length, painted about ten years later, they will find it difficult to believe, without the head, that any two of these likenesses belonged to the same individual.

That I do not stand alone in these views, let me read you a letter from a gentleman of great discernment and of the highest intelligence, who knew Mr. Webster well at the meridian of his days; I mean Professor Theophilus Parsons of the Law School of Cambridge: —

"CAMBRIDGE, June 6, 1859.

"DEAR SIR, — I observe that there is some difficulty as to the proper disposition of Mr. Powers's statue of Mr. Webster, and have thought my testimony might not be worthless. Late in 1822 I went to Washington with Mr. Webster, being employed by claimants under the treaty with Spain. I had been much with Mr. Webster before, and for some months in Washington lived in the same house with him, and worked in the same room. Soon after my return I left Boston for some years, and my intimacy with Mr. Webster was never resumed. I have always remembered him better as he appeared then than as he appeared at a later period. I am certain that Mr. Powers's statue is exceedingly like Mr. Webster, as he was from forty to fifty. I have studied it with much interest. The bronze face is as good everywhere as the marble bust of Powers, from which it was copied, and is better in some respects, — indicating that Mr. Powers had profited by criticism.

"Mr. Webster argued many cases before the Supreme Court that session. I assisted him in preparing his briefs, and for that reason as well as others was interested in the cases, and listened to every argument. I have now a perfectly distinct recollection of his attitude and manner, and in all these respects the bronze statue is perfectly accurate. Later in life he became more fleshy in face and figure; and perhaps, because years diminished the vigor and tension of the muscles and fibres, there was a relaxation about the features and figure and attitude which had no existence at an earlier period, and have none in the statue.

"If younger men (and they are now the great majority) wish for a statue of Mr. Webster representing him as they knew him, let it be made. But if the evidence of those who remember Mr. Webster *best*, as he appeared from thirty to forty years ago, can be gathered, I am sure that the work of Mr. Powers will be proved to be true to its original, in form and feature, in character, expression, and attitude.

"Very sincerely yours,

"THEO. PARSONS."

Such is Mr. Parsons's testimony. I will only add, sir, to show the looseness of observation which has existed in this case, that neither Mr. Ball's statuette nor his statue, which have both been commended as standing evenly on both feet and legs, does really stand in that manner. The right foot in both of them is somewhat advanced, and the figure is not drawn up into the peculiar attitude which has been declared to be so characteristic of Mr. Webster.

I come now to the head, the face, and expression, — surely the most important, — the vital part of a statue; although the extraordinary paradox has been advanced in opposition to Mr. Powers's statue, that the person is more so; that the form and movement are more significant, it has been said, than nose and eyebrow. How happens it, then, that from the dawn of art heads without bodies, busts without the person, have been sculptured to preserve the memory of their originals; but never, from the days of Dædalus to the present time, was a headless body sculptured for that purpose? A good deal has been said, in this connection, of the majestic expressiveness of Mr. Webster's person. I hope, sir, I am not insensible to what there was of grand and imposing about him in that, as in every other respect; but I rather think, when you come to separate head and body, and claim for the latter by itself a peculiar significance, particularly when cast in bronze, that a good deal of imagination will be found to enter into the impression. A noble head may impart a portion of its grandeur even to an ungainly person; but I doubt if the trunk of the Apollo would be thought anything better than a piece of well-shaped flesh, if surmounted by a stupid, unmeaning face.

Besides, sir, gentlemen demand from the bronze what, from the nature of the case, can exist only in the living man. They have in their imaginations (as they think) the image of the great statesman himself, — the whole beaming countenance, the flashing eye, the lip quivering with emotion, the throbbing veins, the heaving muscles of the sinewy frame, all tuned in concert with the clarion voice still ringing in their ears; and they complain that the lifeless, rigid bronze does not produce the same effect upon them. Sir, if you stood before Mr. Webster himself, and the hand of a superior power should strike him into monumental bronze, giving him this ghastly metallic hue, seal his eyes and lips, stiffen his legs, paralyze his arms, and cause him to stand stark and cold before you, motionless and speechless, would you not cry out, in amazement, *Quantum mutatus!* — how changed from him whose voice, and look, and gesture caused your flesh to creep with delighted awe? When you complain of the statue for not inspiring you with those feelings which you experienced in the presence of the living man, you simply complain of it for not being more like Mr. Webster than he would have been like himself, if converted, by some magic power, into bronze.

No, sir, the head, the countenance, and the expression are the vital part of the statue, especially in the case of such a head as Mr. Webster's; and of the sufficiency of Mr. Powers's work in this respect I happen to have it in my power to produce a testimonial which I hope will convince even those who have hitherto been dissatisfied on that point; it is nothing less than *the judgment of Mr. Webster himself!* I had been informed some time ago that Mr. Webster had, in the hearing of a gentleman here present (Mr. Harvey), stamped Mr. Powers's marble bust with his approbation; and, anxious not to mistake or exaggerate his testimony, I addressed the following note to Mr. Harvey, to know if my recollection was correct: —

"BOSTON, June 3, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR: — You informed me the other day, that you went with Mr. Webster to look at Powers's bust in the Athenæum gallery, shortly after Mr. Healey's great picture was open to inspection, and that, after contemplating the bust with fixed attention for some time, Mr. Webster, in reply to some criticism of yours, observed that 'it was the best likeness of him that had been made, and a faithful representation of him at his prime.'

"Please let me know whether I have accurately remembered your statement, and whether you are willing I should make use of it at the meeting next Wednesday.

"With great regard, very truly yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT.

"PETER HARVEY, Esq."

To this inquiry Mr. Harvey responded that I had accurately stated Mr. Webster's opinion, most emphatically pronounced.

But it may occur to some one to ask whether the bronze head faithfully represents the marble. I have examined that point, passing from one to the other with care, and I do not scruple to affirm that the bronze is a decided improvement on the marble. There is a certain protrusion of the left side of the under lip in the marble which some of the friends of Mr. Webster disliked. Mr. Powers, indeed, always affirmed that it was so natural,—so habitual,—that the teeth were worn away by the motion of the jaw, which gave this effect to the lip. It is somewhat exaggerated in the engraving prefixed to the first volume of Mr. Webster's works, being less considerable in the marble than those who take it for granted that the print is accurately engraved would suppose. Still, however, there is something of it, and Mr. Powers, well aware that, however habitual that expression might be, there were other shades of expression equally so, has, in the bronze, effectually removed the objection; and the head now stands, I verily believe, as noble and true a head as was ever fashioned by the chisel of the sculptor. Let me confirm my impressions on this subject by the testimony of an artist of great merit, who has himself portrayed Mr. Webster, face and person, with entire success,—I mean Mr. Joseph Ames—from whom, a day or two ago, I received the following letter:—

"BALTIMORE, June 3, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Your note of May 26 has just reached me, and in reply I would say that I have always regarded Mr. Powers's bust of Webster as a most powerful and characteristic representation of the great man. And the statue, which gives us Mr. Webster in the prime of life, seems to lose nothing of the truthfulness so remarkable in the marble bust; in fact, the head, in some respects, strikes me even more grand.

"It is certainly due to Mr. Powers, that this statue should be placed in a favorable position; and I sincerely trust the good people of Boston will not fail to do so.

"I am, dear sir, with great respect,
"Your most obedient servant,
"JOSEPH AMES.

"Hon. EDWARD EVERETT."

There is another letter in this room from a gentleman who stood second to no other in the respect and affection of Mr. Webster, which I will ask Mr. Harvey, to whom it is addressed, to read, and thereby allow me a moment's repose.

Mr. Harvey here read the following letter from Hon. Rufus Choate:—

"DORCHESTER, June 8, 1859.

"MY DEAR MR. HARVEY:—Your very kind note is received. In regard to the statue of Mr. Webster as a work of art, my opinion, being that of one unskilled in such matters, can avail nothing. As a likeness, a truthful representation, I will say this,—it is of Mr. Webster at an age earlier than many of its critics knew him,—certainly at an age many years preceding that when our impressions of him are freshest, being the most recent, and it is to this fact that I think a great deal of unfavorable criticism can be traced. It is to me an exceedingly pleasant likeness, for it recalls him to me as I remember him in the prime of his strength and beauty and power, and yet I think no living artist could portray Mr. Webster with entire satisfaction to his family and friends.

"I hope that the liberal and courteous action of the last Legislature, in giving the State-House grounds for the location of the statue, will be met in a similar spirit, that justice will be done the artist who ranks so high in American art, and who has wrought a likeness so gratifying to those who knew and loved Mr. Webster in his earlier as well as his later years, and that the judgment of the chairman of the executive committee [Mr. Everett], ... will be fully vindicated by the action of a decisive majority of the Committee of One Hundred.

"I remain, my dear sir,
"Very truly yours,
"RUFUS CHOATE."

Sir, Mr. Powers's head of Webster will as surely go down to posterity as *the* head of the illustrious statesman, as Houdon's head of Washington will go down to all after time as the head of the Father of his Country. You may melt the statue into cents, as has been proposed, but unless you could also annihilate the model, the bust, and all the copies of it, that head, modelled from life when Mr. Webster was at the meridian of his powers and fame, will be the head which will forever fill the niche assigned to him in the pantheon of the country's great men.

I have no objection, sir,—nay, I greatly desire,—to multiply statues of Mr. Webster. Let them adorn all our high places in all our cities. I think most favorably of Mr. Ball's statue, which has been placed in contrast with that of Mr. Powers. Considering that Mr. Webster never sat to Mr. Ball, it is truly an admirable work. I will cheerfully contribute my share to the expense of putting it in marble or bronze, but I will not consent to aid in building up his reputation on the fragments of that of a noble brother artist; nor would he — I know his generous nature too well — himself consent to do so. Sooner would he lay down his right hand, with all her cunning, upon the block.

I hold in my hand a letter from the living representative of Mr. Webster, which is expressed with so much modesty and right feeling, that I am sure gentlemen will hear it with pleasure, and feel that it ought to have much influence over them in a case of this kind.

"BOSTON, June 7, 1859.

"HON. EDWARD EVERETT: —

"MY DEAR SIR: — On reaching town, this morning, from Marshfield, I received your note of the 4th instant, on the subject of Powers's statue of my father.

"I regret to learn that, as you inform me, a movement is on foot to prevent the erection of this statue; and in answer to your request for an expression of my opinion, to be used at a meeting of the Committee of One Hundred, to be held to-morrow, I address you this note.

"The friends of my late father, in Boston and its vicinity, irrespective of party, soon after his decease, subscribed for a large sum of money, one of the uses of which was to provide a statue of him, to be erected in Boston. A Committee, of which you are the head, have procured such a statue, made by one of the most eminent American artists, who had previously made a bust of Mr. Webster satisfactory to him and his friends; and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the request of your Committee, by a unanimous vote, have granted permission to erect this statue in a most conspicuous and honorable place, on grounds belonging to the State.

"As my father's representative, deeply grateful to his friends for all they have done in his honor, to you and the Committee for the labor of love which you have performed in carrying their purposes into execution, and to the State for the respect which it has shown to his memory, if any wishes of my own could prevail, I should hope that nothing might occur to prevent the completion of the work by the erection of the statue in the place designed for it.

"I am, my dear sir, yours always truly and gratefully,

"FLETCHER WEBSTER."

But it has been suggested that before the statue of Mr. Powers is permanently set up in the State-House grounds it should be temporarily exhibited for criticism, — a course, if possible, more objectionable and offensive than its immediate condemnation. Had you, when giving the order to the artist, told him that his work would be subjected to this ordeal (unheard of before in any other case), all the money in State Street would not have tempted him to accept the order. To set it up in this way, after denouncing it and ridiculing it, for weeks and months, is simply to elevate it as a target for invidious criticism. Every one who has already pronounced a judgment against it would from pride of opinion, and to show that he had not been unjust, scrutinize the statue for the purpose of confirming his first impression; and what men desire to find in such a case they do find. Besides, it would be a step altogether barren of any practical result, for who are to be the judges in this examination by the million? how is their opinion to be collected?

It is said the artist has been paid for his work, and has no longer any rights in it. What! has an artist of eminent reputation, of exemplary life, the most generous disposition, the most childlike simplicity of character, no right to the common decencies of his art? When, since the world began, was such a course ever thought of before, as to procure a statue, and after contemplating it for three weeks, petition the government under which you live to allow it to be placed in the enclosure of their Capitol, receive that permission by a formal act of legislation, and then turn round and tell your government you have altered your mind, and tell the artist his work is not worthy the place assigned to it! Because you have paid him his dollars, you think he has nothing to complain of in a course like this? Sir, the course you are pursuing will inflict upon him a stigma for which all the gold in California would yield no compensation.

Besides, even on the score of pecuniary interest,—the lowest consideration with an artist who works for immortal fame,—a trial exhibition of the kind suggested (supposing it to result in confirming the unfavorable estimate of the statue which has caused it to be thought of) would do Mr. Powers a very serious injury. If set up in this way, the statue should, as you anticipate, sink under the unrelenting warfare so long waged against it, do you think he would retain the dollars he has received from us? Sir, he would throw them back, though he begged his bread to the end of his life.

I am grieved that this movement against Mr. Powers's statue—against his reputation—should be made by his own countrymen, should be made in Boston. Better had it been the work of foreigners, grudging to this country the praise of artistic culture. But no, sir, he has been appreciated and admired abroad. His busts, early rising in reputation far above those of any contemporary artist in Florence, led the superintendent of the Tuscan Gallery to compare the youthful American sculptor to Lysippus, who alone of Grecian artists was permitted to model Alexander the Great. When the Greek Slave was exhibited in London, it caused a sensation unexampled in a case of this kind. I was a guest, on five successive days, at that time, at as many entertainments, in the most intelligent and cultivated circles in London, where this statue was the universal theme of admiring comment. On one of these occasions, the late Earl of Ellesmere, who sat next me, the possessor of the Bridgewater Gallery, a man of taste and refinement, pointing to Canova's Venus, which stood by the side of the room, said he would rather have Powers's Slave than any work of Canova. I have here at hand, though I will not consume your time by reading them, letters from the present highly intelligent Speaker of the House of Commons, and from the Earl of Stanhope, both gentlemen of taste, and conversant with art, speaking of Mr. Powers's work, which they had seen at Florence, in the most exalted terms, and the latter particularly commending the bust of Mr. Webster, as doing justice to the great original. Is it not mournful to reflect that a great work of an artist, so honored and appreciated abroad, should be the butt of denunciation and ridicule at home, on the part of his own countrymen, and subjected to the treatment which it is now proposed at this meeting to consummate?

There are many other lights in which the subject might be treated; but the hour is late, and I have trespassed too long on your patience.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.*

I AM not prepared, Mr. President, to pronounce a formal eulogy on our late honored and lamented associate, Alexander Von Humboldt. No one needs it less; and our friend (Mr. Ticknor) who has just taken his seat, and who had greater opportunities than I enjoyed of cultivating intimate personal relations with him, has left nothing unsaid which belongs to a due notice of his decease. At your particular request, however, sir, I cheerfully add my humble voice to his. It is certainly most becoming that we should pay this tribute of respect to one who has so long held a place among our honorary members. It is, in fact, no trifling indication of the early growth of his fame, considering the very limited intercourse which then existed between the literary and scientific men of Europe and America, that our Society should so long ago as 1817 have sought the honor of enrolling him among its members.

It is for another reason peculiarly appropriate, that all honor should be paid to his memory on this side of the Atlantic; for the greatest scientific achievement of his life — his American voyage — was performed on the soil of this continent. Here the most laborious years of his life were passed; for his expedition to Siberia in after life, less laborious even while it lasted, was accomplished in less than a twelvemonth. It seemed, indeed, as if a providential interposition guided him to the New World; for it was only after three other projects had been baffled that the path was unexpectedly opened to America. Having educated himself as a scientific traveller, he first conceived the plan of travelling in Egypt; but the French invasion under Bonaparte made it necessary to abandon that design. He next thought of attaching himself to the voyage of circumnavigation which the French government was preparing under Admiral Boudin. The war with Austria broke out, and diverted the funds assigned by the Directory to this expedition. " Cruelly deceived," says he, " in my hopes, and beholding the plans which I had been forming for several years of my life destroyed in a day, I sought, as at a venture, the most expeditious manner of quitting Europe, and plunging into some enterprise which might console me for what I suffered." With these feelings, and having made at Paris the acquaintance of Mr. Skiöldebrand, the Swedish consul at Algiers, he formed a plan for exploring the alpine region of Central Africa. The Swedish frigate which was to transport the consul, Mr. Von Humboldt, and his friend and companion, M. de Bonpland, had not arrived at Marseilles. For two months they expected her in vain; and then learned that she had suffered severely in a storm, and, having put into Cadiz to refit, could not be expected at Marseilles till the spring. They took passage in a Ragusan sloop for Tunis. War broke out between the Tunisian regency and the French republic, which made it unsafe to proceed by that conveyance; and they passed into Spain, hoping to find there the means of transit to Africa. The minister of Saxony at Madrid procured for his enterprising countryman — then thirty years old — a favorable introduction to the President of the Council of the Indies, which resulted in full permission to explore the dominions of Spain in America and the East. This permission was not withdrawn on the fall of M. de Urquijo from power. " During the five years," says Mr. Von Humboldt, " that we traversed the New Continent, we perceived not the least appearance of distrust; and it is grateful to me here to recollect, that in the midst of the most afflicting privations, and struggling against the obstacles which arise from the savage state of the country, we have never had to complain of the injustice of man."

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* Remarks made at a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 9th June, 1859.

Nor will it be denied that Mr. Von Humboldt's literary reputation rests in a good degree on his American expedition, and on the works—scientific, historical, statistical, and miscellaneous—which were the fruit of that expedition. I do not, of course, claim for that remarkable series of publications to take precedence, as a philosophical treatise, or a body of natural science, over the "Cosmos"; but I need not say to the students of Mr. Von Humboldt's writings, that but for his voyage to America, the researches connected with it, the observations in every department of natural history, which he made during the progress of the voyage, and the subsequent studies required for the preparation of the numerous publications in which its results were given to the world, the "Cosmos," in all human probability, would never have been written. I reflect with satisfaction, that I had the privilege, more years ago than I care to enumerate, in an article in the "North American Review," of which I was then the editor, of submitting to the reading public an account, a very imperfect one I feel most sensibly, but the first, if I mistake not, which had appeared in our language, of all the works then published as the fruits of this ever-memorable expedition. The original works necessary for the preparation of the article, not being at that time in our public libraries, were imported by me for the purpose. The remarkable treatise to which Mr. Ticknor has alluded, the "Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Monde," had not then appeared; but was, at the time of its publication, imported by me, in order particularly to ascertain the opinions entertained by M. Von Humboldt on the supposed ante-Columbian discovery of this continent by the Scandinavians.

You have, sir, in the resolutions reported from the Standing Committee, expressed the unanimous opinion of the scientific world, in placing Alexander Von Humboldt at the head of the men of science, not only in his own, but, I think we may venture to add, with the diffidence which ought to attend such a judgment, of any age. He took this rank not only in virtue of what he was, but, if I may hazard the seeming paradox, in virtue, at any rate in spite, of what he was not. Standing, as I have said, by general consent at the head of the republic of science, there was perhaps no one special department in which his superior might not be found on the Continent of Europe, in England, or in this country. There was no one speciality to which he gave himself exclusively; so that it is no derogation from his merit to say, that there were among the men of science, his contemporaries, those who, each in his particular department, had pushed their researches further than he had done. For one such, we need not go beyond this neighborhood. But it belonged to Humboldt to take a comprehensive, an imperial, survey of the whole field of science, and to mould the mass of materials derived from the individual researches of others into one grand system; himself an intellectual "Cosmos" akin to the scientific "Cosmos" of his own formation.

Nothing is more characteristic of his career as a philosopher than the length of time during which his labors, both as an investigator and a writer, were carried on; the continuance of his physical and intellectual activity, long after attaining the age at which the majority of men, weary of toil and satisfied with success, or reconciled to the want of it, sink into repose. He was sixty years old when he undertook his expedition to the Oural and Altai Mountains, of which the fruits are recorded in his "Asie Centrale,—Recherches sur les Chaines de Montagnes et la Climatologie comparée"; an expedition undertaken with Gustave Rose and Ehrenberg, at the repeated and earnest request of the Russian Emperor, who appropriated large sums to defray the expense. With the exception of the first forty pages of his "Cosmos," he tells us in the Preface of the first-published volumes of that work, that it was wholly written, and for the first time, in the years 1843 and 1844. As he was born in 1769, he must have been seventy-four when he commenced it.

Nor was this physical and mental activity, protracted so long beyond the accepted term of human life (for the fifth volume of "Cosmos" was completed but the last year), the only wonder. Other causes combined to produce his astonishing fertility as a writer. It may be interesting to all, and important to those who are not so far advanced in years as to have formed their habits beyond the hope of change, to know one of the secrets of his physical and scientific life. Living to the age, within a few months, of ninety years, for all purposes of regular scientific research and literary labor, he lived another life of forty or fifty years, in consequence of having accustomed himself, from the time that he grew up to manhood, to about four hours' sleep. I think I can state this on his own authority; for I heard it asserted in his presence, and listened to by him with a smile, which I regarded as one of assent. If, then, we consider four hours of daily study as a pretty good day's work, for one whose time must have been so much broken in upon as his, we may say, that, by contenting himself with four hours' sleep, while the majority of men require eight, he really lived another life of forty or fifty years, in addition to his fourscore years and ten. Whether this was mainly the result of natural constitution, temperate habits, habitual abstinence from the causes of weariness and exhaustion, cheerful temper, or elastic spirits, or in some degree of all combined, I cannot say; probably the latter.

At any rate, his disposition was eminently social. My acquaintance with him commenced in the winter of 1817–18, when I frequently met him in general society in Paris. His company, of course, was greatly sought; and no individual of eminence was more frequently to be met, as far as my means of observation extended, at the dinner-table and in the *salons* of Paris. He was then, as far as I could judge, principally engaged in those geographical researches, of which the results are given in the work above mentioned. On leaving Paris, he was good enough to give me letters to his brother William, at that time the Prussian Minister in London, with whom it was my good fortune, in that way, to become intimately acquainted. In the year 1842 Baron Alexander Von Humboldt came to London in the suite of the King of Prussia, who visited England to attend the christening of the Prince of Wales; and I then had the satisfaction of renewing my acquaintance with him during his brief stay. It is scarcely necessary to say, that, at a moment when London was more than usually thronged with the celebrities of Europe, he was the centre of the greatest interest.

Enjoying this world-wide fame, his feelings were not less catholic. Nothing more characterizes his works than the total absence of the spirit of invidious criticism. When other authors are named, — and how few are the contemporary writers of scientific merit who are not named in some part of the long series of his works? — the amplest justice is always done them. In truth, if he erred, it was in the opposite direction. One is sometimes inclined to think that he pushed the habit of kindly appreciation a little too far, and lessened its value by a want of severe discrimination. If he ever falls into this error, it was a fault on the side of generosity, not too common at the present day. To his great credit, Alexander Von Humboldt was wholly free from that carping spirit which can see nothing in a work of science, literature, or art but its defects; and that hateful temper which seeks to build its own reputation, or that of a favorite, on the ruins of the reputation of a rival or competitor. The long series of his writings may, I believe, be searched in vain for one ill-natured word.

I reflect with some satisfaction, that it was in my power to aid a meritorious young artist of this city, Mr. Wight (to whom we owe the admirable likeness of our great benefactor, Mr. Dowse, which graces this room), in procuring the opportunity of painting Baron Humboldt. This was a favor, of course, not lightly to be asked of a person so distinguished, whose time was so precious, and whom so many artists were eager to paint and to model. Mr. Wight, however, succeeded so well in a portrait of my much-valued friend, Mr. D. D. Barnard, then Minister of the United States at Berlin, and an intimate friend of Baron Humboldt, that the illustrious philosopher, on seeing the portrait of Mr. Barnard, consented to give our young countryman four long sittings. Mr. Wight succeeded in getting an excellent likeness, which has been well engraved in this city. It is not without a slight resemblance, it may be remarked, to Mr. Dowse himself.

I had some hopes of seeing him again, before either of us should take the great journey. Disappointed in this, it is a subject of pleasing though sad reflection to me, that the same kind feelings, of which he gave me many valued proofs in my younger days, were manifested to my children while on a visit to Berlin the last summer. With " the scarcely legible hand of the old man of eighty-nine," he addresses words of friendly salutation to them, and kindly remembrance to me from " the traveller of the Cordilleras and the steppes of Siberia," the joint character in which he wished his name to descend.

The strange assertion has lately been made, that the " Cosmos" is a system of philosophical atheism, slightly veiled from motives of prudence; and that even the name of God does not occur in it. This last statement is notoriously inaccurate; and for the first assertion, there is not, as far as I know, the slightest foundation. Humboldt, in this as in his other works, proposes to treat only the phenomena revealed to the senses; but he recognizes the reality of spiritual and moral relations, though justly considering them above the province of demonstrative science. Between him and his brother William, undeniably a man of the deepest religious convictions, there prevailed an entire sympathy; and he cites with approval, from the works of the latter, passages which recognize the truth of the Christian religion. On the appearance of the Chevalier Bunsen's "Signs of the Times," in 1855, Humboldt rose from its perusal, and, on the same day, addressed a letter of two sheets to the author, expressive of his sympathy and approval. In his last great work he refers to the Hebrew Scriptures with respect, and even bestows on the hundred and fourth psalm that much-honored name of " Cosmos," which he had appropriated to the crowning work of his literary life. He distinctly recognizes the purifying influence of the new faith, in contrast with the decaying paganism of the ancient world. So far is it from being true, that he " knows nothing of a God in creation," he asserts in terms, that "it was the tendency of the Christian mind to prove, from the order of the universe and the beauty of nature, the greatness and goodness of the Creator"; and he traces the growing taste for natural description, observable in the writers of the new faith, to the tendency "to glorify the Deity in his works."

In denying the imputed atheism of Humboldt, I build nothing on the occurrence of the name of the Supreme Being in his publications. No writers more freely use the great and sacred name than those of the Pantheistic, or, what is the same thing, Atheistic school; meaning, however, not the All-wise, All-powerful BEING who created and who rules, with sovereign intelligence, the heavens and the earth, but the aggregate of existing things; making men and beasts, and trees and stones, and dust and ashes, part and parcel of what they call God.

I cordially second the motion for the adoption of the resolutions on your table.

RUFUS CHOATE.*

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: —

I OBEY the only call which could with propriety have drawn me at this time from my retirement, in accepting your invitation to unite with you in the melancholy duties which we are assembled to perform. While I speak, sir, the lifeless remains of our dear departed friend are expected, it may be have already returned, to his bereaved home. We sent him forth, but a few days since, in search of health; the exquisite bodily organization over-tasked and shattered, but the master intellect still shining in unclouded strength. Anxious but not desponding, we sent him forth, hopeful that the bracing air of the ocean which he greatly loved, the respite from labor, the change of scene, the cheerful intercourse which he was so well calculated to enjoy with congenial spirits abroad, would return him to us refreshed and renovated; but he has come back to us dust and ashes, a pilgrim already on his way to

> "The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
> No traveller returns."

How could I refuse to bear my humble part in the tribute of respect which you are assembled to pay to the memory of such a man; a man not only honored by me, in common with the whole country but tenderly cherished as a faithful friend, from the morning of his days, and almost from the morning of mine; one with whom through life I was delighted to take sweet counsel; for whom I felt an affection never chilled for a moment, during nearly forty years since it sprung up? I knew our dear friend, sir, from the time that he entered the Law School at Cambridge; I was associated with him as one of the Massachusetts delegation in the House of Representatives of the United States, between whom and myself there was an entire community of feeling and opinion on all questions of men and measures; and with him in these late years, as his near neighbor, and especially when illness confined him at home, I have enjoyed opportunities of the most intimate social intercourse. Now that he is gone, sir, I feel that one more is taken away of those most trusted and loved, and with whom I had most hoped to finish the journey; nay, sir, one whom, in the course of nature, I should have preceded to its end, and who would have performed for me the last kindly office which I, with drooping spirit, would fain perform for him.

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* Remarks at a meeting of the citizens of Boston in Faneuil Hall, 23d July, 1859.

But although with a willing heart I undertake the duty you have devolved upon me, I cannot but feel how little remains to be said. It is but echoing the voice which has been heard from every part of the country, — from the Bar, from the Press, and from every association from which it could with propriety be uttered, to say that he stood at the head of his profession in this country. If, in his own or in any other part of the Union, there was his superior in any branch of legal knowledge, there was certainly no one who united, to the same extent, profound learning in the law with a range almost boundless of miscellaneous reading, reasoning powers of the highest order, intuitive quickness of perception, a wariness and circumspection never taken by surprise, and an imagination which rose, on a bold and easy wing, to the highest heaven of invention. These powers, trained by a diligent cultivation, — these attainments combined and applied with sound judgment, consummate skill, and exquisite taste, — necessarily placed him at the head of the profession of his choice; where, since the death of Mr. Webster, he shone without a rival. With such endowments formed at the best schools of professional education, exercised with unwearied assiduity, through a long professional life, under the spur of generous ambition, and the heavy responsibility of an ever-growing reputation to be sustained,—if possible, to be raised,—he *could* fill no second place.

But he did not, like most eminent jurists, content himself with the learning or the fame of his profession. He was more than most men in any profession, in the best sense of the word, a man of letters. He kept up his academical studies in after life. He did not think it the part either of wisdom or good taste to leave behind him at school, or at college, the noble languages of the great peoples of antiquity; but he continued through life to read the Greek and Roman classics. He was also familiar with the whole range of English literature; and he had a respectable acquaintance with the standard French authors. This wide and varied circle of reading not only gave a liberal expansion to his mind, in all directions, but it endowed him with a great wealth of choice but unstudied language, and enabled him to command a richness of illustration, whatever subject he had in hand, beyond most of our public speakers and writers. This taste for reading was formed in early life. While he was at the Law School at Cambridge, I was accustomed to meet him more frequently than any other person of his standing in the alcoves of the Library of the University. As he advanced in years and acquired the means of gratifying his taste in this respect, he formed a miscellaneous collection, probably as valuable as any other in Boston; and he was accustomed playfully to say that every Saturday afternoon, after the labor of the week, he indulged himself in buying and bringing home a new book. Thus reading with a keen relish, as a relaxation from professional toil, and with a memory that nothing worth retaining escaped, he became a living storehouse of polite literature, out of which, with rare facility and grace, he brought forth treasures new and old, not deeming these last the least precious.

Though living mainly for his profession, Mr. Choate engaged to some extent in public life, and that at an early age, as a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and of the National House of Representatives, and in riper years as a Senator of the United States, as the successor of Mr. Webster, whose entire confidence he enjoyed, and whose place he, if any one, was not unworthy to fill. In these different positions he displayed consummate ability. His appearance, his silent demeanor in either House of Congress, commanded respect. He was one of the few whose very presence in a public assembly is a call to order. In the daily routine of legislation he did not take an active part. He rather shunned clerical work, and consequently avoided, as much as duty permitted, the labor of the committee-room; but on every great question that came up while he was a member of either House in Congress he made a great speech; and when he had spoken, there was very little left for any one else to say on the same side of the question. I remember, on one occasion, after he had been defending, on broad national grounds, the policy of affording a moderate protection to our native industry, showing that it was not merely a local but a national interest, and seeking to establish this point by a great variety of illustrations, equally novel and ingenious, a Western member, who had hitherto wholly dissented from this view of the subject, exclaimed that he "was the most persuasive speaker he had ever heard."

But though abundantly able to have filled a prominent place among the distinguished active statesmen of the day, he had little fondness for political life, and no aptitude whatever for the out-doors management; for the electioneering legerdemain; for the wearisome correspondence with local great men; and the heart-breaking drudgery of franking cart-loads of speeches and public documents to the four winds, which are necessary at the present day to great success in a political career. Still less adroit was he in turning to some personal advantage whatever topic happens for the moment to attract public attention; fishing with ever freshly baited hook in the turbid waters of an ephemeral popularity. In reference to some of the arts by which political advancement is sought and obtained, he once said to me, with that well-known characteristic look in which sadness and compassionate pleasantry were about equally mingled, "They did not do such things in Washington's days."

If ever there was a truly disinterested patriot, Rufus Choate was that man. In his political career there was no shade of selfishness. Had he been willing to purchase advancement at the price often paid for it, there never was a moment, from the time he first made himself felt and known, that he could not have commanded anything which any party could bestow. But he desired none of the rewards or honors of success. On the contrary, he not only for his individual self regarded office as a burden, — an obstacle in the way of the cultivation of his professional and literary tastes, — but he held that of necessity, and in consequence of the strong tendency of our parties to assume a sectional character, conservative opinions, seeking to moderate between the extremes which agitate the country, must of necessity be in the minority; that it was the "mission" of men who hold such opinions, not to fill honorable and lucrative posts, which are unavoidably monopolized by active leaders, but to speak prudent words on great occasions, which would command the respect, if they do not enlist the sympathies, of both the conflicting parties, and insensibly influence the public mind. He comprehended and accepted the position; he knew that it was one liable to be misunderstood, and sure to be misrepresented at the time; but not less sure to be justified when the interests and passions of the day are buried beneath the clods of the valley.

But this ostracism to which his conservative opinions condemned him produced not a shade of bitterness in his feelings. His patriotism was as cheerful as it was intense. He regarded our confederated Republic, with its wonderful adjustment of State and Federal organization, — the States bearing the burden and descending to the details of local administration, the general government moulding the whole into one grand nationality, and representing it in the family of nations, — as the most wonderful phenomenon in the political history of the world. Too much of a statesman to join the unreflecting disparagement with which other great forms of national polity are often spoken of in this country, he yet considered the oldest, the wisest, and the most successful of them, the British Constitution, as a far less wonderful political system than our confederated Republic. The territorial extent of the country; the beautiful play into each other of its great commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests; the material prosperity, the advancement in arts and letters and manners already made; the capacity for further indefinite progress in this vast theatre of action, in which Providence has placed the Anglo-American race, — stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic Circle to the tropics, were themes on which he dwelt as none but he could dwell; and he believed that with patience, with mutual forbearance, with a willingness to think that our brethren, however widely we may differ from them, may be as honest and patriotic as ourselves, our common country would eventually reach a height of prosperity of which the world as yet has seen no example.

With such gifts, such attainments, and such a spirit, he placed himself, as a matter of course, not merely at the head of the jurists and advocates, but of the public speakers of the country. After listening to him at the bar, in the Senate, or upon the academic or popular platform, you felt that you had heard the best that could be said in either place. That mastery which he displayed at the forum and in the deliberative assembly was not less conspicuous in every other form of public address. As happens in most cases of eminent jurists and statesmen, possessing a brilliant imagination and able to adorn a severe course of reasoning with the charms of a glowing fancy and a sparkling style, it was sometimes said of him, as it was said before him of Burke and Erskine, of Ames and Pinkney, that he was more of a rhetorician than a logician, that he dealt in words and figures of speech more than in facts or arguments. These are the invidious comments by which dull or prejudiced men seek to disparage those gifts which are farthest from their own reach.

It is perhaps by his discourses on academical and popular occasions that he is most extensively known in the community, as it is these which were listened to with delighted admiration by the largest audiences. He loved to treat a purely literary theme; and he knew how to throw a magic freshness, like the cool morning dew on a cluster of purple grapes, over the most familiar topics at a patriotic celebration. Some of these occasional performances will ever be held among the brightest gems of our literature. The eulogy on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth College, in which he mingled at once all the light of his genius and all the warmth of his heart, has, within my knowledge, never been equalled among the performances of its class in this country for sympathetic appreciation of a great man, discriminating analysis of character, fertility of illustration, weight of sentiment, and a style at once chaste, nervous, and brilliant. The long sentences which have been criticised in this, as in his other performances, are like those which Dr. Channing admired and commended in Milton's prose, — well compacted, full of meaning, fit vehicles for great thoughts. But he does not deal exclusively in those ponderous sentences. There is nothing of the artificial Johnsonian balance in his style. It is as often marked by a pregnant brevity as by a sonorous amplitude. He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatic clauses, to skirmish with his light troops and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated and solemn truths told, when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his majestic thought; then it is that you hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance; and when he has stormed the heights, and broken the centre, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts, in one overwhelming charge.

Our friend was, in all the personal relations of life, the most unselfish and disinterested of men. Commanding from an early period a valuable clientelage, and rising rapidly to the summit of his profession, and to the best practice in the courts of Massachusetts and in the Supreme Court of the United States, with no expensive tastes or habits, and a manner of life highly unostentatious and simple, advancing years overtook him with but slender provision for their decline. He reaped little but fame, where he ought to have reaped both fame and fortune. A career which in England would have been crowned with affluence, and probably with distinguished rank and office, found him at sixty chained to the tread-mill of laborious practice.

He might, indeed, be regarded as a martyr to his profession. He gave to it his time, his strength, and neglecting due care of regular bodily exercise and occasional entire relaxation, he might be said to have given to it his life. He assumed the racking anxieties and feverish excitements of his clients. From the courts, where he argued the causes intrusted to him, with all the energy of his intellect, rousing into corresponding action an over-tasked nervous system, these cares and anxieties followed him to the weariness of his midnight vigils, and the unrest of his sleepless pillow. In this way he led a long professional career, worn and harassed with other men's cares, and sacrificed ten added years of professional usefulness to the intensity with which he threw himself into the discharge of his duties, in middle life.

There are other recollections of our friend's career, other phases of his character, on which I would gladly dwell; but the hour has elapsed and it is not necessary. The gentlemen who have preceded me, his professional brethren, his pastor, the press of the country, generously allowing past differences of opinion to be buried in his grave, have more than made up for any deficiency in my remarks. His work is done,—nobly, worthily done. Nevermore in the temples of justice,—nevermore in the Senate Chamber,—nevermore in the crowded assembly,—nevermore in this consecrated hall where he so often held listening crowds in rapt admiration,—shall we catch the unearthly glance of his eye or listen to the strange sweet music of his voice. To-morrow we shall follow him,—the pure patriot,—the consummate jurist,—the eloquent orator,—the honored citizen,—the beloved friend,—to the last resting-place; and who will not feel, as we lay him there, that a brighter genius and a warmer heart are not left among living men!

DANIEL WEBSTER.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY: —

ON behalf of those by whose contributions the Statue of Mr. Webster has been procured, and of the Committee intrusted with the care of its erection, it is my pleasing duty to return to you, and through you to the Legislature of the Commonwealth, our dutiful acknowledgments for the permission kindly accorded to us to place the statue in the Public Grounds. We feel, sir, that in allowing this monumental work to be erected in front of the Capitol of the State, a distinguished honor has been paid to the memory of Mr. Webster.

To you, sir, in particular,† whose influence was liberally employed to bring about this result, and whose personal attendance and participation have added so much to the interest of the day, we are under the highest obligations.

To you, also, Mr. Mayor, and to the City Council, we return our cordial thanks for your kind consent to act on our behalf, in delivering this cherished memorial of our honored fellow-citizen into the custody of the Commonwealth, and for your sympathy and assistance in the duties of the occasion.

To you, our distinguished guests, and to you, fellow-citizens of either sex, who come to unite with us in rendering these monumental honors, who adorn the occasion with your presence, and cheer us with your countenance and favor, we tender a respectful and grateful welcome.

The inclemency of the weather has made a change in our arrangements for your reception necessary, and compelled us to flee from the public grounds to this spacious hall. But we will not murmur at this slight inconvenience. We are not the only children for whom the Universal Parent cares. The rain which has incommoded and disappointed us is most welcome to the husbandman and the farmer. It will yield their last fulness to the maturing fruits and grains; it will clothe the parched fields with autumnal verdure, and revive the failing pasturage; it will replenish the exhausted springs, and thus promote the comfort of beast and of man. We have no reason to lament that while, with these simple ceremonies, we dedicate the statue of Daniel Webster within these walls, the work of human hands, the genial skies are baptizing it with gentle showers, beneath the arch of heaven.

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* An oration delivered in the Boston Music Hall at the inauguration of Powers's statue of Daniel Webster, 17th September, 1859.

† His Excellency Nathaniel P. Banks.

It has been the custom, from the remotest antiquity, to preserve and to hand down to posterity, in bronze and in marble, the counterfeit presentment of illustrious men. Within the last few years, modern research has brought to light, on the banks of the Tigris, huge slabs of alabaster, buried for ages, which exhibit in relief the faces and the persons of men who governed the primeval East in the gray dawn of history. Three thousand years have elapsed since they lived and reigned, and built palaces, and fortified cities, and waged war, and gained victories, of which the trophies are carved upon these monumental tablets, — the triumphal procession, the chariots laden with spoil, the drooping captive, the conquered monarch in chains, — but the legends inscribed upon the stone are imperfectly deciphered, and little beyond the names of the personages and the most general tradition of their exploits is preserved. In like manner the obelisks and the temples of ancient Egypt are covered with the sculptured images of whole dynasties of Pharaohs, — older than Moses, older than Joseph, — whose titles are recorded in the hieroglyphics with which the granite is charged, and which are gradually yielding up their long-concealed mysteries to the sagacity of modern criticism. The plastic arts, as they passed into Hellas, with all the other arts which give grace and dignity to our nature, reached a perfection unknown to

Egypt or Assyria; and the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome, immortalized by the sculptor, still people the galleries and museums of the modern world. In every succeeding age, and in every country in which the fine arts have been cultivated, the respect and affection of survivors have found a pure and rational gratification in the historical portrait and the monumental statue of the honored and loved in private life, and especially of the great and good who have deserved well of their country. Public esteem and confidence and private affection, the gratitude of the community and the fond memories of the fireside, have ever sought, in this way, to prolong the sensible existence of their beloved and respected objects. What though the dear and honored features and person, on which, while living, we never gazed without tenderness or veneration, have been taken from us; something of the loveliness, something of the majesty, abides in the portrait, the bust, and the statue. The heart, bereft of the living originals, turns to them, and, cold and silent as they are, they strengthen and animate the cherished recollections of the loved, the honored, and the lost.

The skill of the painter and sculptor, which thus comes in aid of the memory and imagination, is, in its highest degree, one of the rarest, as it is one of the most exquisite accomplishments within our attainment, and in its perfection as seldom witnessed as the perfection of speech or of music. The plastic hand must be moved by the same ethereal instinct as the eloquent lips or the recording pen. The number of those who, in the language of Michael Angelo, can discern the finished statue in the heart of the shapeless block, and bid it start into artistic life, — who are endowed with the exquisite gift of moulding the rigid bronze or the lifeless marble into graceful, majestic, and expressive forms, is not greater than the number of those who are able, with equal majesty, grace, and expressiveness, to make the spiritual essence — the finest shades of thought and feeling — sensible to the mind, through the eye and the ear, in the mysterious embodiment of the written and the spoken word. If Athens, in her palmiest days, had but one Pericles, she had also but one Phidias.

Nor are these beautiful and noble arts, by which the face and the form of the departed are preserved to us, — calling into the highest exercise as they do all the imitative and idealizing powers of the painter and sculptor, — the least instructive of our teachers. The portraits and the statues of the honored dead kindle the generous ambition of the youthful aspirant to fame. Themistocles could not sleep for the trophies in the Ceramicus; and when the living Demosthenes to whom you, sir (Mr. Felton), have alluded, had ceased to speak, the stony lips remained to rebuke and exhort his degenerate countrymen. More than a hundred years have elapsed since the great Newton passed away; but from age to age his statue by Roubiliac, in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, will give distinctness to the conceptions formed of him by hundreds and thousands of ardent youthful spirits, filled with reverence for that transcendent intellect which, from the phenomena that fall within our limited vision, deduced the imperial law by which the Sovereign Mind rules the entire universe. We can never look on the person of Washington, but his serene and noble countenance, perpetuated by the pencil and the chisel, is familiar to far greater multitudes than ever stood in his living presence, and will be thus familiar to the latest generation.

What parent, as he conducts his son to Mount Auburn or to Bunker Hill, will not, as he pauses before their monumental statues, seek to heighten his reverence for virtue, for patriotism, for science, for learning, for devotion to the public good, as he bids him contemplate the form of that grave and venerable Winthrop, who left his pleasant home in England to come and found a new republic in this untrodden wilderness; of that ardent and intrepid Otis, who first struck out the spark of American independence; of that noble Adams, its most eloquent champion on the floor of Congress; of that martyr Warren, who laid down his life in its defence; of that self-taught Bowditch, who, without a guide, threaded the starry mazes of the heavens, of that Story, honored at home and abroad as one of the brightest luminaries of the law, and, by a felicity of which I believe there is no other example, admirably portrayed in marble by his son? What citizen of Boston, as he accompanies the stranger around our streets, guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharfs, crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate, up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not, as he calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim: "Boston takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices in her beautiful environs, she is grateful for her material prosperity; but richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of sea-girt islets, lovelier than this encircling panorama of land and sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and stream, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted; the character, services, and fame of those who have benefited and adorned their day and generation. Our children, and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens, and the services they have rendered, — these are our monuments these are our jewels, these our abiding treasures."

Yes, your long rows of quarried granite may crumble to the dust; the cornfields in yonder villages, ripening to the sickle, may, like the plains of stricken Lombardy, a few weeks ago, be kneaded into bloody clods by the madding wheels of artillery; this populous city, like the old cities of Etruria and the Campagna Romana, may be desolated by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, may decay with the lapse of time, and the busy mart, which now rings with the joyous din of trade, become as lonely and still as Carthage or Tyre, as Babylon and Nineveh; but the names of the great and good shall survive the desolation and the ruin; the memory of the wise, the brave, the patriotic, shall never perish. Yes, Sparta is a wheat-field; — a Bavarian prince holds court at the foot of the Acropolis; — the travelling virtuoso digs for marbles in the Roman Forum and beneath the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus: but Lycurgus and Leonidas, and Miltiades and Demosthenes, and Cato and Tully "still live"; and HE still lives, and all the great and good shall live in the heart of ages, while marble and bronze shall endure; and when marble and bronze have perished, they shall "still live" in memory, so long as men shall reverence Law, and honor Patriotism, and love Liberty.

Seven years, within a few weeks, have passed since he, whose statue we inaugurate to-day, was taken from us. The voice of respectful and affectionate eulogy, which was uttered in this vicinity and city at the time, was promptly echoed throughout the country. The tribute paid to his memory, by friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens, was responded to from the remotest corners of the Republic, by those who never gazed on his noble countenance, or listened to the deep melody of his voice. This city, which in early manhood he chose for his home; his associates in the honorable profession of which he rose to be the acknowledged head; the law school of the neighboring university, speaking by the lips of one so well able to do justice to his pre-eminence; the college at which he was educated and whose chartered privileges he had successfully maintained before the highest tribunal of the country; with other bodies and other eulogists, at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the platform, throughout the Union, in numbers, greater I believe, than have ever spoken on any other similar occasion, except that of the death of Washington, joined with the almost unanimous Press of the country in one chorus of admiration of his talents, recognition of his patriotic services, and respect and affection for his memory.

Nor have these offerings been made at his tomb alone. Twice or thrice since his death, once within a few months, the anniversary of his birthday has called forth, at the table of patriotic festivity, the voice of fervid eulogy and affectionate commemoration. In this way and on these occasions his character has been delineated by those best able to do justice to his powers and attainments, to appreciate his services, and to take the measure, if I may so say, of his colossal mental stature. Without going beyond this immediate neighborhood, and in no degree ungrateful for the liberality or insensible to the ability with which he has been eulogized in other parts of the country, what need be said, what can be said, in the hearing of those who have listened to Hillard, to Chief Justice Parker, to Cushing, and to our lamented Choate, whose discourse on Mr. Webster at Dartmouth College appears to me as magnificent a eulogium as was ever pronounced?

What can be said that has not been better said before; — what need be said now that seven added years in the political progress of the country, seven years of respectful and affectionate recollection on the part of those who now occupy the stage, have confirmed his title to the large place which, while he lived, he filled in the public mind? While he yet bore a part in the councils of the Union, he shared the fate which, in all countries, and especially in all free countries, awaits commanding talent and eminent position; which no great man in our history — not Washington himself — has ever escaped; which none can escape, but those who are too feeble to provoke opposition, too .obscure for jealousy. But now that he has rested for years in his honored grave, what generous nature is not pleased to strew flowers on the sod? What honorable opponent, still faithful to principle, is not willing that all in which he differed from him should be referred, without bitterness, to the impartial arbitrament of time; and that all that he respected and loved should be cordially remembered? What public man, especially who, with whatever differences of judgment of men or measures, has borne on his own shoulders the heavy burden of responsibility, — who has felt how hard it is, in the larger complications of affairs, at all times to meet the expectations of an intelligent and watchful, but impulsive and not always thoroughly instructed public; how difficult sometimes to satisfy his own judgment, — is not willing that the noble qualities and patriotic services of Webster should be honorably recorded in the book of the country's remembrance, and his statue set up in the Pantheon of her illustrious sons?

These posthumous honors lovingly paid to departed worth are among the compensations which a kind Providence vouchsafes, for the unavoidable conflicts of judgment and stern collisions of party, which make the political career always arduous, even when pursued with the greatest success, generally precarious, sometimes destructive of health and even of life. It is impossible under free governments to prevent the existence of party; not less impossible that parties should be conducted with spirit and vigor, without more or less injustice done and suffered, more or less gross uncharitableness and bitter denunciation. Besides, with the utmost effort at impartiality, it is not within the competence of our frail capacities to do full justice at the time to a character of varied and towering greatness, engaged in an active and responsible political career. The truth of his principles, the wisdom of his counsels, the value of his services, must be seen in their fruits, and the richest fruits are not those of the most rapid growth. The wisdom of antiquity pronounced that no one was to be deemed happy until after death; not merely because he was then first placed beyond the vicissitudes of human fortune, but because then only the rival interests, the discordant judgments, the hostile passions of contemporaries, are, in ordinary cases, no longer concerned to question his merits. Horace, with gross adulation, sang to his imperial master, Augustus, that he alone of the great of the earth ever received while living the full meed of praise. All the other great benefactors of mankind, the inventors of arts, the destroyers of monsters, the civilizers of states, found by experience that hatred and envy were appeased by death alone.*

The solemn event which terminates the material existence becomes, by the sober revisions of contemporary judgment, aided by offices of respectful and affectionate commemoration, the commencement of a nobler life on earth. The wakeful eyes are closed, the feverish pulse is still, the tired and trembling limbs are relieved from their labors, and the aching head is laid to rest on the lap of its mother earth; but all that we honored and loved in the living man begins to live again in a new and higher being of influence and fame. It was given but to a limited number to listen to the living voice, and they can never listen to it again, but the wise teachings, the grave admonitions, the patriotic exhortations which fell from his tongue will be gathered together and garnered up in the memory of millions. The cares, the toils, the sorrows; the conflicts with others, the conflicts of the fervent spirit with itself; the sad accidents of humanity, the fears of the brave, the follies of the wise, the errors of the learned; all that dashed the cup of enjoyment with bitter drops, and strewed sorrowful ashes over the beauty of expectation and promise; the treacherous friend, the ungenerous rival, the mean and malignant foe; the uncharitable prejudice which withheld the just tribute of praise; the human frailty which wove sharp thorns into the wreath of solid merit; — all these, in ordinary cases, are buried in the grave of the illustrious dead; while their brilliant talents, their deeds of benevolence and public spirit, their wise and eloquent words, their healing counsels, their generous affections, the whole man, in short, whom we revered and loved, and would fain imitate, especially when his image is impressed upon our recollections by the pencil or the chisel, goes forth to the admiration of the latest posterity. *Extinctus amabitur idem.*

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* "Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari."

Our city has lately witnessed a most beautiful instance of this reanimating power of death. A few weeks since, we followed towards the tomb the lifeless remains of our lamented Choate. Well may we consecrate a moment, even of this hour, to him who, in that admirable discourse to which I have already alluded, did such noble justice to himself and the great subject of his eulogy. A short time before the decease of our much-honored friend, I had seen him shattered by disease, his all-persuasive voice faint and languid, his beaming eye quenched; and as he left us in search of health in a foreign clime, a painful image and a sad foreboding, too soon fulfilled, dwelt upon my mind. But on the morning of the day when we were to pay the last mournful offices to our friend, the 23d of July, with a sad, let me not say a repining, thought, that so much talent, so much learning, so much eloquence, so much wit, so much wisdom, so much force of intellect, so much kindness of heart, were taken from us, an engraved likeness of him was brought to me, in which he seemed to live again. The shadows of disease and suffering had passed from the brow, the well-remembered countenance was clothed with its wonted serenity, a cheerful smile lighted up the features, genius kindled in the eye, persuasion hovered over the lips, and I felt as if I was going, not to his funeral, but his triumph. "Weep not for me," it seemed to say, "but weep for yourselves." And never, while he dwelt among us in the feeble tabernacle of the flesh; never, while the overtasked spirit seemed to exhaust the delicate frame in which it sojourned; never, as I listened to the melody of his living voice, — did he speak to my imagination and heart with such a touching though silent eloquence as when we followed his hearse along these streets, that bright midsummer's noon, up the *via sacra* in front of this capitol, slowly moving to the solemn beat of grand dead-marches, as they rose and swelled from wailing clarion and muffled drum, while the minute-guns from yonder lawn responded to the passing bell from yonder steeple. I then understood the sublime significance of the words which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato, that the mind, elevated to the foresight of posterity, when departing from this life, begins at length to live; yea, the sublimer words of a greater than Cicero, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory?" And then, as we passed the abodes of those whom he knew, and honored, and loved, and who had gone before; of Lawrence here on the left; of Prescott yonder on the right; this home where Hancock lived and Washington was received; this where Lafayette sojourned; this capitol, where his own political course began, and on which so many patriotic memories are concentrated, I felt not as if we were conducting another frail and weary body to the tomb, but as if we were escorting a noble brother to the congenial company of the departed great and good; and I was ready myself to exclaim, "*O præclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium cœtumquė proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam.*"

It will not, I think, be expected of me to undertake the superfluous task of narrating in great detail the well-known events of Mr. Webster's life, or of attempting an elaborate delineation of that character, to which such ample justice has already been done by master hands. I deem it sufficient to say in general, that, referred to all the standards by which public character can be estimated, he exhibited, in a rare degree, the qualities of a truly great man.

The period at which he came forward in life, and during which he played so distinguished a part, was not one in which small men, dependent upon their own exertions, are likely to rise to a high place in public estimation. The present generation of young men are hardly aware of the vehemence of the storms that shook the world at the time when Mr. Webster became old enough to form the first childish conceptions of the nature of the events in progress at home and abroad. His recollection, he tells us, in an autobiographical sketch, went back to the year 1790, — a year when the political system of Continental Europe was about to plunge into a state of frightful disintegration, while, under the new Constitution, the United States were commencing an unexampled career of prosperity; Washington just entering upon the first Presidency of the new-born Republic; the reins of the oldest monarchy in Europe slipping, besmeared with blood, from the hands of the descendant of thirty generations of kings. The fearful struggle between France and the allied powers succeeded, which strained the resources of the European governments to their utmost tension. Armies and navies were arrayed against each other, such as the civilized world had never seen before, and wars waged beyond all former experience. The storm passed over the continent as a tornado passes through a forest, when it comes rolling and roaring from the clouds, and prostrates the growth of centuries in its path. England, in virtue of her insular position, her naval power, and her free institutions, had, more than any other foreign country, weathered the storm; but Russia saw the Arctic sky lighted with the flames of her old Muscovite capital; the shadowy Kaisers of the House of Hapsburg were compelled to abdicate the crown of the Holy Roman Empire, and accept as a substitute that of Austria; Prussia, staggering from Jena, trembled on the verge of political annihilation; the other German states, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and the Spanish Peninsula, were convulsed; Egypt overrun; Constantinople and the East threatened; and in many of these states, institutions, laws, ideas, and manners were changed as effectually as dynasties. With the downfall of Napoleon, a partial reconstruction of the old forms took place; but the political genius of the continent of Europe was revolutionized.

On this side of the Atlantic, the United States, though studying an impartial neutrality, were drawn at first to some extent into the outer circles of the terrific maelstrom; but soon escaping, they started upon a career of national growth and development of which the world has witnessed no other example. Meantime the Spanish and the Portuguese Viceroyalties south of us, from Mexico to Cape Horn, asserted their independence; that Castilian empire on which the sun never set was dismembered, and the golden chain was forever sundered, by which Columbus had linked half his newfound world to the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Such was the crowd and the importance of the events in which, from his childhood up, the life of Mr. Webster, and of the generation to which he belonged, was passed; and I can with all sincerity say, that it has never been my fortune, in Europe or America, to hold intercourse with any person who seemed to me to penetrate further than he had done into the spirit of the age, under its successive phases of dissolution, chaos, reconstruction, and progress. Born and bred on the verge of the wilderness (his father a veteran of those old French and Indian wars, in which, in the middle of the eighteenth century, wild men came out of the woods to wage war with the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, against the fireside and the cradle), with the slenderest opportunities for early education, entering life with scarce the usual facilities for reading the riddle of foreign statecraft, remote from the scene of action, relying upon sources of information equally open to all the world, he seemed to me, nevertheless, by the instinct of a great capacity, to have comprehended in all its aspects the march of events in Europe and this country. He surveyed the agitation of the age with calmness, deprecated its excesses, sympathized with its progressive tendencies, rejoiced in its triumphs. His first words in Congress, when he came unannounced from his native hills in 1813, proclaimed his mastery of the perplexed web of European politics, in which the United States were then but too deeply entangled; and from that time till his death, I think we all felt, those who differed from him as well as those who agreed with him, that he was in no degree below the standard of his time; that if Providence had cast his lot in the field where the great destinies of Europe are decided, this poor New Hampshire youth would have carried his head as high among the Metternichs, the Nesselrodes, the Hardenbergs, the Talleyrands, the Castlereaghs of the day, and surely among their successors, who now occupy the stage, as he did among his contemporaries at home.

Let me not be thought, however, in this remark, to intimate that these contemporaries at home were second-rate men; far otherwise. It has sometimes seemed to me that, owing to the natural reverence in which we hold the leaders of the revolutionary period, — the heroic age of the country, — and those of the constitutional age who brought out of chaos this august system of confederate republicanism, we hardly do full justice to the third period in our political history, which may be dated from about the time when Mr. Webster came into political life, and continued through the first part of his career. The heroes and sages of the revolutionary and constitutional period were indeed gone. Washington, Franklin, Greene, Hamilton, Morris, Jay, slept in their honored graves. John Adams, Jefferson, Carroll, though surviving, were withdrawn from affairs. But Madison, who contributed so much to the formation and adoption of the Constitution, was at the helm; Monroe in the cabinet; John Quincy Adams, Gallatin, and Bayard negotiating in Europe; in the Senate were Rufus King, Christopher Gore, Jeremiah Mason, Giles, Otis; in the House of Representatives, Pickering, Clay, Lowndes, Cheves, Calhoun, Gaston, Forsyth, Randolph, Oakley, Pitkin, Grosvenor; on the bench of the Supreme Court, Marshall, Livingston, Story; at the bar, Dexter, Emmet, Pinkney, and Wirt; with many distinguished men not in the general government, of whom it is enough to name DeWitt Clinton and Chancellor Kent. It was my privilege to see Mr. Webster associated and mingling with nearly all these eminent men, and their successors, not only in later years, but in my own youth, and when he first came forward, unknown as yet to the country at large, scarcely known to himself, not arrogant, nor yet wholly unconscious of his mighty powers, tied to a laborious profession in a narrow range of practice, but glowing with a generous ambition, and not afraid to grapple with the strongest and boldest in the land. The opinion pronounced of him, at the commencement of his career, by Mr. Lowndes, that the "South had not in Congress his superior, nor the North his equal," savors in the form of expression of sectional partiality. If it had been said, that neither at the South nor the North had any public man risen more rapidly to a brilliant reputation, no one, I think, would have denied the justice of the remark. He stood from the first the acknowledged equal of the most distinguished of his associates. In later years he acted with the successors of those I have named, with Benton, Burges, Edward Livingston, Hayne, McDuffie, McLean, Sergeant, Clayton, Wilde, Storrs, our own Bates, Davis, Gorham, Choate, and others who still survive; but it will readily be admitted that he never sunk from the position which he assumed at the outset of his career, nor stood second to any man in any part of the country.

If we now look for a moment at the public questions with which he was called to deal in the course of his career, and with which he did deal, in the most masterly manner, as they successively came up, we shall find new proofs of his great ability. When he first came forward in life, the two great belligerent powers of Europe, contending with each other for the mastery of the world, despising our youthful weakness, and impatient of our gainful neutrality, in violation now admitted of the Law of Nations, emulated each other in the war waged upon our commerce and the insults offered to our flag. To engage in a contest with both would have been madness; the choice of the antagonist was a question of difficulty, and well calculated to furnish topics of reproach and recrimination. Whichever side you adopted, your opponent regarded you as being, in a great national struggle, the apologist of an unfriendly foreign power. In 1798 the United States chose France for their enemy; in 1812, Great Britain. War was declared against the latter country on the 18th of June, 1812; the Orders in Council, which were the immediate, though not the exclusive, cause of the war, were rescinded five days afterwards. Such are the narrow chances on which the fortunes of States depend.

Great questions of domestic and foreign policy followed the close of war. Of the former class were the restoration of a currency which should truly represent the values which it nominally circulated; a result mainly brought about by a resolution moved by Mr. Webster; — the fiscal system of the Union and the best mode of connecting the collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public funds, with the commercial wants, and especially with the exchanges of the country; — the stability of the manufactures, which had been called into existence during the war; what can constitutionally be done, ought anything as a matter of policy to be done by Congress, to protect them from the competition of foreign skill, and the glut of foreign markets; the internal communications of the Union, a question of paramount interest before the introduction of railroads; — can the central power do anything, what can it do, by roads and canals, to bind the distant parts of the continent together; the enlargement of the judicial system of the country to meet the wants of the greatly increased number of the States; the revision of the criminal code of the United States, which was almost exclusively his work; the administration of the public lands, and the best mode of filling with civilized and Christian homes this immense domain, the amplest heritage which was ever subjected to the control of a free government; connected with the public domain, the relations of the civilized and dominant race to the aboriginal children of the soil; and lastly, the constitutional questions on the nature of the government, which were raised in that gigantic controversy on the interpretation of the fundamental law itself. These were some of the most important domestic questions which occupied the attention of Congress and the country, while Mr. Webster was on the stage.

Of questions connected with foreign affairs were those growing out of the war, which was in progress when he first became a member of Congress, — then the various questions of international law, some of them as novel as they were important, which had reference to the entrance or the attempted entrance of so many new States into the family of nations; in — Europe, Greece, Belgium, Hungary; — on this continent, twelve or fourteen new republics, great and small, bursting from the ruins of the Spanish colonial empire, like a group of asteroids from the wreck of an exploded planet; — the invitation of the infant American Republics to meet them in Congress at Panama; — our commercial relations with the British colonies in the West Indies and on this continent; — demands on several European states for spoliations on our commerce during the wars of the French Revolution; — our secular controversy with England relative to the boundary of the United States on the northeastern and Pacific frontiers; — our relations with Mexico, previous to the war; — the immunity of the American flag upon the common jurisdiction of the ocean; — and, more important than all other questions, foreign or domestic, in its influence upon the general politics of the country, the great sectional controversy, — not then first commenced, but greatly increased in warmth and energy, — which connected itself with the organization of the newly acquired Mexican territories.

Such were the chief questions on which it was Mr. Webster's duty to form opinions; as an influential member of Congress and a political leader, to speak and to vote; as a member of the executive government, to exercise a powerful, over some of them a decisive control. Besides these, there was another class of questions of great public importance, which came up for adjudication in the courts of the United States, which he was called professionally to discuss. Many of the questions of each class now referred to divided and still divide opinion; excited and still excite the feelings of individuals, of parties, of sections of the country. There are some of them, which in the course of a long life, under changing circumstances, are likely to be differently viewed at different periods, by the same individual. I am not here to-day to rake off the warm ashes from the embers of controversies, which have spent their fury and are dying away, or to fan the fires of those which still burn. But no one, I think, whether he agreed with Mr. Webster or differed from him, as to any of these questions, will deny that he treated them each and all as they came up in the Senate, in the courts, or in negotiation with foreign powers, in a broad, statesman-like, and masterly way. There are few who would not confess, when they agreed with him, that he had expressed their opinions better than they could do it themselves; few, when they differed from him, who would not admit that he had maintained his own views manfully, powerfully, and liberally.

Such was the period in which Mr. Webster lived, such were the associates with whom he acted, the questions with which he had to deal as a statesman, a jurist, the head of an administration of the government, and a public speaker. Let us contemplate him for a moment in either capacity.

Without passing through the preliminary stage of the State Legislature, and elected to Congress in six years from the time of his admission to the Superior Court of New Hampshire, he was, on his first entrance into the House of Representatives, placed by Mr. Speaker Clay on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and took rank forthwith as one of the leading statesmen of the day. His first speech had reference to those famous Berlin and Milan decrees and Orders in Council, to which I have already alluded, and the impression produced by it was such as to lead the venerable Chief Justice Marshall, eighteen years afterward, in writing to Mr. Justice Story, to say: "At the time when this speech was delivered I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it, that I did not hesitate then to state that he was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, — perhaps the very first." His mind, at the very outset of his career, had, by a kind of instinct, soared from the principles which govern the municipal relations of individuals, to those great rules which dictate the law of nations to independent states. He tells us, in the fragment of a diary kept while he was a law student in Mr. Gore's office, that he then read Vattel through for the third time. Accordingly, in after life, there was no subject which he discussed with greater pleasure, and, I may add, with greater power, than questions of the Law of Nations. The Revolution of Greece had, from its outbreak, attracted much of the attention of the civilized world. A people, whose ancestors had originally taught letters and arts to mankind, struggling to regain a place in the great family of independent states, the convulsive efforts of a Christian people, the foundation of whose churches by the apostles in person is recorded in the New Testament, to shake off the yoke of Mohammedan despotism, possessed a strange interest for the friends of Christian liberty throughout Europe and America. President Monroe had called the attention of Congress to this most interesting struggle, in December, 1823, and Mr. Webster, returning to Congress after a retirement of eight years, as the Representative of Boston, made the Greek Revolution the subject of a motion and a speech. In this speech he treated what he called "the great question of the day, — the question between absolute and regulated governments." He engaged in a searching criticism of the doctrines of the "Holy Alliance," and maintained the duty of the United States as a great free power to protest against them. That speech remains, in my judgment, to this day the ablest and most effective remonstrance against the principles of the allied military powers of continental Europe. Mr. Jeremiah Mason pronounced it "the best sample of parliamentary eloquence and statesmanlike reasoning which our country had seen." His indignant protest against the spirit of absolutism, and his words of sympathy with an infant people struggling for independence, were borne on the wings of the wind throughout Christendom. They were read in every language, at every court, in every cabinet, in every reading-room, on every market-place; by the republicans of Mexico and Spanish South America, by the patriots of Italy and of Poland; on the Tagus, on the Danube, as well as at the head of the little armies of revolutionary Greece. The practical impression which it made on the American mind was seen in the liberality with which cargoes of food and clothing, a year or two afterwards, were despatched to the relief of the Greeks. No legislative or executive measure was adopted at that time in consequence of Mr. Webster's motion and speech, — probably none was anticipated by him; but no one who considers how much the march of events in such cases is influenced by the moral sentiments will doubt that a great word like this, spoken in the American Congress, must have had no slight effect in cheering the heart of Greece, to persevere in her unequal but finally successful struggle.

It was by these masterly parliamentary efforts that Mr. Webster left his mark on the age in which he lived. His fidelity to his convictions kept him for the greater part of his life in a minority, — a position which he regarded, not as a proscription, but as a post of honor and duty. He felt that in free governments and in a normal state of parties, an opposition is a political necessity, and that it has its duties not less responsible than those which attach to office. Before the importance of Mr. Webster's political services is disparaged for want of positive results which can only be brought about by those who are clothed with power, it must be shown that to raise a persuasive and convincing voice in the vindication of truth and right, to uphold and assert the true principles of the government under which we live, and bring them home to the hearts of the people, to do this from a sense of patriotic duty, and without hope of the honors and emoluments of office, to do it so as to instruct the public conscience and warm the public heart, is a less meritorious service to society, than to touch with skilful hand the springs of party politics, and to hold together the often discordant elements of ill-compacted majorities.

The greatest parliamentary effort made by Mr. Webster was his second speech on Foote's resolution,—the question at issue being nothing less than this: Is the Constitution of the United States a compact without a common umpire between confederated sovereignties; or is it a government of the people of the United States, sovereign within the sphere of its delegated powers, although reserving a great mass of undelegated rights to the separate State governments and the people? With those who embrace the opinions which Mr. Webster combated in this speech, this is not the time nor the place to engage in an argument; but those who believe that he maintained the true principles of the Constitution will probably agree, that since that instrument was communicated to the Continental Congress, seventy-two years ago this day, by George Washington as President of the Federal Convention, no greater service has been rendered to the country than in the delivery of this speech. Well do I recollect the occasion and the scene. It was truly what Wellington called the battle of Waterloo, a conflict of giants. I passed an hour and a half with Mr. Webster, at his request, the evening before this great effort; and he went over to me, from a very concise brief, the main topics of the speech which he had prepared for the following day. So calm and unimpassioned was the memorandum, so entirely was he at ease himself, that I was tempted to think, absurdly enough, that he was not sufficiently aware of the magnitude of the occasion. But I soon perceived that his calmness was the repose of conscious power. He was not only at ease, but sportive and full of anecdote; and as he told the Senate playfully the next day, he slept soundly that night on the formidable assault of his gallant and accomplished adversary. So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Rocroi; so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela; and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame. As I saw him in the evening (if I may borrow an illustration from his favorite amusement), he was as unconcerned and as free of spirit, as some here have often seen him, while floating in his fishing-boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there, with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty Admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers far over the sea, that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pennant streaming at the main, the stars and the stripes at the fore, the mizen, and the peak; and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind, and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides.

Mr. Webster's career was not less brilliant as a jurist than as a statesman. In fact he possessed, in an eminent degree, a judicial mind. While performing an amount of congressional and official labor sufficient to fill the busiest day and to task the strongest powers, he yet sustained, with a giant's strength, the Herculean toils of his profession. At the very commencement of his studies, resisting the fascination of a more liberal course of reading, he laid his foundations deep in the common law; grappled as well as he might with the weary subtleties and obsolete technicalities of Coke-Littleton, and abstracted and translated volumes of reports from the Norman French and Latin. A few years of practice follow in the courts of New Hampshire, interrupted by his service in Congress for two political terms, and we find him at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, inaugurating, in the Dartmouth College case, what may be called a new school of constitutional jurisprudence.

It would be a waste of time to speak of that great case, or of Mr. Webster's connection with it. It is too freshly remembered in our tribunals. So novel at that time were the principles involved in it, that a member of the Court, after a cursory inspection of the record in the case, expressed the opinion that little of importance could be urged in behalf of the plaintiff in error; but so firm is the basis on which, in that and subsequent cases of a similar character, those principles were established, that they form one of the best settled, as they are one of the most important, portions of the constitutional law of the Union.

Not less important, and, at the time, not less novel, were the principles involved in the celebrated case of Gibbons and Ogden. This case grew out of a grant by the State of New York to the assignees of Fulton, of the exclusive right to navigate by steam the rivers, harbors, and bays of the Empire State. Twenty-five years afterwards, Mr. Justice Wayne gave to Mr. Webster the credit of having laid down the broad constitutional ground, on which the navigable waters of the United States, "every creek and river and lake and bay and harbor in the country," were forever rescued from the grasp of State monopoly. So failed the intention of the Legislature of New York to secure a rich pecuniary reward to the great perfecter of steam navigation; so must have failed any attempt to compensate by money the inestimable achievement. Monopolies could not reward it; silver and gold could not weigh down its value. Small services are paid with money and place; large ones with fame. Fulton had his reward, when, after twenty years of unsuccessful experiment and hope deferred, he made the passage to Albany by steam; as Franklin had his reward when he saw the fibres of the cord which held his kite stiffening with the electricity they had drawn from the thunder-cloud; as Galileo had his when he pointed his little tube to the heavens and discovered the Medicean stars; as Columbus had his when he beheld from the deck of his vessel a moving light on the shores of his new-found world. That one glowing, unutterable thrill of conscious success is too exquisite to be alloyed with baser metal. The midnight vigils, the aching eyes, the fainting hopes turned at last into one bewildering ecstasy of triumph, cannot be repaid with gold. The great discoveries, improvements, and inventions which benefit mankind can only be rewarded by opposition, obloquy, poverty, and an undying name.

Time would fail me, were I otherwise equal to the task, to dwell on the other great constitutional cases argued by Mr. Webster; those on State insolvent laws, the Bank of the United States, the Sailors' Snug Harbor, the Charlestown Bridge Franchise, or those other great cases on the validity of Mr. Girard's will, in which Mr. Webster's argument drew forth an emphatic acknowledgment from the citizens of Washington, of all denominations, for its great value "in demonstrating the vital importance of Christianity to the success of our free institutions, and that the general diffusion of that argument among the people of the United States is a matter of deep public interest"; or the argument of the Rhode Island charter case in 1848, which attracted no little public notice in Europe at that anxious period, as a masterly discussion of the true principles of constitutional obligation.

It would be superfluous, I might almost say impertinent, to remark, that if Mr. Webster stood at the head of the constitutional lawyers of the country, he was not less distinguished in early and middle life, in the ordinary walks of the profession. From a very early period he shared the best practice with the most eminent of his profession. The trial of Goodridge in 1817, and of Knapp in 1829, are still recollected as specimens of the highest professional skill; the latter, in fact, as a case of historical importance in the criminal jurisprudence of the country.

But however distinguished his reputation in the other departments of his profession, his fame as a jurist is mainly associated with the tribunals of the United States. The relation of the Federal government to that of the States is peculiar to this country, and gives rise to a class of cases in the Supreme Court of the United States to which there is nothing analogous in the jurisprudence of England. In that country nothing, not even the express words of a treaty, can be pleaded against an act of Parliament. The Supreme Court of the United States entertains questions which involve the constitutionality of the laws of the State Legislatures, the validity of the decrees of State courts, nay, of the constitutionality of acts of Congress itself. Every one feels that this range and elevation of jurisdiction must tend greatly to the respectability of practice at that forum, and give a breadth and liberality to the tone with which questions are there discussed, not so much to be looked for in the ordinary litigation of the common law. No one needs to be reminded how fully Mr. Webster felt, and, in his own relations to it, sustained, the dignity of this tribunal. He regarded it as the great mediating power of the Constitution. He believed that while it commanded the confidence of the country no serious derangement of any of the other great functions of the government was to be apprehended; if it should ever fail to do so, he feared the worst. For the memory of Marshall, the great and honored magistrate who presided in this court for the third part of a century, and did so much to raise its reputation and establish its influence, he cherished feelings of veneration second only to those which he bore to the memory of Washington.

In his political career Mr. Webster owed almost everything to popular choice or the favor of the Legislature of Massachusetts. He was, however, twice clothed with executive power, as the head of an Administration, and in that capacity achieved a diplomatic success of the highest order. Among the victories of peace not less renowned than those of war which Milton celebrates, the first place is surely due to those friendly arrangements between great powers by which war is averted. Such an arrangement was effected by Mr. Webster in 1842, in reference to more than one highly irritating question between this country and Great Britain, and especially the Northeastern Boundary of the United States. I allude to the subject, not for the sake of reopening obsolete controversies, but for the purpose of vindicating his memory from the charges of disingenuousness and even fraud which were brought against him at the time in England, and which have very lately been revived in that country. I do it the rather as the facts of the case have never been fully stated.

The Northeastern Boundary of the United States, which was described by the treaty of 1783, had never been surveyed and run. It was still unsettled in 1842, and had become the subject of a controversy which had resisted the ability of several successive administrations, on both sides of the water, and had nearly exhausted the resources of arbitration and diplomacy. Border collisions, though happily no bloodshed, had taken place; seventeen regiments had been thrown into the British Provinces; General Scott had been despatched to the frontier of Maine; and our Minister in London (Mr. Stevenson) had written to the commander of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, that a war, in his opinion, was inevitable.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Webster came into the Department of State in the spring of 1841. He immediately gave an intimation to the British government that he was desirous of renewing the interrupted negotiation. A change of ministry took place in England in the course of a few months, and a resolution was soon taken by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, to send a special envoy to the United States, to make a last attempt to settle this dangerous dispute by negotiation. Lord Ashburton was selected for this honorable errand, and his known friendly relations with Mr. Webster were among the motives that prompted his appointment. It may be observed that the intrinsic difficulties of the negotiation were increased by the circumstance, that, as the disputed territory lay in the State of Maine, and the property of the soil was in Maine and Massachusetts, it was deemed necessary to obtain the consent of those States to any arrangement that might be entered into by the general government.

The length of time for which the question had been controverted had, as usually happens in such cases, had the effect of fixing both parties more firmly in their opposite views of the subject. It was a pledge at least of the good faith with which the United States had conducted the discussion, that everything in our archives bearing on the subject had been voluntarily spread before the world. On the other side, no part of the correspondence of the ministers who negotiated the treaty of 1783 had ever been published, and whenever Americans were permitted for literary purposes to institute historical inquiries in the public offices in London, precautions were taken to prevent anything from being brought to light which might bear unfavorably on the British interpretation of the treaty.

The American interpretation of the treaty had been maintained in its fullest extent, as far as I am aware, by every statesman in the country, of whatever party, to whom the question had ever been submitted. It had been thus maintained in good faith by an entire generation of public men of the highest intelligence and most unquestioned probity. The British government had, with equal confidence, maintained their interpretation. The attempt to settle the controversy by a reference to the King of the Netherlands had failed. In this state of things, as the boundary had remained unsettled for fifty-nine years, and had been controverted for more than twenty; as negotiation and arbitration had shown that neither party was likely to convince the other; and as in cases of this kind it is more important that a public controversy should be settled than how it should be settled (of course within reasonable limits), Mr. Webster had from the first contemplated a conventional line. Such a line, and for the same reasons, was anticipated in Lord Ashburton's instructions, and was accordingly agreed upon by the two negotiators, — a line convenient and advantageous to both parties.

Such an adjustment, however, like that which had been proposed by the King of the Netherlands, was extremely distasteful to the people of Maine, who, standing on their rights, adhered with the greatest tenacity to the boundary described by the treaty of 1783, as the United States had always claimed it. As the opposition of Maine had prevented that arrangement from taking effect, there is great reason to suppose that it would have prevented the adoption of the conventional line agreed to by Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, but for the following circumstance.

This was the discovery, the year before, by President Sparks, in the archives of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, at Paris, of a copy of a small map of North America, by D'Anville, published in 1746. On this map a red line was drawn, which, if intended as a boundary between the United States and Great Britain, gave to the latter more than she had herself ever claimed. By whom it was marked, or for what purpose, did not appear from any indication on the map itself. There was also found by Mr. Sparks, in the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, in a bound volume of official correspondence, a letter from Dr. Franklin to the Count de Vergennes, dated on the 6th of December, 1782 (six days after the signature of the provisional articles), stating that, in compliance with the Count's request, and on a map sent him for the purpose, he had marked, "with a strong red line, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries."

The French archives had been searched by Mr. Canning's agents as long ago as 1827, but this map either escaped their notice or had not been deemed by them of importance. The English and French maps of this region differ from each other, and it is known that the map used by the negotiators of the treaty of 1783 was Mitchell's large map of America, published under the official sanction of the Board of Trade in 1754. D'Anville's map was but eighteen inches square; and on so small a scale the difference of the two boundaries would be but slight, and consequently open to mistake. The letter of the Count de Vergennes, transmitting a map to be marked, is not preserved, nor is there any indorsement on the red-line map to show that it is the map sent by the Count and marked by Franklin. D'Anville's map was published in 1746, and it would surely be unwarrantable to take for granted, in a case of such importance, that, in the course of thirty years, it could not have been marked with a red line for some other purpose, and by some other person. It would be equally rash to assume as certain, either that the map marked by Franklin for the Count de Vergennes was deposited by him in the public archives; or that, if so deposited, it may not still be concealed among the sixty thousand maps contained in that depository. In the absence of all evidence to connect Dr. Franklin's letter with the map, it could not, in a court of justice, have been received for a moment as a map marked by him; and any presumption that it was so marked was resisted by the language of the treaty. This point was urged in debate, with great force, by Lord Brougham, who, as well as Sir Robert Peel, liberally defended Mr. Webster from the charges which the opposition journals in London had brought against him.

Information of this map was, in the progress of the negotiation, very properly communicated to Mr. Webster by Mr. Sparks. For the reasons stated, it could not be admitted as *proving* anything. It was another piece of evidence of uncertain character, and Mr. Webster could have no assurance that the next day might not produce some other map equally strong or stronger on the American side; which, as I shall presently state, was soon done in London.

In this state of things, he made the only use of it which could be legitimately made, in communicating it to the commissioners of the State of Maine and Massachusetts, and to the Senate of the United States, as a piece of conflicting evidence entitled to consideration, likely to be urged as of great importance, as it was derived from a source open to the other party, if the discussion should be renewed; increasing the difficulties which already surrounded the question, and thus furnishing new grounds for agreeing to the proposed conventional line. No one, I think, acquainted with the history of the controversy, and the state of public opinion and feeling, can doubt that, but for this communication, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to procure the assent either of Maine or of the Senate to the treaty.

This would seem to be going as far as reason or honor required, in reference to an unauthenticated document, having none of the properties of legal evidence, not exhibited by the opposite party, though drawn from a public source equally open to them, and of a nature to be outweighed by contradictory evidence of the same kind, which was very soon done. But Mr. Webster was at the time severely censured by the opposition press in England, and was accused of "perfidy and want of good faith," for not going with this map to Lord Ashburton; entirely abandoning the American claim, and ceding the whole of the disputed territory, more even than she asked, to Great Britain, on the strength of this single piece of doubtful evidence. His neglect to do so has been lately brought forward, not merely by the daily English journals hostile to this country, but by the able writers in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, as insulting and offensive to England.

Such a charge scarcely deserves an answer; but two things will occur to all impartial persons, — one, that the red-line map, even had it been proved to have been marked by Franklin (which it is not), would be but one piece of evidence, to be weighed with the words of the treaty, with all the other evidence in the case, and especially with the other maps; and, secondly, that such a course, as it is pretended that Mr. Webster ought to have pursued, could only be reasonably required of him, on condition that the British government had also produced, or would undertake to produce, all the evidence, and especially all the maps in its possession, favorable to the American claim.

Now, not to urge against the red-line map, that, as was vigorously urged by Lord Brougham, it was at variance with the express words of the treaty, there were, according to Mr. Gallatin, the commissioner for preparing the claim of the United States, to be submitted to the arbiter in 1827 at least twelve maps, published in London, in the course of two years after the signature of the provisional articles in 1782, all of which gave the boundary line precisely as claimed by the United States; and no map was published in London favoring the British claim, till the third year. The earliest of these twelve maps were prepared to illustrate the debates in Parliament on the treaty, or to illustrate the treaty in anticipation of the debate. None of the speakers on either side intimated that these maps are inaccurate, though some of the opposition speakers attacked the treaty as giving a disadvantageous boundary. One of these maps, that of Faden, the royal geographer, was stated on the face of it to be "drawn according to the treaty." Mr. Sparks is of opinion that Mr. Oswald, the British envoy by whom the treaty was negotiated, and who was in London when the earliest of the maps were engraved, was consulted by the map-makers on the subject of the boundary. At any rate, had they been inaccurate in this respect, either Mr. Oswald or the minister, "who was vehemently assailed on account of the large concession of the boundaries," would have exposed the error. But neither by Mr. Oswald nor by any of the ministers was any complaint made of the inaccuracy of the maps.

One of these maps was that contained in "Bew's Political Magazine," a respectable journal, for which it was prepared, to illustrate the debate on the provisional articles of 1782. It happened that Lord Ashburton was calling upon me, about the time of the debate in the House of Commons on the merits of the treaty, on the 21st of March, 1843. On my expressing to him the opinion, with the freedom warranted by our intimate friendly relations, that his government ought to be much obliged to him for obtaining so much of a territory, of which I conscientiously believed the whole belonged to us, "What," asked he, "have you to oppose to the red-line map?" I replied that, in addition to the other objections already mentioned, I considered it to be outweighed by the numerous other maps which were published at London at the time, some of them to illustrate the treaty; and, among them, I added, "the map in the volume which happens to lie on my table at this moment," which was the volume of "Bew's Political Magazine," to which I called his attention. He told me that he was unacquainted with that map, and desired that I would lend him the volume, to show to Sir Robert Peel. This I did, and in his reply to Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, holding this volume of mine in his hand, referred to the map contained in it (and "which follows," said he, "exactly the American line"), as an offset to the red-line map, of which great use had been made by the opposition in England, for the purpose of showing that Lord Ashburton had been overreached by Mr. Webster. In the course of his speech, he defended Mr. Webster, in the handsomest manner, from the charges brought against him in reference to this map by the opposition press, and said that, in his judgment, "the reflections cast upon that most worthy and honorable man are unjust."

Nor was this all. The more effectually to remove the impression attempted to be raised, in consequence of the red-line map, that Lord Ashburton had been overreached, Sir Robert Peel stated, — *and the disclosure was now for the* *first time made,* — that there was, in the library of King George the Third (which had been given to the British Museum by George the Fourth), a copy of Mitchell's map, in which the boundary as delineated "follows exactly the line claimed by the United States." On four places upon this line are written the words, in a strong, bold hand, "The boundary as described by Mr. Oswald." There is documentary proof that Mr. Oswald sent the map used by him in negotiating the treaty to King George the Third, for his information; and Lord Brougham stated in his place, in the House of Peers, that the words, four times repeated in different parts of the line, were, in his opinion, written by the king himself! Having listened, and of course with the deepest interest, to the debate in the House of Commons, I sought the earliest opportunity of inspecting the map, which was readily granted to me by Lord Aberdeen. The boundary is marked in the most distinct and skilful manner, from the St. Croix all round to the St. Mary's, and is precisely that which has been always claimed by us. There is not the slightest doubt that this is the identical copy of Mitchell's map officially used by the negotiators, and sent by Mr. Oswald, as we learn from Dr. Franklin, to England. Sir Robert Peel informed me that it was unknown to him till after the treaty; and Lord Aberdeen and Lord Ashburton gave me the same assurance. It was well known, however, to the agent employed under Lord Melbourne's administration in maintaining the British claim, and who was foremost in vilifying Mr. Webster for concealing the red-line map! *

I had intended to say a few words on Mr. Webster's transcendent ability as a public speaker on the great national anniversaries, and the patriotic celebrations of the country. But it would be impossible, within the limits of a few paragraphs, to do any kind of justice to such efforts as the discourse on the 22d December, at Plymouth; the speeches on the laying the corner-stone, and the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument; the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; the character of Washington; the discourse on laying the foundation of the extension of the Capitol. What gravity and significance in the topics, what richness of illustration, what soundness of principle, what elevation of sentiment, what fervor in the patriotic appeals, what purity, vigor, and clearness in the style!

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* Sir Robert Peel, with reference to the line on Oswald's map, observes: "I do not say that that was the boundary ultimately settled by the negotiators." Such, however, is certainly the case. Mr. Jay's copy of Mitchell's map (which was also discovered after the negotiation of the treaty) exhibits a line running down the St. John's to its mouth, and called "Mr. Oswald's line." This is the line which Mr. Oswald offered to the American negotiators on the 8th of October. It was, however, not approved by the British government, and the line indicated in the map of King George the Third as the "boundary as described by Mr. Oswald," was finally agreed to.

With reference to the first-named of these admirable discourses, the elder President Adams declared that "Burke is no longer entitled to the praise — the most consummate orator of modern times." And it will, I think, be admitted by any one who shall attentively study them, that if Mr. Webster, with all his powers and all his attainments, had done nothing else but enrich the literature of the country with these performances, he would be allowed to have lived not unworthily nor in vain. When we consider that they were produced under the severe pressure of professional and official engagements, numerous and arduous enough to task even his intellect, we are lost in admiration of the affluence of his mental resources.

In all the speeches, arguments, discourses, and compositions of every kind proceeding from Mr. Webster's lips or pen, there were certain general characteristics which I am unwilling to dismiss without a passing allusion. Each of course had its peculiar merits, according to the nature and importance of the subject, and the care bestowed by Mr. Webster on the discussion; but I find some general qualities pervading them all. One of them is the extreme sobriety of the tone, the pervading common sense, the entire absence of that extravagance and over-statement which are so apt to creep into political harangues and discourses on patriotic anniversaries. His positions are taken strongly, clearly, and boldly, but without wordy amplification or one-sided vehemence. You feel that your understanding is addressed, on behalf of a reasonable proposition, which rests neither on sentimental refinement nor rhetorical exaggeration. This is the case even in speeches like that on the Greek Revolution, where, in enlisting the aid of classical memories and Christian sympathies, it was so difficult to rest within the bounds of moderation.

This moderation not only characterizes Mr. Webster's parliamentary efforts, but is equally conspicuous in his discourses on popular and patriotic occasions, which, amidst all the inducements to barren declamation, are equally and always marked by the treatment of really important topics, in a manly and instructive strain of argument and reflection.

Let it not be thought, however, that I would represent Mr. Webster's speeches in Congress or elsewhere as destitute, on proper occasions, of the most glowing appeals to the moral sentiments, or wanting, when the topic invites it, in any of the adornments of a magnificent rhetoric. Who that heard it, or has read it, will ever forget the desolating energy of his denunciation of the African slave-trade, in the discourse at Plymouth; or the splendor of the apostrophe to Warren, in the first discourse on Bunker Hill; or that to the monumental shaft and the survivors of the Revolution in the second; or the trumpet-tones of the speech placed in the lips of John Adams, in the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; or the sublime peroration of the speech on Foote's resolution; or the lyric fire of the imagery by which he illustrates the extent of the British empire; or the almost supernatural terror of his description of the force of conscience in the argument in Knapp's trial? Then, how bright and fresh the description of Niagara! how beautiful the picture of the Morning, in his private correspondence, which, as well as his familiar conversation, were enlivened by the perpetual play of a joyous and fertile imagination! In a word, what tone in all the grand and melting music of our language is there which is not heard in some portion of his speeches or writings; while reason, sense, and truth compose the basis of the strain? Like the sky above us, it is sometimes serene and cloudless, and peace and love shine out from its starry depths. At other times the gallant streamers, in wild, fantastic play, — emerald, and rose, and orange, and fleecy white, — shoot upward from the horizon, mingle in a fiery canopy at the zenith, and throw out their flickering curtains over the heavens and the earth;* while at other times the mustering tempest piles his lowering battlements on the sides of the north, a furious storm-wind rushes forth from their blazing loop-holes, and volleyed thunders give the signal of the elemental war!

Another quality, which appears to me to be very conspicuous in all Mr. Webster's speeches, is the fairness and candor with which he treats the argument of his opponent, and the total absence of offensive personality. He was accustomed, in preparing to argue a question at the bar, or to debate it in the Senate, first to state his opponent's case or argument in his own mind, with as much force and skill as if it were his own view of the subject, not deeming it worthy of a statesman discussing the great issues of the public weal, to assail and prostrate a man of straw, and call it a victory over his antagonist. True to his party associations, there was the least possible mingling of the partisan in his parliamentary efforts. No one, I think, ever truly said of him, that he had either misrepresented or failed to grapple fairly with the argument which he undertook to confute. That he possessed the power of invective in the highest degree is well known, from the display of it on a few occasions, when great provocation justified and required it; but he habitually abstained from offensive personality, regarding it as an indication always of a bad temper, and generally of a weak cause.

I notice, lastly, a sort of judicial dignity in Mr. Webster's mode of treating public questions, which may be ascribed to the high degree in which he united, in the range of his studies and the habits of his life, the jurist with the statesman. There were occasions, and those not a few, when, but for the locality from which he spoke, you might have been at a loss, whether you were listening to the accomplished senator unfolding the principles of the Constitution as a system of government, or the consummate jurist applying its legislative provisions to the practical interests of life. In the Dartmouth College case, and that of Gibbons and Ogden, the dryness of a professional argument is forgotten in the breadth and elevation of the constitutional principles shown to be involved in the issue; while in the great speeches on the interpretation of the Constitution, a severe judicial logic darts its sunbeams into the deepest recesses of a written compact of government, intended to work out an harmonious adjustment of the antagonistic principles of Federal and State sovereignty. None, I think, but a great statesman could have performed Mr. Webster's part before the highest tribunals of the land; none but a great lawyer could have sustained himself as he did on the floor of the Senate. In fact, he rose to that elevation at which the law, in its highest conception, and in its versatile functions and agencies, as the great mediator between the state and individual; the shield by which the weakness of the single man is protected from the violence and craft of his fellows, and clothed for the defence of his rights with the mighty power of the mass; which watches, faithful guardian, over the life and property of the orphan in the cradle; spreads the ægis of the public peace alike over the crowded streets of great cities and the solitary pathways of the wilderness; which convoys the merchant and his cargo in safety to and from the ends of the earth; prescribes the gentle humanities of civilization to contending armies; sits serene umpire of the clashing interests of confederated States, and moulds them all into one grand Union, — I say Mr. Webster rose to an elevation at which all these attributes and functions of universal law, — in action alternately executive, legislative, and judicial; in form successively constitution, statute, and decree, — are mingled into one harmonious, protecting, strengthening, vitalizing, sublime system; brightest image on earth of that ineffable Sovereign Energy, which, with mingled power, wisdom, and love, upholds and governs the universe.

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* Alluding to auroral displays throughout the summer and autumn of 1859, of peculiar splendor.

Led equally by his professional occupations and his political duties to make the Constitution the object of his profoundest study and meditation, he regarded it with peculiar reverence, as a Covenant of Union between the members of this great and increasing family of States; and in that respect he considered it as the most important document ever penned by the hand of uninspired man. I need not tell you that this reverence for the Constitution as the covenant of union between the States was the central idea of his political system, which, however, in this, as in all other respects, aimed at a wise and safe balance of extreme opinions. He valued, as much as any man can possibly value it, the principle of State sovereignty. He looked upon the organization of these separate independent republics, of different sizes, different ages and histories, different geographical positions, and local interests, as furnishing a security of inappreciable value for a wise and beneficent administration of local affairs, and the protection of individual and local rights. But he regarded as an approach to the perfection of political wisdom the moulding of these separate and independent sovereignties, with all their pride of individual right and all their jealousy of individual consequence, into a well-compacted whole. He never weighed the two principles against each other; he held them complemental to each other, equally and supremely vital and essential.

I happened, one bright starry night, to be walking home with him at a late hour from the Capitol at Washington, after a skirmishing debate, in which he had been speaking, at no great length, but with much earnestness and warmth, on the subject of the Constitution as forming a united government. The planet Jupiter, shining with unusual brilliancy, was in full view. He paused as we descended Capitol Hill, and, unconsciously pursuing the train of thought which he had been enforcing in the Senate, pointed to the planet and said: "'Night unto night showeth knowledge'; take away the independent force, emanating from the hand of the Supreme, which impels that planet onward, and it would plunge in hideous ruin from those beautiful skies into the sun; take away the central attraction of the sun, and the attendant planet would shoot madly from its sphere; urged and restrained by the balanced forces, it wheels its eternal circles through the heavens."

His reverence for the Constitution led him to meditate a work in which the history of its formation and adoption should be traced, its principles unfolded and explained, its analogies with other governments investigated, its expansive fitness to promote the prosperity of the country for ages yet to come developed and maintained. His thoughts had long flowed in this channel. The subject was not only the one on which he had bestowed his most earnest parliamentary efforts, but it formed the point of reference of much of his historical and miscellaneous reading. He was anxious to learn what the experience of mankind taught on the subject of governments in any degree resembling our own. As our fathers, in forming the Confederation, and still more the members of the Convention which framed the Constitution, and especially Washington, studied with diligence the organization of all the former compacts of government, — those of the Netherlands, of Switzerland, and ancient Greece, — so Mr. Webster directed special attention to all the former leagues and confederacies of modern and ancient times, for lessons and analogies of encouragement and warning to his countrymen. He dwelt much on the Amphictyonic league of Greece, one of the confederacies to which the framers of the Constitution often referred, and which is frequently spoken of as a species of federal government. Unhappily for Greece, it had little claim to that character. Founded originally on a confraternity of religious rites, it was expanded in the lapse of time into a loose political association, but was destitute of all the powers of an organized efficient government. On this subject Mr. Webster found a remark in Grote's History of Greece, which struck him as being of extreme significance to the people of the United States. "Occasionally," says Grote, "there was a partial pretence for the imposing title bestowed upon the Amphictyonic league by Cicero, 'Commune Græciæ Concilium,' but we should completely misinterpret Grecian history if we regarded it as a federal council habitually directing or habitually obeyed." "And now," said Mr. Webster, "comes a passage which ought to be written in gold over the door of the Capitol and of every State Legislature: 'Had there existed any such "Commune Concilium" of tolerable wisdom and patriotism, and had the tendencies of the Hellenic mind been capable of adapting themselves to it, the whole course of later Grecian history would probably have been altered; the Macedonian kings would have remained only as respectable neighbors, borrowing their civilization from Greece, and exercising their military energies upon Thracians and Illyrians; while united Hellas might have maintained her own territory against the conquering legions of Rome.'" * A wise and patriotic federal government would have preserved Greece from the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legions!

Professional and official labors engrossed Mr. Webster's time, and left him no leisure for the execution of his meditated work on the Constitution, — a theme which, as he would have treated it, tracing it back to its historical fountains, and forward to its prophetical issues, seems to me, in the wide range of its topics, to embrace higher and richer elements of thought for the American statesman and patriot than any other not directly connected with the spiritual welfare of man.

What else is there, in the material system of the world, so wonderful as this concealment of the Western Hemisphere for ages behind the mighty veil of waters? How *could* such a secret be kept from the foundation of the world till the end of the fifteenth century? What so astonishing as the concurrence, within less than a century, of the invention of printing, the demonstration of the true system of the heavens, and this great world-discovery? What so mysterious as the dissociation of the native tribes of this continent from the civilized and civilizable races of men? What so remarkable, in political history, as the operation of the influences, now in conflict, now in harmony, under which the various nations of the Old World sent their children to occupy the New: great populations silently stealing into existence; the wilderness of one century swarming in the next with millions, — ascending the streams, crossing the mountains, struggling with a wild, hard nature, with savage foes, with rival settlements of foreign powers, but ever onward, onward? What so propitious as this long colonial training in the school of chartered government? And then, when the fulness of time had come, what so majestic, amidst all its vicissitudes and all its trials, as the Grand Separation, — mutually beneficial, in its final results, to both parties, — the dread appeal to arms, the venerable Continental Congress, the august Declaration, the strange alliance of the oldest monarchy of Europe with the infant Republic? And, lastly, what so worthy the admiration of men and angels, as the appearance of him the expected, him the hero, raised up to conduct the momentous conflict to its auspicious issue in the Confederation, the Union, the Constitution?

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* Grote's History of Greece, Vol. II. p. 336.

Is this a theme not unworthy of the pen and the mind of Webster? Then consider the growth of the country, thus politically ushered into existence and organized under that Constitution, as delineated in his address on the laying the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, — the thirteen Colonies that accomplished the Revolution multiplied to thirty-three independent States, a single one of them exceeding in population the old thirteen; the narrow border of settlement along the coast, fenced in by France and the native tribes, expanded to the dimensions of the continent; Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, California, Oregon, — territories equal to the great monarchies of Europe, — added to the Union; and the two millions of population which warmed the imagination of Burke swelled to twenty-four millions, during the lifetime of Mr. Webster, and in seven short years, which have since elapsed, increased to thirty!

With these stupendous results in his own time as the unit of calculation; beholding under Providence with each decade of years a new people, millions strong, emigrants in part from the Old World, but mainly bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, the children of the soil, growing up to inhabit the waste places of the continent, to inherit and transmit the rights and blessings which we have received from our fathers; recognizing in the Constitution and in the Union established by it the creative influence which, as far as human agencies go, has wrought these miracles of growth and progress, and which wraps up in sacred reserve the expansive energy with which the work is to be carried on and perfected, — he looked forward with patriotic aspiration to the time when beneath its ægis the whole wealth of our civilization would be poured out, not only to fill up the broad interstices of settlement, if I may so express myself, in the old thirteen and their young and thriving sister States, already organized in the West, but in the lapse of time to found a hundred new republics in the valley of the Missouri and beyond the Rocky Mountains, till our letters and our arts, our schools and our churches, our laws and our liberties, shall be carried from the Arctic circle to the tropics, "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof."

This prophetic glance, not merely at the impending but the distant future, this reliance on the fulfilment of the great design of Providence, illustrated through our whole history, to lavish upon the people of this country the accumulated blessings of all former stages of human progress, made him more tolerant of the tardy and irregular advances and temporary wanderings from the path of what he deemed a wise and sound policy, than those fervid spirits, who dwell exclusively in the present, and make less allowance for the gradual operation of moral influences. This was the case in reference to the great sectional controversy which now so sharply divides and so violently agitates the country. He not only confidently anticipated, what the lapse of seven years since his decease has witnessed and is witnessing, that the newly acquired and the newly organized Territories of the Union would grow up into free States; but, in common with all, or nearly all, the statesmen of the last generation, he believed that free labor would ultimately prevail throughout the country. He thought he saw that, in the operation of the same causes which have produced this result in the Middle and Eastern States, it was visibly taking place in the States north of the cotton-growing region; and he inclined to the opinion that there also, under the influence of physical and economical causes, free labor would eventually be found most productive, and would, therefore, be ultimately established.

For these reasons, bearing in mind what all admit, that the complete solution of the mighty problem which now so greatly tasks the prudence and patriotism of the wisest and best in the land, is beyond the delegated powers of the general government; that it depends, as far as the States are concerned, on their independent legislation, and that it is, of all others, a subject in reference to which public opinion and public sentiment will most powerfully influence the law; that much in the lapse of time, without law, is likely to be brought about by degrees, and gradually done and permitted, as in Missouri at the present day, while nothing is to be hoped from external interference, whether of exhortation or rebuke; that in all human affairs controlled by self-governing communities, extreme opinions and extreme courses, on the one hand, generally lead to extreme opinions and extreme courses on the other; and that nothing will more contribute to the earliest practicable relief of the country from this most prolific source of conflict and estrangement, than to prevent its being introduced into our party organizations, — he deprecated its being allowed to find a place among the political issues of the day, North or South; and, seeking a platform on which honest and patriotic men might meet and stand, he thought he had found it, where our fathers did, in the Constitution.

It is true, that in interpreting the fundamental law on this subject, a diversity of opinion between the two sections of the Union presents itself. This has ever been the case, first or last, in relation to every great question that has divided the country. It is the unfailing incident of constitutions, written or unwritten; an evil to be dealt with in good faith, by prudent and enlightened men in both sections of the Union, seeking, as Washington sought, the public good, and giving expression to the patriotic common sense of the people.

Such, I have reason to believe, were the principles entertained by Mr. Webster; not certainly those best calculated to win a temporary popularity in any part of the Union, in times of passionate sectional agitation, which, between the extremes of opinion, leaves no middle ground for moderate counsels. If any one could have found and could have trodden such ground with success, he would seem to have been qualified to do it, by his transcendent talent, his mature experience, his approved temper and calmness, and his tried patriotism. If he failed of finding such a path for himself or the country, while we thoughtfully await what time and an all-wise Providence has in store for ourselves and our children, let us remember that his attempt was the highest and the purest which can engage the thoughts of a statesman and a patriot, — peace on earth, good-will toward men; harmony and brotherly love among the children of our common country.

And O my friends! if among those, who, differing from him on this or any other subject, have yet, with generous forgetfulness of that which separated you, and kindly remembrance of all you held in common, come up this day to do honor to his memory, there are any who suppose that he cherished less tenderly than yourselves the great ideas of Liberty, Humanity, and Brotherhood; that because he was faithful to the duties which he inferred from the Constitution and the Law, to which he looked for the government of civil society, he was less sensible than yourselves to the broader relations and deeper sympathies which unite us to our fellow-creatures, as brethren of one family, and children of one Heavenly Father, — believe me, you do his memory a grievous wrong.

This is not the occasion to dwell upon the personal character of Mr. Webster, on the fascination of his social intercourse, or the charm of his domestic life. Something I could have said on his companionable disposition and habits, his genial temper, the resources and attractions of his conversation, his love of Nature, alike in her wild and cultivated aspects, and his keen perception of the beauties of this fair world in which we live; something of his devotion to agricultural pursuits, which, next to his professional and public duties, formed the occupation of his life; something of his fondness for athletic and manly sports and exercises; something of his friendships, and of his attachments closer than friendships, — the son, the brother, the husband, and the father; something of the joys and sorrows of his home; of the strength of his religious convictions, his testimony to the truth of the Christian revelation; the tenderness and sublimity of the parting scene; — something on these topics I have elsewhere said, and may not here repeat.

Some other things, my friends, with your indulgence, standing here to perform this last office to his memory, I would say; thoughts, memories, which crowd upon me, too vivid to be repressed, too personal almost to be uttered.

On the 17th of July, 1804, a young man from New Hampshire arrived in Boston, all but penniless, and all but friendless. He was twenty-two years of age, and had come to take the first steps in the career of life at the capital of New England. Three days after arriving in Boston, he presented himself, without letters of recommendation, to Mr. Christopher Gore, then just returned from England, after an official residence of some years, and solicited a place in his office as a clerk. His only introduction was by a young man as little known to Mr. Gore as himself, and who went to pronounce his name, which he did so indistinctly as not to be heard. His slender figure, striking countenance, large dark eye, and massy brow, his general appearance indicating a delicate organization,* his manly carriage, and modest demeanor arrested attention and inspired confidence. His humble suit was granted, he was received into the office, and had been there a week before Mr. Gore learned that his name was Daniel Webster! His older brother, — older in years, but later in entering life (for whose education Daniel, while teacher of the Academy at Fryeburg, had drudged till midnight in the office of the Register of Deeds), — at that time taught a small school in Short Street (now Kingston Street), in Boston; and while he was in attendance at the commencement at Dartmouth, in 1804, to receive his degree, Daniel supplied his place. At that school, at the age of ten, I was then a pupil, and there commenced a friendship which lasted, without interruption or chill, while his life lasted; of which, while mine lasts, the grateful recollection will never perish. From that time forward, I knew, and as I knew, I respected, I honored, I loved him. I saw him at all seasons and on all occasions, in the flush of public triumph, in the intimacy of the fireside, in the most unreserved interchange of personal confidence; in health and in sickness, in sorrow and in joy; when early honors began to wreathe his brow, and in after life through most of the important scenes of his public career. I saw him on occasions that show the manly strength, and, what is better, the manly weakness, of the human heart; and I declare this day, in the presence of Heaven and of men, that I never heard from him the expression of a wish unbecoming a good citizen and a patriot, — the utterance of a word unworthy a gentleman and a Christian; that I never knew a more generous spirit, a safer adviser, a warmer friend.

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* Description by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, "Webster's Private Correspondence," Vol. I. p. 438.

Do you ask me if he had faults? I answer, he was a man. Do you again ask me the question? Look in your own breast, and get the answer there. Do you still insist on explicit information? Let me give it to you, my immaculate friend, in the words which were spoken eighteen hundred years ago to certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others: —

> "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee and the other a publican.
>
> "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.
>
> "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.
>
> "And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

"I tell you, This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Yes, he had some of the faults of a lofty spirit, a genial temperament, an open hand, and a warm heart; he had none of the faults of a grovelling, mean, and malignant nature. He had especially the "last infirmity of noble minds," and had no doubt raised an aspiring eye to the highest object of political ambition. But he did it in the honest pride of a capacity equal to the station, and with a consciousness that he should reflect back the honor which it conferred. He might say, with Burke, that "he had no arts but honest arts"; and if he sought the highest honors of the state, he did it by unsurpassed talent, laborious service, and patriotic devotion to the public good.

It was not given to him, any more than to the other members of the great triumvirate with whom his name is habitually associated, to attain the object of their ambition; but posterity will do them justice, and begins already to discharge the debt of respect and gratitude. A noble mausoleum in honor of Clay, and his statue by Hart, are in progress; the statue of Calhoun, by Powers, adorns the Court-House in Charleston, and a magnificent monument to his memory is in preparation; and we present you this day, fellow-citizens, the statue of Webster, in enduring bronze, on a pedestal of granite from his native State, the noble countenance modelled from life, at the meridian of his days and his fame, and to his own satisfaction, and his person reproduced, from faithful recollection, by the oldest and most distinguished of the living artists of the country. He sleeps by the multitudinous ocean, which he himself so much resembled, in its mighty movement and its mighty repose; but his monumental form shall henceforward stand sentry at the portals of the Capitol, the right hand pointing to that symbol of the Union on which the left reposes, and his imperial gaze directed, with the hopes of the country, to the boundless West. In a few short years, we, whose eyes have rested on his majestic person, whose ears have drunk in the music of his clarion voice, shall have gone to our rest; but our children, for ages to come, as they dwell with awe-struck gaze upon the monumental bronze, shall say, O that we could have seen, O that we could have heard, the great original!

Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago, this day, our beloved city received from the General Court of the Colony the honored name of Boston. On the long roll of those whom she has welcomed to her nurturing bosom is there a name which shines with a brighter lustre than his? Seventy-two years ago, this day, the Constitution of the United States was tendered to the acceptance of the people by George Washington. Who of all the gifted and patriotic of the land, that have adorned the interval, has done more to unfold its principles, maintain its purity, and to promote its duration?

Here, then, beneath the walls of the Capitol of old Massachusetts; here, within the sight of those fair New England villages; here, in the near vicinity of the graves of those who planted the germs of all this palmy growth; here, within the sound of sacred bells; here, in the presence of this vast multitude, — we raise this monument, with loving hearts, to the Statesman, the Patriot, the Fellow-Citizen, the Neighbor, the Friend. Long may it guard the approach to our halls of council! long may it look out upon a prosperous, a happy, and a united country! and if days of trial and disaster should come, and the arm of flesh should fail, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal, to stand in the front rank of the peril, and the bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice, — "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

REPETITION OF THE FOREGOING EULOGY.

On motion of Hon. E. G. Parker, in the Senate of Massachusetts, the following order was adopted, with a single dissenting voice, — that of Mr. Branning of Berkshire, — inviting a repetition, in the presence of the two houses, of the foregoing eulogy.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

STATE-HOUSE, SENATE CHAMBER,
BOSTON, September 19, 1859.

Ordered, That the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives be requested, in behalf of the Legislature, to invite the Honorable Edward Everett to deliver his oration on the inauguration of the statue of Daniel Webster, before the Legislature of the Commonwealth, in the grounds of the Capitol, on Wednesday next, at 3 o'clock P. M., or at such time as may suit his convenience.

Sent down for concurrence.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SEPTEMBER 19, 1859.

Concurred.

WILLIAM STOWE, *Clerk.*

To this invitation the following answer was returned by Mr. Everett: —

BOSTON, September 19, 1859.

HON. C. A. PHELPS, PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE, AND HON. CHARLES HALE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

GENTLEMEN: — I have received the copy of a Resolution passed this day, by the two houses in concurrence, requesting me, through their presiding officers, to deliver before the Legislature, in the Capitol grounds, my oration on the inauguration of the statue of Daniel Webster.

It will afford me great pleasure to comply with the wishes of the Legislature, on Thursday next, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and I beg leave, through you, to express to them my grateful sense of the honor done me by their invitation.

I remain, gentlemen, with the highest respect, truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

The weather proved unfavorable on the day first appointed, and on several successive days. At length, on Tuesday, the 27th, in a remarkably propitious state of the weather, and in the presence of an immense multitude, the repetition took place. The members of the Executive and Legislature having been seated on the spacious platform erected in front of the principal entrance of the State-House, Mr. Everett was introduced by the Committee of Arrangements, and by their chairman, Hon. E. G. Parker, of the Senate, presented to the presiding officer of that body, Hon. C. A. Phelps, in the following terms: —

MR. PRESIDENT: —

As chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, I have to introduce to you the orator of this occasion. He has been invited by the Legislature to deliver his address inaugurating the statue of Daniel Webster before them. He is here, prepared to address you. I need not introduce him to you; I have but to name the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT.

Mr. Everett was then introduced to the members of the two houses by Hon. C. A. Phelps, President of the Senate, in the following brief address: —

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: —

The two branches of the Legislature have assembled, in conformity with a vote passed on the 19th instant, to listen to an oration on the inauguration of the statue of Daniel Webster.

No official action of ours was necessary to perpetuate the fame of Webster. But our predecessors of a former generation invoked the eloquence of Adams to give utterance to their then recent sorrow on the death of the beloved and illustrious Washington, and those of a more recent day invited our distinguished fellow-citizen, who is about to address us, to speak to them of the life and character of John Quincy Adams.

In obedience to this high example, it has seemed eminently fit and proper that to-day, in the portals of the Capitol, we should honor the memory of *one* whose name and fame must be forever associated with the historic glories of our beloved Commonwealth. I have now the pleasure of presenting to you the Hon. Edward Everett.

To this address Mr. Everett replied in the following manner: —

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: —

In rising to repeat, in your presence and at your request, the discourse prepared for the dedication of the statue of Daniel Webster, my first duty is one of grateful acknowledgment. I deem it a very distinguished honor to have received an invitation of this kind and for the second time. When, eleven years ago, one of the most illustrious of the native sons of Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams, was, in the Capitol at Washington, stricken down by the last enemy, before whom he quailed as little as he ever did before the face of human adversary, I was unanimously requested, by the two houses, to speak to them on the melancholy occasion, in Faneuil Hall. You have now called upon me, under unusual circumstances, demanding my warmest thanks, to repeat the eulogy lately delivered by me on the most distinguished of the adopted sons of Massachusetts, under the auspices of her Legislature; on such a rostrum as speaker never trod before; in the presence of this magnificent audience; and beneath the arch of these favoring heavens. I stand before you almost subdued by the grandeur of the scene. Deeply penetrated with a sense of my inability to do full justice to either of these occasions, I may yet account it a very signal honor and happiness of my life, that, having enjoyed to the last the friendship of each of these great men, and having acted in harmony with them on many important public occasions, I have been permitted, by the repeated call of the Legislature of Massachusetts, to pay the last funeral and monumental honors to their memory, and to connect my humble name with theirs, in these public services of respectful and grateful commemoration.

Mr. Everett then repeated the address as delivered in the Music Hall on the 17th instant. On both occasions, about one half of the eulogy as published in the "Saturday Evening Gazette" of the 17th instant was necessarily omitted, on account of its length. On the occasion of the repetition in the Public Grounds, the entire passage on Mr. Webster as a Diplomatist was also for the same reason omitted. The manuscript having been in the printer's hands a week before its delivery, a few passages of the eulogy, as spoken, are wanting in the newspaper editions. They are found in their places, in the preceding pages.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN SENATE, October 8, 1859.

Ordered, That the thanks of the Legislature be tendered to the Hon. Edward Everett for his Address, dedicating the statue of Daniel Webster, delivered before them, on the 27th of September, in compliance with their request.

Sent down for concurrence. S. N. GIFFORD, *Clerk*.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, OCTOBER 18, 1859.

Concurred.

WILLIAM STOWE, *Clerk*.

UNION MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.*

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: —

As I rise to address you, on this important occasion, indulge me in a few words of personal explanation. I did not suppose that anything could occur which would make me think it my duty to appear again on this platform, on any occasion of a political character; and had this meeting been of a party nature or designed to promote any party purposes, I should not have been here. When compelled by the prostration of my health, five years ago, to resign the distinguished place which I then filled in the public service, it was with no expectation, no wish, and no intention of ever again mingling in the scenes of public life. I have accordingly, with the partial restoration of my health, abstained from all participation in political action of any kind; partly because I have found a more congenial, and, as I venture to think, a more useful occupation in seeking to rally the affections of my countrymen, North and South, to that great name and precious memory which is left almost alone of all the numerous kindly associations which once bound the different sections of the country together; and also because, between the extremes of opinion that have long distracted and now threaten to convulse the country, I find no middle ground of practical usefulness on which a friend of moderate counsels can stand. I think I do a little good, — I try to, — in my waning years, in augmenting the funds of the charitable institutions, — commemorating from time to time the honored dead and the great events of past days, and chiefly in my humble efforts to rescue from desecration and the vicissitudes of private property the home and the grave of Washington. These, sir, seem to me to be innocent and appropriate occupations for the decline of life. I am more than contented with the favor with which these my humble labors are regarded by the great majority of my countrymen; and knowing by experience how unsatisfying in the enjoyment are the brightest prizes of political ambition, I gladly resign the pursuit of them to younger men.

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* Remarks at the meeting in Faneuil Hall, held on Thursday, December 8, 1859, to take notice of the recent tragic events at Harper's Ferry, Va.

Sir, the North and the South, including the Northwest and Southwest, have become fiercely, bitterly arrayed against each other. There is no place left in public life for those who love them both. The war of words — of the press, of the platform, of the State Legislatures, and, must I add, the pulpit? — has been pushed to a point of exasperation, which, on the slightest untoward accident, may rush to the bloody arbitrament of the sword. The great ancient master of political science (Aristotle) tells us, that though revolutions do not take place *for* small causes, they do *from* small causes. He means, sir, that when the minds of the community have become hopelessly imbittered and exasperated by long-continued irritation, the slightest occurrence will bring on a convulsion.

In fact, it seems to me, that we have reached a state of things which requires all good men and good patriots to forego, for a time, mere party projects and calculations, and to abandon all ordinary political issues; which calls, in a word, upon all who love the country and cherish the Union, and desire the continuance of those blessings which we have till lately enjoyed under the Constitution transmitted to us by our fathers, — and which I regard as the noblest work of political wisdom ever achieved, — to meet as one man and take counsel for its preservation. It is this feeling that has brought me here to-day.

It will probably be said, sir, that those who entertain views like these exaggerate the gravity of the crisis. I wish I could think so. But I fear it is not we who exaggerate, but those who differ from us, that greatly — and soon, I fear it will be, fatally — underrate the ominous signs of the times. I fear, sir, that they are greatly misled by the one-sided views presented by the party press, and those who rely upon the party press exclusively for their impressions, and that they are dangerously ignorant of the state of opinion and feeling in the other great section of the country. I greatly fear that the mass of the community in this quarter, long accustomed to treat all alarm for the stability of the Union as groundless, and all professed anxiety for its preservation as insincere, or if sincere, the result of nervous timidity, have unfitted themselves to measure the extent and the urgency of the existing danger. It is my own deliberate conviction, formed from some opportunities of personal observation, and from friendly correspondence with other parts of the country (though I carry on none of a political nature), that we are on the very verge of a convulsion, which will shake the Union to its foundation; and that a few more steps forward, in the direction in which affairs have moved for a few years past, will bring us to the catastrophe.

I have heard it urged on former occasions of public alarm, that it must be groundless, because business goes on as usual, and the theatres are open, and stocks keep up. Sir, these appearances may all be delusive. The great social machine moves with a *momentum* that cannot be suddenly stopped. The ordinary operations of business went on in France, in the Revolution of 1789, till the annihilation of the circulating medium put a stop to everything that required its use. The theatres and all the other places of public amusement were crowded to madness in the reign of terror. The French stocks never stood better than they did in Paris on the 21st of February, 1848. On the 24th of that month Louis Philippe was flying in disguise from his capital; the Tuileries were sacked, and the oldest monarchy in Europe had ceased to exist.

I hold it to be time, then, sir, as I have said, for good men and good patriots, casting aside all mere party considerations, and postponing at least all ordinary political issues, to pause; to look steadily in the face the condition of things to which we are approaching; and to ask their own consciences, whether they can do nothing or say nothing to avert the crisis, and bring about a happier and a better state of things. I do not ask them to search the past for topics of reproach or recrimination on men or parties. We have had enough of that, and it has contributed materially to bring about our present perilous condition. In all countries where speech and the press are free, especially those countries which by controlling natural causes fall into two great sections, each possessing independent local legislatures and centres of political opinion and influence, there will, in the lapse of time, unavoidably be action and reaction of word and deed. Violence of speech or of act, on the one side, will unavoidably produce violence of speech and act on the other. Each new grievance is alternately cause and effect; and if, before resorting to healing counsels, we are determined to run over the dreary catalogue, to see who was earliest or who has been most to blame, we engage in a controversy in which there is no arbiter, and of which there can be no solution.

But without reviving the angry or sorrowful memories of the past, let me, in all friendliness, ask the question, What has either section to gain by a dissolution of the Union, with reference to that terrible question which threatens to destroy it? I ask patriotic men in both sections to run over in their minds the causes of complaint which they have, or think they have, in the existing state of things, and then ask themselves dispassionately whether anything is to be gained, anything to be hoped, by pushing the present alienation to that fatal bourne, from which, as from death, there is no return? Will the South gain any greater stability for her social system, — any larger entrance into the vacant public territories? Will the North have effected any one object, which by men of any shade of opinion, extreme or moderate, is deemed desirable? on the contrary, will not every evil she desires to remedy be confirmed and aggravated? If this view of the subject be correct, what can be more unwise, what more suicidal, than to allow these deplorable dissensions to result in a Revolution, which will leave the two great sections of the country in a worse condition than it finds them, with reference to the very objects for which they allow themselves to be impelled to the dreadful consummation?

But I shall be told, perhaps, that all this is imaginary; that the alarm at the South is factitious, or rather a groundless panic, for which there is no substantial cause, — fit subject for ridicule rather than serious anxiety. But I see no signs of panic in Virginia, except for a few hours at Harper's Ferry, where, in the confusion of the first surprise, and in profound ignorance of the extent of the danger, the community was for a short time paralyzed. I am not sure that a town of four or five hundred families in this region, invaded at midnight by a resolute band of twenty men, entering the houses of influential citizens, and hurrying them from their beds to a stronghold previously occupied, and there holding them as hostages, — I am not sure, sir, that an equal panic would not be created till the extent of the danger was measured. Besides, sir, if the panic had been much more extensive than it was, the panics of great and brave communities are no trifles. Burke said he could not frame an indictment against a whole people; it seems to me equally in bad taste at least to try to point a sneer at a State like Virginia. The French are reputed a gallant and warlike people; but the letters from the late seat of war tell us, that, even after the great victory of Solferino, a handful of Austrians, straggling into a village, put a corps of the French army — thousands strong — to flight. A hundred and fifty men overturned the French monarchy, on the occasion to which I have already alluded, in 1848. When the circumstances of the case are taken into consideration, I suspect it will be agreed that any other community in the country, similarly situated, would have been affected in the same way. A conflict of such an unprecedented character, in which twelve or fourteen persons on the two sides were shot down, in the course of a few hours, appears to me an event at which levity ought to stand rebuked, and a solemn chill to fall upon every right-thinking man.

I fear, sir, from the tone of some of the public journals, that we have not made this case our own. Suppose a party of desperate misguided men, under a resolved and fearless leader, had been organized in Virginia to come and establish themselves by stealth in Springfield in this State, intending there, after possessing themselves at the unguarded hour of midnight of the National Armory, to take advantage of some local cause of disaffection, say the feud between Protestants and Catholics (which led to a very deplorable occurrence in this vicinity a few years ago), to stir up a social revolution; that pikes and rifles to arm twenty-five hundred men had been procured by funds raised by extensive subscriptions throughout the South; that at the dead of a Sunday night the work of destruction had begun, by shooting down an unarmed man who had refused to join the invading force; that citizens of the first standing were seized and imprisoned, — three or four others killed; and when, on the entire failure of the conspiracy, its leader had been tried, — ably defended by counsel from his own part of the country, — convicted, and executed; that throughout Virginia which sent him forth on his fatal errand, and the South generally, funeral bells should be tolled, meetings of sympathy held, as at the death of some great public benefactor, and the person who had plotted to put a pike or a rifle in the hands of twenty-five hundred men, to be used against their fellows, inhabitants of the same town, inmates of the same houses; with an ulterior intention and purpose of wrapping the whole community in a civil war of the deadliest and bloodiest type, in which a man's foes should be those of his own household; suppose, I say, that the person who planned and plotted this, and with his own hand, or that of his associates acting by his command, had taken the lives of several fellow-beings, should be extolled, canonized, placed on a level with the great heroes of humanity, nay, assimilated to the Saviour of mankind; and all this not the effect of a solitary individual impulse, but the ripe fruit of a systematic agitation pursued in the South, unrebuked for years! What, sir, should we feel, think, say, under such a state of things? Should we weigh every phrase of indignant remonstrance with critical accuracy, and divide our murmurs with nice discrimination among those whom we might believe, however unjustly, to be directly or indirectly concerned in the murderous aggression?

Mr. Chairman, those who look upon the existing excitement at the South as factitious or extravagant have, I fear, formed a very inadequate idea of the nature of such an attempt as that which was made at Harper's Ferry was intended to be, and would have been had it proved successful. It is to want of reflection on this point that we must ascribe the fact, that any civilized man in his right mind, and still more any man of intelligence and moral discernment, in other respects, can be found to approve and sympathize with it. I am sure if such persons will bring home to their minds, in any distinct conception, the real nature of the undertaking, they would be themselves amazed that they had ever given it their sympathy. It appears from his own statements and those of his deluded associates, of his biographer, and of his wretched wife, that the unhappy man who has just paid the forfeit of his life had for years meditated a general insurrection in the Southern States; that he thought the time had now come to effect it; that the slaves were ready to rise and the non-slaveholding whites to join them; and both united were prepared to form a new Commonwealth, of which the constitution was organized and the officers chosen. With this wild, but thoroughly matured plan, he provides weapons for those on whose rising he calculated at Harper's Ferry; he seizes the national arsenal, where there was a supply of arms for a hundred thousand men; and he intended, if unable to maintain himself at once in the open country, to retreat to the mountains, and from their fastnesses harass, paralyze, and at length revolutionize the South. To talk of the pikes and rifles not being intended for offensive purposes is simply absurd. The first act almost of the party was to shoot down a free colored man whom they were attempting to impress, and who fled from them. One might as well say that the rifled ordnance of Louis Napoleon was intended only for self-defence, not to be used unless the Austrians should undertake to arrest his march.

No, sir, it was an attempt to do on a vast scale what was done in St. Domingo in 1791, where the colored population was about equal to that of Virginia; and if any one would form a distinct idea what such an operation is, let him see it, not as a matter of vague conception — a crude project — in the mind of a heated fanatic, but as it stands in the sober pages of history, which record the revolt in that island; the midnight burnings, the wholesale massacres, the merciless tortures, the abominations not to be named by Christian lips in the hearing of Christian ears, — some of which, too unutterably atrocious for the English language, are of necessity veiled in the obscurity of the Latin tongue. Allow me to read you a few sentences which can be read from the historian of these events: —

"In the town itself, the general belief for some time was, that the revolt was by no means an extensive one, but a sudden and partial insurrection only. The largest sugar-plantation on the plain was that of Mons. Gallifet, situated about eight miles from the town, the negroes belonging to which had always been treated with such kindness and liberality, and possessed so many advantages, that it became a proverbial expression among the lower white people, in speaking of any man's good fortune, to say, *Il est heureux comme un negre de Gallifet* (He is as happy as one of M. Gallifet's negroes). M. Odeluc, an attorney, or agent, for this plantation, was a member of the General Assembly, and being fully persuaded that the negroes belonging to it would remain firm in their obedience, determined to repair thither to encourage them in opposing the insurgents; to which end he desired the assistance of a few soldiers from the town guard, which was granted him. He proceeded accordingly, but on approaching the estate, to his surprise and grief he found all the negroes in arms on the side of the rebels, and (horrid to tell) *their standard was the body of a white infant which they had recently impaled on a stake!* M. Odeluc had advanced too far to retreat undiscovered, and both he and a friend who had accompanied him, with most of the soldiers, were killed without mercy. Two or three only of the patrol escaped by flight, and conveyed the dreadful tidings to the inhabitants of the town.

"By this time, all or most of the white persons who had been found on the several plantations, being massacred or forced to seek their safety in flight, the ruffians exchanged the sword for the torch. The buildings and cane-fields were everywhere set on fire; and the conflagrations, which were visible from the town, in a thousand different quarters, furnished a prospect more shocking, and reflections more dismal, than fancy can paint or the powers of man describe."

Such, sir, as a matter of history, is a servile insurrection. Now let us cast a glance at the state of things in the Southern States, co-members as they are with us in this great republican confederacy. Let us consider over what sort of a population it is that some persons among us think it not only right and commendable, but in the highest degree heroic, saintlike, godlike, to extend the awful calamity which turned St. Domingo into a heap of bloody ashes in 1791. There are between three and four millions of the colored race scattered through the Southern and Southwestern States, in small groups, in cities, towns, villages, and in larger bodies on isolated plantations; in the house, the factory, and the field; mingled together with the dominant race in the various pursuits of life; the latter amounting in the aggregate to eight or nine millions, if I rightly recollect the numbers. Upon this community, thus composed, it was the design of Brown to let loose the hellhounds of a servile insurrection, and to bring on a struggle which, for magnitude, atrocity, and horror, would have stood alone in the history of the world. And these eight or nine millions, against whom this frightful war was levied, are our fellow-citizens, entitled with us to the protection of that compact of government which recognizes their relation to the colored race, — a compact which every sworn officer of the Union or of the States is bound by his oath to support! Among them, sir, is a fair proportion of men and women of education and culture, — of moral and religious lives and characters, — virtuous fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, persons who would adorn any station of society, in any country, — men who read the same Bible that we do, and in the name of the same Master kneel at the throne of the same God, — forming a class of men from which have gone forth some of the greatest and purest characters which adorn our history, — Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Marshall, in the single State of Virginia, against which the first blow has been struck. These are the men, the women, for whose bosoms pikes and rifles are manufactured in New England, to be placed in the hands of an ignorant subject race, supposed, most wrongfully, as recent events have shown, to be waiting only for an opportunity to use them!

Sir, I have, on three or four different occasions in early life and more recently, visited all the Southern and Southwestern States, with the exception of Arkansas and Alabama. I have enjoyed the hospitality of the city and the country; and I have had the privilege, before crowded and favoring audiences, to hold up the character of the Father of his Country, and to inculcate the blessings of the Union, in the same precise terms in which I have done it here at home, and in the other portions of the land. I have been admitted to the confidence of the domestic circle, and I have seen there touching manifestations of the kindest feelings by which that circle, in all its members, high and low, master and servant, can be bound together; and when I contemplate the horrors that would have ensued had the tragedy on which the curtain rose at Harper's Ferry been acted out, through all its scenes of fire and sword, of lust and murder, of rapine and desolation, to the final catastrophe, I am filled with emotions to which no words can do justice. There could of course be but one result, and that well deserving the thoughtful meditation of those, if any such there be, who think that the welfare of the colored race could by any possibility be promoted by the success of such a movement, and who are willing to purchase that result by so costly a sacrifice. The colored population of St. Domingo amounted to but little short of half a million, while the whites amounted to only thirty thousand. The white population of the Southern States alone in the aggregate outnumbers the colored race in the ratio of two to one; in the Union at large, in the ratio of seven to one; and if (which Heaven avert!) they should be brought into conflict, it could end only in the extermination of the latter after scenes of woe for which language is too faint, and for which the liveliest fancy has no adequate images of horror.

Such being the case, some one may ask, Why does not the South fortify herself against the possible occurrence of such a catastrophe, by doing away with the one great source from which alone it can spring? This is a question easily asked, and I am not aware that it is our duty at the North to answer it; but it may be observed that great and radical changes in the framework of society, involving the relations of twelve millions of men, will not wait on the bidding of an impatient philanthropy. They can only be brought about in the lapse of time, by the steady operation of physical, economical, and moral causes. Have those who rebuke the South for the continuance of slavery considered that neither the present generation nor the preceding one is responsible for its existence? The African slave-trade was prohibited by act of Congress fifty-one years ago, and many years earlier by the separate Southern States. The entire colored population, with the exception, perhaps, of a few hundreds surreptitiously introduced, is native to the soil. Their ancestors were conveyed from Africa in the ships of Old England and New England. They now number between three and four millions. Has any person, of any party or opinion, proposed, in sober earnest, a practical method of wholesale emancipation? I believe most persons in all parts of the country are of opinion that free labor is steadily gaining ground. It would in my judgment have already prevailed in the two northern tiers of the slaveholding States, had its advances not been unhappily retarded by the irritating agitations of the day. But has any person, whose opinion is entitled to the slightest respect, ever undertaken to sketch out the details of a plan for effecting the change at once, by any legislative measure that could be adopted? Consider only, I pray you, that it would be to ask the South to give up one thousand millions of property, which she holds by a title satisfactory to herself, as the first step. Then estimate the cost of an adequate outfit for the self-support of the emancipated millions; then reflect on the derangement of the entire industrial system of the South, and all the branches of commerce and manufactures that depend on its great staples; then the necessity of conferring equal political privileges on the emancipated race, who being free would be content with nothing less, if anything less were consistent with our political system; then the consequent organization of two great political parties on the basis of color, and the eternal feud which would rage between them; and finally the overflow into the free States of a vast multitude of needy and helpless emigrants, who, being excluded from many of them, would prove doubly burdensome, where they are admitted. Should *we*, sir, with all our sympathy for the colored race (and I do sincerely sympathize with them, and to all whom chance throws in my way, I have through life extended all the relief and assistance in my power), give a very cordial reception to two or three hundred thousand destitute emancipated slaves? Does not every candid man see, that every one of these steps presents difficulties of the most formidable character, — difficulties for which, as far as I know, no man and no party has proposed a solution?

And is it, sir, for the attainment of objects so manifestly impracticable, pursued, too, by the bloody pathways of treason and murder, that we will allow the stupendous evil which now threatens us to come upon the country? Shall we permit this curiously compacted body politic, the nicest adjustment of human wisdom, to go to pieces? Will we blast this beautiful symmetric form, paralyze this powerful arm of public strength, smite with imbecility this great national intellect? Where, sir, O where, will be the flag of the United States! Where our rapidly increasing influence in the family of nations! Already they are rejoicing in our divisions. The last foreign journal which I have read, in commenting upon the event at Harper's Ferry, dwells upon it as something that "will compel us to keep the peace with the powers of Europe," and that means to take the law from them in our international relations.

I meant to have spoken of the wreck of that magnificent and mutually beneficial commercial intercourse which now exists between the producing and manufacturing States; of the hostile tariffs in time of peace, and the habitually recurring border wars, by which it will be annihilated. 1

meant to have said a word of the Navy of the United States, and the rich inheritance of its common glories. Shall we give up this? The memory of our fathers,—of those happy days when the men of the North and South stood together for the country on hard-fought fields; when the South sent her Washington to Massachusetts, and New England sent her Greene to Carolina,—is all this forgotten? "Is all the counsel that we two have shared," all the joint labors to found this great Republic,—is this "all forgot"? and will we permit this last great experiment of confederate republicanism to become a proverb and a by-word to the nations? No, fellow-citizens, no, a thousand times no! This glorious Union shall not perish! Precious legacy of our fathers, it shall go down honored and cherished to our children. Generations unborn shall enjoy its privileges as we have done; and if we leave them poor in all besides, we will transmit to them the boundless wealth of its blessings!

WASHINGTON IRVING.*

I CORDIALLY concur in the resolutions which Mr. Longfellow has submitted to the Society. They do no more than justice to the merits and character of Mr. Irving, as a man and as a writer; and it is to me, sir, a very pleasing circumstance, that a tribute like this to the Nestor of the prose-writers of America — so just and so happily expressed — should be paid by the most distinguished of our American poets.

If the year 1769 is distinguished, above every other year of the last century, for the number of eminent men to which it gave birth, that of 1859 is thus far signalized, in this century, for the number of bright names which it has taken from us; and surely that of Washington Irving may be accounted with the brightest on the list.

It is eminently proper that we should take a respectful notice of his decease. He has stood for many years on the roll of our honorary members, and he has enriched the literature of the country with two first-class historical works, which, although from their subjects they possess a peculiar attraction for the people of the United States, are yet, in general interest, second to no contemporary works in that department of literature. I allude, of course, to the History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus, and the Life of Washington.

Although Mr. Irving's devotion to literature as a profession — and a profession pursued with almost unequalled success — was caused by untoward events, which in ordinary cases would have proved the ruin of a life, a rare good fortune attended his literary career. Without having received a collegiate education, and destined first to the legal profession, which he abandoned as uncongenial, he had, in very early life, given promise of attaining a brilliant reputation as a writer. Some essays from his pen attracted notice before he had reached his majority. A few years later, the numbers of the Salmagundi, to which he was a principal contributor, enjoyed a success throughout the United States far beyond any former similar work, and not surpassed, if equalled, by anything which has since appeared.

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* Remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society, 15th December, 1859.

This was followed by Knickerbocker's History of New York, which at once placed Mr. Irving at the head of American humorists. In the class of compositions to which it belongs, I know of nothing happier than this work in our language. It has probably been read as widely, and with as keen a relish, as anything from Mr. Irving's pen. It would seem cynical to subject a work of this kind to an austere commentary, at least while we are paying a tribute to the memory of its lamented author. But I may be permitted to observe, that, while this kind of humorous writing fits well with the joyous temperament of youth, in the first flush of successful authorship, and is managed by Mr. Irving with great delicacy and skill, it is still, in my opinion, better adapted for a *jeu d'esprit* in a magazine than for a work of considerable compass. To travesty an entire history seems to me a mistaken effort of ingenuity, and not well applied to the countrymen of William of Orange, Grotius, the De Witts, and Van Tromp.

This work first made Mr. Irving known in Europe. His friend, Mr. Henry Brevoort, one of the associate wits of the Salmagundi, had sent a copy of it to Sir Walter Scott, himself chiefly known at that time as the most popular of the English poets of the day, though as such beginning to be outshone by the fresher brightness of Byron's inspiration. Scott, though necessarily ignorant of the piquant allusions to topics of contemporary interest, and wholly destitute of sympathy with the spirit of the work, entered fully into its humor as a literary effort, and spoke of it with discrimination and warmth. His letter to Mr. Henry Brevoort is now in the possession of his son, our esteemed corresponding associate, Mr. J. Carson Brevoort; to whose liberality we are indebted for the curious panoramic drawing of the military works, in the environs of Boston, executed by a British officer in 1775, which I have had the pleasure, on behalf of Mr. Brevoort, of tendering to the Society this evening. Mr. Carson Brevoort has caused a lithographic *fac-simile* of Sir Walter Scott's letter to be executed, and of this interesting relic he also offers a copy to the acceptance of the Society. The latter has been inserted in the very instructive article on Mr. Irving, in Allibone's invaluable Dictionary of English and American Authors; but as it is short, and may not be generally known to the Society, I will read it from the *fac-simile*.

"My dear Sir: — I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible that, as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must own that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat, which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

"Believe me, dear sir,
"Your obliged humble servant,
"Walter Scott.

"Abbotsford, 23d April, 1813."

After Mr. Irving had been led to take up his residence abroad and to adopt literature as a profession and a livelihood, a resource to which he was driven by the failure of the commercial house of his relatives, of which he was nominally a partner, he produced in rapid succession a series of works which stood the test of English criticism, and attained a popularity not surpassed — hardly equalled — by that of any of his European contemporaries. This fact, besides being attested by the critical journals of the day, may be safely inferred from the munificent prices paid by the great London bookseller, the elder Murray, for the copyright of several of his productions. He wrote, among other subjects, of English manners, sports, and traditions,—national traits of character,—certainly the most difficult topics for a foreigner to treat, and he wrote at a time when Scott was almost annually sending forth one of his marvellous novels; when the poetical reputation of Moore, Byron, Campbell, and Rogers was at the zenith; and the public appetite was consequently fed almost to satiety by these familiar domestic favorites. But notwithstanding these disadvantages and obstacles to success, he rose at once to a popularity of the most brilliant and enviable kind; and this too in a branch of literature which had not been cultivated with distinguished success in England since the time of Goldsmith, and, with the exception of Goldsmith, not since the days of Addison and Steele.

Mr. Irving's manner is often compared with Addison's, though, closely examined, there is no great resemblance between them, except that they both write in a simple, unaffected style, remote from the tiresome stateliness of Johnson and Gibbon. It was one of the witty, but rather ill-natured, sayings of Mr. Samuel Rogers, whose epigrams sometimes did as much injustice to his own kind and generous nature as they did to the victims of his pleasantry, that Washington Irving was Addison and Water; a judgment which, if seriously dealt with, is altogether aside from the merits of the two writers, who have very little in common. Addison had received a finished classical education at the Charter-House and at Oxford, was eminently a man of books, and had a decided taste for literary criticism. Mr. Irving, for a man of letters, was not a great reader, and if he possessed the critical faculty, never exercised it. Addison quoted the Latin poets freely and wrote correct Latin verses himself. Mr. Irving made no pretensions to a familiar acquaintance with the classics, and probably never made a hexameter in his life. Addison wrote some smooth English poetry, which Mr. Irving, I believe, never attempted; but with the exception of two or three exquisite hymns (which will last as long as the English language does), one brilliant simile of six lines in the "Campaign," and one or two sententious but not very brilliant passages from Cato, not a line of Addison's poetry has been quoted for a hundred years. But Mr. Irving's peculiar vein of humor is not inferior in playful raciness to Addison's; his nicety of characterization is quite equal; his judgment upon all moral relations as sound and true; his human sympathies more comprehensive, tenderer, and chaster; and his poetical faculty, though never developed in verse, vastly above Addison's. One chord in the human heart, the pathetic, for whose sweet music Addison had no ear, Irving touched with the hand of a master. He learned that skill in the school of early disappointment.

In this respect the writer was in both cases reflected in the man. Addison, after a protracted suit, made an "ambitious match" with a termagant peeress. Irving, who would as soon have married Hecate as a woman like the Countess of Warwick, buried a blighted hope, never to be rekindled, in the grave of a youthful sorrow.

As miscellaneous essayists, in which capacity only they can be compared, Irving exceeds Addison in versatility and range, quite as much as Addison exceeds Irving in the far less important quality of classical tincture; while as a great national historian, our countryman reaped laurels in a field which Addison never entered.

Mr. Irving's first great historical work, the Life and Voyages of Columbus, appeared at London and New York in 1828. Being at Bordeaux in the winter of 1825–26, he received a letter from Mr. Alexander H. Everett, then Minister of the United States in Spain, informing him that a work was passing through the press, containing a collection of documents relative to the voyages of Columbus, among which were many of a highly important nature recently discovered in the public archives. This was the now well-known work of Navarrete, the secretary of the Royal Spanish Academy of History. Mr. Everett, in making this communication to Mr. Irving, suggested that the translation of

Navarrete's volumes into English, by some American scholar, would be very desirable. Mr. Irving concurred in this opinion, and having previously intended to visit Madrid, shortly afterwards repaired to that capital, with a view to undertake the proposed translation.

Navarrete's collection was published soon after Mr. Irving's arrival at Madrid, and, finding it rich in original documents hitherto unknown, which threw additional light on the discovery of America, he conceived the happy idea (instead of a simple translation) of preparing from them and other materials liberally placed at his disposal, in the public and private libraries of Spain (and especially that of Mr. Obadiah Rich, our consul at Valencia, with whom Mr. Irving was domesticated at Madrid, and who possessed a collection of manuscripts and books of extreme value), a new history of the greatest event of modern times, drawn up in the form of a Life of Columbus. He addressed himself with zeal and assiduity to the execution of this happy conception, and in about two years the work, in four octavo volumes, was ready for the press. When it is considered that much of the material was to be drawn from ancient manuscripts and black-letter chronicles in a foreign tongue, it is a noble monument of the industry as well as the literary talent of its author.

That these newly discovered materials for a life of Columbus and a history of the great discovery should have fallen directly into the hands of an American writer so well qualified to make a good use of them as Mr. Irving, and that the credit of producing the first adequate memorial of this all-important event should have been thus secured to the United States by their most popular author, is certainly a very pleasing coincidence.

The limits of this occasion require me to pass over two or three popular works of a light cast, for which Mr. Irving collected the materials while carrying on his historical researches in Spain, as also those which issued from his industrious and fertile pen, after his return to the United States in 1832. At this period of his life he began seriously to contemplate the preparation of his last great production, — the Life of Washington. This subject had been pressed upon him, while he was yet in Europe, by Mr. Archibald Constable, the celebrated publisher at Edinburgh, and Mr. Irving determined to undertake it as soon as his return to America should bring him within reach of the necessary documents. Various circumstances concurred to prevent the execution of the project at this time, especially his appointment as Minister to Spain, and his residence in that country from 1842 to 1846. On his return to America, at the close of his mission, he appears to have applied himself diligently to the long-meditated undertaking, though he proceeded but slowly, at first, in its execution. The first volume appeared in 1855, and the four following in rapid succession. The work was finally completed the present year, — fit close of the life of its illustrious author, and of a literary career of such rare brilliancy and success.

It would be altogether a work of supererogation to engage in any general commentary on the merits of Mr. Irving's two great historical works, and the occasion is not appropriate for a critical analysis of them. They have taken a recognized place in the historical literature of the age, and stand, by all confession, in the front rank of those works of history of which this century, and especially this country, has been so honorably prolific. Reserving a distinguished place apart for the venerable name of Marshall, Mr. Irving leads the long line of American historians, — first in time and not second in beauty of style, conscientious accuracy, and skilful arrangement of materials. As his two works treat respectively of themes which, for purely American interest, stand at the head of all single subjects of historical research, so there is no one of our writers to whom the united voice of the country would with such cheerful unanimity have intrusted their composition.

From the time that he entered for life upon a literary career, Mr. Irving gave himself almost exclusively to its pursuit. He filled the office of Chargé d'Affaires for a short time in London, prior to his return to the United States, and that of Minister to Spain from 1842 to 1846. His diplomatic despatches, in that capacity, are among the richest of the treasures which lie buried in the public archives at Washington.

A more beautiful life than Mr. Irving's can hardly be imagined. Not uncheckered with adversity, his early trials, under the soothing influence of time, without subduing the natural cheerfulness of his disposition, threw over it a mellow tenderness, which breathes in his habitual trains of thought, and is reflected in the amenity of his style. His misfortunes in business, kindly overruled by a gracious Providence, laid the foundation of literary success, reputation, and prosperity. At two different periods of his career he engaged in public life; entering it without ambition, performing its duties with diligence and punctuality, and leaving it without regret. He was appointed Chargé d'Affaires to London under General Jackson's administration, and Minister to Spain under Mr. Tyler's, the only instances perhaps in this century in which a distinguished executive appointment has been made without a thought as to the political opinions of the person appointed. Mr. Irving's appointment to Spain was made on the recommendation of Mr. Webster, who told me that he regarded it as one of the most honorable memorials of his administration of the Department of State. It was no doubt a pleasing circumstance to Mr. Irving, to return in his advancing years, crowned with public honors, to the country where, in earlier life, he had pursued his historical studies with so much success; but public life had no attractions for him. The respect and affection of the community followed him to his retirement. He lived in prosperity without an ill-wisher; finished the work which was given him to do amidst the blessings of his countrymen and died amidst loving kindred in honor and peace.

BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.*

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: —

I rise at your instance, sir, with much pleasure, to assure you, on behalf of my friend, Mr. Ticknor, and other friends from the East, who share with me the privilege of being present with you this evening, that all that New England to which you have so kindly alluded — for I know that I may speak for her on this occasion — responds most emphatically to every word that has been said, sympathizes most cordially with everything that can be felt or uttered, in honor of the bright and beloved name to which you have consecrated the hour. It does not belong to me in this presence to attempt the eulogium of Irving. On other occasions, and in other places, and while the country was still saddened by his recent loss, I claimed the mournful privilege of joining my voice to the unanimous expression of respectful and affectionate admiration which followed him to his grave. We come now only, honored by your invitation, to listen to the just, the discriminating and eloquent tribute which your distinguished fellow-citizen,† inspired by the sympathy of kindred genius, has paid to his memory, — giving utterance, I am sure, to the thought and feeling of this great and approving audience.

It is, indeed, fitting, sir, that every part of the country should unite with you in these offices of commemoration. It was one of the peculiar felicities of the literary career of Irving, that he was an equal favorite in every part of the Union. Although his first productions were mainly — one of them exclusively — on local themes, and therefore, in ordinary hands, likely to excite only a local interest, these first displays of his happy talent, alternately playful, shrewd, and tender, were as promptly and cordially welcomed in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in Richmond, and in Charleston as in New York. The good taste which prescribed limits to the extravagance, the kind feeling which tempered the ridicule, the sound sense which chastened the pleasantry, and, above all, that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," shone out in every page of these sportive creations of the youthful humorist. These were qualities that were equally attractive in every part of the country, and they secured for him, from the outset, throughout the Union, the same popularity which he enjoyed in his native city; and this happiness attended him throughout his career. There never was a day, from his first appearance as an author down to the publication of his last volume, in which the slightest trace of locality, if I may so express myself, attached to his reputation. If from that remoteness of local position which must exist between the different parts of a great continent, — if from peculiarities having their origin in national descent or historical recollections, — if from feelings of State or sectional preference, growing out of the political organization of the country, — I mean its division into States and groups of States, having each its centre of influence, — if from any or all of these causes sectional likes or dislikes of authors on account of their place of birth or residence have crept into our literature (and I must say there is less of this narrow feeling than might have been expected), there never has been the slightest indication of it in reference to Mr. Irving. The East and the West, the North and the South, have shown themselves equally prompt to swell this chorus of his unenvied popularity.

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* Remarks made at the celebration of the birthday of Washington Irving in New York, 3d April, 1860.

† William C. Bryant, Esq.

I own, sir, that I look upon this universal favor which crowned Mr. Irving's literary efforts, and followed him through life, as not less happy for the country than honorable for himself. It tended to foster a nationality of the purest and noblest kind, — a nationality of mind. It is not easy to overrate the influence of such a writer as Mr. Irving over a community like ours, — a reading and a thinking, but also a sensitive and impressible people, — and that influence has from the first been wholesome, genial, and conciliatory; tending to form a generous public sentiment, unalloyed by local prejudice; and thus to prove, amidst causes of alienation and estrangement,

"A hoop of gold to bind our brothers in."

To Mr. Irving must be awarded, as has just been stated by the distinguished eulogist of the evening, the credit of being the first entirely successful American author. The state of our literature when he came forward — rather, I should say, the almost total want of everything that could be called an American literature — entitles him to this praise. Not so much a country as the germ of a country, the entire population of the United States, at the close of the war of the Revolution not equalling that of the State of New York at the present day, — your imperial city, Mr. Bryant has informed us, not numbering, probably, more than twenty thousand inhabitants when Mr. Irving was born, — there never was a period in our history when literature stood at so low an ebb. The literary culture which our fathers brought from Europe was mostly of a theological character, and, as far as general literature was concerned, there had been a decline rather than advancement. The pioneers of civilization, struggling under the difficulties of colonial life, — though in many respects they did wonders, — could not work miracles, and it would have been a miracle if they had made independent progress in polite literature. The community could not be expected to keep itself *au courant* with the intellectual progress of Europe. Controlling circumstances in the Revolutionary age — I mean from the Stamp Act down to the Constitution — forced the mental energy of the country into political channels. In the department of organic and constitutional politics, and in political history, some works of great ability were produced; but of a native literature, properly so called, there was next to nothing. Books we got only by importation; those copies of Spenser, the Spectator, and Goldsmith, to which Mr. Bryant has alluded, all came from London; neither these nor the other classics of our language were republished on this side of the Atlantic. I do not remember that the works of any one of the great English authors had been reprinted in America. Possibly some enterprising bookseller in the large cities had ventured at an edition of "Pope's Essay on Man," or "Young's Night Thoughts"; but, with some trifling exceptions of this kind, my remark, I believe, will be found to hold true. Toward contemporary English literature there was the same indifference. Boswell's Johnson, of which Lord Macaulay says that "it is read beyond the Mississippi and under the Southern Cross, and is likely to be read as long as the English exists, either as a living or a dead language," — the most delightful of books by the most despicable of authors, — a book which would be republished at the present day in this country, before the sheets were dry from the English press, appeared in England in 1791, and was not reprinted in America till 1807. In that selfsame year, at the darkest hour which preceded the dawn of our national literature, the first purple gleam of Irving's fancy began to blush in the east. Soon as the sky was seen to redden and glow with the coming splendors, hope and expectation strained their waiting eyes toward the gracious sight, and anon the sun of his resplendent genius arose, with healing in his wings, and moved with steadfast glory up to the meridian. There, like the sun on Gibeon, it stood still, — a long and gladsome noon, — shedding light and joy through the world of letters, till it went down at length with unclouded beams to the golden west. His fame and his favor grew with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the country. His early productions were the favorites of the club-room and the fireside, when we counted some seven millions of population, in 1807–1809, and those mostly this side of the Ohio. His Life of Columbus and Life of Washington have been received as classics by four times that number, whose overflow has spread to the Pacific Ocean. The most popular of our writers in his youth, when there were none to contest the palm, he led, with cheerfully acknowledged superiority the rapidly increasing company of names not unworthy to be classed with his own, and went down to his grave in his well-earned, undisputed, unenvied pre-eminence.

Such he was to his countrymen as an American writer; nor was his career less distinguished as a member of the great republic of European, and especially of English letters. Milton observed, two centuries ago, that "the Italians were not forward to bestow written encomiums on men of this side of the Alps." It might be said with equal truth fifty years ago, if not now, that the English were not forward to bestow written encomiums on men of this side of the Atlantic. It must be owned, however, that, at the beginning of this century, there had not been many occasions to put their liberality in this respect to the test. About the time that Mr. Irving's career began, it had been asked, rather invidiously than unjustly, by a kind-hearted humorist, who really loved America, "Who reads an American book?" Thanks to the pen of our accomplished countryman, the question was soon reversed; and after the publication of the "Sketch Book," it might with equal propriety have been asked, "Who does not read an American book?"

Mr. Irving, however, went abroad at the most unfavorable moment at which an American author could present himself before the British public. To the general prejudice to which I have alluded, and all the traditional sources of anti-American feeling connected with recollections of the Revolution, were superadded the irritations of a recent war. Of all literary adventurers, a Young American, writing for bread, seemed the least likely to gain a favorable ear in London. Even if there were no obstacles of this kind to be surmounted, Mr. Irving's arrival in Europe coincided with the palmy days of Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. But, with the calm self-reliance of sterling merit, he fearlessly entered the Olympian race with these illustrious rivals. He entered it unknown to the great English public, with but one or two friends among the literary magnates of the day. But, with courage set off by unaffected diffidence he guided his glowing axle along the imperial course. A shout of generous applause soon cheered the gallant stranger; the brightest eyes in England rained influence on his noble adventure; more than one of the veteran candidates for public favor dropped successively behind him in the race, and he wheeled his panting coursers in triumph to the goal, abreast of the most admired of his competitors.

It would be highly presumptuous in me, sir, after what has been said by the distinguished eulogist of the evening, and the other gentlemen who have preceded me, to pursue in any detail the noble career of our honored and lamented friend. Happy in his genius, happy in the early bloom of his reputation at home, happy, I will say, in his misfortunes, which drove him for life into the literary career, happy in the success of his miscellaneous writings, he was thrice happy in the choice of the subjects of his two great historical compositions. One might ask, What theme so auspicious for the most popular American writer, at the meridian of his fame, as the Life of Columbus, had he not found for his later years a still more auspicious theme in the Life of Washington? What unexampled felicity, not only to accompany the great Discoverer as he went forth "weeping but bearing precious seed," but also to "come again with rejoicing," at the evening of the year, "bearing the full-grown sheaves" of the Father of his Country! How favored the life beyond all ordinary measures of human happiness, — opening with the year which gave a recognized national existence to the country, — consecrated by the benediction of Washington on his infant head, — the chief of the men of letters of his own country at home, and their accredited representative abroad, — and permitted to rehearse, to all coming time, the wondrous tale of a hidden world, called forth by the glorious Adventurer from behind the veil of waters, and the still more wondrous, still more glorious tale of that peerless name, in which all the blessings, and hopes, and destinies of that new-found world flowered out in the loveliness of their consummation.

There is yet one happiness in the life of Irving that must not be forgotten, — I mean that he was permitted to enjoy while living, in all its amplitude and without deduction, his world-wide reputation. So cheerful, so unanimous a recognition of contemporary merit has, perhaps, never been witnessed. Success, fame, affluence, political advancement, — things rarely forgiven to the candidate for public favor, — raised up no enemies to him. No one envied his good fortune, no one qualified his praise, no one hated, no one maligned him. Detraction was melted into kindness by the angelic loveliness of his character, and no voice but that of respect, affection, and veneration reached his ear. So he lived and so he died. These posthumous honors of commemoration are but the echoes of those you delighted to pay him while he sojourned among us; and the chaplet which you reverently place upon his grave you wove for his living brow. What can be added to the happiness of such a life and such a death?

ELIOT SCHOOL-HOUSE.*

MR. MAYOR: —

I HAVE cheerfully accepted your invitation to attend the dedication of this noble school-house, and I suppose there are few persons present who have so much reason as I to take an interest in the occasion; or, at any rate, that there are few persons present who can take the same interest in it. There can, I take it, be but few persons in the assembly who were pupils of the school under *Master* Little and *Master* Tileston. I ought, perhaps, to beg pardon of "Young America" for giving that old-fashioned title to a teacher. At that time the school was kept, if I recollect right, in a wooden building of two stories in height, and of moderate dimensions, — the reading-school in one story and the writing-school in the other, — pupils of both sexes attending from April to October, and boys only in the winter. The instruction was rather meagre; in fact, there could hardly be said to be any instruction, in the proper sense of the word, the business of the school being limited in the reading-school, if I mistake not, to the use of Webster's Spelling-Book, the American Preceptor, an Abridgment of Murray's English Grammar, and some very superficial compend — Goldsmith's, I believe — of geography. To write a page in a copy-book, and to do a few sums, as it was called, in the elementary rules of arithmetic, was half a day's work in the writing-school. To encourage their pupils, the teachers of those days did not confine themselves to moral suasion so much as now; the ratan and ferule played a pretty active part in illustrating the importance of good behavior and studious application to the business of the school.

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* Remarks at the dedication of the Eliot School-House in North Bennet Street, 22d December, 1859.

In speaking, however, of the narrow range of the studies in our grammar schools, at that time, I would not be thought to disparage the elemental branches of education. I mean only that, in consequence of the imperfect methods, and the low standard of instruction in our schools at that day, four or five years were devoted to the acquisition of an amount of learning which, with improved methods and teachers of a higher order, could have been acquired in two. These elemental branches themselves — reading, writing, and arithmetic — I consider all important; worthy even of greater attention and more thoughtful cultivation than they receive even at present, and capable of being carried to a considerably higher degree of excellence. There is really nothing which we learn in after life which, philosophically considered, is more important, more wonderful, I will say, than reading. I mean, sir, that there is no single branch of knowledge — nay, not all the branches united — which are taught at academies and colleges more important, more wonderful, than this astonishing operation, by which we cast our eyes over a page of white paper, charged with certain written or printed black marks, and straightway become acquainted with what was done and said on the other side of the Atlantic a month ago; nay, what was done and said in Rome, in Greece, in Palestine, two, three thousand years ago! And yet this is what we do when we learn to read.

Then, sir, besides the mere ability to read, which we all acquire at school, there is the faculty of reading with expression, grace, power, in a word, with effect, — a talent which constitutes a most admirable resource for the entertainment and instruction of the fireside, and renders all public occasions and exercises that consist in whole or in part of reading vastly more agreeable and impressive. To the art of reading, in this acceptation, more attention ought, in my opinion, to be paid in our grammar schools. It is of far greater importance to the majority of those educated in our schools than the art of speaking. The very able Report of the School Committee for 1858 contains the strong remark, that "no civilized nation, at the present day, is so deficient in agreeable and finished speech as our own"; and I know no better way in which this defect is to be remedied than by skilful training and unremitted practice in reading in our grammar schools.

Nor are the other elemental branches of education — writing and arithmetic — less important than reading. Here I must do an act of justice to our aged instructor in writing, Master Tileston, who, if he did not do much else for us, certainly laid the foundation for that beautiful old-fashioned handwriting, without flourishes, and sometimes almost equal to copperplate, which I think you do not so often see now-a-days. Perhaps I am mistaken, sir; I intend no disparagement of the schools of the present day, teachers or pupils; but as far as I can form an opinion from the facts that fall within my own observation, a good many of our young people have got it into their heads that it is a mark of genius to write an illegible hand. For myself, sir, I shall ever feel grateful to the memory of Master Tileston for having deprived me in early life to all claim to distinction which rests upon writing a hand which nobody can read.

As for the importance of arithmetic, — the science of numbers, — I will only say, that, while in its higher developments and functions it enables man, with his limited powers, to sound the mysterious depths of space and time, in its rudimental stages and simpler applications it is the mainspring of the business of life. A man wants a little arithmetic to go to market for his dinner; and with the help of a little more, promptly and accurately applied, business to the amount of millions is daily transacted in State Street.

With these views of the elementary branches of education, you will not think that I intended any disparagement of the schools of my younger days, when I said that they taught nothing but a little reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Since those days, sir, the system of Boston has been vastly improved. It has literally grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. In 1800 the population of

Boston was 24,937; it is now 165,000. At that time, and till 1818, there were no primary schools, and but seven grammar schools, taught by seven masters and seven ushers. One of these, the Latin School, in which, at the present day, as good an education can be obtained as in half the colleges in the United States, had at that time but a nominal existence. There are now in the city of Boston, and, as I suppose, all in prosperous condition, one Latin School, one High School, one Normal School, eighteen grammar schools, and two hundred and eighteen primary schools. In 1800 the entire town tax in Boston was $ 61,499.25, of which $ 11,100.85 went to the schools. In 1858 the entire tax assessed in Boston was $ 2,140,616.36, and the cost for schools and school-houses the present year is $ 460,000, within a few dollars; a larger expenditure, I am inclined to think, in proportion to the number and property in the city, than is raised by taxation by any other city in the world.

I rejoice, sir, that the people of Boston have the means which enable them, and the disposition which inclines them, to make this munificent expenditure for objects so worthy. In half the countries on the face of the earth we should have to make it for military fortifications and standing armies. I speak as a tax-payer, and one who, like most persons in that class, is disposed to think himself too heavily taxed; but there is no part of the public expenditure of which I pay my share so willingly as that which goes for the support of our free schools. I have no longer any interest in them personally; my children have grown up; but when they were boys I sent them to the public schools. In them I received the greater part of my own school education. These schools are one of the main pillars of our social edifice, and one of the very earliest that was set up. This very school, founded originally in 1713, and neither the first, second, nor third, in respect to the time of its foundation, of the Boston schools, attests the early care paid by our fathers to the education of youth. It gives me pleasure to come back, as I do this day, to the scenes of my boyhood, and to witness the vast improvement which has taken place during the half-century

If the rising generations, with these superior opportunities, do not much exceed their fathers, they will be greatly to blame.

I tender to you, Mr. Mayor, to the Committee, and to the teachers and pupils of the Eliot School, my best wishes for its continued prosperity.

HENRY D. GILPIN.*

MR. PRESIDENT:—

AT the meeting of the Society on the 20th of January I expressed the apprehension that we should soon be called to lament the loss of a distinguished honorary associate,— Mr. Gilpin of Philadelphia,— of whose health I had received by telegraph a very unfavorable account in the course of that day. This melancholy anticipation was realized a day or two afterwards. Having had the privilege of proposing him, in the course of the past year, as an associate whose election would do honor to the Historical Society, and having enjoyed his friendship for many years, I feel it a duty to submit to the Society an appropriate tribute of respect to his memory.

If we can, with propriety, use such an expression of the resigned and tranquil close of an honored and useful life, the death of Mr. Gilpin, under the age of sixty, was *premature;* but it found him prepared. In his own parting words, he died "at peace with God and man." Born and educated in Philadelphia, he adopted the law as his profession, and rose rapidly to eminence in its practice. While yet a young man, he was appointed District Attorney of the United States; and afterwards Solicitor of the Treasury, and Attorney-General. He sustained himself honorably at the most important forum in the country in these eminent positions, sometimes in opposition to the most distinguished counsel of the day. No interest confided to him ever suffered in his hands for want of ability or attention on his part; while to the utmost energy and firmness in the discharge of duty he added an unfailing gentleness and courtesy of manner. While he filled the office of District Attorney, he published a volume of reports of cases adjudicated in the court of which he was an officer; and he afterwards made a collection of the opinions of the attorneys-general, from the foundation of the government to the year 1841. He also, about the same time, rendered a very important service to the constitutional literature of the country by a careful and conscientious collation and edition of the "Madison Papers." No publication within my knowledge, issued under the auspices of the government of the United States, has been more judiciously and skilfully prepared for the press.

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* Remarks made at a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 9th February, 1860.

Mr. Gilpin, although eminently successful in his professional and political career, appeared to be wholly destitute of political ambition; and, retiring in early manhood from all public occupations, devoted himself to the gratification of more congenial tastes. He had always cultivated letters, as his favorite recreation from professional toil; and henceforward gave himself almost exclusively to literary pursuits. He had been, from an early period, a successful and a popular writer in the leading periodicals of the day, including the Quarterly Reviews. He wrote several of the articles in the original edition of the "Biographies of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence"; and the second edition of that work was published under his supervision, with large additions. He also wrote biographical notices of several distinguished contemporaries; among others, of Mr. Livingston, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Silas Wright. His discourses and addresses on various public occasions are among the most valuable performances of the kind; always admirably written, discriminating, full of fact, and in good taste. His "Address on the Life and Character of Franklin," delivered at Philadelphia a few years since, contains one of the most judicious and instructive discussions of the entire career of our great countryman which has ever appeared.

In the possession of ample means, Mr. Gilpin bestowed a liberal expenditure on the formation of a library. His collection consisted of twelve or fifteen thousand well-selected volumes, in the various departments of general literature. It was a library, not of bibliographical rarities, but of books for use; and he was as well acquainted with their contents as any man can be with the contents of a library of that size. He was among the most finished classical scholars in the country; and his shelves contained the best editions of the ancient authors, which he read systematically and with care. He collected maps, charts, and plans of cities, with great diligence; always, in his travels, procuring the best articles of that kind: and, where nothing already published was to be had, he occasionally, in order to complete a series, caused original drawings and sketches to be made.

Mr. Gilpin's taste for the fine arts had been carefully cultivated by the study of the best works at home and abroad. His residence was tastefully adorned with valuable works of painting and statuary. He was well acquainted with the characteristic merits of the great masters, which he had diligently observed in Europe. He took much interest in the progress of art at home; and was the President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, giving much time to the management of its affairs.

He was an active member and a Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and had explored several branches of local antiquity with great diligence. He was especially conversant with the political history of the United States; having added to a large acquaintance with the public men of the day the diligent perusal of every standard work in that department. In all his studies, the grasp of a very retentive memory was strengthened by great method in the arrangement and disposition of his books and papers.

Mr. Gilpin had formed intimate personal relations with some of the most eminent statesmen of the day. He was especially in the confidence of the late distinguished jurist, Mr. Livingston, who, if I mistake not, in preparing his "Code," and the Reports illustrating it, more than once resorted to Mr. Gilpin's stores of professional knowledge, as well as to his amply furnished library. There were few subjects of literary, scientific, or professional inquiry on which important original views might not be gathered from his conversation or correspondence; and few persons, I presume, were more frequently consulted in this way by their friends.

A few years ago Mr. Gilpin made an extensive tour in Europe and Western Asia. No American within my acquaintance has ever gone abroad better qualified to travel to advantage, or has returned with a richer store of personal observation. Acquainted beforehand with all that books teach of the objects deserving attention, he devoted to the discriminating inspection of what is really important that time which, under the dictation of ignorant couriers, is wasted by so many travellers in vain curiosity-hunting and tasteless sight-seeing.

Mr. Gilpin took an enlightened interest in the subject of education, and especially in the Girard College, of which he was an active and efficient director. In frequent visits to Philadelphia within the last few years, I had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with the minute and truly parental care with which he watched over that institution, not merely in matters of general administration, but with kindly sympathy with the individual inmates in their progress.

It would be hardly proper before a public body to speak of Mr. Gilpin in the relations of private life, further than to say, that he might be cited as a model son, brother, husband, and friend; unsurpassed in the courtesies which make the charm of social intercourse, and convert even a passing visit into a substantial enjoyment.

Mr. Gilpin left a handsome fortune. The provisions of his will, executed a short time before his death, have been made public, and show that, after obeying in the amplest manner the impulses of affection and duty, he contemplated munificent and permanent endowments of the public institutions with which he was connected. The grave has rarely closed over a character of such great and varied excellence; and his death is a loss not merely to Philadelphia, but to the whole country.

I beg leave to offer the following resolutions: —

Resolved, That the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society have received with becoming sensibility the melancholy tidings of the decease of their honorary associate, Henry D. Gilpin, Esq., Vice-President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and a Director of the Girard College at Philadelphia.

Resolved, That the various and distinguished accomplishments of Mr. Gilpin as a jurist, a statesman, and a scholar; his numerous and valuable contributions to the historical and miscellaneous literature of the country; his eminent services as a friend and patron of education, of the fine arts, and the benevolent institutions of the community; and his recognized character as an enlightened and public-spirited citizen, — entitle him to an honored place among the illustrious dead of the past twelvemonth, and will cause his name to be held in respectful and grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our lamented associate, with the assurance of the sincere sympathy of the Massachusetts Historical Society in their bereavement.

AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO THE ARCTIC SEA.*

Ladies and Gentlemen: —

We are assembled this evening to listen to such communication as may be made to us by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, on the subject of a new exploring expedition to the polar regions, which he proposes, with the necessary co-operation of his fellow-citizens, to organize and conduct. It is not necessary that I should introduce Dr. Hayes to an audience like this, in the city of Boston, or urge his claim on your attention. To all who have read the account of Dr. Kane's second voyage (and who has not read it?) he is well known as his associate on that memorable expedition; and the important part which be bore in its labors and perils is more fully set forth in his own fascinating volume, recently published, containing the account of his boat journey in the autumn of 1854, from Dr. Kane's station in Rensselaer Harbor to Upernavik in Greenland. Influenced by that generous enthusiasm and devotion to the cause of science which prompted him originally to engage in the field of Arctic adventure, guided by the observations and experience of his former voyage, he is now, and for some time has been, engaged in organizing another expedition, in the hope and confident expectation of reaching the North Pole.

It would be on my part an unseasonable anticipation of what you will presently hear, to much greater advantage, from Dr. Hayes himself, if I should attempt to dwell minutely on the reasons which lead him to entertain this confident expectation and hope. It may be sufficient to state, that, though he does not wholly depend upon that fact for the success of his attempt, he considers the discovery of an open polar sea, made by Dr. Kane's expedition, as a fact definitely established by observation, and one known to be in accordance with all, or nearly all, the phenomena of the region, — the current flowing southward, — the Gulf Stream, of which the force is not wholly expended even in these high latitudes, pouring its waters of a highly elevated temperature into it, — the flight of birds northward, in search of a breeding-place, — and the superficial extent of the basin itself, leading necessarily to the conclusion that, if it is a sea, it is an open one, inasmuch as its width must be one fifth greater than that of the Atlantic between Newfoundland and the Irish coast. Extending in a northeastern direction from Baffin's Bay is Smith's Strait, and still farther onward northerly, Kennedy Channel. Dr. Kane passed the winter of 1854 and 1855 on the easterly side of this channel, upon the western coast of Greenland, in latitude 78° 40′, in a place where, owing to the lay of the land and the direction of the currents, it was a matter of necessity that he should be blocked in by the ice, with the imminent risk of being prevented from moving in either direction. While the "Advance" was locked up there, Dr. Hayes made an excursion across the strait to the opposite shore, being the eastern coast of Grinnell Land. Here, in consequence of the lay of the land and the range of the currents, he found an open passage northward, and a desirable harbor to winter in. Leaving his vessel at this point, and advancing as far north as possible with sledges, he now calculates upon being able to penetrate the belt of ice, and to launch in a boat upon the circumpolar sea.

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* Remarks on taking the chair at a meeting held at the Lowell Institute, 8th May, 1860, on Dr. Hayes's proposed expedition to the Arctic Sea.

It will no doubt seem to many who hear me that this is a *very* dangerous expedition. Dr. Hayes does not so regard it, and he speaks from the experience of two Arctic winters. But there is, no doubt, hardship to be encountered and risk to be incurred. Dr. Hayes is not asking us to bear those hardships and brave those dangers. He is not calling us to leave our comfortable homes, our temperate latitudes, our warm houses, and anthracite fires. He asks us only, while we are enjoying these luxuries, to assist him in his attempt to go and struggle with the rolling glaciers and the icy blasts of the pole. The danger, however, is probably less than we suppose. Of twenty-eight or thirty expeditions to the polar regions, one only has proved really disastrous. Most of them contributed something to the discovery of a northwest passage, which was finally accomplished by McClure. One or two vessels have been crushed, five or six abandoned, most of them, as the event showed, unnecessarily; but, with the exception of the gallant Franklin and his unfortunate company, few have perished in the cause; and men may perish anywhere, in any cause. The first time I crossed the little branch on which Bladensburgh stands, in the neighborhood of Washington, I was told that a sailor, just returned from a whaling voyage, was drowned the week before, while fording it in the stage-coach. The French Admiral Du Pettit-Thouars came home from a three years' cruise in 1842, and was roasted alive, with ninety others, in the railroad cars between Paris and Versailles, in open day, — a greater number, probably, than have perished in all the Arctic expeditions with the exception of that of Franklin. Of all the persons engaged in those expeditions, those who since their return have died quietly in their beds no doubt exceed in number, a hundred-fold, those who perished on the voyage.

It may be asked what good the expedition will do, even if successful, and the answer will depend upon our ideas of good. It will not probably be productive of any commercial or political advantage. If Dr. Hayes should reach the pole, it will create no new market for our staple products or manufactures. We shall not trade with it, — we shall not annex it; though I won't answer for that. But the only "good" which deserves the name is the enjoyment of virtuous happiness by rational beings, and among the purest sources of this enjoyment is the investigation and discovery of truth. To such investigation and discovery an Arctic voyage opens a wide field. The question itself of an open polar sea has been pronounced by Professor Bache "the great geographical question of the day." The physical geography of land and water in this region,—the Arctic fauna and flora,—the tides, the oceanic currents, the glaciers, the magnetic and auroral phenomena, the ethnological relations of the northernmost inhabited regions, —these are all fields of inquiry, in which a rich harvest of facts is yet to be reaped. And whenever we have reached a fact in the boundless domain of inquiry, we have grasped a link in that chain of truth which binds all nature to the throne of the Supreme. No power of man can break it, no foresight predict how far, how high, it may guide us. It may be a fact established on alpine summits, or in the depths of cheerless mines,—the telescope may bring it down from the highest heavens, the sounding lead may draw it from the bottom of the sea,—the thoughtful spirit may evolve it from the inmost chambers of its own consciousness,—in whatsoever region, from the equator to the pole, it may be revealed to the observing eye or the reasoning mind, it is a page in that "elder scripture writ by God's own hand."

SANITARY CONVENTION.*

THE Mayor proposed the following toast: —

"The Memory of Washington, the great Sanitarian, who converted thirteen *complaining* Colonies into States blessed with a *good Constitution.*"

This sentiment was received with acclamation; and Mr. Everett, being called upon to respond, spoke substantially as follows.

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SANITARY CONVENTION: —

I should feel ashamed to respond to a toast in honor of that peerless name, did I not bear in mind that it is one to which nothing can be added by the skill of the eulogist, from which nothing can be detracted by his inability to do it justice. You have fittingly commemorated him before this company, in the character of a great Healer of the State. He was called in when the body politic was in a most perilous condition, requiring for its treatment the utmost courage and judgment. The State pharmacopœia afforded no anæsthetic agent to soothe the pangs of the sufferer, nothing but heroic remedies and capital operations would serve, and the alternative was kill or cure. The toast, Mr. Mayor, that you have proposed proclaims the auspicious result. You have also reminded our friends that we are assembled on the eve of the anniversary of that memorable conflict, the first pitched battle of the Revolution, which has immortalized the heights of our sister city of Charlestown. Before this company it is proper to remember that the hero of that day, the illustrious Warren, was, not figuratively, but in deed and in fact, a physician.

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* Remarks at the dinner of the Sanitary Convention in Boston, 19th June, 1860.

I have much regretted, Mr. Mayor, that other engagements have prevented my attending the meetings of the Convention, except for a short time this morning, for I regard them as closely connected with the public good. The aggregate results of the deliberations of such a body, well designated by the name of "State medicine," or "State *hygiene*," of which his Excellency has not exaggerated the importance, are closely connected with health, morals, and all the great social interests. It has been said that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"; it is not less certainly the price of health, alike in town and country; for it is, in my opinion, an error, though a prevalent one, that the laws of health are better observed in village than in city life. Although born in the country, and much attached to rural life, as far as my observation has gone, the active causes of disease, which it is in the power of man to remove or mitigate, are by no means unknown in our villages and hamlets. The necessities of commerce, it is true, bring together greater masses of people in limited localities; the growth of the city takes place gradually, and rarely on a judiciously prearranged plan; no provision is made at the outset for effective drainage; ventilation is out of the question in noisome alleys and blind courts; land becomes immensely valuable, till avarice triumphs over conscience, and human beings are packed together, not so much to live as to die. This subject is so well treated in Dr. Viele's instructive report to your Convention, that further illustration is unnecessary. For some of the sanitary evils of large towns there is no remedy but in the moral sentiment of the community; but, in reference to moral sentiment, as well as to the proper province of legislation, a body like this, holding its meetings periodically, in different sections of the country, cannot but be of great importance in diffusing information on every subject connected with the public health, and dragging notorious abuses to the light of day.

Your investigations on the subject of contagious disease, and the appropriate sphere and limits of quarantine restrictions, are of great public interest. The times are indeed gone by when those names of terror — leprosy, plague, sweating sickness, and small-pox — periodically spread their alarm through the civilized world, demoralizing society while they prevailed, not less by the dismay that marched in their van than by the destruction of life which followed in their train. Of one of these dismal maladies, the small-pox, the terror still lives in our recent historical traditions. It was more than once a chief cause of anxiety in the American Revolution. For a time it paralyzed the besieging army before Boston in 1775. The ablest of the Massachusetts officers, after the death of Warren,—and like him, too, a physician,—General Thomas, was cut off by small-pox in Canada, in the spring of 1776. Men hesitated between the remedy and the disease. Virginia, as late as 1769, had forbidden the practice of inoculation by law; and General Washington, writing to Governor Patrick Henry on the subject of small-pox, says: "It is more destructive to an army in the natural way than the enemy's sword, and I shudder whenever I reflect upon the difficulties of keeping it out." Happily the beloved chieftain himself was safe. On a voyage to Barbadoes in his youth he had the small-pox in the natural way, so that, though the army was smitten, his own invaluable life was not exposed to the infection.

Small-pox, by the immortal discovery of Jenner, has been robbed of its necessary terrors; for though vaccination may not be so complete a remedy as was once supposed, the graver disease has ceased to be a subject of popular panic. But a single generation only has passed since the alarm of cholera. Much was done and observed at that time to show that sanitary measures had more to do in mitigating the ravages of the disease than medical treatment. How much anxiety and distress would have been spared, and, what is still more important, how much predisposition to disease been avoided, had enlightened sanitary views of the nature of contagion prevailed at that time as they do now! My honored friend, the president of your convention at its present session (Dr.

Bigelow), in his luminous testimony before our legislative committee, the other day, on the subject of the prevailing epidemic among the cattle, mentioned some things within his own experience in the cholera time, which he thought would not readily find a parallel in the dark ages. I think, sir, I can go a little beyond him, in what fell within my own experience at the same time. It was in the month of July, 1832. Congress adjourned on the 16th; on Friday, the 20th, I arrived with my family — three adults and four young children — at Jersey City, then a very inconsiderable place, and furnishing but scanty accommodations for strangers. The regular communication between New York and the East had ceased; no boat returned from Providence on Saturday. Several members of Congress, with their families, were, like myself, detained at Jersey City, and as the panic was rapidly spreading, and threatened to cut off all travel by land as well as water, the state of things was of no little concern and gravity.

On Saturday, the 21st, partly to while away the weary hours, partly from a desire to see a great city under visitation of a fearful epidemic, I determined to cross over to New York. The ferry-boat still plied occasionally in the course of the day. I had read the account of the plague at Athens by Thucydides, of that of Florence by Boccaccio, of that of London by De Foe; I was desirous of seeing our own great metropolis under similar circumstances. Concealing from my family and friends the cause of my disappearance, I crossed the ferry and walked through Cortlandt Street far up Broadway. There was a greater life and movement in the streets than I expected to find, but it was still a most mournful sight. Business seemed almost wholly at a stand; more than half the population had gone into the country; many houses and shops were shut up; ready-made coffins were exposed at every corner. It happened to be the day of the greatest mortality; two hundred and twelve persons died that day. The cold gripe of Death was upon the heart of the great city; terror aggravated the ravages of disease; and all the energy, the resource, the vitality of the mighty metropolis quailed for a time before the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

The Franklin came back from Providence on Sunday, with orders not to return till Tuesday. We were able, through the kindness of a friend, C. A. Davis, Esq., in the direction of the company, to cause her to be despatched on Monday. We had a beautiful night on the Sound; the exhilarating air of the sea put all thought of infection at defiance. We were not, however, permitted to land at Newport, and we learned that the same prohibition would be enforced at Providence. After anxious counsel we entered Taunton River, and anchored off Somerset, the frontier town of Massachusetts in that quarter. Here we procured a visit by a respectable physician from Fall River, who gave us a clean bill of health. Fortified with this, we obtained the permission of the selectmen of Somerset to land within the limits of that township. We sent to Providence for carriages, which reached us late in the day, and we then landed, drove through the cornfields of Somerset and across Seekonk plains to Providence turnpike. It was now near midnight, and we had been without refreshment since an early breakfast. The landlord of the public house at which we stopped refused to admit us, "because we had come from the boat." I attempted to get in at the window, in the hopes of finding a cup of milk for the little ones, but he set a mastiff upon me. We were compelled to drive on, unrefreshed, to Attleborough. There, at a house kept by Mr. Perkins, we stopped. As soon as we had aroused the inmates, and made known our sad plight, the door was thrown wide open; the best the house afforded was set before us; a comfortable cup of tea and good beds make us forget the hard experience of the day; and in the morning the bill for the whole party, three adults and four children, was, if I remember rightly, a dollar and a quarter! Mr. Mayor, I do not know whether my humble name will be remembered long after I am gone; but if it is, I wish the name of that good Samaritan may be remembered with it. I recollect the name of the other man who had the mastiff, but I will not tell it. I dare say he acted up to his light. His inhospitality (as Lord Bacon said of taking bribes) was *vitium ævi non hominis;* the fault, not of the individual, but of the times. He wanted to protect his children, perhaps, from what he thought the danger of contagion, as I wished to get a cup of milk for mine. We drove on, refreshed and cheerful, to Polly's at Walpole, one of those admirable New England country taverns of which only the memory is left, and there we got an excellent breakfast, although " the neighbors complained " of our worthy landlord " for admitting people who had come from the boat."

I have told you, sir, this rather long story, to show how important it is to the very existence of the social system, which melts away under the influence of panic, that enlightened views on subjects of this kind should prevail. I have no doubt that the periodical meetings of this convention will do much to propagate them throughout the country. Nor will this be their only beneficial effect. There is a health of the body politic as well as of the body natural. It requires for its preservation harmony and kind feeling among the members of the great confederate system. Who can doubt that this desirable state of things will be greatly promoted, while from year to year three hundred of the most distinguished and patriotic members of the faculty are called in consultation, from the remotest corners of the Republic, to lend their powerful and kindly influence in strengthening the bonds of union?

VINDICATION OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.*

Eighty-four years ago this day, the Anglo-American Colonies, acting by their delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia, formally renounced their allegiance to the British Crown and declared their Independence. We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to commemorate the Anniversary of that great day, and the utterance of that momentous Declaration. The hand that penned its mighty sentences, and the tongue which, with an eloquence that swept all before it, sustained it on the floor of the Congress, ceased from among the living, at the end of half a century, on the same day, almost at the same hour, thirty-four years ago. The last survivor of the signers, Charles Carroll, of Carrolton, closed his venerable career six years later; and of the generation sufficiently advanced in life to take a part in public affairs on the 4th of July, 1776, how few are living to hail this eighty-fourth anniversary! They are gone, but their work remains. It has grown in interest with the lapse of years, beginning already to add to its intrinsic importance those titles to respect which time confers on great events and memorable eras, as it hangs its ivy and plants its mosses on the solid structures of the past, — and *we* are now come together to bear our testimony to the day, the deed, and the men. We have shut up our offices, our warehouses, our workshops, we have escaped from the cares of business, may I not add from the dissensions of party, from all that occupies and all that divides us, to celebrate, to *join* in celebrating, the birthday of the nation, with one heart and with one voice. We have come for this year, 1860, to do our part in fulfilling the remarkable prediction of that noble son of Massachusetts, John Adams, — who, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, was "the Colossus of Independence, — the pillar of its support on the floor of Congress." Although the Declaration was not adopted by Congress till the fourth of July (which has therefore become the day of the anniversary), the resolution on which it was founded passed on the second instant. On the following day accordingly, John Adams, in a letter to his wife, says: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America, and greater perhaps never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting Colony, that these United States are and of right ought to be Free and Independent States." Unable to restrain the fulness of his emotions, in another letter to his wife, but of the same date, naturally assuming that the day on which the resolution was passed would be the day hereafter commemorated, he bursts out in this all but inspired strain: —

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* Oration delivered before the city authorities of Boston, on the Fourth of July, 1860, at the celebration of the eighty-fourth anniversary of American Independence.

> "The day is passed; the second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the History of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn act of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, — with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this Continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore!
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> "You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, — which I trust in God we shall not."

The time which has elapsed since the great event took place is so considerable, — the national experience which has since accrued is so varied and significant, — the changes in our condition at home and our relations abroad are so vast, as to make it a natural and highly appropriate subject of inquiry, on the recurrence of the Anniversary, how far the hopeful auguries with which our Independence was declared have been fulfilled. Has "the gloom" which, in the language of Adams, shrouded the 4th of July, 1776, given way on this 4th of July, 1860, "to those rays of ravishing light and glory" which he predicted? Has "the end," as he fondly believed it would do, proved thus far to be "more than worth all the means"? Most signally, so far as he individually was concerned. He lived himself to enjoy a more than Roman triumph, in the result of that day's transaction; to sign with his brother envoys the treaty of peace by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her ancient Colonies; to stand before the British throne, the first representative of the newly constituted Republic; and, after having filled its second office in connection with him who, whether in peace or in war, could never fill any place but the first, — in office as in the hearts of his countrymen, — he lived to succeed to the great Chief, and closed his honored career, as the elective Chief Magistrate of those United States, whose independence he had done so much to establish; with the rare additional felicity at the last of seeing his son elevated to the same station.

But the life of an individual is but a span in the life of a Nation; the fortunes of individuals, for good or for evil, are but as dust in the balance, compared with the growth and prosperity or the decline and fall of that greatest of human Personalities, a Commonwealth. It is, therefore, a more momentous inquiry, whether the great design of Providence, with reference to our beloved country, of which we trace the indications in the recent discovery of the continent, the manner of its settlement by the civilized races of the earth, the Colonial struggles, the establishment of Independence, the formation of a constitution of republican government, and its administration in peace and war for seventy years, — I say, it is a far more important inquiry whether this great design of Providence is in a course of steady and progressive fulfilment, — marked only by the fluctuations, ever visible in the march of human affairs,—and authorizing a well-grounded hope of further development, in harmony with its auspicious beginnings,—or whether there is reason, on the other hand, to fear that our short-lived prosperity is already (as misgivings at home and disparagement abroad have sometimes whispered) on the wane,—that we have reached, that we have passed, the meridian,—and have now to look forward to an evening of degeneracy, and the closing in of a rayless and hopeless night of political decline.

You are justly shocked, fellow-citizens, at the bare statement of the ill-omened alternative; and yet the inquiry seems forced on us by opinions that have recently been advanced in high places abroad. In a debate in the House of Lords, on the 19th of April, on a question relative to the extension of the elective franchise in England (the principle which certainly lies at the basis of representative government), the example of the United States, instead of being held up for imitation in this respect, as has generally been the case, on the subject of popular reforms, was referred to as showing not the advantages but the evils of an enlarged suffrage. It was emphatically asserted or plainly intimated by the person who took the lead in the debate (Earl Grey), the son of the distinguished author of the bill for the Reform of Parliament, whose family traditions therefore might be expected to be strongly on the side of popular right, that, in the United States, since the Revolutionary period, and by the undue extension of the right of suffrage, our elections have become a mockery, our legislatures venal, our courts tainted with party spirit, our laws "cobwebs," which the rich and poor alike break through, and the country, and the government in all its branches, given over to corruption, violence, and a general disregard of public morality.

If these opinions are well founded, then certainly we labor under a great delusion in celebrating the National Anniversary. Instead of joyous chimes and merry peals, responding to the triumphant salvos which ushered in the day, the Fourth of July ought rather to be commemorated by funeral bells, and minute-guns, and dead marches; and we, instead of assembling in this festal hall to congratulate each other on its happy return, should have been better found in sackcloth and ashes in the house of penitence and prayer.

I believe that I shall not wander from the line of remark appropriate to the occasion, if I invite you to join me in a hasty inquiry, whether these charges and intimations are well founded; whether we have thus degenerated from the standard of the Revolutionary age; whether the salutary checks of our system formerly existing have, as is alleged, been swept away, and our experiment of elective self-government has consequently become a failure; whether, in a word, the great design of Providence, to which I have alluded, in the discovery, settlement, political independence, and national growth of the United States has been prematurely arrested by our perversity; or whether, on the contrary, that design is not — with those vicissitudes, and drawbacks, and human infirmities of character, and uncertainties of fortune, which beset alike the individual man and the societies of men, in the Old World and the New — in a train of satisfactory, hopeful, nay, triumphant and glorious, fulfilment.

And in the first place I will say, that, in my judgment, great delicacy ought to be observed and much caution practised in these disparaging commentaries on the constitution, laws, and administrations of friendly states; and especially on the part of British and American statesmen in their comments on the systems of their two countries, between which there is a more intimate connection of national sympathy than between any two other nations. I must say that, as a matter both of taste and expediency, these specific arraignments of a foreign friendly country had better be left to the public press. Without wishing to put any limit to free discussion, or to proscribe any expression of the patriotic complacency with which the citizens of one country are apt to assert the superiority of their own systems over those of all others, it appears to me that pungent criticisms on the constitutions and laws of foreign states, and their practical operation, supported by direct personal allusions to those called to administer them, are nearly as much out of place on the part of the legislative as of the executive branch of a government. On the part of the latter, they would be resented as an intolerable insult; they cannot be deemed less than offensive on the part of the former.

If there were no other objection to this practice, it would be sufficient, that its direct tendency is to recrimination; a warfare of reciprocal disparagement, on the part of conspicuous members of the legislatures of friendly states. It is plain that a parliamentary warfare of this kind must greatly increase the difficulty of carrying on the diplomatic discussions, which necessarily occur between states whose commercial and territorial interests touch and clash at so many points; and the war of words is but too well adapted to prepare the public mind for more deplorable struggles.

Let me further also remark, that the suggestion which I propose to combat, namely, that the experiment of self-government on the basis of an extensive electoral franchise is substantially a failure in the United States, and that the country has entered upon a course of rapid degeneracy since the days of Washington, is not only one of great antecedent improbability, but it is one which, it might be expected, our brethren in England would be slow to admit. The mass of the population was originally of British origin, and the additional elements, of which it is made up, are from the other most intelligent and improvable races of Europe. The settlers of this continent have been providentially conducted to it, or have grown up upon it, within a comparatively recent and highly enlightened period, namely, the last two hundred and fifty years. Much of it they found lying in a state of nature, with no time-honored abuses to eradicate; abounding in most of the physical conditions of prosperous existence, and with few drawbacks but those necessarily incident to new countries, or inseparable from human imperfection. Even the hardships they encountered, severe as they were, were well calculated to promote the growth of the manly virtues. In this great and promising field of social progress, they have planted, in the main, those political institutions, which have approved themselves in the experience of modern Europe, and especially of England, as most favorable to the prosperity of a state, — free representative governments; — written constitutions and laws, greatly modelled upon hers, especially the trial by jury; — a free and a cheap, and consequently all-pervading press; — responsibility of the ruler to the people; liberal provision for popular education; and very general voluntary and bountiful expenditure for the support of religion. If, under these circumstances, the people of America, springing from such a stock, and trained in such a school, have failed to work out a satisfactory and a hopeful result; and especially if, within the last sixty years (for that is the distinct allegation) and consequently since, from the increase of numbers, wealth, and national power, all the social forces of the country have, for good or evil, been in higher action than ever before, there has been such marked deterioration that we are now fit to be held up, not as a model to be imitated, but as an example to be shunned, — not for the credit but for the discredit of popular institutions, — then, indeed, the case must be admitted to be a strange phenomenon in human affairs, — disgraceful, it is true, in the highest degree to us, — not reflecting credit on the race from which we are descended, — nor holding out encouragement anywhere for the adoption of liberal principles of government. If there is any feeling in England that can welcome the thought, that Americans have degenerated, the further reflection that it is the sons of Englishmen who have degenerated must chasten the sentiment. If there is any country where this supposed state of things should be readily believed to exist, surely it cannot be the parent country. If there is any place where such a suggestion should find ready credence, it cannot be in that House of Commons where Burke uttered those golden words: "My hold of the Colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection." It cannot be in that House of Peers, where Chatham, conscious that the Colonies were fighting the battle, not only of American but of English liberty, exclaimed, with a fervor that almost caused the storied tapestry to quicken into life, "I rejoice that America has resisted." It must be in Venice, it must be in Naples, or wherever else on the face of the earth liberal principles are scoffed at, and constitutional freedom is known to exist, only as her crushed and mangled form is seen to twitch and quiver under the dark pall of arbitrary power.

Before admitting the truth of such a supposition, in itself so paradoxical, in its moral aspects so mournful, in its natural influence on the progress of liberal ideas so discouraging, let us, for a few moments, look at facts.

The first object in the order of events, after the discovery of America, was, of course, its settlement by civilized man. It was not an easy task;—a mighty ocean separated the continent from the elder world; a savage wilderness covered most of the country; its barbarous and warlike inhabitants resisted from the first all coalescence with the new-comers. To subdue this waste,—to plant cornfields in the primeval forest, to transfer the civilization of Europe to the new world, and to make safe and sufficient arrangements, under political institutions, for the organized growth of free principles,—was the great problem to be solved. It was no holiday pastime,—no gainful speculation,—no romantic adventure; but grim, persistent, weary toil and danger. That it has been upon the whole performed with wonderful success, who will deny? Where else in the history of the world have such results been brought about in so short time? And if I desired, as I do not, to give this discussion the character of recrimination, might I not,—dividing the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the European settlements in America into two portions, namely, the one which preceded and the one which has followed the Declaration of Independence, the former under the sway of European governments, England, Holland, France, Spain, the latter under the government of the independent United States, — might I not claim for the latter, under all the disadvantages of a new government and limited resources, the credit of greatly superior energy and practical wisdom, in carrying on this magnificent work? It was the inherent vice of the colonial system, that the growth of the American colonies was greatly retarded for a century, in consequence of their being involved in all the wars of Europe. There never was a period, on the other hand, since Columbus sailed from Palos, in which the settlement of the country has advanced with such rapidity as within the last sixty years. The commencement of the Revolution found us with a population not greatly exceeding two millions; the census of 1800 a little exceeded five millions; that of the present year will not probably fall short of thirty-two millions. The two centuries and a half which preceded the Revolution witnessed the organization of thirteen Colonies, raised by the Declaration to States, to which the period that has since elapsed has added twenty more. I own it has filled me with amazement to find cities like Cincinnati and Louisville, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis, not to mention those still more remote, on spots which within the memory of man were frontier military posts, to find railroads and electric telegraphs traversing forests in whose gloomy shades, as late as 1789, and in territories not more remote than the present State of Ohio, the wild savage still burned his captives at the stake.

The desponding or the unfriendly censor will remind me of the blemishes of this tumultuous civilization; — outbreaks of frontier violence in earlier and later times; acts of injustice to the native tribes (though the policy of the government toward them has in the main been paternal and conscientiously administered), the roughness of manners in infant settlements, the collisions of adventurers not yet compacted into a stable society, deeds of wild justice and wilder injustice, border license, lynch law. All these I admit and I lament; — but a community cannot grow up at once from the log-cabin, with the wolf at the door and the savage in the neighboring thicket, into the order and beauty of communities which have been maturing for centuries. We must remember, too, that all these blemishes of an infant settlement, the inseparable accompaniment of that stage of progress and phase of society and life, have their counterpart at the other end of the scale, in the festering iniquities of large cities, the gigantic frauds of speculation and trade, the wholesale corruption, in a word, of older societies, in all parts of the world. When I reflect that the day we celebrate found us a feeble strip of thirteen Colonies along the coast, averaging at most a little more than 150,000 inhabitants each; and that this, its eighty-fourth return, sees us grown to thirty-three States, scattered through the interior and pushed to the Pacific, averaging nearly a million of inhabitants, each a well-compacted representative republic, securing to its citizens a larger amount of the substantial blessings of life than are enjoyed by equal numbers of people in the oldest and most prosperous states of Europe, I am lost in wonder; and, as a sufficient answer to all general charges of degeneracy, I am tempted to exclaim, Look around you!

But, merely to fill up the wilderness with a population provided with the ordinary institutions and carrying on the customary pursuits of civilized life, though surely no mean achievement, was not the whole of the work allotted to the United States, and thus far performed with signal activity, intelligence, and success. The founders of America and their descendants have accomplished more and better things. On the basis of a rapid geographical extension, and with the force of teeming numbers, they have, in the very infancy of their political existence, successfully aimed at higher progress in a generous civilization. The mechanical arts have not only been cultivated, but they have been cultivated with unusual aptitude. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, whether by sails or steam, and the art of printing in all its forms and in all its applications, have been pursued with surprising skill. Great improvements have been made in all these branches of industry, and in the machinery pertaining to them, which have been eagerly adopted in Europe. A more adequate provision has been made for popular education, the great basis, humanly speaking, of social improvement, than in almost any other country. I believe that in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, more money, in proportion to the population, is raised by taxation for the support of common schools, than in any other cities in the world. There are more seminaries in the United States, where a decent academical education can be obtained, — more, I still mean in proportion to the population, — than in any other country except Germany. The Fine Arts have reached a high degree of excellence. The taste for music is rapidly spreading in town and country; and every year witnesses productions from the pencil and the chisel of American sculptors and painters, which would adorn any gallery in the world. Our Astronomers, Mathematicians, Naturalists, Chemists, Engineers, Jurists, Publicists, Historians, Poets, Novelists, and Lexicographers have placed themselves on a level with their contemporaries abroad. The best dictionaries of the English language, since that of Johnson, are those published in America. Our constitutions, whether of the United States or of the separate States, exclude all public provision for the maintenance of Religion, but in no part of Christendom is it more generously supported. Sacred Science is pursued as diligently and the pulpit commands as high a degree of respect in the United States, as in those countries where the Church is publicly endowed; while the American Missionary operations have won the admiration of the civilized world. Nowhere, I am persuaded, are there more liberal contributions to public-spirited and charitable objects, — witness the remarkable article on that subject, the second of the kind, by Mr. Eliot, in the last number of the North American Review. Our charitable asylums, houses of industry, institutions for the education of deaf mutes and the blind, for the care of the pauper, and the discipline and reformation of the criminal, are nowhere surpassed. The latter led the way in the modern penitentiary reforms. In a word, there is no branch of the mechanical or fine arts, no department of science exact or applied, no form of polite literature, no description of social improvement, in which, due allowance being made for the means and resources at command, the progress of the United States has not been satisfactory, and in some respects astonishing. At this moment, the rivers and seas of the globe are navigated with that marvellous application of steam as a propelling power, which was first practically effected by Fulton; the monster steamship which has just reached our shores rides at anchor in the waters in which the first successful experiment of Steam Navigation was made. The wheat harvest of England this summer will be gathered by American reapers; the newspapers which lead the journalism of Europe are printed on American presses; there are imperial Railroads in Europe constructed by American Engineers and travelled by American locomotives; troops armed with American weapons, and ships of war built in American dock-yards. In the factories of Europe there is machinery of American invention or improvement; in their observatories, telescopes of American construction, and apparatus of American invention for recording the celestial phenomena. America contests with Europe the introduction into actual use of the electric telegraph, and her mode of operating it is adopted throughout the French empire. American authors in almost every department of science and literature are found on the shelves of European libraries. It is true no American Homer, Virgil, Dante, Copernicus, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton, has risen on the world. These mighty geniuses seem to be exceptions in the history of the human mind. Favorable circumstances do not produce them, nor does the absence of favorable circumstances prevent their appearance. Homer rose in the dawn of Grecian culture; Virgil flourished in the Court of Augustus; Dante ushered in the birth of the modern European literature; Copernicus was reared in a Polish cloister; Shakspeare was trained in the greenroom of a theatre; Milton was formed while the elements of English thought and life were fermenting toward a great political and moral revolution; Newton, under the profligacy of the Restoration. Ages may elapse before any country will produce a mind like these; as two centuries have passed since the last-mentioned of them was born. But if it is really a mark of inferiority on the part of the United States, that in the comparatively short period of their existence as a people, they have not added another name to this illustrious list (which is equally true of all the other nations of the earth), they may proudly boast of one example of Life and Character, one career of disinterested service, one model of public virtue, one type of human excellence, of which all the countries and all the ages may be searched in vain for a parallel. I need not — on this day I need not — speak the peerless name. It is stamped on your hearts, it glistens in your eyes, it is written on every page of your history, on the battle-fields of the Revolution, on the monuments of your Fathers, on the portals of your capitols. It is heard in every breeze that whispers over the fields of Independent America. And he was all our own. He grew up on the soil of America; he was nurtured at her bosom. She loved and trusted him in his youth; she honored and revered him in his age; and though she did not wait for death to canonize his name, his precious memory, with each succeeding year, has sunk more deeply into the hearts of his countrymen!

But, as I have already stated, it was urged against us in substance on the occasion alluded to, that within the last sixty years the United States have degenerated, and that by a series of changes, at first apparently inconsiderable, but all leading by a gradual and steady progression to the same result, a very discreditable condition of things has been brought about in this country.

Without stating precisely what these supposed changes are, the "result" is set forth in a somewhat remarkable series of reproachful allegations, far too numerous to be repeated in detail, in what remains of this address, but implying in the aggregate little less than the general corruption of the country, — political, social, and moral. The severity of these reproaches is not materially softened by a few courteous words of respect for the American People. I shall, in a moment, select for examination two or three of the most serious of these charges, observing only at present that the prosperous condition of the country, which I have imperfectly sketched, and especially its astonishing growth, during the present century in the richest products, material and intellectual, of a rapidly maturing civilization, furnish a sufficient defence against the general charge. Men do not gather the grapes and figs of science, art, taste, wealth, and manners from the thorns and thistles of lawlessness, venality, fraud, and violence. These fair fruits grow only in the gardens of public peace, and industry protected by the Law.

In the outset let it be observed then, that the assumed and assigned cause of the reproachful and deplorable state of things alleged to exist in the United States is as imaginary, as the effects are exaggerated or wholly unfounded in fact. The "checks established by Washington and his associates on an unbalanced democracy" in the General Government have never, as is alleged, "been swept away," — not one of them. The great constitutional check of this kind, as far as the General Government is concerned, is the limitation of the granted powers of Congress; the reservation of the rights of the States; and the organization of the Senate as their representative. These constitutional provisions, little comprehended abroad, which give to the smallest States equal weight with the largest, in one branch of the national legislature, impose a very efficient check on the power of a numerical majority; and neither in this nor in any other provision of the Constitution, bearing on the subject, has the slightest change ever been made. Not only so, but the prevalent policy since 1800 has been in favor of the reserved rights of the States, and in consequent derogation of the powers of the General Government. In fact, when the Reform Bill was agitated in England, and by the conservative statesmen of that country stigmatized as "a revolution," it was admitted that the United States possessed in their written Constitution, and in the difficulty of procuring amendments to it, a conservative principle unknown to the English government.

In truth, if by "an unbalanced democracy" is meant such a government as that of Athens, or republican Rome, or the Italian Republics, or the English Commonwealth, or revolutionary France, there not only never was, but never can be such a thing in the United States, unless our whole existing system should be revolutionized, and that in a direction to which there never has been the slightest approach. The very fact that the great mass of the population is broken up into separate States, now thirty-three in number and rapidly multiplying, each with its local interests and centre of political influence, is itself a very efficient check on such a democracy. Then each of these States is a representative commonwealth, composed of two branches, with the ordinary divisions of executive, legislative, and judicial power. It is true, that in some of the States some trifling property qualifications for elegibility and the exercise of the elective franchise have been abrogated, but not with any perceptible effect on the number or character of the voters. The system, varying a little in the different States, always made a near approach to universal suffrage; and the great increase of voters has been caused by the increase of population. Under elective governments, with a free press, with ardent party divisions, and in reference to questions that touch the heart of the people, petty limitations on the right of suffrage are indeed "cobwebs," which the popular will breaks through. The voter may be one of ten, or one of fifty of the citizens, but on such questions he will vote in conformity with the will of the great mass. If he resists it, the government itself, like that of France in 1848, will go down. Agitation and popular commotion scoff at checks and balances, and as much in England as in America. When Nottingham Castle is in ruins and half Bristol a heap of ashes, monarchs and ministers must bend. The Reform Bill must then pass "through Parliament or over it," in the significant words of Lord Macaulay; and that, whether the constituencies are great or small. That a restricted suffrage and a limited constituency do not always insure independence on the part of the Representative, may be inferred from the rather remarkable admission of Lord Grey, in this very debate, that "a large proportion of the members of the present House of Commons are from various circumstances, *afraid to act on their real opinions*," on the subject of the Reform Bill then before them.

I have already observed that it would be impossible, within the limits of this address, to enter into a detailed examination of all the matters laid to our charge, on the occasion alluded to. The ministerial leader (Lord Granville) candidly admitted, in the course of the debate, that, though he concurred with his brother peer in some of his remarks, "they were generally much exaggerated." We too must admit with regret, that for some of the statements made to our discredit there is a greater foundation in fact, than we could wish; that our political system, like all human institutions, however wise in theory and successful in its general operation, is liable to abuse; that party, the bane of all free governments, works its mischief here; that some bad men are raised to office and some good men excluded from it; that public virtue here as elsewhere sometimes breaks down under the temptation of place or of gold; that unwise laws are sometimes passed by our legislatures, and unpopular laws sometimes violated by the mob; in short, that the frailties and vices of men and of governments are displayed in Republics as they are in Monarchies, in the New World as in the Old; whether to a greater, equal, or less degree, time must show. The question of the great Teacher, to which the reverend Chaplain has just called our attention, may as pertinently be asked of Nations as of individuals, "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

An honest and impartial administration of justice is the corner-stone of the social system. The most serious charges brought against us, on the occasion alluded to, are, that, owing to the all-pervading corruption of the country, the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, who once commanded the public respect at home and abroad, are now appointed for party purposes, and that some of their decisions have excited the disgust of all high-minded men; that the Judges of most of the State Courts hold their offices by election, some by annual election; that the undisputed dominion of the numerical majority, which has been established, will not allow the desires and passions of the hour to be checked by a firm administration of justice; and that in consequence the laws of this country have become mere cobwebs to resist either the rich, or the popular feeling of the moment; in a word, that the American Astræa, like the goddess of old, has fled to the stars. I need not say, fellow-citizens, in your hearing, that wherever else this may be true (and I believe it to be nowhere true in the United States), it is not true in our ancient Commonwealth; and that Westminster Hall never boasted a court more honored or more worthy of honor, than that which holds its office by a life tenure and administers impartial justice, without respect of persons, to the people of Massachusetts.

Such a court the people of Massachusetts have no wish to change for an elective judiciary, holding office by a short tenure. In their opinion, evinced in their practice, this all-important branch of the government ought to be removed, as far as possible, beyond the reach of political influences; but it is surely the grossest of errors to speak of the tribunals of the United States as being generally tainted with party, or to represent the law, in the main, as having ceased to be respected and enforced. Taking a comprehensive view of the subject, and not drawing sweeping inferences from exceptional occurrences, it may be safely said that the law of the land is ably, cheaply, and impartially administered in the United States, and implicitly obeyed. On a few questions, not half a dozen in number since the organization of the government, and those partaking of a political character, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, like the questions to which they refer, have divided public opinion. But there is surely no tribunal in the world, which, like that court has, since the foundation of the government, not only efficiently performed the ordinary functions of a tribunal of the last resort, to the general satisfaction of the country, but which sits in judgment on the courts and legislatures of sovereign States, on acts of Congress itself, and pronounces the law to a confederation coextensive with Europe. I know of no such protection, under any other government, against unconstitutional legislation; if indeed any legislation can be called unconstitutional, where Parliament, alike in theory and practice, is omnipotent.

With respect to the partisan character of our courts, inferred from the manner in which the judges are appointed, the judges of the United States Courts, which are the tribunals specifically reflected on, are appointed in the same manner and hold their offices by the same tenure, as the English judges of the courts of common law. They are appointed for life, by the executive power, no doubt from the dominant party of the day, and this equally in both countries. The presiding magistrate of the other branch of English jurisprudence — the Lord Chancellor — is displaced with every change in politics. In seventy-one years, since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, there have been but four chief justices of the United States, and the fourth is still on the bench. In thirty-three years there have been, I believe, nine appointments of a Lord Chancellor, on as many changes of the ministry, and eight different individuals have filled the office, of whom six are living.* As a member of the Cabinet, and Speaker of the House of Lords, he is necessarily deep in all the political controversies of the day, and his vast official influence and patronage, generally administered on political grounds, are felt throughout church and state. The Chief Justice of England is usually a member of the House of Lords, sometimes a member of the Cabinet. As a necessary consequence, on all questions of a political nature, the Court is open to the same suspicion of partisanship as in the United States, and for a much stronger reason, inasmuch as our judges can never be members of the Cabinet or of Congress.

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* Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, *Lord Cottenham*, *Lord Truro*, Lord St. Leonard's, Lord Cranworth, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Campbell. — Those deceased in Italics.

During a considerable part of his career, Lord Mansfield was engaged in an imbittered political warfare with the Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords. All the resources of the English language were exhausted by Junius, in desolating and unpunished party libels on the Chief Justice of England; and when the capital of the British Empire lay for six days at the mercy of Lord George Gordon's mob, its fury was concentrated against the same venerable magistrate.

The jurisprudence of this country strikes its roots deep into that of England. Her courts, her magistrates, her whole judicial system, are regarded by the profession in America with respect and affection. But if, beginning at a period coeval with the settlement of America, we run down the line of the chancellors and chief justices, from Lord Bacon and Sir Edward Coke to the close of the last century, it will, in scarce any generation, be found free from the record of personal, official, and political infirmities, from which an unfriendly censor might have drawn inferences hostile to the integrity of the tribunals of England, if not to the soundness of her public sentiment. But he would have erred. The character of governments and of institutions is not to be judged of from individual men or exceptional occurrences, but must be gathered from a large experience, from general results, from the testimony of ages. A thousand years, and a revolution in almost every century, have been necessary to build up the constitutional fabric of England to its present proportions and strength. Let her not play the uncharitable censor, if portions of our newly constructed state machinery are sometimes heard to grate and jar.

With respect to the great two-edged sword, with which justice smites the unfaithful public servant, the present Lord Chancellor (late Chief Justice) of England, observes, of the acquittal of Lord Melville, in 1806, that "it showed that Impeachment can no longer be relied upon for the conviction of state offences, and can only be considered as *a test of party strength*"; while of the standard of professional literature, the same venerable magistrate, who unites the vigor of youth to the experience and authority of fourscore years, remarks, with a candor, it is true, not very flattering to the United States, in the form of the expression, that down to the end of the reign of George the Third (A. D. 1820), " England was excelled by contemporary juridical authors, not only in France, Italy, and Germany, but *even* America." I will only add, that, of the very great number of Judges of our Federal and State Courts, — although frugal salaries, short terms of office, and the elective tenure may sometimes have called incompetent men to the bench, — it is not within my recollection, that a single individual has been suspected even of pecuniary corruption.

Next in importance to the integrity of the courts, in a well-governed state, is the honesty of the legislature. A remarkable instance of wholesale corruption, in one of the new States of the West, consisting of the alleged bribery of a considerable number of the members of the legislature, by a distribution of railroad bonds, is quoted by Lord Grey, as a specimen of the corruption which has infected the legislation both of Congress and of the States, and as showing " the state of things which has arisen in that country." It was a very discreditable occurrence certainly (if truly reported, and of that I know nothing), illustrative, I hope, not of "a state of things" which has arisen in America, but of the degree to which large bodies of men, of whom better things might have been expected, may sometimes become so infected, when the mania of speculation is epidemic, that principle, prudence, and common sense give way, in the eagerness to clutch at sudden wealth. In a bubble season, the ordinary rules of morality lose their controlling power for a while, under the temptation of the day. The main current of public and private morality in England probably flowed as deep and strong as ever, both before and after the South Sea frauds, when Cabinet ministers and Court ladies, and some of the highest personages in the realm ran mad after dishonest gains, and this in England's Augustan age. Lord Granville, in reply, observed that the "early legislation of England, in such matters [Railways], was not so free from reproach, as to justify us in attributing the bribery in America solely to the democratic character of the government," and the biographer of George Stephenson furnishes facts which abundantly confirm the truth of this remark. After describing the extravagant length to which Railway speculation was carried in that country in 1844–1845, Mr. Smiles proceeds: —

> "Parliament, whose previous conduct in connection with Railway legislation was so open to reprehension, interposed no check, attempted no remedy. On the contrary, it helped to intensify the evil arising from this unseemly state of things. Many of its members were themselves involved in the mania, and as much interested in its continuance as even the vulgar herd of money-grubbers. The railway prospectuses now issued, unlike the Liverpool and Manchester and London and Birmingham schemes, were headed by peers, baronets, landed proprietors, and strings of M. P.'s'. Thus it was found in 1845, that not fewer than one hundred and fifty-seven members of Parliament were on the list of new companies, as subscribers for sums ranging from two hundred and ninety-one thousand pounds sterling [not far from a million and a half of dollars] downwards! The proprietors of new lines even came to boast of their parliamentary strength, and the number of votes they could *command* in 'the House.' The influence which land-owners had formerly brought to bear upon Parliament, in resisting railways, when called for by the public necessities, was now employed to carry measures of a far different kind, originated by cupidity, knavery, and folly. But these gentlemen had discovered, by this time, that railways were as a golden mine to them. They sat at railway boards, sometimes selling to themselves their own land, at their own price, and paying themselves with the money of the unfortunate stockholders. *Others used the railway mania as a convenient, and to themselves inexpensive, mode of purchasing constituencies.* It was strongly suspected that honorable members adopted what Yankee legislators call 'log-rolling'; that is, 'you help me to roll my log, and I will help you to roll yours.' At all events, it is a matter of fact that, through parliamentary influence, many utterly ruinous branches and extensions, projected during the mania, calculated only to benefit the inhabitants of a few miserable old boroughs, accidentally omitted from schedule A, were authorized in the memorable session of 1844–45."*

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* Smiles's Life of Stephenson, p. 371.

These things, be it remembered, took place, not in a newly gathered republic, just sprouting, so to say, into existence on the frontier, inhabited by the pioneers of civilization, who had rather rushed together, than grown up to the moral traditions of an ancient community; but they took place at the metropolis of one of the oldest monarchies in Europe, the centre of the civilized world, where public sentiment is propped by the authority of ages; heart of old English oak encased with the life circles of a thousand years. I was in London at the height of the mania; I saw the Railway King, as he was called, at the zenith of his power; a member of Parliament, through which he walked quietly, it was said, "with some sixteen railway bills under his arm"; almost a fourth estate of the realm; his receptions crowded like those of a Royal Prince; — and I saw the gilded bubble burst. But I did not write home to my government, that this marvellous "state of things" showed the corruption which springs from hereditary institutions, nor did I hint that an extension of the right of suffrage and a moderate infusion of the democratic principle were the only remedy.

I have time for a few words only on the "unscrupulous and overbearing tone" which is said by Lord Grey to "mark our intercourse with foreign nations."

> "If any one European nation," he observes, "were to act in the same manner, it could not escape war for a single year. We ourselves have been repeatedly on the verge of a quarrel with the United States. With no divergence of interest, but the strongest possible interest on both sides to maintain the closest friendship, we have more than once been on the eve of a quarrel; and that great calamity has now been avoided, because the government of this country has had the good sense to treat the government of the United States much as we should treat spoiled children, and though the right was clearly on our side, has yielded to the unreasonable pretensions of the United States. There is danger that this may be pushed too far, and that a question may arise, on which our honor and our interests will make concession on our part impossible."

No one is an impartial judge in his own case. If we should meet these rather indiscreet suggestions in the only way in which a charge without specifications can be met,—by a denial as broad as the assertion,—the matter would be left precisely as it stood before; that is, each party in its national controversies thinks itself right and its opponent wrong, which is not an uncommon case in human affairs, public and private. This at least may be added, without fear of contradiction, that the United States, in their intercourse with foreign governments have abstained from all interference in European politics, and have confined themselves to the protection of their own rights and interests. As far as concerns theoretical doctrines on the subjects usually controverted between governments, a distinguished English magistrate and civilian pronounces the authority of the United States "to be always great upon all questions of International Law."* Many of the questions which have arisen between this country and England have been such as most keenly touch the national susceptibilities. That in discussing these questions at home and abroad, no despatch has been written, no word uttered, in a warmer tone than might be wished, is not to be expected, and is as little likely to have happened on one side of the water as the other. But that the intercourse of the United States with Great Britain has, in the main, been conducted, earnestly indeed, as becomes powerful States treating important subjects, but courteously, gravely, and temperately, no one well acquainted with the facts will, I think, deny.

It would not be difficult for me to pass in review our controversies with England, and to show that when she has conceded any portion of our demands, it has not been because they were urged in "an unscrupulous and overbearing tone" (an idea not very complimentary to herself), but because they were founded in justice and sustained by argument. This is not the occasion for such a review. In a public address, which I had the honor of delivering in this hall last September, I vindicated the negotiations relative to the Northeastern Boundary, from the gross and persistent misrepresentations of which they have been the subject; and I will now only briefly allude to by far the most important chapter in our diplomatic history. I go back to it, because, after the lapse of a generation, the truth has at length pierced through the mists of contemporary interest and passion, and because it will sufficiently show by one very striking example, whether in her intercourse with foreign nations, America has been in the habit of assuming an unscrupulous and overbearing tone, or whether she has been the victim of those qualities on the part of others.

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* R. Phillimore's International Law, Vol. III. p. 252.

After the short-lived peace of Amiens, a new war of truly Titanic proportions broke out between France and England. In the progress of this tremendous struggle, and for the purpose of mutual destruction, a succession of Imperial decrees and Royal Orders in Council were issued by the two powers, by which all neutral commerce was annihilated. Each of the great belligerents maintained that his adversary's decree was a violation of International Law; each justified his own edict on the ground of retaliation, which of course, as far as the neutral was concerned, was no justification, — and between these great conflicting forces the rights and interests of neutrals were crushed. Under these orders and decrees, it is estimated that one hundred millions of American property were swept from the ocean, — of the losses and sufferings of our citizens, in weary detention for years at Courts of Admiralty and Vice-Admiralty all round the globe, there can be no estimate. But peace returned to the world; time wore away; and after one generation of the original sufferers had sunk, many of them sorrow-stricken and ruined, into the grave, the government of King Louis-Philippe, in France, acknowledged the wrong of the imperial *régime*, by a late and partial measure of indemnification, obtained by means of the treaty negotiated with great ability, by Mr. Rives, of Virginia. England, in addition to the capture of our ships and the confiscation of their cargoes, had subjected the United States to the indignity of taking her seamen by impressment from our vessels, — a practice which, in addition to its illegality even under the law of England, and its cruelty, which have since caused it to be abandoned at home, often led to the impressment of our own citizens, both naturalized and native. For this intolerable wrong (which England herself would not have endured a day, from any foreign power), and for the enormous losses accruing under the Orders in Council, the United States not only never received any indemnification, but the losses and sufferings of a war of two years and a half duration, to which she was at length driven, were superadded. These orders were at the time regarded by the liberal school of British statesmen as unjust and oppressive towards neutrals; and though the eminent civilian, Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell), who presided in the British Court of Admiralty, and who had laid the foundations of a princely fortune by fees accruing in prize causes,* deemed it "extreme indecency" to admit the possibility, that the Orders in Council could be in contravention of the public law, it is now the almost universal admission of the text-writers that such was the case. As lately as 1847, the present Lord Chancellor — then Lord Chief Justice of England — used this remarkable language: "Of these Orders in Council, Napoleon had no right to complain; but they were grievously unjust to neutrals; and *it is now generally allowed, that they were contrary to the law of nations, and to our own municipal law!*"

These liberal admissions have come too late to repair the ruined fortunes or to heal the broken hearts of the sufferers: they will not recall to life the thousands who fell on hard-fought fields, in defence of their country's rights. But they do not come too late to rebuke the levity with which it is now intimated, that the United States stand at the august bar of the public law, not as reasoning men, but as spoiled children; not too late to suggest the possibility to candid minds, that the next generation may do us the like justice, with reference to more recent controversies.†

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* "Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon, by William Edward Surtees, D. C. L." [a relative], p. 88.

† Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, Vol. VII. p. 218; Story's

Thus, fellow-citizens, I have endeavored, without vainglorying, with respect to ourselves, or bitterness toward others, but in a spirit of candor and patriotism, to repel the sinister intimation, that a fatal degeneracy is stealing over the country; and to show that the eighty-fourth anniversary finds the United States in the fulfilment of the glowing anticipations, with which, in the selfsame instrument, their INDEPENDENCE was inaugurated, and their UNION first proclaimed. No formal act had as yet bound them together; no plan of confederation had even been proposed. A common allegiance embraced them, as parts of one metropolitan empire; but when that tie was sundered, they became a group of insulated and feeble communities, not politically connected with each other, or known as yet in the family of nations. Driven by a common necessity, yearning toward each other with a common sympathy of trial and of danger, piercing with wise and patriotic foresight into the depths of ages yet to come, — led by a Divine Counsel, — they clung together with more than elective affinity, and declared the independence of the UNITED STATES. North and South, great and small, Massachusetts and Virginia, the oldest and then the largest; New York and Pennsylvania, unconscious as yet of their destined preponderance, but already holding the central balance; Rhode Island and Delaware, raised by the Union to a political equality with their powerful neighbors, joined with their sister republics in the august Declaration, for themselves and for the rapidly multiplying family of States, which they beheld in prophetic vision. This great charter of independence was the life of the Revolution; the sword of attack, the panoply of defence. Under the consummate guidance of Washington, it sustained our fathers under defeat, and guided them to victory. It gave us the alliance with France, and her auxiliary armies and navies. It gave us the Confederation and the Constitution. With

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Miscellaneous Writings, p. 283; Phillimore's International Law, Vol. III. pp. 250, 539; Manning's Commentary on the Law of Nations, p. 330; Wildman's Institutes of International Law, Vol. II. pp. 183, 185; also, the French publicists, Hautefeuille and Ortolan, under the appropriate heads.

successive strides of progress, it has crossed the Alleghanies, the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri; has stretched its living arms almost from the Arctic circle to the tepid waters of the Gulf; has belted the continent with rising States; has unlocked the rich treasuries of the Sierra Madre; and flung out the banners of the Republic to the gentle breezes of the Peaceful Sea. Not confined to the continent, the power of the Union has convoyed our commerce over the broadest oceans to the farthest isles; has opened the gates of the Morning to our friendly intercourse; and — sight unseen before in human history — has, from that legendary Cipango, the original object of the expedition of Columbus, but which his eyes never beheld nor his keels ever touched, brought their swarthy princes on friendly embassage, to the western shores of the world-dividing Deep.

Meantime, the gallant Frenchmen, who fought the battles of liberty on this continent carried back the generous contagion to their own fair land. Would that they could have carried with it the moderation and the wisdom that tempered our Revolution! The great idea of constitutional reform in England, a brighter jewel in her crown than that of which our fathers bereft it, is coeval with the successful issue of the American struggle. The first appeal of revolutionary Greece, an appeal not made in vain, was for American sympathy and aid. The golden vice-royalties of Spain on this continent asserted their independence in imitation of our example, though sadly wanting our previous training in the school of regulated liberty; and now, at length, the fair "Niobe of Nations," accepting a constitutional monarchy as an instalment of the long-deferred debt of Freedom, sighs through all her liberated States for a representative confederation, and claims the title of the Italian Washington for her heroic Garibaldi.

Here then, fellow-citizens, I close where I began; the noble prediction of Adams is fulfilled. The question decided eighty-four years ago in Philadelphia *was* the greatest question ever decided in America; and the event has shown that greater, perhaps, never was nor ever will be decided among men. The great Declaration, with its life-giving principles, has, within that interval, extending its influence from the central plains of America to the eternal snows of the Cordilleras, from the western shores of the Atlantic to the farthest East, crossed the land and the sea, and circled the globe. Nor let us fear that its force is exhausted, for its principles are as broad as humanity, as eternal as truth. And if the visions of patriotic seers are destined to be fulfilled; if it is the will of Providence that the lands which now sit in darkness shall see the day; that the south and east of Europe and the west of Asia shall be regenerated; and the ancient and mysterious regions of the East, the cradle of mankind, shall receive back in these latter days from the West the rich repayment of the early debt of civilization, and rejoice in the cheerful light of constitutional freedom, — that light will go forth from Independence Hall in Philadelphia; that lesson of constitutional freedom they will learn from this day's Declaration.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT FELTON.*

THE only title by which I wish to be known on the present occasion is that of a dutiful, affectionate, and grateful son of Harvard. With respect to the eloquent description just given by my valued friend, the Orator of the Day, of the value of prose speech, I regret that his practice was not more in accordance with his doctrine; he would not else, as he candidly admits, have robbed us of that half-hour of his own glowing and impressive prose, to which we should all have listened with so much pleasure. His Excellency the Governor,† who has addressed us with so much power and feeling, alluded, in pathetic terms, to the emotions with which he had in his youth listened to the cheerful strains which, on public occasions, were sometimes heard from the academic shades, and his regret that it had not then fallen to his lot to join the joyous circle. I could not listen to those touching remarks, and reflect on the efficient services which he has rendered to our ancient University, in promoting the endowment of the Museum of Natural History, without repeating the beautiful inscription on the bust of Molière in the French Academy: "Nothing is wanting to his glory,— he is wanting to ours."

I suppose, sir, of all the titles to which you have been good enough to allude, that of an ex-President of the University is the only one by which I may with the greatest propriety address you, as most assuredly there is nothing in my humble career that I pride myself upon more, than that I was thought not unworthy to be placed at its head. I stood in that relation but a short time, but I sometimes return to these classic precincts, with somewhat of the feelings of the retired tallow-chandler, of whom the well-known story is told. Having relinquished the partnership, he was desirous, after a while, of resuming it. This, however, could not be, and he then begged to be permitted, at least, to come and lend a hand on melting-days. Now, sir, this is a melting-day in more than one sense. We have had two of the great natural solvents powerfully at work ever since sunrise, but I have not lately enjoyed a happier day. I suppose that the spectacle of four ex-Presidents of an institution like this, assembled on the same stage to assist at the inauguration of their successor, was never witnessed before. It reminds me of a little occurrence (his Excellency kindly permits us to indulge in a jest) on the day of my graduation. A young Chinese tradesman was invited to one of the Commencement entertainments, and, knowing our language but imperfectly, was a good deal pestered with questions about the institutions of his own country; among others, whether there were any colleges in Canton. He probably thought that *college* was the general name of all corporations, for whatever object (as indeed it is in Latin), and answered that there were two colleges, each of which had four presidents, and no students, — an arrangement which would lighten the burden of administering the discipline of the institutions, rather more than it would promote the cause of education.

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* Remarks at the dinner of the Association of Alumni of Harvard College, 19th July, 1860.

† Hon. N. P. Banks.

I cannot, however, sir (to pass to a more serious strain), speak on behalf of the ex-Presidents without feeling to what disadvantage I do it. If you, on entering upon the duties of the chair, thought it necessary to apologize for taking the place of the distinguished President* and first Vice-President† of the Association (men worthy in all respects of the praises bestowed by you upon them, but with whom no other person would think you were yourself unequally matched), how can I but feel oppressed, in speaking for him, the Nestor of ex-

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* Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

† Hon. C. F. Adams.

Presidents and Alumni, who stands alone, by so many titles, in our respect and affection, — whose presence, though but for an hour, has added so much to the dignity and interest of the day, and whose necessary withdrawal from its further excitements is so deeply felt by us all.

There is no one who can better congratulate our honored friend, who now accedes to the chair, than we who have gone before him. We know the nature of the duties to be performed, — of the rewards to be hoped for in their conscientious discharge. When I reflect, that, since the resignation of President Quincy, our Alma Mater has successively called three of us into her service, whose united terms have not equalled his, and has at length intrusted her interests to you, sir (President Felton), whose vigorous constitution and locks unbleached by time afford a promise, if not of the fifty years to which you have playfully alluded, yet certainly of a long, long period of service and usefulness, I am reminded of that most magnificent verse, in the oldest and greatest of poems (scarcely less familiar to you, sir, than your mother tongue), the verse which describes the descent of Neptune from Samothrace to Ægæ, while woods and mountains trembled beneath the immortal feet of the God: —

> Τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰών, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο τέκμωρ.
> "Thrice he strode on his march, but the fourth time he came to the goal."

Our new President enters upon his office certainly under the happiest auspices. As the Governor has observed, the unanimous choice of the academic boards called him to the place; and that election has been ratified by the equally unanimous voice of the Alumni, and the hearty approval of the public. This, too, at a time when, under the skilful administration of our honored friend, Dr. Walker, the institution had reached a point of unexampled prosperity, and no thought of any but first-rate qualifications in a successor would have been tolerated for a moment. Not only had larger classes than ever before begun to resort to the institution, equalled only by that which has been entered this week, but the standard of scholarship in the classics, in other branches of polite literature, in the exact sciences, in mental philosophy, has become so much higher than when I was an undergraduate, that it hardly seems the same institution. Then, sir, the professional and scientific schools, the collections, the apparatus, and the libraries, and the means of pursuing the most advanced studies in every department, make it a real *Universitas artium.* In this prosperous condition we now commit it trustingly to your charge, and look for its steady progress; and if I might venture a hint at what we elder brethren would recommend, it would be that our young friends, the undergraduates, would hit upon some way of working off the exuberant spirits of youth a little more generous and kindly toward the new-comer, — a little more thoughtful and considerate toward their true friends, the Faculty, — than those which (notwithstanding the general manliness of the student) still, to some extent, prevail. I say their "true friends," for while I was connected with the University, never did I see, on the part of the Faculty, the slightest indication of a harsh or vindictive feeling toward their charge.

It is, lacking one year, two centuries and a quarter from the date of the institution, — no inconsiderable period in any country, and one which, in this country, goes back to the very cradle of the settlement. May we not take an honest pride in reflecting on the large number of distinguished men, in Church and in State, who, during this period, have acknowledged this seat of learning as their nursing mother, — standing, as it did, alone in the British Colonies for two generations, and never in after times — no, never for an hour — filling a lower place among her sisters than that which she now fills? Two centuries of time have elapsed, — centuries which have changed the aspect of the world at home and abroad, — which have wrought a succession of revolutions that have shaken the most ancient thrones to the foundation, during which the Colonies have passed through that "struggle for life" of which we now hear so much from the physiologists, into the condition of thirty-three independent States, and with nearly as many millions of people; and our noble Harvard still maintains as honorable a rank among the sister institutions, numerous and reputable as they are, as at any former period of her history.

But let us not forget that the sister institutions *are* not only numerous and highly respectable, but animated, many of them, by a generous spirit of emulation, well calculated to keep the older seminaries on the stretch. Among all the wonders of the great West, nothing struck me more than the ample provision made and making in every branch of education. The state of society does not yet call for Universities on the same scale as the oldest and best-furnished in the Eastern States, but our brethren in the West are rapidly, if I may use the homely expression, treading on our heels. I had the pleasure three years ago of visiting a seminary in the interior of Michigan, — an Indian wilderness within the memory of man, — which, for the character of its chancellor and faculty, for its scientific collections, and its observatory, would have done no discredit to one of the oldest States, and the entire expense of the establishment defrayed by the Commonwealth. I assisted about the same time at the inauguration of a University at St. Louis, which for liberality of endowment, and, what is better, liberality of principle, bids fair to be a radiating centre of intelligence to that mighty valley of the Mississippi. The school funds of some of these new States approach the fabulous. That of Illinois exceeds four millions of dollars. That of Texas exceeds two millions of dollars; while the separate counties, in that State, have landed endowments for common schools amounting in the aggregate to over two millions of acres of land, and the University fund exceeds two hundred and twenty thousand acres. In the cities of Cincinnati and Chicago I saw schools which, for the scale of expenditure and accommodation, are not exceeded in Boston.

We cannot contemplate these rising institutions with anything but delight; from the walls of old Harvard we bid them God speed; they are in no small degree our intellectual offspring. These new republics are doing, in their infancy, what our fathers did in the infancy of Massachusetts; they are furnishing us a common ground of intellectual sympathy between East and West, which you, sir, I am sure will rejoice to foster; and Heaven grant that two centuries hence they may boast of their ancient and venerable Yales, and Harvards, and Dartmouths, and Columbias, and Princetons, and William and Marys, as we now boast of ours.

EVERETT SCHOOL-HOUSE.*

Mr. Chairman: —

You will easily believe that I feel a peculiar interest in the occasion that has called us together. The dedication of a new first-class school-house is at all times an event of far greater importance to the welfare of the community than many of the occurrences which at the time attract much more of the public attention, and fill a larger space in the pages of history. The house which we this day dedicate is to be occupied by a school which had already, as the Dwight School for Girls, established an enviable reputation among the sister institutions. It is now, in consequence of the rapid growth of this part of the city, whose early appearance, Mr. Mayor, you have so graphically described, transferred, with the happiest prospects, to this new, spacious, and admirably arranged building, — a model school-house, fit for the reception of a model school. I hope, as a friend to education from my youth up, I should duly appreciate the importance of such an event; but you have kindly given me a reason — to the strength of which it would be affectation to seem insensible — for taking an especial interest in this day's ceremonial.

One of the highest honors which can be paid to an individual, one of the most enviable tokens of the good opinion of the community in which he lives, is to connect his name with some permanent material object, some scientific discovery, some achievement in art, some beneficent institution, with reference to which, by word or by deed, he may be thought to have deserved well of his fellow-men. Hundreds of towns and cities on the continent recall the memory of the great and good men who, in peace and in war, founded and sustained the liberties and rights of the country. Science gives the name of the astronomer to the comet whose periodical return he has ascertained. Botany commemorates her votaries in the flowers and the trees — the Kalmias, the Dahlias, the Robinias — which they first discovered and described. The fossil relics of the elder world are designated by the names of the geologists who first exhumed them from their adamantine graves. We cannot but feel that one of the strongest instincts of our nature is gratified by these associations.

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* Remarks at the dedication of the Everett School-House in Boston, 17th September, 1860.

But what are these lifeless, soulless substances, these mute, inanimate bodies in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, — the vaporous comet, the fading flower, the extinct animal whose very skeleton is turned into stone, — compared with an institution like this, — a living fountain of eternal light, a flower-garden planted in each succeeding year with germs of undying growth, a nursery beneath whose fostering wings so many immortal spirits shall be trained up in the paths of duty, usefulness, and happiness? Here you permit me to hope that my poor name will be kindly remembered as long as the schools of Boston shall retain their name and their praise in the land; and that I am well aware will be as long as Boston herself shall occupy her place on the earth's surface; for as long as there is a city council to appropriate a dollar, or a treasurer to pay it, I am sure it will be voted and paid for the support of the schools. Devoted for a pretty long life to the public service, in a variety of pursuits and occupations, laboring, I know I may say diligently, and I hope I may add, though sometimes with erring judgment, yet always with honest purpose, for the public good, at home and abroad, I frankly own, sir, that no public honor, compliment, or reward, which has ever fallen to my lot, has given me greater pleasure than the association of my name with one of these noble public schools of Boston.

They are indeed, sir, the just pride and boast of our ancient metropolis, and it is with great propriety that you select the 17th of September for the dedication of a new school-house. As the corporate existence of the city dates from that day, so nothing can contribute more to its continued prosperous growth — to its perpetual life — than the organization of these admirable institutions. What offering to our beloved city, on this its two hundred and thirtieth birthday as you have justly styled it, can we present to her more appropriate, more welcome, more auspicious of good, than the means of educating eight hundred of her daughters? Nor is it the birthday of our city alone. On this day, seventy-three years ago, the Constitution of the United States went forth to the people from the hand of the peerless Chief, who, whether in war or in peace, commanded all their respect and united all their affection. The best, the only hope under Providence, that we may long enjoy, we and our children, the blessings which it secures to us as a united, happy, and prosperous people, is in the intelligence, virtue, and enlightened patriotism of which these free schools are the great living fountain.

We are accused sometimes by our brethren in other parts of the country, and by our friends on the other side of the water, with being a little given to self-laudation. I don't think that the worst fault of a community, though it may be carried too far for good taste. But it implies at least the possession of something which we not only ourselves think worthy of praise, but which we have reason to believe is held in esteem by others. But I really do not think we habitually over-praise the common schools of Boston. Not that they are perfect; nothing human is perfect; but I must think it as liberal, comprehensive, and efficient a system as the imperfection of human affairs admits. It aims to give to the entire population of both sexes a thorough education in all the useful branches of knowledge. If there is a class in the community so low that the system does not go down to them, it is for causes which no system, established by municipal authority in a free country, can overcome. In all cities as large as Boston there must be some hundreds of unhappy children, such as those to whom I alluded last Saturday (it makes one's heart bleed to see them), whose wretched parents prefer sending them into the streets to beg, to gather chips, to peddle lozenges and newspapers, rather than to send them to school. But with reasonable co-operation on the part of the parents, the city does certainly, as I have said, provide the means by which a thorough education, in all the elementary branches of useful knowledge, may be attained by all her children.

The cost at which this end is obtained bears witness to the liberality of the city. I perceive by the Auditor's Report, that, for the last financial year, the expenditure on the schools, exclusive of school-houses, amounted to $ 373,668.61; for school-houses, $ 144,202.67, making a total of $ 517,371.28; — $ 17,871 over half a million of dollars, for a single year, which I am inclined to think is, in proportion to our population, a larger expenditure for the purposes of education than is made by any city or people on the face of the globe. Supposing the population of London to exceed ours twelvefold, a proportionate expenditure on her part would be above $ 6,000,000. What amount is raised by taxation in London for the support of schools, at the present time, I have not been able to learn. The last statement which I have seen pertains to the year 1851, in which it is said that the number of children, of both sexes, educated in schools supported by taxation, was 6,981, say 7,000. The proportion for Boston, on that scale, would be about 580, instead of more than 25,000 children, the actual number. It is not, of course, to be understood that there was no other provision for education in London in 1851; but the main dependence for higher education was, and is, on the endowed schools, and for the education of the masses on the Sunday schools maintained by the various religious denominations.

Much has been done for popular education in England of late years, but it is still in its infancy. The mass of the people in town and in country have no education but what they get at Dame Schools, as they are called, corresponding to our primary schools, or in common schools of a very humble character. They are doubtless of various degrees of merit, and I would not imitate the unfairness sometimes practised toward ourselves by our brethren abroad, in quoting exceptional cases as evidence of "a state of things." The following account of a common school in Liverpool is taken from a parliamentary report in 1838, at which time the population of Liverpool was not much below that of Boston at the present day. With respect to Dame Schools the report says: "It is not unusual to find the mistress of a Dame School gone out for the day, and her school left in charge of some neighbor or neighbor's child. Sometimes she is found washing at the back of the house; at other times the washing and drying are carried on at the school." As a specimen of a "common school," we are told that in a garret, up three pair of dark, broken stairs, in Liverpool, was a common school with forty children, in the compass of ten feet by nine. On a perch, forming a triangle with the corner of the room, sat a cock and two hens. Under a stump bed was a dog-kennel, occupied by three black terriers, whose barking, added to the noise of the children and the cackling of the fowls at the appearance of the stranger, was almost deafening. There was only one small window, at which sat the master, obstructing two thirds of the light. There are several schools in the same neighborhood, which are in the same condition, filthy in the extreme. One master, who stated that he used the globes, was asked if he had both or one only. "Both," was the reply; "how could I teach geography with one?" It appeared that he thought both necessary, because one represented one half, and the other the remaining half of the world. "He turned me out of his school," says the agent, "when I explained to him his error."

I would not be guilty of the injustice of quoting these as fair specimens of the common schools of England, though they appear to be quoted for that purpose in the parliamentary report. They are probably specimens of the very poorest schools, brought forward for the purpose of showing the need of reform. It seems hard to believe that such a school as that described could have existed in Liverpool forty years after the first Athenæum was founded in that city, by Roscoe, and seven years after that distinguished and enlightened citizen had closed his career.

The school-house whose dedication we are assembled to witness is for the accommodation of a girls' school; and this circumstance seems to invite a few words on female education. There is a good deal of discussion at the present day on the subject of Women's Rights. No one would be willing to allow that he wished to deprive them of their rights, and the only difficulty seems to be to settle what their rights are. The citizens of Boston, acting by their municipal representatives, have long since undertaken to answer this question in a practical way (always better than a metaphysical solution of such questions), as far as a city government can do it, by admitting the right of the girls to have, at the public expense, as good an education as the boys. It is not in the power of the city to amend our constitutions, if amendment it would be, so as to extend political privileges to the gentler sex, nor to alter the legislation which regulates the rights of property. But it was in the power of the city to withhold or to grant equal privileges of education; and it has decided that the free grammar schools of Boston should be open alike to boys and girls. This seems to me not only a recognition, at the outset, of the most important of Women's Rights, viz. equal participation in these institutions, but the best guaranty that, if in anything else the sex is unjustly or unfairly dealt with, the remedy will come in due time. With the acknowledged equality of woman in general intellectual endowments, though tending in either sex to an appropriate development, with her admitted superiority to man in tact, sensibility, physical and moral endurance, quickness of perception, and power of accommodation to circumstances, give her for two or three generations equal advantages of mental culture, and the lords of creation, as you, Mr. Chairman, have called them, will have to carry more guns than they do at present to keep her out of the enjoyment of anything which sound reasoning and fair experiment shall show to be of her rights.

I have, however, strong doubts whether, tried by this test, the result would be a participation in the performance of the political duties which the experience of the human race, in all ages, has nearly confined to the coarser sex. I do not rest this opinion solely on the fact that those duties do not seem congenial with the superior delicacy of women, or compatible with the occupations which nature assigns to her in the domestic sphere. I think it would be found, on trial, that nothing would be gained — nothing changed for the better — by putting the sexes on the same footing, with respect, for instance, to the right of suffrage. Whether the wives and sisters agreed with the husbands and brothers, or differed from them, as this agreement or difference would, in the long run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present. So, too, whether the wife or the husband had the stronger will, and so dictated the other's vote, as this also would be the same, on all sides, the result would not be affected. So that it would be likely to turn out that the present arrangement, by which the men do the electioneering and the voting for both sexes, is a species of representation which, leaving results unchanged, promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none.

Meantime, for all the great desirable objects of life, the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind is of vastly more importance than the participation of political power. There are, humanly speaking, three great objects of pursuit on earth, — well-being, or happiness for ourselves and families; influence and control over others; and a good name with our fellow-men, while we live and when we are gone. Who needs be told, that, in the present state of the world, a good education is not indeed a sure, but by far the most likely means of attaining all the ends which constitute material prosperity, competence, position, establishment in life; and that it also opens the purest sources of enjoyment? The happiest condition of human existence is unquestionably to be found in the domestic circle of what may be called the middle condition of life, in a family harmoniously united in the cultivation and enjoyment of the innocent and rational pleasures of literature, art, and refined intercourse, equally removed from the grandeurs and the straits of society. These innocent and rational pleasures, and this solid happiness, are made equally accessible to both sexes by our admirable school system.

Then for influence over others, as it depends much more on personal qualities than on official prerogative, equality of education furnishes the amplest means of equal ascendancy. It is the mental and moral forces, not political power, which mainly govern the world. It is but a few years since the three greatest powers in Europe, two on one side and one on the other, engaged in a deadly struggle with each other to decide the fate of the Turkish Empire; three Christian powers straining every nerve, the one to overthrow, the two others to uphold the once great and formidable, but now decaying and effete Mohammedan despotism of Western Asia. Not less than half a million of men were concentrated in the Crimea, and all the military talent of the age was called forth in the contest. And who, as far as individuals were concerned, bore off the acknowledged palm of energy, usefulness, and real power in that tremendous contest? Not emperors and kings, not generals, admirals, or engineers, launching from impregnable fortresses and blazing intrenchments the three-bolted thunders of war. No, but an English girl, bred up in the privacy of domestic life, and appearing on that dread stage of human action and suffering in no higher character than that of a nurse!

And then for fame, to which, by a natural instinct, the ingenuous soul aspires, —

> "The spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days," —

need I say, that the surest path to a reputation, for the mass of mankind, is by intellectual improvement; and that in this respect, therefore, our school system places the sexes on an equality? Consider for a moment the spectacle presented by the reign of Louis XIV., the Augustan age of France, rich in the brightest names of her literature, philosophy, politics, and war, — Pascal, Descartes, Corneille, Racine, Lafontaine, Molière, Bossuet, Fénélon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Colbert, Condé, Turenne, Catinat. Among all these illustrious names there is not one that shines with a brighter or purer ray than Madame de Sevigné; not one whose writings are more extensively read by posterity; not one in whose domestic life and personal character all future ages will probably take a deeper interest. Most of the other distinguished individuals whom I have mentioned we regard with cold admiration, as personages in the great drama of history. We feel as if Madame de Sevigné belonged to our own families. The familiar letters, principally to her daughter, written by this virtuous and accomplished woman, who preserved her purity in a licentious court, who thought with vigor and wrote with simplicity, earnestness, and true wit in a pedantic and affected age, have given her a place among the celebrities of France, which the most distinguished of them might envy.

Apart, then, Girls, from a preparation for the pursuits, duties, and enjoyments of life which more especially pertain to your sex, in the present organization of society you possess in these advantages of education the means of usefulness and (if that be an object) of reputation which, without these, would be, in a great degree, monopolized by the stronger sex. The keys of knowledge are placed in your hands, from its elemental principles up to the higher branches of useful learning. These, however, are topics too familiar on occasions of this kind to be dwelt upon; and I will conclude by offering you my best wishes, that the reputation already acquired by the Dwight School for Girls may be maintained, under the new organization; that your improvement may be proportioned to your advantages; that your progress may equal the warmest wishes of your teachers, parents, and friends; and that you may grow up to the enjoyment of the best blessings of this world, and the brightest and highest hopes of the world to come.

FLAG-RAISING IN CHESTER SQUARE.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS:—

THE great assemblage that I see around me, the simple but interesting ceremonial with which the flag of our country is thrown to the breeze, the strains of inspiring music, the sweet concert of those youthful voices, the solemn supplication of the reverend clergyman which still rings in our ears,—all these proclaim the deep patriotic sentiment of which that flag is the symbol and the expression. Nay, more, it speaks for itself. Its mute eloquence needs no aid from my lips to interpret its significance. Fidelity to the Union blazes from its stars,—allegiance to the government beneath which we live is wrapped in its folds.

We set up this standard, my friends, not as a matter of idle display, but as an expressive indication that, in the mighty struggle that has been forced upon us, we are of one heart and one mind that the government of the country must be sustained. We are a law-abiding, quiet-loving community. Our time, our thoughts, our energies, are habitually devoted to the peaceful arts by which communities grow and prosper; but upon an issue in which the life of the country is involved we rally as one man to its defence. All former differences of opinion are swept away: we forget that we have ever been partisans; we remember only that we are Americans, and that our country is in peril.

And what is it that has kindled this quiet and peace-loving community to the present unexampled excitement,—a patriotic unanimity not witnessed even in 1775? Why is it that the flag of the country — always honored, always beloved — is now all at once worshipped, I may say, with the passionate homage of this whole people? Why does it float, as never before, not merely from arsenal and mast-head, but from tower and steeple, from the public edifice, the temple of science, the private dwelling, in magnificent display or miniature presentment? Let Fort Sumter give the answer. When on this day fortnight, the 13th of April (a day forever to be held in inauspicious remembrance, like the *dies Alliensis* in the annals of Rome), the tidings spread through the land that the standard of United America, the pledge of her Union and the symbol of her power, which so many gallant hearts had poured out their life-blood, on the ocean and the land, to uphold, had, in the harbor of Charleston, been, for a day and a half, the target of eleven fratricidal batteries, one deep, unanimous, spontaneous feeling shot, with the tidings, through the bosoms of twenty millions of freemen, that its outraged honor must be vindicated.

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* Remarks on the occasion of raising the American flag in Chester Square, Boston, 27th April, 1861.

And oh! fellow-citizens, if, aloof as we are from the immediate danger of the conflict, sheltered in our own comfortable homes, with the objects of our affections around us, we can refuse our support to the Constitution, the laws, and the government, in whose defence those seventy brave men, for thirty frightful hours, without sleep, almost without food, compelled to draw the breath of heaven into their lungs through moistened handkerchiefs, stood faithful and undaunted beneath the iron storm bursting from above, and the raging fires around them, we shall deserve ourselves, on some disastrous day, to pass through a like fiery ordeal.

I speak, fellow-citizens, in no spirit of unkindness to the South. I have been, through my public life, some of you have thought, too much her friend. To avert what seemed the impending danger of a general convulsion, I have been more willing than some of you to pursue, always, I hope through honorable paths, the policy of conciliation. Besides this, in my humble efforts to rescue the home and tomb of Washington from desecration, (and oh! saddest of all desecrations, that the sacred precincts should perhaps even now be trodden by armed bands, hastening to lay the city which bears his name in ashes!) I have traversed the South everywhere received with the most flattering kindness, more than most Northern men. In no part of the Union have I more or more valued friends; but as Heaven is my judge, it is my most solemn and profound conviction, that it is infinitely more desirable for the South than for the North that this suicidal attempt to break up the Union should be frustrated.

For consider, fellow-citizens, that the flag which you have this day given to the breeze is not merely the symbol of union at home, but of peace, safety, and respect abroad. The unhallowed blow which has been struck at it has not only, as its first result, involved the country in what all history proclaims to be the direst of all national calamities, — a civil war, — but it has at once placed the South at the mercy of every foreign power.

No government on this continent can command the respect of Europe that does not possess a navy; and the North, from natural causes, must ever be the exclusive seat of the naval strength of the country. Our climate, our harbors, our fisheries, our commercial marine, are the elements of this strength. The South has naval stores, brave officers, live-oak forests; but what are live-oak *trees*, without live-oak *men* to compact them into noble ships and to launch their thunders? What would it avail the South to possess the whole English navy, while their harbors are shut up by bars over which you cannot float a bomb-ketch? No, the South, if she succeeds in rending the Union, not only throws away her share in all the future naval glories of the country, but she puts herself, in the eyes of Europe, by the side of the petty trading republics of Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg. She exposes her commerce to the insults of every rover of the sea; she holds her coasts and her harbors, not only at the mercy of the great maritime powers of England and of France, but of Austria and of Spain, — of any third-rate government that keeps a few steam frigates at sea. At this moment there is nothing but that flag which you have this day displayed, that navy which the South is seeking to paralyze and destroy, which protects Norfolk and Charleston and Savannah and Pensacola and Mobile and New Orleans from the insults of Spain, justly irritated at the filibustering war which has been so often waged upon Cuba.

But, fellow-citizens, I forbear. When Mr. Crane and the other gentlemen wished me to take a part in this ceremonial, in reply to my observation, that no long speeches would, I supposed, be expected, he intimated the wish that my remarks should be "short, pithy, and to the point" I cannot claim much "pith or moment" for these unstudied suggestions, but I will hope that they are not very wide of "the point"; and I promise you that they shall be short; for I will only say, in conclusion, All hail to the flag of the Union! courage to the heart and strength to the hand to which in all time it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in unsullied honor over the dome of the Capitol, from the country's strongholds, on the tented field, upon the wave-rocked top-mast. It was originally displayed on the 1st of January, 1776, from the head-quarters of Washington, whose lines of circumvallation around beleaguered Boston traversed the fair spot where we now stand; and as it was first given to the breeze within the limits of our beloved State, so may the last spot where it shall cease to float, in honor and triumph, be the soil of our own Massachusetts.

THE CALL TO ARMS.*

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: —

The object which brings us together, even if it had not been so satisfactorily stated and so persuasively enforced by the gentlemen who have preceded me, sufficiently explains itself. At the call of the President, seconded with the most praiseworthy and almost unexampled energy of the Governor of Massachusetts, a numerous force of volunteers has patriotically hastened to the defence of the capital of the United States, threatened with invasion. The war, for a long time (though in profound peace) secretly prepared for, has been openly commenced by the South, by the seizure of the undefended forts, arsenals, dock-yards, mints, and custom-houses of the United States, and the plunder of the public property contained in them, in flagrant violation of the law of the land, if the South is still in the Union; and equally flagrant violation of every principle of international law, if she is out of the Union. But even these acts of treason and rebellion, for such they are, are thrown into the shade by that last unutterable outrage upon the flag of the Union at Fort Sumter (a fort which no more belongs to South Carolina than it does to New York or Massachusetts), which has rallied twenty millions of freemen as one man to its defence.

Following up the unprovoked and unrighteous war thus inaugurated, a formidable military force, portions of which have been long organized and trained, is now supposed to be marching on Washington, under a most able and energetic leader, who has the oath of God upon his conscience to support the Constitution, as a senator of the United States, an office which he has not resigned. Of the nature of this war, in a constitutional point of view, I shall presently say a word. I will now only remark, that, if accounts from the South can be trusted, larger military forces than were ever before arrayed on the soil of America are now on their march northward or concentrating in Virginia, to assault, and if possible capture, and, failing that, to lay in ashes, the city baptized with the sacred name of the Father of his Country; the capital of the Union, the seat of its Government, the depository of its archives, and as such the heart, if I may say so, of the body politic.

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* Remarks at Roxbury, 8th May, 1861, in behalf of the families of the volunteers.

While this formidable movement is in progress in front, the Government has been assailed in the rear, between the capital of the Union and the loyal States of the North (from which alone the Constitution, I grieve to say, in this hour of its extreme peril, is receiving support against open hostility, and treacherous neutrality, not less dangerous than open hostility), by a ferocious and bloodthirsty mob, audaciously warring against the Government and its defenders with brickbats, paving-stones, and all the other cowardly weapons of the assassin, by burning bridges and tearing up railroads, and cutting telegraph wires, as if it was not enough to commit murder and treason, unless war is waged at the same time against the noblest works of civilization and the most beneficent structures of peace. In this unexampled warfare, Providence, as in 1775, has accorded to Massachusetts the tearful glory of furnishing the first martyrs in the cause of the country, and, what would before have been thought impossible, has crowned even the 19th of April with new wreaths of immortal fame.

In this state of things the President of the United States has called upon the people to rally to the rescue of the national capital, and to the defence of the Government of the country. Wide as the summons has gone forth, it has been obeyed with an alacrity and unanimity that knows no parallel in our history; and the volunteers of Massachusetts have been the first in the field. Unwarlike in their habits and tastes, a full proportion of them, in our recent keen but already forgotten party divisions, entertaining, as I have done, the kindliest feelings toward the South, they have hurried from the lawyer's office, from the counting-room, from the artist's studio, in instances not a few from the pulpit; they have left the fisher's line upon the reel, the plough in the furrow, the plane upon the work-bench, the hammer on the anvil, the form upon the printing-press, — there is not a mechanical art nor a useful handicraft that has not its experts in these patriotic ranks, — some at a moment's notice, all with unhesitating promptitude, and *they have left their families behind them.* These last words, fellow-citizens, tell the whole story; these words are the warrant under which this meeting is held. They have left behind them their wives, their children, their aged parents, their dependent relatives of every degree; in many cases, no doubt, those whose only reliable resource for their daily bread was in the stout arms which have been called away to the defence of the menaced Union.

Well, my friends, these families must not suffer in the absence of their friends and supporters. The Government will no doubt compensate its defenders as liberally as the nature of the case admits. But every one knows that the soldier's pay is no adequate substitute for the earnings of a prosperous livelihood, even in the humblest branches of industry. The deficiency must be made up by the towns of which these brave volunteers are citizens, acting in their corporate capacity, and by efforts like that which you initiate this evening. In a word, it is absolutely necessary that, in one way or another, by public and private liberality, the means of liberal assistance for the families that need it should be provided by those who remain at home. This is a duty in which all of every age and condition, and of either sex, must co-operate; and I rejoice to see that the gentler sex is, as usual, setting us the example of industry and zeal in this patriotic work. The rich must contribute of their abundance, and those of moderate means from their competence, till our brethren who take their lives in their hands in this righteous cause are strengthened and cheered by the assurance that those dearer to them than their lives will be cared for at home.

If any arguments were necessary to urge us to the performance of this duty, they would be found, and of the most powerful and persuasive character, in the nature and character of the war which the South is waging upon us. And here a state of things presents itself which posterity will be slow to credit. On the last anniversary of our national independence, at the invitation of my fellow-citizens of Boston, I had occasion to undertake a defence of the United States Government, in its practical operation, against an attack made upon it, with considerable ability, in the British House of Lords. In this effort I claimed, honestly and conscientiously claimed, and, as I have reason to think, with the concurrence of my fellow-citizens, of all parties, throughout the country, that, under our Constitution and laws, we had enjoyed a prosperity and made a progress, not merely in the utilitarian, but in the intellectual and refined arts of life without an example in the world.

I said nothing of the unhappy sectional controversy that was raging in the country, not because I was insensible to its dangerous character, but because nothing was said about it in the speech to which I undertook to reply. The general truth of my description of the prosperity of the country, and the genial and fostering influence of our Constitution and laws, was as generally admitted at the South as at the North. No longer ago than the 14th of last November, Mr. Stephens of Georgia, now Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, and a gentleman of first-rate intelligence, in a public speech at Milledgeville, declared it as his "settled conviction" that the present Government of the United States, though not without its defects, "comes nearer the objects of all good government than any other on the face of the earth." He pronounced it "a model Republic, the best that the history of the world gives us any account of"; and he asked in triumph, "Where will you go, following the sun in his circuit round the globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of the people, and secures to them the blessings which we enjoy?"

This, you will observe again, was the language of a very leading Southern statesman, the second officer of the new Confederacy, no longer ago than last November; and, in truth, the South had and has greater cause than any other part of the Union to be satisfied with the Government under which she lives and on which she is making war. Respected abroad as an integral portion of one of the great powers of the earth, mainly in virtue of the navy of the Union, of which the strength resides at the North, the South, almost exclusively agricultural in her pursuits, derives from her climate a profitable monopoly of four great staple products, one of them the most important single article in the commerce of the world; while, in consequence chiefly of the political sympathy with each other which pervades the slaveholding States, she has ever enjoyed a monopoly scarcely less complete of the government of the country.

At this moment, and though numbering but a third part of the free population of the Union, if she had not most unjustifiably withdrawn her members of Congress, she would have had in her interest a majority in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, and in the Judiciary. For fifty-six out of the seventy-two years, the Presidents of the United States have been either Southern men or Northern men in whom the South has confided. For the first time, last November, a President was chosen who received no electoral votes from the South, but that President has given the most distinct assurances that he contemplated no encroachments on the constitutional rights of the South, as, indeed, lacking a majority of both Houses, it is impossible that he should make any such encroachments, had he ever so ardently desired it. Such are the circumstances under which she thinks herself justified in revolting against it.

I say "revolting against it," although Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his inaugural address, declares it an abuse of language to call it a "revolution." I cannot go into that argument at this late hour, nor would it be appropriate to the occasion to do so; but I believe it to be as demonstrable as any proposition of Euclid, that this doctrine of "Secession," that is, the constitutional right of a State to sever at will her connection with the Union, is, if possible, still more unfounded, still more fallacious, than that of its ill-omened and now universally discredited predecessor, "Nullification," which was crushed, never to rise again, thirty years ago, by the iron mace of Webster in the Senate of the United States.

I will only say at present that this monstrous pretended right of "Secession," though called a "reserved right," is notoriously nowhere *expressly* reserved in the Constitution, although every one feels that nothing but an express reservation, in the plainest terms, would be a sufficient ground for claiming such a stupendous power. What is maintained by the politicians of the Secession school is, that the right may be inferred from one of the amendments to the Constitution, by which it is provided that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, or prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or the people." It is to maintain a subtle and sophistical and utterly unwarrantable inference from this amendment, that the South is now striving to break up the Government, and if resisted in that unhallowed attempt, to drench the country in blood.

But I am willing to stake the great issue on this amendment. The Constitution does expressly delegate to the United States all the powers of a sovereign state, with respect to international and interstate affairs; the whole war power; the whole admiralty power; the whole commercial power; the whole financial power; the power to regulate and dispose of the public territory; the power over the Indians, over the post-office and post-roads; over the army, the navy, the dock-yards, the arsenals. All these powers and many others are expressly delegated to the United States, and as expressly prohibited to the individual States. The Constitution of the United States (to which the people of South Carolina assented on the 2d of May, 1788, as much as they ever assented to their State Constitution), distinctly provides that no State shall keep troops or ships of war, or issue letters of marque and reprisal, or enter into any treaty, alliance, or *confederation;* and yet in the face of this express delegation of powers to the United States and their express prohibition to the States, the seceding States have undertaken to exercise them all; have entered into a "confederation," raised an army, issued letters of marque and reprisal, and plunged into a war against the Government, which every magistrate and officer among them was under oath to support, and all in virtue of having first uttered the magic words, "we secede." The history of the world does not furnish another such monstrous usurpation!

Such is the nature and foundation of the war in which we are engaged. As you perceive, it is for the very existence of the Government; it is a contest in which no good citizen can remain neutral. I am often asked how long I think it will last? but that is a question the South alone can answer. She makes the war; she has seized by surprise such of the strongholds of the country as she was able; she has possessed herself of the Navy Yard at Norfolk, which guards the entrance to the Chesapeake Bay; of Harper's Ferry, which commands one of the great highways from the Ohio River to the Atlantic Ocean; and above all, of the mouth of the Mississippi, the outlet of the most extensive system of internal communication on the face of the globe. There will, in my judgment, never be peace, till the flag of the Union again floats from every stronghold from which it has been stricken down.

Do you think, fellow-citizens, that Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois will allow their most direct communication with the seaboard to be obstructed, at the pleasure of an alien State, at Harper's Ferry? Do you imagine that Eastern Pennsylvania and Southern New York, whose tributary waters flow through the Susquehanna into Chesapeake Bay, to say nothing of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, will tolerate a foreign master in Hampton Roads? Above all, do you believe that the Giant of the West will accept his pathway to the Gulf of Mexico as a privilege granted by this mushroom Confederacy? Yes, they will submit to this degrading yoke, they will acknowledge this galling usurpation; but it will be when the Alleghanies shall bow their imperial heads to the level of the sea, and the current of the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow backward to the Rocky Mountains.

My friends, I deprecate war, no man more so; and, of all wars, I most deprecate a civil war. And this, if prosecuted by the South in the spirit in which she has commenced it, will be what the stern poet of the civil wars of Rome called a *bellum plusquam civile,* — a more than civil war. I deprecate, more than I can express, a war with the South. You know my political course. Logan, the Indian chief, mournfully exclaimed, "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me as I passed, and said, Logan is the friend of the white men!" I have been pointed at for years as the friend of the South. For maintaining what I deemed her constitutional rights, I have suffered no small portion of obloquy, and sacrificed the favor of a large portion of the community in which I was born, and which, from my youth up, I have endeavored to serve laboriously, dutifully, and affectionately. I was willing, while this ill-starred movement was confined to the States of the extreme South, and they abstained from further aggression, that they should go in peace.

This course I thought would retain the Border States, and bring back the seceders in a year or two, wearied and disgusted with their burdensome and perilous experiment. Such I understood to have been, in substance, the programme of the Administration. But the South has willed it otherwise. She has struck a parricidal blow at the heart of the Union; and to sustain her in this unnatural and unrighteous war is what my conscience forbids. Neither will I remain silent, and see this majestic framework of Government, the noblest political fabric ever reared by human wisdom, prostrated in the dust to gratify the disappointed ambition of a few aspiring men (for that Mr. Vice-President Stephens bravely told his fellow-citizens last November was the cause of "a great part of our troubles"), and this under cover of a sophistical interpretation of the Constitution, at war alike with common sense, with contemporary history, and the traditions of the Government; unsupported by a single authority among the framers of the Constitution, and emphatically denounced by Mr. Madison, their leader and chief.

What then remains, fellow-citizens, but that we should, without unchristian bitterness toward our misguided countrymen, meet calmly and resolutely the demands of the crisis; that we should perform the duty of good citizens with resolution and steadiness; that we should cordially support the Government of the country in the difficult position in which it is placed; that we should cheer and encourage the brave men who have obeyed its call, by a generous care of their families; and, to sum it all in one word, come weal or woe, that we should stand by the flag of the Union!

DANIEL DEWEY BARNARD.*

Mr. President: —

If there are a few moments of time yet remaining before the adjournment, I should like to avail myself of them, to invite the members of the Historical Society, in conformity with our praiseworthy custom, to join me in a tribute of respect to the memory of our lately deceased Honorary Associate, Mr. Daniel Dewey Barnard, who died at Albany, on the 24th of April last, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. I would willingly have performed this office of friendship at the last meeting; but I was not able to be present. This I regret the less, as you have informed me, since I came into the room, that Mr. Barnard's decease was, at that meeting, made the subject of a communication from yourself, — feeling and appropriate, I am confident; for you knew him well, and prized him according to his worth.

No one, Mr. President, I am sure you will agree with me, could better deserve a respectful and affectionate notice from surviving associates and friends. Mr. Barnard was no common man. Eminent talent, assiduously cultivated and diligently employed, enabled him to fill with honor to himself and advantage to the country highly distinguished posts in the public service. He stood in the front rank of the profession of the law. His literary taste and extensive literary attainments qualified him to instruct and gratify the community, which he was always ready to do, on every appropriate occasion. His personal intercourse was most attractive, I had almost said fascinating; his temper and disposition, thoroughly amiable and kindly; his character and conduct, in all respects, exemplary; his life, throughout, that of a Christian gentleman. My intimate acquaintance with him, commencing in 1827, covers nearly the whole period of his public life; and it is one of the most pleasing incidents of my own, that it placed me in the relation of unbroken confidence, which existed between us to the last.

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* Remarks at a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 13th June, 1861.

It is usual, on these occasions, to say something of the personal history of our deceased associates. Mr. Barnard's father was employed, during the Revolutionary War, under Commissary-General Wadsworth, and lived at Hartford. His mother, from whom he derived the middle name of Dewey, was of that distinguished family in the western part of Massachusetts, where Mr. Barnard was born about 1798, during a temporary residence of his parents in Berkshire County. When he was ten or eleven years old, they removed to the western part of New York, where, in the county of Ontario, and in that part of it afterwards formed into the county of Monroe, his father acted as a magistrate and judge, and died in 1847, at the age of ninety.

Young Daniel enjoyed but slender advantages of education in his boyhood, owing to the want of good schools in the newly settled region. Much of his time, he was at work on his father's farm; but, being of a delicate constitution, he passed many hours in reading, and, young as he was, in boyish essays at composition. At the age of twelve, he was placed by his father in the office of the Clerk of the County at Canandaigua; and, by the time he was fourteen, he acted as Deputy-Clerk, — sometimes even officiating in that capacity in court. He was afterwards sent to a school at Lenox, in this State; and, after spending a year there, entered in 1815, a sophomore, at Williams College. As a scholar, he ranked among the first in his class, especially in polite literature; and, at his graduation, he delivered a poem. His reasoning powers, however, had been cultivated quite as much as that of the imagination, and formed, through life, the prominent trait of his intellect.

After a little time devoted to the restoration of his health, which had suffered from unremitted application to his books for four years, he began the study of the law; commenced the practice, in 1821, at Rochester; rose rapidly in the profession and in the public estimation; and in 1827, after having filled the office of County Attorney, was elected to Congress. It was then that my acquaintance with him, as a fellow-boarder, began; and I was the near witness of the fidelity with which he gradually prepared himself for the discharge of the duties of a legislator. He spoke seldom, and always after careful study of the subject under discussion, — uniting close and often acute argument with great neatness and simplicity of style and manner, and always commanding the ear of the house. He was listened to with attention, because he never spoke without having something to say that was worth hearing. When he had said it, he knew how to stop.

Notwithstanding the demands upon his time as an eminent counsellor and a leading and active politician, he found leisure for the preparation of several carefully written addresses on academical and other public occasions. They are all to be found on our shelves. In 1839, he delivered a biographical discourse on the life and services of his distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, the late General Stephen van Rensselaer, which was accompanied with "An Historical Sketch of the Colony and Manor of Rensselaerwyck." It was after this publication, and probably in consequence of it, that he was elected an Honorary Member of our Society.

He was not a candidate for re-election to Congress; and, at the close of his term, he returned to the practice of his profession at Rochester. In 1830, he made a rapid visit to Europe; and, after he got back, recorded the result of his observations in a series of well-written letters, published in one of the journals at Rochester. In 1832, he removed to Albany, carrying with him an established reputation as a jurist and statesman; and prepared to take an active part in the politics of the day. In 1837, he was chosen to the Assembly of New York, and distinguished himself as one of its most useful and influential members. At the close of the session, his speeches and reports were collected in a volume of permanent interest and value. Among the reports, those on public instruction, on the use of the Bible in schools, and on banking, currency, and credit, may be read with advantage by all who take an interest in these subjects.

In the autumn of 1838, Mr. Barnard was again elected to Congress, and re-elected for the two succeeding terms. This period of six years covered the last half of Mr. Van Buren's administration, and the whole of Mr. Tyler's. During all this time, Mr. Barnard bore a very prominent part in the business of the House, conducted the discussion of many important subjects, and for four years filled the important place of Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Among other highly important labors of this committee, he reported the Bankrupt Bill, which became a law.

Mr. Barnard continued in private life during Mr. Polk's administration, occupied with professional pursuits, and thoughtfully watching the progress of events. The "American Review," a well-conducted political and literary journal, was commenced in New York, in 1845, to sustain the principles which had ever guided Mr. Barnard's course as a public man. He became a regular and most efficient contributor to its pages. Desiring no concealment as to the authorship of the articles, in which he discussed the great topics of the day with uncompromising freedom, they were occasionally given to the public with his name; and they constituted, certainly, some of the most valuable portions of the contents of the journal.

In 1848, a revolution took place in our politics: General Taylor was chosen President, and Mr. Fillmore, Vice-President. On the accession of Mr. Fillmore to the presidency, the following year, Mr. Barnard was sent as envoy to Berlin. This appointment raised the Prussian Mission from the discreditable condition into which it had fallen, to the respectability which it possessed under Mr. Wheaton. Mr. Barnard, while he filled the place, represented his own Government with fidelity and zeal, while he commanded the esteem and good-will of that to which he was accredited. His travelling countrymen found him a ready and helpful protector and friend, and his diplomatic brethren respected him as an honorable and intelligent colleague. He never failed in the performance of his duty; nor, what is quite as important in a foreign minister, stepped out of his sphere. He was welcomed in the best society of Berlin, — political and literary; and especially enjoyed a large share of the friendly regard of its great ornament and head, the late Baron Von Humboldt. It was through Mr. Barnard's influence that the great philosopher consented to sit for his portrait to our young and skilful countryman, Wight, — a favor which he had refused to eminent European artists.

With the change of administration in 1853, Mr. Barnard returned home, and to the welcome quiet of private life. His health, always delicate, was now much impaired; and he withdrew almost entirely from laborious exertion, professional and political. One, however, of his ablest legal arguments was prepared the last year of his life. It is entitled "The Sovereignty of the States over their Navigable Waters." Though made in a case of local interest (the Albany Bridge question), it discussed questions, as the title implies, of great delicacy and of national importance. However withdrawn from active participation in politics, Mr. Barnard's deep concern for the welfare of the country did not allow him to watch without much solicitude the progress of the great controversy which now convulses it. It was, however, for several months before his death, impossible for him to aid the cause of the Union, except by the fervent prayers of a patriot heart.

It will not, I hope, be considered an invasion of the sanctity of private life, if I add that Mr. Barnard was twice married, and that his character was adorned with all the virtues and graces which become the honored and beloved head of a well-ordered, happy, and Christian home. I should leave this imperfect sketch defective in its most important trait, if I failed to add, that he was a sincere and humble believer, an active and zealous member of the Protestant-Episcopal Church; and that, as his life had been governed by the principles and spirit of our holy religion, his last hours were soothed and cheered by its consolations and hopes.

I beg leave, in conclusion, Mr. President, to submit the following Resolutions to the consideration of the Society : —

Resolved, That the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society are deeply sensible, that in the death of their late respected associate, the Honorable Daniel Dewey Barnard of Albany, they are called to lament the loss of a distinguished statesman and jurist, an accomplished scholar, and an enlightened patriot, whose unblemished life was steadily and earnestly devoted to the public service in posts of high trust at home and abroad, and to the performance of all the private duties of a good citizen ; and that they are desirous of placing upon their records this cordial and well-deserved tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary of the Society be requested to communicate to the family of Mr. Barnard a certified copy of these Resolutions, with the assurance of the respectful sympathy of the Society in their bereavement.

THE QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.*

Fellow-Citizens: —

When the Congress of the United States, on the 4th of July, 1776, issued the ever-memorable Declaration which we commemorate to-day, they deemed that a decent respect for the opinions of mankind required a formal statement of the causes which impelled them to the all-important measure. The eighty-fifth anniversary of the great Declaration finds the loyal people of the Union engaged in a tremendous conflict, to maintain and defend the grand nationality, which was asserted by our Fathers, and to prevent their fair Creation from crumbling into dishonorable Chaos. A great People, gallantly struggling to keep a noble framework of government from falling into wretched fragments, needs no justification at the tribunal of the public opinion of mankind. But while our patriotic fellow-citizens, who have rallied to the defence of the Union, marshalled by the ablest of living chieftains, are risking their lives in the field, while the blood of your youthful heroes and ours is poured out together in defence of this precious legacy of constitutional freedom, you will not think it a misappropriation of the hour, if I employ it in showing the justice of the cause in which we are engaged, and the fallacy of the arguments employed by the South, in vindication of the war, alike murderous and suicidal, which she is waging against the Constitution and the Union.

A twelvemonth ago, nay, six or seven months ago, our country was regarded and spoken of by the rest of the civilized world as among the most prosperous in the family of nations. It was classed with England, France, and Russia, as one of the four leading powers of the age.* Remote as we were from the complications of foreign politics, the extent of our commerce and the efficiency of our navy won for us the respectful consideration of Europe. The United States were particularly referred to, on all occasions and in all countries, as an illustration of the mighty influence of free governments in promoting the prosperity of States. In England, notwithstanding some diplomatic collisions on boundary questions and occasional hostile reminiscences of the past, there has hardly been a debate for thirty years in Parliament on any topic, in reference to which this country in the nature of things afforded matter of comparison, in which it was not referred to as furnishing instructive examples of prosperous enterprise and hopeful progress. At home, the country grew as by enchantment. Its vast geographical extent, augmented by magnificent accessions of conterminous territory peacefully made; its population far more rapidly increasing than that of any other country, and swelled by an emigration from Europe such as the world has never before seen; the mutually beneficial intercourse between its different sections and climates, each supplying what the other wants; the rapidity with which the arts of civilization have been extended over a before unsettled wilderness, and, together with this material prosperity, the advance of the country in education, literature, science, and refinement, formed a spectacle, of which the history of mankind furnished no other example. That such was the state of the country six months ago was matter of general recognition and acknowledgment at home and abroad.

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* An address delivered in the Academy of Music in New York, on the 4th of July, 1861.

Large portions of this address were, on account of its length, necessarily omitted in the delivery.

There was, however, one sad deduction to be made, not from the truth of this description, not from the fidelity of this picture, for that is incontestable, but from the content, happiness, and mutual good-will which ought to have existed on the part of a People, favored by such an accumulation of Providential blessings. I allude, of course to the great sectional controversies which have so long agitated the country, and arrayed the people in bitter geographical antagonism of political organization and action. Fierce party contentions had always existed in the United States, as they ever have and unquestionably ever will exist under all free elective governments; and these contentions had, from the first, tended somewhat to a sectional character. They had not, however, till quite lately, assumed that character so exclusively, that the minority in any one part of the country had not had a respectable electoral representation in every other. Till last November, there has never been a Southern presidential candidate, who did not receive electoral votes at the North, nor a Northern candidate who did not receive electoral votes at the South.

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* The Edinburgh Review for April, 1861, p. 555.

At the late election, and for the first time, this was not the case; and consequences the most extraordinary and deplorable have resulted. The country, as we have seen, being in profound peace at home and abroad, and in a state of unexampled prosperity, — Agriculture, Commerce, Navigation, Manufactures, East, West, North, and South, recovered or rapidly recovering from the crisis of 1857, — powerful and respected abroad, and thriving beyond example at home, entered in the usual manner upon the electioneering campaign, for the choice of the nineteenth President of the United States. I say in the usual manner, though it is true that parties were more than usually broken up and subdivided. The normal division was into two great parties, but there had on several former occasions been three; in 1824 there were four, and there were four last November. The South equally with the West and the North entered into the canvass; conventions were held, nominations made, mass meetings assembled; the platform and the press enlisted with unwonted vigor; the election in all its stages conducted in legal and constitutional form, without violence and without surprise, and the result obtained by a decided majority.

No sooner, however, was this result ascertained, than it appeared on the part of one of the Southern States, and her example was rapidly followed by others, that it had by no means been the intention of those States to abide by the result of the election, except on the one condition, of the choice of their candidate. The reference of the great sectional controversy to the peaceful arbitrament of the ballot-box, the great safety-valve of republican institutions, though made with every appearance of good faith, on the part of our brethren at the South, meant but this,—if we succeed in this election, as we have in fifteen that have preceded it, well and good; we will consent to govern the country for four years more, as we have already governed it for sixty years; but we have no intention of acquiescing in any other result. We do not mean to abide by the election, although we participate in it, unless our candidate is chosen. If he fails we intend to prostrate the Government and break up the Union; peaceably, if the States composing the majority are willing that it should be broken up peaceably; otherwise, at the point of the sword.

The election took place on the 6th of November, and in pursuance of the extraordinary programme just described, the State of South Carolina, acting by a Convention chosen for the purpose, assembled on the 17th of December, and on the 20th passed unanimously what was styled "an ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her, under the compact entitled the Constitution of the United States of America." It is not my purpose on this occasion to make a documentary speech, but as this so-called "Ordinance" is very short, and affords matter for deep reflection, I beg leave to recite it in full:—

> "We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convent assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and o dained, that the ordinance adopted by us in Convention on the 23d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying the amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is dissolved."

This remarkable document is called an "Ordinance," and no doubt some special virtue is supposed to reside in the name. But names are nothing except as they truly represent things. An ordinance, if it is anything clothed with binding force, is a Law, and nothing but a Law, and as such this ordinance, being in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, is a mere nullity. The Constitution contains the following express provision: "This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, and the treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Such being the express provision of the Constitution of the United States, which the people of South Carolina adopted in 1788, just as much as they ever adopted either of their State Constitutions, is it not trifling with serious things to claim that, by the simple expedient of passing a law under the name of an ordinance, this provision and every other provision of it may be nullified, and every magistrate and officer in Carolina, whether of the State or Union, absolved from the oath which they have taken to support it?

But this is not all. This secession ordinance purports to "repeal" the ordinance of 23d May, 1788, by which the Constitution of the United States was ratified by the people of South Carolina. It was intended, of course, by calling the act of ratification an ordinance to infer a right of repealing it by another ordinance. It is important, therefore, to observe that the act of ratification is not, and was not, at the time called an ordinance, and contains nothing which by possibility can be repealed. It is in the following terms: —

> "The Convention [of the people of South Carolina], having maturely considered the Constitution, or form of government, reported to Congress by the convention of delegates from the United States of America, and submitted to them, by a resolution of the Legislature of this State, passed the 17th and 18th days of February last, in order

to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to the people of the said United States and their posterity, do, in the name and in behalf of the people of this State, hereby assent to and ratify the same."

Here it is evident that there is nothing in the instrument which, in the nature of things, can be repealed; it is an authorized solemn assertion of the People of South Carolina, that they assent to, and ratify a form of government, which is declared in terms to be paramount to all State laws and constitutions. This is a great historical fact, the most important that can ever occur in the history of a people. The fact that the People of South Carolina, on the 23d of May, 1788, assented to and ratified the Constitution of the United States, in order, among other objects, to secure the blessings of liberty for themselves and "their posterity," can no more be repealed in 1861, than any other historical fact that occurred in Charleston in that year and on that day. It would be just as rational, at the present day, to attempt an ordinance to repeal any other event, as that the sun rose or that the tide ebbed and flowed on that day, as to repeal by ordinance the assent of Carolina to the Constitution.

Again: it is well known that various amendments to the Constitution were desired and proposed in different States. The first of the amendments proposed by South Carolina was as follows:—

"Whereas it is essential to the preservation of the rights reserved to the several States and the freedom of the People under the operation of the General Government, that the right of prescribing the manner, times, and places of holding the elections of the Federal Legislatures should be *forever inseparably* annexed to the sovereignty of the States, this Convention doth declare that the same ought to remain to *all posterity*, a perpetual and fundamental right in the *local*, exclusive of the interference of the *general* Government, except in cases where the Legislature of the States shall refuse or neglect to perform or fulfil the same, according to the tenor of the said Constitution."

Here you perceive that South Carolina herself, in 1788, desired a provision to be made and annexed inseparably to her sovereignty, that she should forever have the power of prescribing the time, place, and manner of holding the elections of members of Congress;—but even in making this express reservation, to operate for all posterity, she was willing to provide that, if the State Legislatures refuse or neglect to perform the duty (which is precisely the case of the Seceding States at the present day), then the General Government was, by this South Carolina amendment, expressly authorized to do it. South Carolina in 1788, by a sort of prophetic foresight, looked forward to the possibility that the States might "refuse or neglect" to co-operate in carrying on the Government, and admitted, in that case, that the General Government must go on, in spite of their delinquency.

I have dwelt on these points at some length, to show how futile is the attempt, by giving the name of "ordinance" to the act by which South Carolina adopted the Constitution, and entered the Union, to gain a power to leave it by a subsequent ordinance of repeal.*

Whether the present unnatural civil war is waged by the South, in virtue of a supposed constitutional right to leave the Union at pleasure, or whether it is an exercise of the great and ultimate right of revolution, the existence of which no one denies, seems to be left in uncertainty by the leaders of the movement. Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the new confederacy, in his inaugural speech, delivered on the 18th of February, declares that it is "an abuse of language" to call it "a revolution." Mr. Vice-President Stephens, on the contrary, in a speech at Savannah, on the 21st of March, pronounces it "one of the greatest revolutions in the annals of the world." The question is of great magnitude as one of constitutional and public law; as one of morality it is of very little consequence whether the country is drenched in blood, in the exercise of a right claimed under the Constitution, or the right inherent in every community to revolt against an oppressive government. Unless the oppression is so extreme as to justify revolution, it would not justify the evil of breaking up a government, under an abstract constitutional right to do so.

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* See Appendix A.

This assumed right of Secession rests upon the doctrine that the Union is a compact between Independent States, from which any one of them may withdraw at pleasure in virtue of its sovereignty. This imaginary right has been the subject of discussion for more than thirty years, having been originally suggested, though not at first much dwelt upon, in connection with the kindred claim of a right, on the part of an individual State, to "nullify" an act of Congress. It would, of course, be impossible within the limits of the hour to review these elaborate discussions. I will only remark, on this occasion, that none of the premises from which this remarkable conclusion is drawn are recognized in the Constitution, and that the right of Secession, though claimed to be a "reserved" right, is not *expressly* reserved in it. That instrument does not purport to be a "compact," but a Constitution of Government. It appears, in its first sentence, not to have been entered into by the States, but to have been ordained and established by the People of the United States, for "themselves and their posterity." The States are not named in it; nearly all the characteristic powers of sovereignty are expressly granted to the General Government and expressly prohibited to the States, and so far from reserving a right of secession to the latter, on any ground or under any pretence, it ordains and establishes in terms the Constitution of the United States as the Supreme Law of the land, anything in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

It would seem that this is as clear and positive as language can make it. But it is argued that, though the right of secession is not reserved in terms, it must be considered as implied in the general reservation to the States and to the People of all the powers not granted to Congress nor prohibited to the States. This extraordinary assumption, more distinctly stated, is that, in direct defiance of the express grant to Congress and the express prohibition to the States of nearly all the powers of an independent government, there is, *by implication*, a right reserved to the States to assume and exercise all these powers thus vested in the Union and prohibited to themselves, simply in virtue of going through the ceremony of passing a law called an Ordinance of Secession. A general reservation to the States of powers not prohibited to them, nor granted to Congress, is an implied reservation to the States of a right to exercise these very powers thus expressly delegated to Congress and thus expressly prohibited to the States!

The Constitution directs that the Congress of the United States shall have power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and that the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall make treaties with foreign powers.

These express grants of power to the Government of the United States are followed by prohibitions as express to the several States: —

> "No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation, grant letters of marque or reprisal; no State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

These and numerous other express grants of power to the General Government, and express prohibitions to the States, are further enforced by the comprehensive provision, already recited, that the Constitution and Laws of the United States are paramount to the Laws and Constitution of the separate States.

And this Constitution, with these express grants and express prohibitions, and with this express subordination of the States to the General Government, has been adopted by the People of all the States; and all their judges and other officers, and all their citizens holding office under the Government of the United States or the individual States, are solemnly sworn to support it.

In the face of all this, in defiance of all this, in violation of all this, in contempt of all this, the seceding States claim the right to exercise every power expressly delegated to Congress and expressly prohibited to the States by that Constitution, which every one of their prominent men, civil and military, is under oath to support. They have entered into a confederation, raised an army, attempted to provide a navy, issued letters of marque and reprisal, waged war, and that war,— Merciful Heaven forgive them!— not with a foreign enemy, not with the wild tribes which still desolate the unprotected frontier (they, it is said, are swelling, armed with tomahawk and scalping-knife, the Confederate forces); but with their own countrymen, and the mildest and most beneficent government on the face of the earth!

But we are told all this is done in virtue of the Sovereignty of the States; as if, because a State is Sovereign, its people were incompetent to establish a government for themselves and their posterity. Certainly the States are clothed with Sovereignty for local purposes; but it is doubtful whether they ever possessed it in any other sense; and if they had, it is certain that they ceded it to the General Government, in adopting the Constitution. Before their independence of England was asserted, they constituted a provincial people (Burke calls it "a glorious Empire"), subject to the British crown, organized for certain purposes under separate colonial charters, but, on some great occasions of political interest and public safety, acting as one. Thus they acted when, on the approach of the great Seven Years' War, which exerted such an important influence on the fate of British America, they sent their delegates to Albany to concert a plan of union. In the discussions of that plan which was reported by Franklin, the citizens of the Colonies were evidently considered as a People. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 roused the spirit of resistance throughout America, the Unity of her People assumed a still more practical form. "Union," says one of our great American historians,* "was the hope of Otis,— Union that 'should knit and work into the very blood and bones of the original system every region as fast as settled.'" In this hope he argued against writs of assistance, and in this hope he brought about the call of the Convention at New York in 1765. At that Convention, the noble South-Carolinian Christopher Gadsden, with prophetic foreboding of the disintegrating heresies of the present day, cautioned his associates against too great dependence on their colonial charters. "I wish," said he, "that the charters may not ensnare us at last, by drawing different Colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case, all is over with the whole. *There ought to be no New England man, no New-Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans.*"*

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* Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. V. p. 292.

While the patriots in America counselled, and wrote, and spoke as a people, they were recognized as such in England. "Believe me," cried Colonel Barré in the House of Commons, "I this day told you so, the same spirit of Freedom which actuated *that People* at first will accompany them still. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has, but a People jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, should they be violated."

When, ten years later, the great struggle long foreboded came on, it was felt, on both sides of the Atlantic, to be an attempt to reduce a free People beyond the sea to unconditional dependence on a Parliament in which they were not represented. "What foundation have we," was the language of Chatham on the 27th January, 1775, "for our claims over America? What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive measures against *that loyal, respectable People?* How have this respectable people behaved under all their grievances? Repeal, therefore, I say. But bare repeal will not satisfy *this enlightened and spirited People.*" Lord Camden, in the same debate, exclaimed: "You have no right to tax America; the natural rights of man, and the immutable laws of Nature, are with *that People.*" Burke, two months later, made his great speech for conciliation with America. "I do not know," he exclaimed,

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* Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. V. p. 335.

"the method of drawing up an indictment against a WHOLE PEOPLE." In a letter written two years after the commencement of the war, he traces the growth of the Colonies from their feeble beginnings to the magnitude which they had attained when the Revolution broke out, and in which his glowing imagination saw future grandeur and power beyond the reality. "At the first designation of these Colonial assemblies," says he, "they were probably not intended for anything more (nor perhaps did they think themselves much higher) than the municipal corporations within this island, to which some at present love to compare them. But nothing in progression can rest on its original plan; we may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant. Therefore, as the Colonies prospered and increased to A NUMEROUS AND MIGHTY PEOPLE, spreading over a very great tract of the globe, it was natural that they should attribute to assemblies so respectable in the formed Constitution, some part of the dignity of the great nations which they represented."

The meeting of the first Continental Congress of 1774 was the spontaneous impulse of the People. All their resolves and addresses proceed on the assumption that they represented a People. Their first appeal to the Royal authority was their letter to General Gage, remonstrating against the fortifications of Boston. "We entreat your Excellency to consider," they say, "what a tendency this conduct must have to irritate and force a *free People*, hitherto well disposed to peaceable measures, into hostilities." Their final act, at the close of the Session, their address to the King, one of the most eloquent and pathetic of State papers, appeals to him "in the name of all your Majesty's faithful People in America."

But this all-important principle in our political system is placed beyond doubt, by an authority which makes all further argument or illustration superfluous. That the citizens of the British Colonies, however divided for local purposes into different governments, when they ceased to be subject to the English crown, became *ipso facto* one People for all the high concerns of national existence, is a fact embodied in the Declaration of Independence itself. That august Manifesto, the *Magna Charta*, which introduced us into the family of nations, was issued to the world, so its first sentence sets forth, because "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires" such solemn announcement of motives and causes to be made, "when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for *one People* to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another." Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his message of the 29th of April, deems it important to remark that, by the treaty of peace with Great Britain, "the several States were each by name recognized to be independent." It would be more accurate to say that the United States each by name were so recognized. Such enumeration was necessary, in order to fix beyond doubt which of the Anglo-American colonies, five or six and twenty in number, were included in the recognition.* But it is surely a far more significant circumstance, that the separate States are not named in the Declaration of Independence, that they are called only by the collective designation of the United States of America; that the manifesto is issued "in the name and by the authority of the good people" of the Colonies, and that they are characterized in the first sentence as "One People."

Let it not be thought that these are the latitudinarian doctrines of modern times, or of a section of the country predisposed to a loose construction of laws and Constitutions. Listen, I pray you, to the noble words of a Southern revolutionary patriot and statesman.

"The separate independence and individual sovereignty of the several States were never thought of by the enlightened band of patriots who framed the Declaration of Independence. The several States are not even mentioned by name in any part of it, as if it was intended to impress this maxim on America, that our Freedom and Independence arose from our Union, and that without it we could neither be free nor independent. Let us then consider all attempts to weaken this Union, by maintaining that each State is separately and individually independent, as a species of political heresy, which can never benefit us, and may bring on us the most serious distresses." * These are the solemn and prophetic words of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney; the patriot, the soldier, the statesman; the trusted friend of Washington, repeatedly called by him to the highest offices of the Government; the one name that stands highest and brightest on the list of the great men of South Carolina.†

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* Burke's account of "the English settlements in America" begins with Jamaica, and proceeds through the West India Islands. There were also English settlements on the Continent, — Canada and Nova Scotia, — which it was necessary to *exclude* from the Treaty, by an enumeration of the *included* Colonies.

Not only was the Declaration of Independence made in the name of the one People of the United States, but the war by which it was sustained was carried on by their authority. A very grave historical error, in this respect, is often committed by the politicians of the Secession School. Mr. Davis, in his message of the 29th of April, having called the old Confederation "a close alliance," says: "Under this contract of alliance the war of the Revolution was successfully waged, and resulted in the treaty of peace with Great Britain of 1783, by the terms of which the several States were each by name recognized to be independent." I have already given the reason for this enumeration, but the main fact alleged in the passage is entirely without foundation. The Articles of Confederation were first signed by the delegates from eight of the States, on the 9th of July, 1778, more than three years after the commencement of the war, long after the capitulation of Burgoyne, the alliance with France, and the reception of a French Minister. The ratification of the other States was given at intervals the following years, the last not till 1781, seven months only before the virtual close of the war, by the surrender of Cornwallis. Then, and not till then, was "the Contract of Alliance"

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* Elliott's Debates, Vol. IV. p. 301.

† See an admirable sketch of his character in Trescot's Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams, pp. 169–171.

consummated. Most true it is, as Mr. Davis bids us remark, that, by these Articles of Confederation the States retained "each its sovereignty, freedom, and independence." It is not less true, that their selfish struggle to exercise and enforce their assumed rights as separate sovereignties was the source of the greatest difficulties and dangers of the Revolution, and risked its success; not less true, that most of the great powers of a sovereign State were nominally conferred even by these articles on the Congress, and that that body was, regarded and spoken of by Washington himself as THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE UNION." *

But feeble as the old Confederation was, and distinctly as it recognized the sovereignty of the States, it recognized in them no right to withdraw at their pleasure from the Union. On the contrary, it was specially provided that "the Articles of Confederation should be inviolably preserved by every State," and that "the Union should be perpetual." It is true that in a few years, from the inherent weakness of the central power, and from the want of means to enforce its authority on the individual citizen, it fell to pieces. It sickened and died from the poison of what General Pinckney aptly called "the heresy of State Sovereignty," and in its place a Constitution was ordained and established "in order to form a more perfect Union"; a Union more binding on its members than this "contract of alliance," which yet was to be "inviolably observed by every State"; more durable than the old Union, which yet was declared to be "perpetual." This great and beneficent change was a Revolution, — happily a peaceful revolution, the most important change probably ever brought about in a government, without bloodshed. The new government was unanimously adopted by all the members of the old Confederation, by some more promptly than by others, but by all within the space of four years.

Much has been said against *coercion*, that is, the employment of force to compel obedience to the laws of the United States, when they are resisted under the assumed authority of a State; but even the old Confederation, with all its weakness, in the opinion of the most eminent contemporary statesmen, possessed this power. Great stress is laid by politicians of the Secession School on the fact, that in a project for amending the articles of Confederation brought forward by Judge Paterson in the Federal Convention, it was proposed to clothe the Government with this power, and the proposal was not adopted. This is a very inaccurate statement of the facts of the case. The proposal formed part of a project which was rejected *in toto.* The reason why this power of State coercion was not granted *eo nomine,* in the new Constitution, is that it was wholly superfluous and inconsistent with the fundamental principle of the Government. Within the sphere of its delegated powers, the General Government deals with the individual citizen. If its power is resisted, the person or persons resisting it do so at their peril and are amenable to the law. They can derive no immunity from State Legislatures or State Conventions, because the Constitution and laws of the United States are the Supreme Law of the Land. If the resistance assumes an organized form, on the part of numbers too great to be restrained by the ordinary powers of the law, it is then an insurrection, which the General Government is expressly authorized to suppress. Did any one imagine in 1793, when General Washington called out 15,000 men to suppress the insurrection in the western counties of Pennsylvania, that if the insurgents had happened to have the control of a majority of the Legislature, and had thus been able to clothe their rebellion with a pretended form of law, that he would have been obliged to disband his troops, and return himself baffled and discomfited to Mount Vernon? If John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, instead of being the project of one misguided individual and a dozen and a half deluded followers, had been the organized movement of the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, do the Seceders hold that the United States would have had no right to protect Virginia, or punish the individuals concerned in her invasion? Do the seceding States really mean, after all, to deny, that if a State law is passed to prevent the rendition of a fugitive slave, the General Government has any right to employ force to effect his surrender?

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* Sparks's Washington, Vol. IX. pp. 12, 23, 29.

But, as I have said, even the old Confederation, with all its weakness, was held by the ablest contemporary statesmen, and that of the State rights school, to possess the power of enforcing its requisitions against a delinquent State. Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Mr. Adams of the 11th of July, 1786, on the subject of providing a naval force of 150 guns to chastise the Barbary Powers, urges, as an additional reason for such a step, that it would arm "the Federal head with the safest of all the instruments of coercion over its delinquent members, and prevent it from using what would be less safe," viz. land force. Writing on the same subject to Mr. Monroe a month later (11th August, 1786), he answers the objection of expense thus: "It will be said, 'There is no money in the Treasury.' There never will be money in the Treasury till the Confederacy shows its teeth. *The States must see the rod, perhaps it must be felt by some of them.* Every rational citizen must wish to see an effective instrument of coercion, and should fear to see it on any other element than the water. A naval force can never endanger our liberties nor occasion bloodshed; a land force would do both." In the following year, and when the Confederation was at its last gasp, Mr. Jefferson was still of the opinion that it possessed the power of coercing the States, and that it was expedient to exercise it. In a letter to Colonel Carrington of the 4th of April, 1787, he says: "It has been so often said as to be generally believed, that Congress have no power by the Confederation to enforce anything, for instance, contributions of money. It was not necessary to give them that power expressly, they have it by the law of nature. *When two parties make a compact, there results to each the power of compelling the other to execute it.* Compulsion was never so easy as in our case, when a single frigate would soon levy on the commerce of a single State the deficiency of its contributions."

Such was Mr. Jefferson's opinion of the powers of Congress, under the "old contract of alliance." Will any reasonable man maintain that under a constitution of government there can be less power to enforce the laws?

But the cause of secession gains nothing by magnifying the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the States or calling the Constitution a compact between them. Calling it a compact does not change a word of its text, and no theory of what is implied in the word "Sovereignty" is of any weight, in opposition to the actual provisions of the instrument itself. *Sovereignty* is a word of very various signification. It is one thing in China, another in Turkey, another in Russia, another in France, another in England, another in Switzerland, another in San Marino, another in the individual American States, and it is something different from all in the United States. To maintain that, because the State of Virginia, for instance, was in some sense or other a sovereign State, when her people adopted the Federal Constitution (which in terms was ordained and established, not only for the people of that day, but for their posterity), she may therefore at pleasure secede from the Union existing under that Constitution, is simply to beg the question. That question is not what was the theory or form of government existing in Virginia, before the Constitution, but what are the provisions of the Constitution which her people adopted and made their own? Does the Constitution of the United States permit or forbid the States to enter into a confederation? Is it a mere loose partnership, which any of the parties can break up at pleasure, or is it a Constitution of government, delegating to Congress and prohibiting to the States most of the primal functions of a sovereign power; — Peace, War, Commerce, Finance, Navy, Army, Mail, Mint; Executive, Legislative, and Judicial functions? The States are not named in it; the word "Sovereignty" does not occur in it; the right of secession is as much ignored in it as the precession of the equinoxes, and all the great prerogatives which characterize an independent member of the family of nations are by distinct grant conferred on Congress by the People of the United States and prohibited to the individual States of the Union. Is it not the height of absurdity to maintain that all these express grants and distinct prohibitions and constitutional arrangements may be set at naught by an individual State under the pretence that she was a sovereign State before she assented to or ratified them; in other words, that an act is of no binding force because it was performed by an authorized and competent agent?

In fact, to deduce from the sovereignty of the States the right of seceding from the Union is the most stupendous *non sequitur* that was ever advanced in grave affairs. The only legitimate inference to be drawn from that sovereignty is precisely the reverse. If any one right can be predicated of a sovereign State, it is that of forming or adopting a frame of government. She may do it alone, or she may do it as a member of a Union. She may enter into a loose pact for ten years or till a partisan majority of a convention, goaded on by ambitious aspirants to power, shall vote in secret session to dissolve it; or she may, after grave deliberation and mature counsel, led by the wisest and most virtuous of the land, ratify and adopt a constitution of government, ordained and established not only for that generation, but their posterity, subject only to the inalienable right of revolution possessed by every political community.

What would be thought in private affairs of a man who should seriously claim the right to revoke a grant, in consequence of having an unqualified right to make it? A right to break a contract, because he had a right to enter into it? To what extent is it more rational on the part of a State to found the right to dissolve the Union on the competence of the parties to form it; the right to prostrate a government on the fact that it was constitutionally framed?

But let us look at parallel cases, and they are by no means wanting. In the year 1800, a union was formed between England and Ireland. Ireland, before she entered into the union, was subject, indeed, to the English crown, but she had her own Parliament, consisting of her own Lords and Commons, and enacting her own laws. In 1800 she entered into a constitutional union with England on the basis of articles of agreement, jointly accepted by the two Parliaments.* The union was opposed at the time by a powerful minority in Ireland, and Mr. O'Connell succeeded, thirty years later, by ardent appeals to the sensibilities of the people, in producing an almost unanimous desire for its dissolution. He professed, however, although he had wrought his countrymen to the verge of rebellion, to aim at nothing but a constitutional repeal of the articles of union by the Parliament of Great Britain. It never occurred, even to his fervid imagination, that, because Ireland was an independent government when she entered into the union, it was competent for her at her discretion to secede from it. What would our English friends, who have learned from our Secessionists the "inherent right" of a disaffected State to secede from our Union, have thought, had Mr. O'Connell, in the paroxysms of his agitation, claimed the right on the part of Ireland, by her own act, to sever her union with England?

Again, in 1706, Scotland and England formed a Constitutional Union. They also, though subject to the same monarch, were in other respects Sovereign and Independent Kingdoms. They had each its separate Parliament, courts of justice, laws, and established national church. Articles of union were established between them; but all the laws and statutes of either kingdom not contrary to these articles remained in force.† A powerful minority in Scotland disapproved of the Union at the time. Nine years afterward an insurrection broke out in Scotland under a prince, who claimed to be the lawful, as he certainly was the lineal, heir to the throne. The rebellion was crushed, but the disaffection in which it had its origin was not wholly appeased. In thirty years more a second Scottish insurrection took place, and, as before, under the lead of the lineal heir to the crown. On neither occasion that I ever heard of did it enter into the imagination of rebel or loyalist, that Scotland was acting under a reserved right as a sovereign kingdom, to secede from the Union, or that the movement was anything less than an insurrection; revolution if it succeeded; treason and rebellion if it failed. Neither do I recollect that, in less than a month after either insurrection broke out, any one of the friendly and neutral powers made haste, in anticipation even of the arrival of the ministers of the reigning sovereign, to announce that the rebels "would be recognized as belligerents."

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* Annual Register, Vol. XIII. p. 190.

† Rapin's History of England, Vol. IV. pp. 741–746.

In fact, it is so plain, in the nature of things, that there can be no constitutional right to break up a government unless it is expressly provided for, that the politicians of the secession school are driven back, at every turn, to a *reserved* right. I have already shown that there is no such *express* reservation, and I have dwelt on the absurdity of getting by *implication* a reserved right to violate every *express* provision of a constitution. In this strait, Virginia, proverbially skilled in logical subtilties, has attempted to find an express reservation, not, of course, in the Constitution itself, where it does not exist, but in her original act of adhesion, or rather in the declaration of the "impressions" under which that act was adopted. The ratification itself of Virginia was positive and unconditional. "We, the said delegates, in the name and behalf of *the People of Virginia*, do, by these presents, assent and ratify the Constitution recommended on the 17th day of September, 1787, by the Federal Convention, *for the government of the United States*, hereby announcing to all those whom it may concern, that the said Constitution is binding upon the said *People*, according to an authentic copy hereunto annexed. Done in Convention this 26th day of June, 1788."

This, as you perceive, is an absolute and unconditional ratification of the Constitution by the People of Virginia. An attempt, however, is made, by the late Convention in Virginia, in their ordinance of secession, to extract a reservation of a right to secede, out of the declaration contained in the preamble to the act of ratification. That preamble declares it to be an "impression" of the people of Virginia, that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed BY THEM, whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression. The ordinance of secession passed by the recent convention, purporting to cite this declaration, omits the words *by them*, that is, by the People of the United States, not by the people of any single State, thus arrogating to the people of Virginia alone what the Convention of 1788 claimed only, and that by way of "impression," for the people of the United States.

By this most grave omission of the vital words of the sentence, the Convention, I fear, intended to lead the incautious or the ignorant to the conclusion, that the Convention of 1788 asserted the right of an individual State to resume the powers granted in the Constitution to the General Government; a claim for which there is not the slightest foundation in Constitutional history. On the contrary, when the ill-omened doctrine of State nullification was sought to be sustained by the same argument in 1830, and the famous Virginia resolutions of 1798 were appealed to by Mr. Calhoun and his friends, as affording countenance to that doctrine, it was repeatedly and emphatically declared by Mr. Madison, the author of the resolutions, that they were intended to claim, not for an individual State, but for the United States, by whom the Constitution was ordained and established, the right of remedying its abuses by constitutional ways, such as united protest, repeal, or an amendment of the Constitution.* Incidentally to the discussion of nullification, he denied over and over again the right of peaceable secession; and this fact was well known to some of the members of the late Convention at Richmond. When the secrets of their assembly are laid open, no doubt it will appear that there were some faithful Abdiels to proclaim the fact. O, that the venerable sage, second to none of his patriot compeers in framing the Constitution, the equal associate of Hamilton in recommending it to the People its great champion in the Virginia Convention of 1788, and its faithful vindicator in 1830, against the deleterious heresy of nullification, could have been spared to protect it, at the present day, from the still deadlier venom of Secession! But he is gone; the principles, the traditions, and the illustrious memories which gave to Virginia her name and her praise in the land are no longer cherished; the work of Washington, and Madison, and Randolph, and Pendleton, and Marshall is repudiated, and nullifiers, precipitators, and seceders gather in secret conclave to destroy the Constitution, in the very building that holds the monumental statue of the Father of his Country!

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* Maguire's Collection, p. 213.

Having had occasion to allude to the Virginia resolutions of 1798, I may observe that of these famous resolves, the subject of so much political romance, it is time that a little plain truth should be promulgated. The country, in 1798, was vehemently agitated by the struggles of the domestic parties, which about equally divided it, and these struggles were urged to unwonted and extreme bitterness by the preparations made and making for a war with France. By an act of Congress, passed in the summer of that year, the President of the United States was clothed with power to send from the country any alien whom he might judge dangerous to the public peace and safety, or who should be concerned in any treasonable or secret machinations against the Government of the United States. This act was passed as a war measure; it was to be in force two years, and it expired by its own limitation on the 25th of June, 1800. War, it is true, had not been formally declared; but hostilities on the ocean had taken place on both sides, and the army of the United States had been placed upon a war footing. The measure was certainly within the war power, and one which no prudent commander, even without the authority of a statute, would hesitate to execute in an urgent case within his own district. Congress thought fit to provide for and regulate its exercise by law.

Two or three weeks later (14th July, 1798) another law was enacted, making it penal to combine or conspire with intent to oppose any lawful measure of the Government of the United States, or to write, print, or publish any false and scandalous writing against the Government, either House of Congress, or the President of the United States. In prosecutions under this law, it was provided that the Truth might be pleaded in justification, and that the jury should be judges of the law as well as of the fact. This law was by its own limitation to expire at the close of the then current Presidential term.

Such are the famous alien and sedition laws, passed under the Administration of that noble and true-hearted Revolutionary patriot, John Adams, though not recommended by him officially or privately; adjudged to be constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States; distinctly approved by Washington, Patrick Henry, and Marshall; and, whatever else may be said of them, certainly preferable to the laws which, throughout the Seceding States, Judge Lynch would not fail to enforce at the lamp-post and tar-bucket against any person guilty of the offences against which these statutes were aimed.

It suited, however, the purposes of party at that time to raise a formidable clamor against these laws. It was in vain that their constitutionality was affirmed by the Judiciary of the United States. "Nothing," said Washington, alluding to these laws, "will produce the least change in the conduct of the leaders of the opposition to the measures of the General Government. They have points to carry from which no reasoning, no inconsistency of conduct, no absurdity, can divert them." Such, in the opinion of Washington, was the object for which the Legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky passed their famous resolutions of 1798, the former drafted by Mr. Madison and the latter by Mr. Jefferson, and sent to a friend in Kentucky to be brought forward. These resolutions were transmitted to the other States for their concurrence. The replies from the States which made any response were referred the following year to committees in Virginia and Kentucky. In the Legislature of Virginia, an elaborate report was made by Mr. Madison, explaining and defending the resolutions; in Kentucky another resolve reaffirming those of the preceding year was drafted by Mr. Wilson Cary Nicholas, not by Mr. Jefferson, as stated by General McDuffie. Our respect for the distinguished men who took the lead on this occasion, then ardently engaged in the warfare of politics, must not make us fear to tell the truth, that the simple object of the entire movement was to make "political capital" for the approaching election, by holding up to the excited imaginations of the masses the Alien and Sedition laws, as an infraction of the Constitution, which threatened the overthrow of the liberties of the People. The resolutions maintained that, the States being parties to the constitutional compact, in a case of deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by the compact, the States have a right and are in duty bound to *interpose* for preventing the progress of the evil.

Such, in brief, was the main purport of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. The sort of interposition intended was left in studied obscurity. Not a word was dropped of secession from the Union. Mr. Nicholas's resolution in 1799 hinted at "nullification" as the appropriate remedy for an unconstitutional law, but what was meant by the ill-sounding word was not explained. The words "null, void, and of no effect," contained in the original draft of the Virginia resolutions, were, on motion of John Taylor of Caroline, stricken from them, on their passage through the Assembly; and Mr. Madison, in his report of 1799, carefully explains that no extra-constitutional measures were intended. One of the Kentucky resolutions ends with an invitation to the States to unite in a petition to repeal the laws.

These resolutions were communicated, as I have said, to the other States for concurrence. From most of them no response was received; some adopted dissenting reports and resolutions; NOT ONE CONCURRED. But the resolutions did their work, — all that they were intended or expected to do, — by shaking the Administration. At the ensuing election, Mr. Jefferson, at whose instance the entire movement was made, was chosen President by a very small majority; Mr. Madison was placed at the head of his administration as Secretary of

State; the obnoxious laws expired by their own limitation; not repealed by the dominant party, as Mr. Calhoun with strange inadvertence asserts;* and Mr. Jefferson proceeded to administer the Government upon constitutional principles quite as lax, to say the least, as those of his predecessors. If there was any marked departure in his general policy from the course hitherto pursued, it was that, having some theoretical prejudices against a navy, he allowed that branch of the service to languish. By no Administration have the powers of the General Government been more liberally construed,—not to say further strained,—sometimes beneficially, as in the acquisition of Louisiana, sometimes perniciously, as in the embargo. The resolutions of 1798, and the metaphysics they inculcated, were surrendered to the cobwebs which habitually await the plausible exaggerations of the canvass after an election is decided. These resolutions of 1798 have been sometimes in Virginia waked from their slumbers at closely contested elections as a party cry; the report of the Hartford Convention, without citing them by name, borrows their language; but as representing in their modern interpretation any system on which the Government ever was or could be administered, they were buried in the same grave as the Laws which called them forth.

Unhappily during their transient vitality, like the butterfly which deposits its egg in the apple-blossoms that have so lately filled our orchards with beauty and perfume,—a gilded harmless moth, whose food is a dew-drop, whose life is a midsummer's day,—these resolutions, misconceived and perverted, proved, in the minds of ambitious and reckless politicians, the germ of a fatal heresy. The butterfly's egg is a microscopic speck, but as the fruit grows, the little speck gives life to a greedy and nauseous worm, that gnaws and bores to the heart of the apple, and renders it, though smooth and fair without, foul and bitter and rotten within. In like manner, the theoretical generalities of these resolutions, intending nothing in the minds of their authors but constitutional efforts to procure the repeal of obnoxious laws, matured in the minds of a later generation into the deadly paradoxes of 1830 and 1860,—kindred products of the same soil, *venenorum ferax;*—the one asserting the monstrous absurdity that a State, though remaining in the Union, could by her single act nullify a law of Congress; the other teaching the still more preposterous doctrine, that a single State may nullify the Constitution. The first of these heresies failed to spread far beyond the latitude where it was engendered. In the Senate of the United States, the great acuteness of its inventor (Mr. Calhoun), then the Vice-President, and the accomplished rhetoric of its champion (Mr. Hayne), failed to raise it above the level of a plausible sophism. It sunk forever discredited beneath the sturdy common sense and indomitable will of Jackson, the mature wisdom of Livingston, the keen analysis of Clay, and the crushing logic of Webster.

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* Mr. Calhoun's Discourse on the Constitution, p. 359.

Nor was this all: the venerable author of the Resolutions of 1798 and of the report of 1799 was still living in a green old age. His connection with those state papers, and still more his large participation in the formation and adoption of the Constitution, entitled him, beyond all men living, to be consulted on the subject. No effort was spared by the leaders of the Nullification school to draw from him even a qualified assent to their theories. But in vain. He not only refused to admit their soundness, but he devoted his time and energies for three laborious years to the preparation of essays and letters, of which the object was to demonstrate that his resolutions and report did not and could not bear the Carolina interpretation. He earnestly maintained that the separate action of an individual State was not contemplated by them, and that they had in view nothing but the concerted action of the States to procure the repeal of unconstitutional laws or an amendment of the Constitution.*

With one such letter written with this intent I was myself honored. It filled ten pages of the journal in which with his permission it was published. It unfolded the true theory of the Constitution and the meaning and design of the resolutions, and exposed the false gloss attempted to be placed upon them by the Nullifiers, with a clearness and force of reasoning which defied refutation. None, to my knowledge, was ever attempted. The politicians of the Nullification and Secession school, as far as I am aware, have from that day to this made no attempt to grapple with Mr. Madison's letter of August, 1830.* Mr. Calhoun certainly made no such attempt in the elaborate treatise composed by him, mainly for the purpose of expounding the doctrine of Nullification. He claims the support of these resolutions, without adverting to the fact that his interpretation of them had been repudiated by their illustrious author. He repeats his exploded paradoxes as confidently as if Mr. Madison himself had expired with the Alien and Sedition laws, and left no testimony to the meaning of his resolutions; while, at the present day, with equal confidence the same resolutions are appealed to by the disciples of Mr. Calhoun as sustaining the doctrine of secession, in the face of the positive declaration of their author, when that doctrine first began to be broached, that they will bear no such interpretation.

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* A very considerable portion of the important volume containing a selection from the Madison papers, and printed "exclusively for private distribution" by J. C. McGuire, Esq., in 1853, is taken up with these letters and essays.

In this respect the disciples have gone beyond the master. There is a single sentence in Mr. Calhoun's elaborate volume in which he maintains the right of a State to secede from the Union. (Page 301.) There is reason to suppose, however, that he intended to claim only the inalienable right of revolution. In 1828, a declaration of political principles was drawn up by him for the State of South Carolina, in which it was expressly taught, that the people of that State by adopting the Federal Constitution had "modified *its original right of sovereignty*, whereby its individual consent was necessary to any change in its political condition, and by becoming a member of the Union, had placed that power in the hands of three fourths of the States [the number necessary for a Constitutional amendment], in whom the highest power known to the Constitution actually resides." In a recent patriotic speech of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, at Frederick, Md., on the 7th of May, the distinct authority of Mr. Calhoun is quoted as late as 1844 against the right of separate action on the part of an individual State, and I am assured by the same respected gentleman, that it is within his personal knowledge, that Mr. Calhoun did not maintain the peaceful right of Secession.*

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* North American Review, Vol. XXXI. p. 587.

But it may be thought a waste of time to argue against a constitutional right of peaceful Secession, since no one denies the right of Revolution; and no pains are spared by the disaffected leaders, while they claim indeed the Constitutional right, to represent their movement as the uprising of an indignant People against an oppressive and tyrannical Government.

An oppressive and tyrannical government! Let us examine this pretence for a few moments, first in the general, and then in the detail, of its alleged tyrannies and abuses.

This oppressive and tyrannical Government is the successful solution of a problem which had tasked the sagacity of mankind from the dawn of civilization, namely, to find a form of polity, by which institutions purely popular could be extended over a vast empire, free alike from despotic centralization and undue preponderance of the local powers. It was necessarily a complex system; a Union at once federal and national. It leaves to the separate States the control of all matters of purely local administration, and confides to the central power the management of foreign affairs and of all other concerns in which the United family have a joint interest. All the organized and delegated powers depend directly or very nearly so on popular choice. This Government was not imposed upon the People by a foreign conqueror; it is not an inheritance descending from barbarous ages, laden with traditionary abuses, which create a painful ever-recurring necessity of reform; it is not the conceit of heated enthusiasts in the spasms of a revolution. It is the recent and voluntary framework of an enlightened age, compacted by wise and good men, with deliberation and care, working upon materials prepared by long Colonial discipline. In framing it, they sought to combine the merits and to avoid the defects of former systems of government. The greatest possible liberty of the citizen is the basis; just representation the ruling principle, reconciling with rare ingenuity the federal equality of the States, with the proportionate influence of numbers. Its legislative and executive magistrates are freely chosen at short periods; its judiciary alone holding office by a more permanent, but still sufficiently responsible tenure. No money flows into or out of the Treasury but under the direct sanction of the representatives of the People, on whom also all the great functions of Government for peace and war, within the limits already indicated, are devolved. No hereditary titles or privileges, no distinction of ranks, no established church, no courts of high commission, no censorship of the press, are known to the system; not a drop of blood has ever flowed under its authority for a political offence; but this tyrannical and oppressive Government has certainly exhibited a more perfect development of equal republican principles than has ever before existed on any considerable scale. Under its benign influence, the country, every part of the country, has prospered beyond all former example. Its population has increased; its commerce, agriculture, and manufactures have flourished; manners, arts, education, letters, all that dignifies and ennobles man, have in a shorter period attained a higher point of cultivation than has ever before been witnessed in a newly settled region. The consequence has been consideration and influence abroad and marvellous well-being at home. The world has looked with admiration upon the country's progress; we have ourselves contemplated it, perhaps, with undue self-complacency. Armies without conscription; navies without impressment, and neither army nor navy swelled to an oppressive size; an overflowing treasury without direct taxation or oppressive taxation of any kind; churches without number and with no denominational preferences on the part of the state; schools and colleges accessible to all the people; a free and a cheap press; — all the great institutions of social life extending their benefits to the mass of the community,—such, no one can deny, is the general character of this oppressive and tyrannical government.

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* See Appendix B.

But perhaps this Government, however wisely planned, however beneficial even in its operation, may have been rendered distasteful, or may have become oppressive in one part of the country and to one portion of the people, in consequence of the control of affairs having been monopolized or unequally shared by another portion. In a Confederacy, the people of one section are not well pleased to be even mildly governed by an exclusive domination of the other. In point of fact this is the allegation, the persistent allegation, of the South, that from the foundation of the Government it has been wielded by the people of the North for their special, often exclusive, benefit, and to the injury and oppression of the South. Let us see. Out of seventy-two years since the organization of the Government, the Executive chair has, for sixty-four years, been filled nearly all the time by Southern Presidents; and when that was not the case, by Presidents possessing the confidence of the South. For a still longer period, the controlling influences of the Legislative and Judicial departments of the Government have centred in the same quarter. Of all the offices in the gift of the central power in every department, far more than her proportionate share has always been enjoyed by the South. She is at this moment revolting against a Government, not only admitted to be the mildest and most beneficent ever organized this side Utopia, but one of which she has herself from the first almost monopolized the administration.

But are there no wrongs, abuses, and oppressions, alleged to have been suffered by the South, which have rendered her longer submission to the Federal Government intolerable, and which are pleaded as the motive and justification of the revolt? Of course there are, but with such variation and uncertainty of statement as to render their examination difficult. The manifesto of South Carolina of the 20th of December last, which led the way in this inauspicious movement, sets forth nothing but the passage of State laws to obstruct the surrender of fugitive slaves. The document does not state that South Carolina herself ever lost a slave in consequence of these laws, it is not probable she ever did, and yet she makes the existence of these laws, which are wholly inoperative as far as she is concerned, and which probably never caused to the entire South the loss of a dozen fugitives, the ground for breaking up the Union and plunging the country into a civil war. But I shall presently revert to this topic.

Other statements in other quarters enlarge the list of grievances. In the month of November last, after the result of the presidential election was ascertained, a very interesting discussion of the subject of secession took place at Milledgeville, before the members of the Legislature of Georgia and the citizens generally, between two gentlemen of great ability and eminence, since elected, the one Secretary of State, the other Vice-President of the new Confederacy: the former urging the necessity and duty of immediate secession; the latter opposing it. I take the grievances and abuses of the Federal Government, which the South has suffered at the hands of the North, and which were urged by the former speaker as the grounds of secession, as I find them stated and to some extent answered by his friend and fellow-citizen (then opposed to secession) according to the report in the Milledgeville papers.

And what, think you, was the grievance in the front rank of those oppressions on the part of the North, which have driven the long-suffering and patient South to open rebellion against "the best Government that the history of the world gives any account of"? It was not that upon which the Convention of South Carolina relied. You will hardly believe it; posterity will surely not believe it. "We listened," said Mr. Vice-President Stephens, in his reply, "to my honorable friend last night (Mr. Toombs), as he recounted the evils of this Government. *The first was the fishing bounties paid mostly to the sailors of New England.*" The bounty paid by the Federal Government to encourage the deep-sea fisheries of the United States!

You are aware that this laborious branch of industry has, by all maritime states, been ever regarded with special favor as the nursery of naval power. The fisheries of the American Colonies before the American Revolution drew from Burke one of the most gorgeous bursts of eloquence in our language, — in any language. They were all but annihilated by the Revolution, but they furnished the men who followed Manly, and Tucker, and Biddle, and Paul Jones to the jaws of death. Reviving after the war, they attracted the notice of the First Congress, and were recommended to their favor by Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State. This favor was at first extended to them in the shape of a drawback of the duty on the various imported articles employed in the building and outfit of the vessels and on the foreign salt used in preserving the fish. The complexity of this arrangement led to the substitution at first of a certain bounty on the quantity of the fish exported; afterwards on the tonnage of the vessels employed in the fisheries. All administrations have concurred in the measure; Presidents of all parties — though there has not been much variety of party in that office — have approved the appropriations. If the North had a local interest in these bounties, the South got the principal food of her laboring population so much the cheaper; and she had her common share in the protection which the navy afforded her coasts, and in the glory which it shed on the flag of the country. But since, unfortunately, the deep-sea fisheries do not exist in the Gulf of Mexico, nor, as in the "age of Pyrrha," on the top of the Blue Ridge, it has been discovered of late years that these bounties are a violation of the Constitution; a largess bestowed by the common treasury on one section of the country, and not shared by the other; one of the hundred ways, in a word, in which the rapacious North is fattening upon the oppressed and pillaged South. You will naturally wish to know the amount of this tyrannical and oppressive bounty. It is stated by a senator from Alabama (Mr. Clay) who has warred against it with perseverance and zeal, and succeeded in the last Congress in carrying a bill through the Senate for its repeal, to have amounted, on the average, to an annual sum of 200,005 dollars! Such is the portentous grievance which in Georgia stands at the head of the acts of oppression, for which, although repealed in one branch of Congress, the Union is to be broken up, and the country desolated by war. Switzerland revolted because an Austrian tyrant invaded the sanctity of her firesides, crushed out the eyes of aged patriots, and compelled her fathers to shoot apples from the heads of her sons; the Low Countries revolted against the fires of the Inquisition, and the infernal cruelties of Alva; our fathers revolted because they were taxed by a Parliament in which they were not represented; the Cotton States revolt because a paltry subvention is paid to the hardy fishermen who form the nerve and muscle of the American Navy.

But it is not, we shall be told, the amount of the bounty, but the principle, as our fathers revolted against a threepenny tax on tea. But that was because it was laid by a Parliament in which the Colonies were not represented, and which yet claimed the right to bind them in all cases. The Fishing Bounty is bestowed by a Government which has been from the first controlled by the South. Then how unreasonable to expect or to wish, that, in a country so vast as ours, no public expenditure should be made for the immediate benefit of one part or one interest that cannot be identically repeated in every other. A liberal policy, or rather the necessity of the case, demands, that what the public good, upon the whole, requires, should under constitutional limitations be done where it is required, offsetting the local benefit which may accrue from the expenditure made in one place and for one object, with the local benefit from the same source, in some other place for some other object. More money was expended by the United States in removing the Indians from Georgia, eight or ten times as much was expended for the same object in Florida, as has been paid for Fishing Bounties in seventy years. For the last year, to pay for the expense of the post-office in the seceding States, and enable our fellow-citizens there to enjoy the comforts of a newspaper and letter mail to the same extent as they are enjoyed in the other States, three millions of dollars were paid from the common Treasury. The post-office bounty paid to the seceding States exceeded seventeen-fold the annual average amount of the Fishing Bounty paid to the North. In four years that excess would equal the sum total of the amount paid since 1792 in bounties to the deep-sea fishery! This circumstance probably explains the fact, that the pride of the Southern Confederacy was not alarmed at having the mails still conveyed by the United States, three or four months after the forts had been seized, the arsenals emptied, and the mints plundered.

The second of the grievances under which the South is laboring, and which, according to Mr. Stephens, was on the occasion alluded to pleaded by the Secretary of State of the new Confederacy as a ground for dissolving the Union, is the Navigation Laws, which give to American vessels the exclusive enjoyment of our own coasting trade. This also is a policy coeval with the Government of the United States, and universally adopted by maritime powers, though relaxed by England within the last few years. Like the fishing bounty, it is a policy adopted for the purpose of fostering the commercial and with that the naval marine of the United States. All administrations of all parties have favored it; under its influence our commercial tonnage has grown up to be second to no other in the world, and our navy has proved itself adequate to all the exigencies of peace and war. And are these no objects in a national point of view? Are the seceding politicians really insensible to interests of such paramount national importance? Can they, for the sake of an imaginary infinitesimal reduction of coastwise freights, be willing to run even the risk of impairing our naval prosperity? Are they insensible to the fact that nothing but the growth of the American commercial marine protects the entire freighting interest of the country, in which the South is more deeply interested than the North, from European monopoly? The South did not always take so narrow a view of the subject. When the Constitution was framed, and the American merchant marine was inconsiderable, the discrimination in favor of United States vessels, which then extended to the foreign trade, was an object of some apprehension on the part of the planting States. But there were statesmen in the South at that day who did not regard the shipping interest as a local concern. "So far," said Mr. Edward Rutledge, in the South Carolina Convention of 1788, "from not preferring the Northern States by a navigation act, it would be politic to increase their strength by every means in our power; for we had no other resource in our day of danger than in the naval force of our Northern friends, nor could we ever expect to become a great nation till we were powerful on the waters."* But "powerful on the waters" the South can never be. She has live-oak, naval stores, and gallant officers; but her climate and its diseases, the bars at the mouth of nearly all her harbors, the *Teredo*, the want of a merchant marine and of fisheries, and the character of her laboring population, will forever prevent her becoming a great naval power. Without the protection of the Navy of the United States, of which the strength centres at the North, she would hold the ingress and egress of every port on her coast at the mercy, I will not say of the great maritime states of Europe, but of Holland, and Denmark, and Austria, and Spain, — of any second or third-rate power, which can keep a few steam frigates at sea.

It must be confessed, however, that there is a sad congruity between the conduct of our seceding fellow-citizens and the motives which they assign for it. They attempt a suicidal separation of themselves from a great naval power, of which they are now an integral part, and they put forward, as the reason for this self-destructive course, the legislative measures which have contributed to the growth of the navy. A judicious policy designed to promote that end has built up the commercial and military marine of the Union to its present commanding stature and power; the

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* Elliott's Debates, Vol. IV. p. 299.

South, though unable to contribute anything to its prosperity but the service of her naval officers, enjoys her full share of the honor which it reflects on the country, and the protection which it extends to our flag, our coasts, and our commerce, but under the influence of a narrow-minded sectional jealousy, she is willing to abdicate the noble position which she now fills among the nations of the earth; to depend for her very existence on the exigencies of the cotton market, to live upon the tolerance of the navies of Europe, and she assigns as leading causes for this amazing fatuity, that the Northern fisheries have been encouraged by a trifling bounty, and that the Northern commercial marine has the monopoly of the coastwise trade. And the politicians, who, for reasons like these, almost too frivolous to merit the time we have devoted to their examination, are sapping a noble framework of government, and drenching a fair and but for them prosperous country in blood, appeal to the public opinion of mankind for the justice of their cause, and the purity of their motives, and lift their eyes to Heaven for a blessing on their arms!

But the tariff is, with one exception, the alleged monster wrong, — for which South Carolina in 1832 drove the Union to the verge of a civil war, and which, next to the slavery question, the South has been taught to regard as the most grievous of the oppressions which she suffers at the hands of the North, and that by which she seeks to win the sympathy of the manufacturing states of Europe. It was so treated in the debate referred to. I am certainly not going so far to abuse your patience, as to enter into a discussion of the constitutionality or expediency of the protective policy, on which I am aware that opinions at the North differ, nor do I deem it necessary to expose the utter fallacy of the monstrous paradox, that duties, enhancing the price of imported articles, are paid, not by the consumer of the merchandise imported, but by the producer of the last article of export given in exchange. It is sufficient to say that for this maxim (the forty-bale theory so called), which has grown into an article of faith at the South, not the slightest authority ever has been, to my knowledge, adduced from any political economist of any school. Indeed, it can be shown to be a shallow sophism, inasmuch as the *consumer* must be, directly or indirectly, the *producer* of the equivalents given in exchange for the article he consumes. But without entering into this discussion, I shall make a few remarks to show the great injustice of representing the protective system as being in its origin an oppression, of which the South has to complain on the part of the North.

Every such suggestion is a complete inversion of the truth of history. Some attempts at manufactures by machinery were made at the North before the Revolution, but to an inconsiderable extent. The manufacturing system as a great Northern interest is the child of the restrictive policy of 1807-1812, and of the war. That policy was pursued against the earnest opposition of the North, and to the temporary prostration of their commerce, navigation, and fisheries. Their capital was driven in this way into manufactures, and on the return of peace, the foundations of the protective system were laid in the square-yard duty on cotton fabrics, in the support of which Mr. Calhoun, advised that the growth of the manufacture would open a new market for the staple of the South, took the lead. As late as 1821 the Legislature of South Carolina unanimously affirmed the constitutionality of protective duties, though denying their expediency, — and of all the States of the Union Louisiana has derived the greatest benefit from this policy; in fact, she owes the sugar culture to it, and has for that reason given it her steady support. In all the tariff battles while I was a member of Congress, few votes were surer for the policy than that of Louisiana. If the duty on an article imported is considered as added to its price in our market (which, however, is far from being invariably the case), the sugar duty, of late, has amounted to a tax of five millions of dollars annually paid by the consumer, for the benefit of the Louisiana planter.

As to its being an unconstitutional policy, it is perfectly well known that the protection of manufactures was a leading and avowed object for the formation of the Constitution. The second law, passed by Congress after its formation, was a revenue law. Its preamble is as follows: "Whereas it is necessary for the support of Government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on goods, wares, and merchandise imported." That act was reported to the House of Representatives by Mr. Madison, who is entitled as much as any one to be called the father of the Constitution. While it was pending before the House, and in the first week of the first session of the first Congress, two memorials were presented praying for protective duties; and it is a matter of some curiosity to inquire, from what part of the country this first call came for that policy, now put forward as one of the acts of Northern oppression, which justify the South in flying to arms. The first of these petitions was from Baltimore. It implored the new Government to lay a protecting duty on all articles imported from abroad, which can be manufactured at home. The second was from the shipwrights, not of New York, not of Boston, not of Portland, but of Charleston, South Carolina, praying for "such a general regulation of trade and the establishment of such A NAVIGATION ACT as will relieve the particular distresses of the petitioners, in common with those of their fellow-shipwrights throughout the Union!" and if South Carolina had always been willing to make common cause with their fellow-citizens throughout the Union, it would not now be rent by civil war.

But the history of the great Southern staple is most curious and instructive. His Majesty "King Cotton," on his throne, does not seem to be aware of the influences which surrounded his cradle. The culture of cotton, on any considerable scale, is well known to be of recent date in America. The household manufacture of cotton was coeval with the settlement of the country. A century before the piano-forte or the harp was seen on this continent, the music of the spinning-wheel was heard at every fireside in town and country. The raw materials were wool, flax, and cotton, the last imported from the West Indies. The colonial system of Great Britain before the Revolution forbade the establishment of any other than household manufactures. Soon after the Revolution, cotton-mills were erected in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and the infant manufacture was encouraged by State duties on the imported fabric. The raw material was still derived exclusively from the West Indies. Its culture in this country was so extremely limited and so little known, that a small parcel sent from the United States to Liverpool in 1784 was seized at the custom-house there, as an illicit importation of British colonial produce. Even as late as 1794, and by persons so intelligent as the negotiators of Jay's treaty, it was not known that cotton was an article of growth and export from the United States. In the twelfth article of that treaty, as laid before the Senate, cotton was included with molasses, sugar, coffee, and cocoa, as articles which American vessels should not be permitted to carry from the islands *or from the Unitea States* to any foreign country.

In the Revenue law of 1789, as it passed through the House of Representatives, cotton, with other raw materials, was placed on the free list. When the bill reached the Senate a duty of three cents per pound was laid upon cotton, not to encourage, not to protect, but to *create* the domestic culture. On the discussion of this amendment in the House, a member from South Carolina declared that "Cotton was in contemplation" in South Carolina and Georgia, "and *if good seed could be procured he hoped it might succeed.*" On this hope the amendment of the Senate was concurred in, and the duty of three cents per pound was laid on cotton. In 1791, Hamilton, in his report on the manufactures, recommended the repeal of this duty, on the ground that it was "a very serious impediment to the manufacture of cotton," but his recommendation was disregarded.

Thus, in the infancy of the cotton manufacture of the North, at the moment when they were deprived of the protection extended to them before the Constitution by State laws, and while they were struggling against English competition under the rapidly improving machinery of Arkwright, which it was highly penal to export to foreign countries, a heavy burden was laid upon them by this protecting duty, to enable the planters of South Carolina and Georgia to explore the tropics for a variety of cotton seed adapted to their climate. For seven years at least, and probably more, this duty was in every sense of the word a protecting duty. There was not a pound of cotton spun, no, not for candle-wicks to light the humble industry of the cottages of the North, which did not pay this tribute to the Southern planter. The growth of the native article, as we have seen, had not in 1794 reached a point to be known to Chief Justice Jay as one of actual or probable export. As late as 1796, the manufacturers of Brandywine in Delaware petitioned Congress for the repeal of this duty on imported cotton, and the petition was rejected on the Report of a Committee, consisting of a majority from the Southern States, on the ground, that "to repeal the duty on raw cotton imported would be to damp the growth of cotton in our own country." Radicle and plumule, root and stalk, blossom and boll, the culture of the cotton plant in the United States was in its infancy the foster-child of the Protective System.

When therefore the pedigree of King Cotton is traced, he is found to be the lineal child of the tariff; called into being by a specific duty; reared by a tax laid upon the manufacturing industry of the North, to create the culture of the raw material in the South. The Northern manufacturers of America were slightly protected in 1789, because they were too feeble to stand alone. Reared into magnitude under the restrictive system and the war of 1812, they were upheld in 1816 because they were too important to be sacrificed, and because the great staple of the South had a joint interest in their prosperity. King Cotton alone, not in his manhood, not in his adolescence, not in his infancy, but in his very embryo state, was pensioned upon the Treasury, — before the seed from which he sprung was cast "in the lowest parts of the earth." In the book of the tariff "his members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them."

But it was not enough to create the culture of cotton at the South, by taxing the manufactures of the North with a duty on the raw material; the extension of that culture and the prosperity which it has conferred upon the South are due to the mechanical genius of the North. What says Mr. Justice Johnson of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a citizen of South Carolina? "With regard to the utility of this discovery" (the cotton-gin of Whitney), "the court would deem it a waste of time to dwell long upon this topic. Is there a man who hears us that has not experienced its utility? The whole interior of the Southern States was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating, for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age it has presented us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed in poverty and sunk in idleness have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off, our capitals increased, and our lands trebled in value. We cannot express the weight of obligation which the country owes to this invention; the extent of it cannot now be seen." — Yes, and when happier days shall return, and the South, awakening from her suicidal delusion, shall remember who it was that sowed her sunny fields with the seeds of those golden crops with which she thinks to rule the world, she will cast a veil of oblivion over the memory of the ambitious men who have goaded her to her present madness, and will rear a monument of her gratitude in the beautiful City of Elms, over the ashes of her greatest benefactor, — ELI WHITNEY.

But the great complaint of the South, and that which is admitted to be the immediate occasion of the present revolt, is the alleged interference of the North in the Southern institution of slavery; a subject on which the sensibilities of the two sections have been so deeply and fearfully stirred, that it is nearly impossible to speak words of impartial truth. As I have already stated, the declaration of South Carolina, of the causes which prompted her to secede from the Union, alleged no other reason for this movement than the enactment of laws to obstruct the surrender of fugitive slaves. The declaration does not state that South Carolina ever lost a slave by the operation of these laws, and it is doubtful whether a dozen from all the States have been lost from this cause. A gross error on this subject pervades the popular mind at the South. Some hundreds of slaves in the aggregate escape annually; some to the recesses of the Dismal Swamp; some to the everglades of Florida; some to the trackless mountain region, which traverses the South; some to the Mexican States and the Indian tribes; some across the free States to Canada. The popular feeling of the South ascribes the entire loss to the laws of the free States, while it is doubtful whether these laws cause any portion of it. The public sentiment of the North is not such, of course, as to dispose the community to obstruct the escape or aid in the surrender of slaves. Neither is it at the South. No one, I am told, at the South, not called upon by official duty, joins in the hue and cry after a fugitive; and whenever he escapes from any States south of the border tier, it is evident that his flight must have been aided in a community of slaveholders. If the North Carolina fugitive escapes through Virginia, or the Tennessee fugitive escapes through Kentucky, why are Pennsylvania and Ohio alone blamed? On this whole subject the grossest injustice is done to the North. She is expected to be more tolerant of slavery than the South herself; for while the South demands of the North entire acquiescence in the extremest doctrines of slave property, it is a well-known fact, and as such alluded to by Mr. Clay in his speech on the compromises of 1850, that any man who habitually traffics in this property is held in the same infamy at Richmond and New Orleans that he would be at Philadelphia or Cincinnati.*

While South Carolina, assigning the cause of secession, confines herself to the State laws for obstructing the surrender of fugitives, in other quarters, by the press, in the manifestoes and debates on the subject of secession, and in the official papers of the new Confederacy, the general conduct of the North, with respect to Slavery, is put forward as the justifying, nay, the compelling cause of the revolution. This subject, still more than that of the tariff, is too trite for discussion, with the hope of saying anything new on the general question. I will but submit a few considerations to show the great injustice which is done to the North, by representing her as the aggressor in this sectional warfare.

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* See Appendix C.

The Southern theory assumes that, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the same antagonism prevailed as now between the North and South, on the general subject of Slavery; that, although it existed to some extent in all the States but one of the Union, it was a feeble and declining interest at the North, and mainly seated at the South; that the soil and climate of the North were soon found to be unpropitious to slave labor, while the reverse was the case at the South; that the Northern States, in consequence, having, from interested motives, abolished Slavery, sold their slaves to the South, and that then, although the existence of Slavery was recognized, and its protection guaranteed by the Constitution, as soon as the Northern States had acquired a controlling voice in Congress, a persistent and organized system of hostile measures, against the rights of the owners of slaves in the Southern States, was inaugurated and gradually extended, in violation of the compromises of the Constitution, as well as of the honor and good faith tacitly pledged to the South, by the manner in which the North disposed of her slaves.

Such, in substance, is the statement of Mr. Davis in his late message; and he then proceeds, seemingly as if rehearsing the acts of this Northern majority in Congress, to refer to the anti-slavery measures of the State Legislatures, to the resolutions of abolition societies, to the passionate appeals of the party press, and to the acts of lawless individuals, during the progress of this unhappy agitation.

Now, this entire view of the subject, with whatever boldness it is affirmed, and with whatever persistency it is repeated, is destitute of foundation. It is demonstrably at war with the truth of history, and is contradicted by facts known to those now on the stage, or which are matters of recent record. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and long afterwards, there was, generally speaking, no sectional difference of opinion between North and South, on the subject of Slavery. It was in both parts of the country regarded, in the established formula of the day, as "a social, political, and moral evil." The general feeling in favor of universal liberty and the rights of man, wrought into fervor in the progress of the Revolution, naturally strengthened the anti-slavery sentiment throughout the Union. *It is the South which has since changed, not the North.* The theory of a change in the Northern mind, growing out of a discovery made *soon after* 1789, that our soil and climate were unpropitious to Slavery (as if the soil and climate then were different from what they had always been), and a consequent sale to the South of the slaves of the North, is purely mythical, — as groundless in fact as it is absurd in statement. I have often asked for the evidence of this last allegation, and I have never found an individual who attempted even to prove it. But however this may be, the South at that time regarded Slavery as an evil, though a necessary one, and habitually spoke of it in that light. Its continued existence was supposed to depend on keeping up the African slave-trade; and South as well as North, Virginia as well as Massachusetts, passed laws to prohibit that traffic; they were, however, before the Revolution, vetoed by the Royal Governors. One of the first acts of the Continental Congress, unanimously subscribed by its members, was an agreement neither to import nor purchase any slave imported after the 1st of December, 1774. In the Declaration of Independence, as originally drafted by Mr. Jefferson, both Slavery and the slave-trade were denounced in the most uncompromising language. In 1777 the traffic was forbidden in Virginia, by State law, no longer subject to the veto of Royal Governors. In 1784, an ordinance was reported by Mr. Jefferson to the old Congress, providing that after 1800 there should be no Slavery in any Territory, ceded or to be ceded to the United States. The ordinance failed at that time to be enacted, but the same prohibition formed a part by general consent of the ordinance of 1787, for the organization of the Northwestern Territory. In his Notes on Virginia, published in that year, Mr. Jefferson depicted the evils of Slavery in terms of fearful import. In the same year the Constitution was framed. It recognized the existence of Slavery, but the word was carefully excluded from the instrument, and Congress was authorized to abolish the traffic in twenty years. In 1796, Mr. St. George Tucker, law professor in William and Mary College in Virginia, published a treatise entitled "A Dissertation on Slavery, with a Proposal for the gradual Abolition of it in the State of Virginia." In the preface to the essay, he speaks of the "abolition of Slavery in this State as an object of the first importance, not only to our moral character and domestic peace, but even to our political salvation." In 1797, Mr. Pinkney, in the Legislature of Maryland, maintained that, "by the eternal principles of justice, no man in the State has the right to hold his slave a single hour." In 1803, Mr. John Randolph, from a committee on the subject, reported that the prohibition of Slavery by the ordinance of 1787 was "a measure wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the Northwestern States, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier." Under Mr. Jefferson, the importation of slaves into the Territories of Mississippi and Louisiana was prohibited in advance of the time limited by the Constitution for the interdiction of the slave-trade. When the Missouri restriction was enacted, all the members of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet —Mr. Crawford of Georgia, Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina, and Mr. Wirt of Virginia — concurred with Mr. Monroe in affirming its constitutionality. In 1832, after the Southampton massacre, the evils of Slavery were exposed in the Legislature of Virginia, and the expediency of its gradual abolition maintained, in terms as decided as were ever employed by the most uncompromising agitator. A bill for that object was introduced into the Assembly by the grandson of Mr. Jefferson, and warmly supported by distinguished politicians now on the stage. Nay, we have the recent admission of the Vice-President of the seceding Confederacy, that what he calls "the errors of the past generation," meaning the anti-slavery sentiments entertained by Southern statesmen, "still clung to many as late as *twenty years* ago."

To this hasty review of Southern opinions and measures, showing their accordance till a late date with Northern sentiment on the subject of Slavery, I might add the testimony of Washington, of Patrick Henry, of George Mason, of Wythe, of Pendleton, of Marshall, of Lowndes, of Poinsett, of Clay, and of nearly every first-class name in the Southern States. Nay, as late as 1849, and after the Union had been shaken by the agitations incident to the acquisition of Mexican territory, the Convention of California, although nearly one half of its members were from the slaveholding States, *unanimously* adopted a Constitution, by which slavery was prohibited in that State. In fact, it is now triumphantly proclaimed by the chiefs of the revolt, that the ideas prevailing on this subject when the Constitution was adopted were fundamentally wrong; that the new Government of the Confederate States "rests upon exactly the opposite ideas; that its foundations are laid and its corner-stone reposes upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that Slavery — subordination to the superior race — is his natural and normal condition. This our new Government is the first in the history of the world based upon this physical, philosophical, and moral truth." So little foundation is there for the statement, that the North, from the first, has been engaged in a struggle with the South on the subject of Slavery, or has departed in any degree from the spirit with which the Union was entered into by both parties. The fact is precisely the reverse.

Mr. Davis, in his message to the Confederate States, goes over a long list of measures, which he declares to have been inaugurated, and gradually extended, as soon as the Northern States had reached a sufficient number to give their representatives a controlling voice in Congress. But of all these measures, not one is a matter of Congressional legislation, nor has Congress, with this alleged controlling voice on the part of the North, ever either passed a law hostile to the interests of the South, on the subject of Slavery, nor failed to pass one which the South has claimed as belonging to her rights or needed for her safety. In truth, the North, meaning thereby the anti-slavery North, never has had the control of both Houses of Congress, never of the Judiciary, rarely of the Executive, and never exerted there to the prejudice of Southern rights. Every judicial or legislative issue on this question, with the single exception of the final admission of Kansas, that has ever been raised before Congress, has been decided in favor of the South; and yet she allows herself to allege "a persistent and organized system of hostile measures against the rights of the owners of slaves," as the justification of her rebellion.

The hostile measures alluded to are, as I have said, none of them matters of Congressional legislation. Some of them are purely imaginary as to any injurious effect, others much exaggerated, others unavoidably incident to freedom of speech and the press. You are aware, my friends, that I have always disapproved the agitation of the subject of Slavery for party purposes, or with a view to infringe upon the constitutional rights of the South. But if the North has given cause of complaint in this respect, the fault has been equally committed by the South. The subject has been fully as much abused there as here for party purposes; and if the North has ever made it the means of gaining a sectional triumph, she has but done what the South, for the last twenty-five years, has never missed an occasion of doing. With respect to everything substantial in the complaints of the South against the North, Congress and the States have afforded or tendered all reasonable, all possible satisfaction. She asked for a more stringent fugitive slave law in 1850, and it was enacted. She complained of the Missouri Compromise, although adopted in conformity with all the traditions of the Government, and approved by the most judicious Southern statesmen; and after thirty-four years' acquiescence on the part of the people, Congress repealed it. She wished for a judicial decision of the territorial question in her favor, and the Supreme Court of the United States, in contravention of the whole current of our legislation, so decided it. She insisted on carrying this decision into effect, and three new Territories, at the very last session of Congress, were organized in conformity to it, as Utah and New Mexico had been before it was rendered. She demanded a guarantee against amendments of the Constitution adverse to her interests, and it was given by the requisite majority of the two Houses. She required the repeal of the State laws obstructing the surrender of fugitive slaves, and although she had taken the extreme remedy of revolt into her hands, they were repealed or modified. Nothing satisfied her, because there was an active party in the cotton-growing States, led by ambitious men determined on disunion, who were resolved not to be satisfied. In one instance alone the South has suffered defeat. The North, for the first time since the foundation of the Government, has chosen a President by her unaided electoral vote; and that is the occasion of the present unnatural war. (Loud cheering.) I cannot appropriate to myself any portion of those cheers, for, as you know, I did not contribute, by my vote, to that result; but I did enlist under the Banner of "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." Under that Banner I mean to stand, and with it, if it is struck down, I am willing to fall. Even for this result the South has no one to blame but herself. Her disunionists would give their votes for no candidate but the one selected by leaders who avowed the purpose of effecting a revolution of the cotton States, and who brought about a schism in the Democratic party directly calculated, probably designed, to produce the event which actually took place, with all its dread consequences.

I trust I have shown the flagrant injustice of this whole attempt to fasten upon the North the charge of wielding the powers of the Federal Government to the prejudice of the South. But there is one great fact connected with this subject, seldom prominently brought forward, which ought forever to close the lips of the South, in this warfare of sectional reproach. Under the old Confederation, the Congress consisted of but one House, and each State, large and small, had but a single vote, and consequently an equal share in the Government, if Government it could be called, of the Union. This manifest injustice was barely tolerable in a state of war, when the imminence of the public danger tended to produce unanimity of feeling and action. When the country was relieved from the pressure of the war, and discordant interests more and more disclosed themselves, the equality of the States became a positive element of discontent, and contributed its full share to the downfall of that short-lived and ill-compacted frame of Government.

Accordingly, when the Constitution of the United States was formed, the great object and the main difficulty was to reconcile the equality of the States (which gave to Rhode Island and Delaware equal weight with Virginia and Massachusetts), with a proportionate representation of the people. Each of these principles was of vital importance; the first being demanded by the small States, as due to their equal independence, and the last being demanded by the large States, in virtue of the fact that the Constitution was the work and the Government of the people, and in conformity with the great law in which the Revolution had its origin, that representation and taxation should go hand in hand.

The problem was solved, in the Federal Convention, by a system of extremely refined arrangements, of which the chief was that there should be two Houses of Congress, that each State should have an equal representation in the Senate (voting, however, not by States, but *per capita*), and a number of representatives in the House in proportion to its population. But here a formidable difficulty presented itself, growing out of the anomalous character of the population of the slaveholding States, consisting, as it did, of a dominant and a subject class, the latter excluded by local law from the enjoyment of all political rights, and regarded simply as property. In this state of things, was it just or equitable that the slaveholding States, in addition to the number of representatives to which their free population entitled them, should have a further share in the government of the country, on account of the slaves held as property by a small portion of the ruling class? While property of every kind in the non-slaveholding States was unrepresented, was it just that this species of property, forming a large proportion of the entire property of the South, should be allowed to swell the representation of the slaveholding States?

This serious difficulty was finally disposed of, in a manner mutually satisfactory, by providing that Representatives and Direct Taxes should be apportioned among the States on the same basis of population, ascertained by adding to the whole number of free persons three fifths of the slaves. It was expected at this time that the Federal Treasury would be mainly supplied by direct taxation. While, therefore, the rule adopted gave to the South a number of representatives out of proportion to the number of her citizens, she would be restrained from exercising this power to the prejudice of the North, by the fact that any increase of the public burdens would fall in the same increased proportion on herself. For the additional weight which the South gained in the presidential election, by this adjustment, the North received no compensation.

But now mark the practical operation of the compromise. Direct taxation, instead of being the chief resource of the Treasury, has been resorted to but four times since the foundation of the Government, and then for small amounts; in 1798 two millions of dollars, in 1813 three millions, in 1815 six millions, in 1816 three millions again, in all fourteen millions, the sum total raised by direct taxation in seventy-two years, less than an average of 200,000 dollars a year. What number of representatives, beyond the proportion of their free population, the South has elected in former Congresses I have not computed. In the last Congress she was represented by twenty members, in behalf of her slaves, being nearly one eleventh part of the entire House. As the increasing ratio of the two classes of population has not greatly varied, it is probable that the South, in virtue of her slaves, has always enjoyed about the same proportionate representation in the House, in excess of that accruing from her free population. As it has already happened in our political divisions that important measures have been carried by large majorities, this excess has been quite sufficient to assure the South a majority on all sectional questions. It enabled her to elect her candidate for the Presidency in 1800, and thus effect the great political revolution of that year, and is sufficient of itself to account for that approach to a monopoly of the Government which she has ever enjoyed.

Now, though the consideration for which the North agreed to this arrangement may be said to have wholly failed, it has nevertheless been quietly acquiesced in. I do not mean that in times of high party excitement it has never been alluded to as a hardship. The Hartford Convention spoke of it as a grievance which ought to be remedied; but even since our political controversies have turned almost wholly on the subject of slavery, I am not aware that this entire failure of the equivalent, for which the North gave up to the South what has secured to her, in fact, the almost exclusive control of the Government of the country, has been a frequent or a prominent subject of complaint.

So much for the pursuit by the North of measures hostile to the interests of the South; so much for the grievances urged by the South as her justification for bringing upon the country the crimes and sufferings of civil war, and aiming at the prostration of a Government admitted by herself to be the most perfect the world has seen, and under which all her own interests have been eminently protected and favored; for to complete the demonstration of the unreasonableness of her complaints, it is necessary only to add, that, by the admission of her leading public men, there never was a time when her "peculiar institution" was so stable and prosperous as at the present moment.*

And now let us rise from these disregarded appeals to the truth of history and the wretched subtilties of the Secession School of Argument, and contemplate the great issue before us, in its solemn practical reality. "Why should we not," it is asked, "admit the claims of the seceding States, acknowledge their independence, and put an end at once to the war?" "Why should we not?" I answer the question by asking another. "Why should we?" What have we to gain, what to hope from the pursuit of that course? Peace? But we were at peace before. Why are we not at peace now? The North has not waged the war, it has been forced upon us in self-defence; and if, while they had the Constitution and the Laws, the Executive, Congress, and the Courts, all controlled by themselves, the South, dissatisfied with legal protections and constitutional remedies, has grasped the sword, can North and South hope to live in peace, when the bonds of the Union are broken and amicable means of adjustment are repudiated? Peace is the very last thing which Secession, if recognized, will give; it will give us nothing but a hollow truce, — time to prepare the means of new outrages. It is in its very nature a perpetual cause of hostility; an eternal never-cancelled letter of marque and reprisal, an everlasting proclamation of border-war. How can peace exist, when all the causes of dissension shall be indefinitely multiplied; when unequal revenue laws shall have led to a gigantic system of smuggling; when a general *stampede* of slaves shall take place along the border, with no thought of rendition, and all the thousand causes of mutual irritation shall be called into action, on a frontier of 1,500 miles not marked by natural boundaries and not subject to a common jurisdiction or a mediating power? We did believe in peace, fondly, credulously, believed that, cemented by the mild umpirage of the Federal Union, it might dwell forever beneath the folds of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the sacred shield of a common Nationality. That was the great *arcanum* of policy; that was the State mystery into which men and angels desired to look; hidden from ages, but revealed to us: —

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* See Appendix D.

"Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And sought but never found":

a family of States independent of each other for local concerns, united under one Government for the management of common interests, and the prevention of internal feuds. There was no limit to the possible extension of such a system. It had already comprehended half of North America, and it might, in the course of time, have folded the continent in its peaceful, beneficent embrace. We fondly dreamed that, in the lapse of ages, it would have been extended till half the Western hemisphere had realized the vision of universal, perpetual peace. From that dream we have been rudely startled by the array of ten thousand armed men in Charleston Harbor, and the glare of eleven batteries bursting on the torn sky of the Union, like the comet which, at this very moment, burns "In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." These batteries rained their storm of iron hail on one poor siege-worn company, because, in obedience to lawful authority, in the performance of sworn duty, the gallant Anderson resolved to keep his oath. That brave and faithful band, by remaining at their post, did not hurt a hair of the head of a Carolinian, bond or free. The United States proposed, not to reinforce, but to feed them. But the Confederate leaders would not allow them even the poor boon of being starved into surrender; and because *some* laws had been passed *somewhere*, by which it was alleged that the return of *some* slaves (not one from Carolina) had been or might be obstructed, South Carolina, disclaiming the protection of courts and of Congress, which had never been withheld from her, has inaugurated a ruthless civil war. If, for the frivolous reasons assigned, the seceding States have chosen to plunge into this gulf, while all the peaceful temperaments and constitutional remedies of the Union were within their reach, and offers of further compromise and additional guaranties were daily tendered them, what hope, what possibility of peace can there be, when the Union is broken up, when, in addition to all other sources of deadly quarrel, a general *exodus* of the slave population begins (as, beyond all question, it will), and nothing but war remains for the settlement of controversies? The Vice-President of the new confederacy states that it rests on slavery; but from its very nature it must rest equally on war; eternal war, first between

North and South, and then between the smaller fragments into which some of the disintegrated parts may crumble. The work of demons has already begun. Besides the hosts mustered for the capture or destruction of Washington, Eastern Virginia has let loose the dogs of war on the loyal citizens of Western Virginia; they are straining at the leash in Maryland and Kentucky; Tennessee threatens to set a price on the head of her noble Johnson and his friends; a civil war rages in Missouri. Why, in the name of Heaven, has not Western Virginia, separated from Eastern Virginia by mountain ridges, by climate, by the course of her rivers, by the character of her population, and the nature of her industry, why has she not as good a right to stay in the Union which she inherited from her Washington, as Eastern Virginia has to abandon it for the mushroom Confederacy forced upon her from Montgomery? Are no rights sacred but those of rebellion; no oaths binding but those taken by men already foresworn; are liberty of thought, and speech, and action nowhere to be tolerated except on the part of those by whom laws are trampled under foot, arsenals and mints plundered, government warred against, and where their patriotic defenders are assailed by ferocious and murderous mobs?

Then consider the monstrous nature and reach of the pretensions in which we are expected to acquiesce; which are nothing less than that the United States should allow a Foreign Power, by surprise, treachery, and violence, to possess itself of one half of their territory and all the public property and public establishments contained in it; for if the Southern Confederacy is recognized, it becomes a Foreign Power, established along a curiously dove-tailed frontier of 1,500 miles, commanding some of the most important commercial and military positions and lines of communication for travel and trade; half the sea-coast of the Union; the navigation of our Mediterranean Sea (the Gulf of Mexico, one third as large as the Mediterranean of Europe), and, above all, the great arterial inlet into the heart of the Continent, through which its very life-blood pours its imperial tides. I say we are coolly summoned to surrender all this to a Foreign Power. Would we surrender it to England, to France, to Spain? Not an inch of it; why, then, to the Southern Confederacy? Would any other government on earth, unless compelled by the direst necessity, make such a surrender? Does not France keep an army of 100,000 men in Algeria to prevent a few wandering tribes of Arabs, a recent conquest, from asserting their independence? Did not England strain her resources to the utmost tension to prevent the native kingdoms of Central India (civilized states two thousand years ago, and while painted chieftains ruled the savage clans of ancient Britain) from re-establishing their sovereignty; and shall we be expected, without a struggle, to abandon a great integral part of the United States to a Foreign Power?

Let it be remembered, too, that in granting to the seceding States, jointly and severally, the right to leave the Union, we concede to them the right of resuming, if they please, their former allegiance to England, France, and Spain. It rests with them, with any one of them, if the right of secession is admitted, again to plant a European Government side by side with that of the United States on the soil of America; and it is by no means the most improbable upshot of this ill-starred rebellion, if allowed to prosper. Is this the Monroe doctrine for which the United States have been contending? The disunion press in Virginia last year openly encouraged the idea of a French Protectorate, and her Legislature has, I believe, sold out the James River Canal, the darling enterprise of Washington, to a company in France supposed to enjoy the countenance of the Emperor. The seceding patriots of South Carolina were understood by the correspondent of the London "Times" to admit that they would rather be subject to a British prince than to the Government of the United States. Whether they desire it or not, the moment the seceders lose the protection of the United States, they hold their independence at the mercy of the powerful governments of Europe. If the navy of the North should withdraw its protection, there is not a Southern State on the Atlantic or the Gulf which might not be re-colonized by Europe, in six months after the outbreak of a foreign war.

Then look at the case for a moment in reference to the cost of the acquisitions of territory made on this side of the continent within the present century, — Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and the entire coast of Alabama and Mississippi; vast regions acquired from France, Spain, and Mexico, within sixty years. Louisiana cost $ 15,000,000 when our population was 5,000,000, representing of course a burden of $ 90,000,000 at the present day. Florida cost $ 5,000,000 in 1820, when our population was less than 10,000,000, equal to $ 15,000,000 at the present day, besides the expenses of General Jackson's war in 1818, and the Florida war of 1840, in which some $ 80,000,000 were thrown away, for the purpose of driving out a handful of starving Seminoles from the Everglades. Texas cost $ 200,000,000 expended in the Mexican war, in addition to the lives of thousands of brave men; besides $ 10,000,000 paid to her in 1850, for ceding a tract of land which was not hers to New Mexico. A great part of the expense of the military establishment of the United States has been incurred in defending the Southwestern frontier. The troops meanly surprised and betrayed in Texas were sent there to protect her defenceless border settlements from the tomahawk and scalping-knife. If to all this expenditure we add that of the forts, the navy-yards, the court-houses, the custom-houses, and the other public buildings in these regions, 500,000,000 dollars of the public funds, of which at least five sixths have been levied by indirect taxation from the North and Northwest, have been expended in and for the Gulf States in this century. Would England, would France, would any government on the face of the earth surrender, without a death-struggle, such a dear-bought territory?

But of this I make no account; the dollars are spent; let *them* go. But look at the subject for a moment in its relations to the safety, to the prosperity, and the growth of the country. The Missouri and the Mississippi Rivers, with their hundred tributaries, give to the great central basin of our continent its character and destiny. The outlet of this mighty system lies between the States of Tennessee and Missouri, of Mississippi and Arkansas, and through the State of Louisiana. The ancient province so called, the proudest monument of the mighty monarch whose name it bears, passed from the jurisdiction of France to that of Spain in 1763. Spain coveted it, not that she might fill it with prosperous colonies and rising States, but that it might stretch as a broad waste barrier, infested with warlike tribes, between the Anglo-American power and the silver-mines of Mexico. With the independence of the United States the fear of a still more dangerous neighbor grew upon Spain, and in the insane expectation of checking the progress of the Union westward, she threatened, and at times attempted, to close the mouth of the Mississippi, on the rapidly increasing trade of the West. The bare suggestion of such a policy roused the population upon the banks of the Ohio, then inconsiderable, as one man. Their confidence in Washington scarcely restrained them from rushing to the seizure of New Orleans, when the treaty of San Lorenzo el Real in 1795 stipulated for them a precarious right of navigating the noble river to the sea, with a right of deposit at New Orleans. This subject was for years the turning-point of the politics of the West, and it was perfectly well understood, that, sooner or later, she would be content with nothing less than the sovereign control of the mighty stream from its head spring to its outlet in the Gulf; *and that is as true now as it was then.*

So stood affairs at the close of the last century, when the colossal power of the first Napoleon burst upon the world. In the vast recesses of his Titanic ambition, he cherished as a leading object of his policy, to acquire for France a colonial empire which should balance that of England. In pursuit of this policy, he fixed his eye on the ancient regal colony which Louis XIV. had founded in the heart of North America, and he tempted Spain by the paltry bribe of creating a kingdom of Etruria for a Bourbon prince, to give back to France the then boundless waste of the territory of Louisiana. The cession was made by the secret treaty of San

Ildefonso of the 1st of October, 1800 (of which one sentence only has ever been published, but that sentence gave away half a continent), and the youthful conqueror concentrated all the resources of his mighty genius on the accomplishment of the vast project. If successful, it would have established the French power on the mouth and on the right bank of the Mississippi, and would have opposed the most formidable barrier to the expansion of the United States. The peace of Amiens, at this juncture, relieved Napoleon from the pressure of the war with England, and everything seemed propitious to the success of the great enterprise. The fate of America trembled for a moment in a doubtful balance, and five hundred thousand citizens in that region felt the danger, and sounded the alarm.*

But in another moment the aspect of affairs was changed, by a stroke of policy, grand, unexpected, and fruitful of consequences, perhaps without a parallel in history. The short-lived truce of Amiens was about to end, the renewal of war was inevitable. Napoleon saw that before he could take possession of Louisiana it would be wrested from him by England, who commanded the seas, and he determined at once, not merely to deprive her of this magnificent conquest, but to contribute as far as in him lay to build up a great rival maritime power in the West. The Government of the United States, not less sagacious, seized the golden moment, — a moment such as does not happen twice in a thousand years. Mr. Jefferson perceived that, unless acquired by the United States, Louisiana would in a short time belong to France or to England, and with equal wisdom and courage he determined that it should belong to neither. True, he held the acquisition to be unconstitutional, but he threw to the winds the resolutions of 1798, which had just brought him into power; he broke the Constitution and he gained an Empire. Mr Monroe was sent to France to conduct the negotiation, in conjunction with Chancellor Livingston, the resident Minister, contemplating, however, at that time only the acquisition of New Orleans and the adjacent territory.

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* Speech of Mr. Ross in the Senate of the United States, 14th February, 1803.

But they were dealing with a man that did nothing by halves. Napoleon knew, *and we know*, that to give up the mouth of the river was to give up its course. On Easter Sunday of 1803 he amazed his Council with the announcement, that he had determined to cede the whole of Louisiana to the United States. Not less to the astonishment of the American envoys, they were told by the French negotiators, at the first interview, that their master was prepared to treat with them, not merely for the Isle of New Orleans, but for the whole vast province which bore the name of Louisiana; whose boundaries, then unsettled, have since been carried on the north to the British line, on the west to the Pacific Ocean; a territory half as big as Europe, transferred by a stroke of the pen. Fifty-eight years have elapsed since the acquisition was made. The States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas, the Territories of Nebraska, Dacotah, Jefferson, and part of Colorado, have been established within its limits, on this side of the Rocky Mountains; the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington on their western slope; while a tide of population is steadily pouring into the region, destined in addition to the natural increase, before the close of the century, to double the number of the States and Territories. For the entire region west of the Alleghanies and east of the Rocky Mountains the Missouri and the Mississippi form the natural outlet to the sea. Without counting the population of the seceding States, there are ten millions of the free citizens of the country, between Pittsburg and Fort Union, who claim the course and the mouth of the Mississippi as belonging to the United States. It is theirs by a transfer of truly imperial origin and magnitude; theirs by a sixty years' undisputed title; theirs by occupation and settlement; theirs by the Law of Nature and of God. Louisiana, a fragment of this Colonial empire, detached from its main portion and first organized as a State, undertakes to secede from the Union, and thinks by so doing that she will be allowed by the Government and People of the United States to revoke this imperial transfer, to disregard this possession and occupation of sixty years, to repeal this law of nature and of God; and she fondly believes that ten millions of the Free People of the Union will allow her and her seceding brethren to open and shut the portals of this mighty region at their pleasure. They may do so, and the swarming millions which throng the course of these noble streams and their tributaries may consent to exchange the charter which they hold from the God of Heaven for a bit of parchment signed at Montgomery or Richmond; but, if I may repeat the words which I have lately used on another occasion, it will be when the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, which form the eastern and western walls of the imperial valley, shall sink to the level of the sea, and the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow back to their fountains.

Such, Fellow-citizens, as I contemplate them, are the great issues before the country, nothing less, in a word, than whether the work of our noble Fathers of the Revolutionary and Constitutional age shall perish or endure; whether this great experiment in National polity, which binds a family of free Republics in one United Government, — the most hopeful plan for combining the home-bred blessings of a small State with the stability and power of great empire, — shall be treacherously and shamefully stricken down, in the moment of its most successful operation, or whether it shall be bravely, patriotically, triumphantly maintained. We wage no war of conquest and subjugation; we aim at nothing but to protect our loyal fellow-citizens, who, against fearful odds, are fighting the battles of the Union in the disaffected States, and to re-establish, not for ourselves alone, but for our deluded fellow-citizens, the mild sway of the Constitution and the Laws. The result cannot be doubted. Twenty millions of freemen, forgetting their divisions, are rallying as one man in support of the righteous cause, — their willing hearts and their strong hands, their fortunes and their lives, are laid upon the altar of the country. We contend for the great inheritance of constitutional freedom transmitted from our Revolutionary fathers. We engage in the struggle forced upon us, with sorrow, as against our misguided brethren, but with high heart and faith, as we war for that Union which our sainted Washington commended to our dearest affections. The sympathy of the civilized world is on our side, and will join us in prayers to Heaven for the success of our arms.

APPENDIX A, p. 351.

After the remarks in the foregoing address, p. 351, were written, touching the impossibility, at the present day, of *repealing* the instrument by which, in 1788, South Carolina gave her consent and ratification to the Constitution of the United States, I sought the opinion on that point of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the learned and accurate historian of the Constitution. It afforded me great pleasure to find, from the following letter, that my view of the subject is sustained by his high authority: —

Jamaica Plains, Saturday Evening, June 8, 1861.

My dear Sir: — Since I came home I have looked carefully at the ratification of the Constitution by South Carolina. The formal instrument, sent to Congress, seems to be much more in the nature of a Deed or Grant than of an *Ordinance*. An Ordinance would seem to be an instrument adopted by a public body for the regulation of a subject that, in its nature, remains under the regulation of that body; — to operate until otherwise ordered. A Deed or Grant, on the other hand, operates to pass some things; and, unless there be a reservation of some control over the subject-matter by the Grantor, his cession is necessarily irrevocable. I can perceive no reason why these distinctions are not applicable to the cession of political powers by a People, or their duly authorized representatives. The question submitted to the People of South Carolina by the Congress was, Whether they would cede the powers of government embraced in an instrument sent to them, and called the Constitution of the United States. In other words, they were asked to make a Grant of those Powers. When, therefore, the duly authorized Delegates of the People of South Carolina executed an instrument under seal, declaring that they, "in the name and behalf" of that people, "assent to ratify the said Constitution," I can perceive no propriety in calling this Deed an *Ordinance*. If they had adopted an instrument entitled, "An Act [or Ordinance] for the government of the People of South Carolina," and had gone on, in the body of the instrument, to declare that the Powers embraced in the Constitution of the United States should be exercised by the agents therein provided, until otherwise ordered, there would have been something left for a repeal to operate upon. But nothing like this was done, and everybody knows that such a ratification could not have been accepted.

There are those, as you are well aware, who pretend that the most absolute and unrestricted terms of cession, which would carry any other subject entirely out of the grantor, do not so operate when the subject of the grant is political sovereignty. But a political school which maintains that a deed is to be construed in one way when it purports to convey one description of right, such as political sovereignty, and in another way when it purports to convey a right of another kind, such as property, would hold a very weak brief in any tribunal of jurisprudence if the question could be brought to that arbitrament. The American people have been very much accustomed to treat political grants, made by the sovereign power without reservation, as irrevocable conveyances and executed contracts; and although they hold to the right of revolution, they have not yet found out how a deed, absolute on its face, is to be treated, in point of law, as a repealable instrument, because it deals with political rights and duties. If any court in South Carolina were now to have the question come before it, whether the laws of the United States are still binding upon their citizens, I think they would have to put their denial upon the naked doctrine of *revolution;* and that they could not hold that, as matter of law and regular political action, their ratification deed of 23d May, 1788, is "repealed" by their late ordinance.

Most truly and respectfully yours,

GEO. T. CURTIS.

MR. EVERETT.

APPENDIX B, p. 373.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON TO MR. EVERETT.

BALTIMORE, 24th June, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. EVERETT:—I have your note of the 18th, and cheerfully authorize you to use my name as you suggest.

The letter I read in the speech which I made in Frederick should be conclusive evidence that, at its date, Mr. Calhoun denied the right of secession, as a constitutional right, either express or implied.

But, in addition to this, I had frequent opportunities of knowing that this was his opinion. It was my good fortune to be a member of the Senate of the United States, whilst he was one of its greatest ornaments, for four years, from 1845, until I became a member of General Taylor's administration, and during two sessions (I think 1846 and 1847) I lived in the same house with him. He did me the honor to give me much of his confidence, and frequently his nullification doctrine was the subject of conversation. Time and time again have I heard him, and with ever-increased surprise at his wonderful acuteness, defend it on constitutional grounds, and distinguish it, *in that respect*, from the doctrine of Secession. This last he never, with me, placed on any other ground than that of revolution. This, he said, was to destroy the Government; and no Constitution, the work of sane men, ever provided *for its own destruction.* The other was to preserve it, was, practically, but to amend it, and in a constitutional mode. As you know, and he was ever told, I never took that view. I could see no more constitutional warrant for this than for the other, which, I repeat, he ever, in all our interviews, repudiated as wholly indefensible as a constitutional remedy. His mind, with all its wonderful power, was so ingenious that it often led him into error, and at times to such an extent as to be guilty of the most palpable inconsistencies. His views of the tariff and internal improvement powers of the government are instances. His first opinions upon both were decided, and almost ultra. His earliest reputation was won as their advocate, and yet four years before his death he denounced both, with constant zeal and with rare power, and, whilst doing so, boldly asserted his uniform consistency. It is no marvel, therefore, with those who have observed his career and studied his character, to hear it stated now that he was the advocate of constitutional secession.

It may be so, and perhaps is so; but this in no way supports the doctrine, as far as it is rested on his authority. His first views were well considered and formed, without the influence of extraneous circumstances, of which he seemed to me to be often the victim. Pure in private life and in motives, ever, as I believe and have always believed, patriotic, he was induced, seemingly without knowing it, in his later life, to surrender to section what was intended for the whole, his great powers of analysis and his extraordinary talent for public service. If such a heresy, therefore, as constitutional secession could rest on any individual name, if any mere human authority could support such an absurd and destructive folly, it cannot be said to rest on that of Mr. Calhoun.

With sincere regard, your friend,

REVERDY JOHNSON.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, BOSTON.

APPENDIX C, p. 387.

THE number of fugitive slaves from all the States, as I learn from Mr. J. C. G. Kennedy, the intelligent superintendent of the Census Bureau, was, in the year 1850, 1,011, being about one to every 3,165, the entire number of slaves at that time being 3,200,364, a ratio of rather more than $\frac{1}{30}$ of one per cent. This very small ratio was diminished in 1860. By the last census the whole number of slaves in the United States was 3,949,557, and the number of escaping fugitives was 803, being a trifle over $\frac{1}{50}$ of one per cent. Of these it is probable that much the greater part escaped to the places of refuge in the South alluded to in the text. At all events, it is well known that escaping slaves, reclaimed in the free States, have, in almost every instance, been restored.

There is usually some difficulty in reclaiming fugitives of any description who have escaped to another jurisdiction. In most of the cases of fugitives from justice which came under my cognizance as United States Minister in London, every conceivable difficulty was thrown in my way, and sometimes with success, by the counsel for the parties whose extradition was demanded under the Webster-Ashburton treaty. The French ambassador told me that he had made thirteen unsuccessful attempts to procure the surrender of fugitives from justice, under the extradition treaty between the two governments. The difficulty generally grew out of the difference of the jurisprudence of the two countries, in the definition of crimes, rules of evidence, and mode of procedure.

The number of blacks living in Upper Canada, and assumed to be all from the United States, is sometimes stated as high as forty thousand, and is constantly referred to, at the South, as showing the great number of fugitives. But it must be remembered, that the manumissions far exceed in number the escaping fugitives. I learn from Mr. Kennedy, that while, in 1860, the number of fugitives was but 803, that of manumissions was 3,010. As the manumitted slaves are compelled to leave the States where they are set free, and a small portion only emigrate to Liberia, at least nine tenths of this number are scattered through the Northern States and Canada. In the decade from 1850 to 1860, it is estimated that 20,000 slaves were manumitted, of whom three fourths probably joined their brethren in Canada. This supply alone, with the natural increase on the old stock and the new-comers, will account for the entire population of the province.

A very able and instructive discussion of the statistics of this subject will be found in the Boston Courier of the 9th of July. It is there demonstrated that the assertion that the Northern States got rid of their slaves by selling them to the South is utterly unsupported by the official returns of the census.

APPENDIX D, p. 396.

In his message to the Confederate Congress of the 29th April last, Mr. Jefferson Davis presents a most glowing account of the prosperity of the peculiar institution of the South. He states, indeed, that it was "imperilled" by Northern agitation, but he does not affirm (and the contrary, as far as I have observed, is strenuously maintained at the South) that its progress has been checked or its stability in the slightest degree shaken.

I think I have seen statements by Mr. Senator Hunter, of Virginia, that the institution of slavery has been benefited, and its interests promoted, since the systematic agitation of the subject began; but I am unable to lay my hand on the speech in which, if I recollect rightly, this view was taken by the distinguished senator.

I find the following extracts from the speeches of two distinguished

Southern senators, in The Union, a spirited paper published at St. Cloud, Minnesota.

It was often said at the North, and admitted by candid statesmen at the South, that anti-slavery agitation strengthened rather than weakened slavery. Here are the admissions of Senator Hammond on this point, in a speech which he delivered in South Carolina, October 24, 1858: —

> "And what then (1833) was the state of opinion in the South? Washington had emancipated his slaves. Jefferson had bitterly denounced the system, and had done all that he could to destroy it. Our Clays, Marshalls, Crawfords, and many other prominent Southern men, led off in the colonization scheme. The inevitable effect in the South was, that she believed slavery to be an evil, weakness, disgraceful, nay, a sin. She shrunk from the discussion of it. She cowered under every threat. She attempted to apologize, to excuse herself under the plea — which was true — that England had forced it upon her; and in fear and trembling she awaited a doom that she deemed inevitable. But a few bold spirits took the question up, — they compelled the South to investigate it anew and thoroughly, and what is the result? Why, it would be difficult to find now a Southern man who feels the system to be the lightest burden on his conscience; who does not, in fact, regard it as an equal advantage to the master and the slave, elevating both, as wealth, strength, and power, and as one of the main pillars and controlling influences of modern civilization, and who is not now prepared to maintain it at every hazard. *Such have been the happy results of this abolition discussion.*
>
> "So far *our gain has been immense* from this contest, savage and malignant as it has been."

And again he says: —

> "The rock of Gibraltar does not stand so firm on its basis as our slave system. For a quarter of a century it has borne the brunt of a hurricane as fierce and pitiless as ever raged. At the North and in Europe they cried, 'Havoc,' and let loose upon us all the dogs of war. And how stands it now? Why, in this very quarter of a century our slaves have doubled in numbers, and each slave has more than doubled in value. The very negro who, as a prime laborer, would have brought $400 in 1828 would now, with thirty more years upon him, sell for $800."

Equally strong admissions were made by A. H. Stephens, now Vice-President of the "Confederacy," in that carefully prepared speech which he delivered in Georgia, in July, 1859, on the occasion of retiring from public life. He then said: —

> "Nor am I of the number of those who believe that we have sustained any injury by these agitations. It is true we were not responsible for them. We were not the aggressors. We acted on the defensive. We repelled assault, calumny, and aspersion by argument, by reason, and truth. But so

far from the institution of African slavery in our section being weakened or rendered less secure by the discussion, *my deliberate judgment is that it has been greatly strengthened and fortified*, — strengthened and fortified, not only in the opinions, convictions, and consciences of men, but by the action of the Government."

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."*

Burke remarks that "the march of the human mind is slow" in the discovery and application of great political truths. With respect to the all-important question, What is the best form of government? two truths only of the highest order have been discovered and applied before the American Revolution. Pope would suppress all further search in this direction by his magnificent epigram: —

> "For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best."

But this doctrine, absurd in itself, settles nothing. Besides placing the government of Turkey and that of England on the same footing, it leaves unanswered the only important question, What form of government is most likely to be best administered? Alexander the First of Russia understood this; when Madame de Staël flattered him that his character was the Constitution of his empire, he answered that if that was the case their welfare depended on an accident.

The two great truths referred to were, that small states admitted free governments, and that large empires required strong ones: understanding by free governments those which proceed directly *from* the governed, and are directly responsible *to* them; and by strong governments, those which rest only on the acquiescence of the people, which are upheld by military power, and which admitted no remedy for abuses but the moral influence of public opinion and the extreme right of revolution.

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* Respecting "E PLURIBUS UNUM," Mr. Everett writes to the publisher of the preceding address: "It was originally intended as a part of my oration; but finding that was running unduly to length, I determined to send it as an article to Mr. Bonner," for the "New York Ledger." It is here republished by the special permission of Mr. Bonner.

The ancient world did not get beyond these two principles. The first was applied for short periods in Greece and Rome; but all the rest of the world, as far as we know from the beginning, and the two states just named, after brief and unsuccessful experiments of free institutions, settled down upon the assumption that the Nations of the Earth, in the long run, could be ruled by nothing but the strong arm of power. It has sometimes seemed that you might say of all Peoples what one of the ministers of Louis Phillipe said, after his downfall, of his own country, — that there are two kinds of government which the people of France will not submit to, namely, a Republic and a Monarchy. The dangerous maladies of states sometimes spring, not from this or that alleged abuse, but from the ambitions, the passions, and the corruptions of the leaders and the led, which make *any* government impossible.

The two principles to which I have alluded had each its great attending evil, that rendered some further progress in the Science of Government necessary for the happiness of mankind. The welfare of small states under republican governments, wholly administered by the people or very directly responsible to them, is apt to be constantly disturbed by gusts of popular passion. For the want of that time for reflection, — that pause between the different stages of administration, which obtains in a system that spreads over a great space and large populations, — the most momentous measures may be decided by the caprice of a popular assembly at a single session. All the social institutions and interests tremble for want of stability, and property and life become so precarious as to be almost worthless.

Then, if the state is very small, the policy will be small, the standard of political character low, and everything be planned and executed on a petty municipal scale. If a great character, Heaven inspired, springs up, his first impulse will necessarily be to stretch beyond the limits of the tribe, and by peaceful alliance or the conquering sword, possess himself of a broader and a nobler field of action. Moses leads forth his brethren from an Egyptian province to the conquest of Canaan. Pericles, from the citadel of Athens, struggles for the sovereignty of Greece. The chiefs of Republican Rome grasp at the dominion, first of the surrounding states of Italy, and then of the world.

Finally, if a small state stands alone in the vicinity of a powerful neighbor, it holds its existence on sufferance. If a group of small independent states are placed side by side in the same region, they are doomed to eternal wars with each other, and fall at last the victims one by one to the intrigues or arms of the nearest aggressive Power. There were more than a hundred Hanse towns in the Middle Ages, each an independent little republic, — Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck alone are left.

In this way the first form of government either sinks by its inherent weakness, and becomes a prey to its powerful neighbor, or grows up itself into an aggressive and conquering state, ruled of necessity by a strong hand.

The besetting evil of strong governments ruling over great empires is the necessarily uncompromising nature of Power. The rights and interests of individuals are crushed by the inflexible rule. Power is a divine force, but on earth it has got to be wielded by fallible, often by wicked men. The power which decides the fates of millions by a rescript has no time to study individual cases and examine particular localities. During the visit of the Emperor Nicholas to London in 1844, I was informed by a person in near attendance upon him that more than nine hundred letters came to his address from Russia in the three or four days of his visit. At home the daily number must be greater. How is it possible that one mind, with whatever subdivision of labor, can give heed to such a vast number of daily applications? The memoirs of Baron Menneval, the private secretary of Napoleon I., throw much light on this point; especially when we consider, that, in addition to the personal appeals made to himself, the great mass of the business of his empire must, of course, have been transacted with the civil and military chiefs and departments of all ranks and names.

However wisely or kindly such a government is administered, it is impossible that there should not be wholesale abuse, oppression, and corruption, especially in the remote dependencies and subject provinces, given up to subordinate tyrants of every name,— Satraps, Viceroys, Proconsuls, and military governors.

To escape the evils incident to the two kinds of government, political wisdom has been tasked to unite in some modified form the characteristic advantages of each, combining the power and stability of large empires with the benefits of responsible local administration peculiar to small free states. Various devices have been resorted to in order to effect this object,—municipal and national charters, councils of state, and especially parliaments and courts of justice; all intended in their appropriate ways to relieve the austerity of despotic power, to protect individual right, and reflect popular feeling and opinion. The governments of the leading Powers of Europe are specimens of the different ways in which this all-important problem has been solved. The great success which has attended the attempt made in England to combine a strong central hereditary power with a privileged class in one branch of the legislature, and a representative body directly responsible to the people in the other, has given a *prestige* to parliamentary government in the other European states; but it has almost wholly failed in most of the monarchies where it has been tried, and has not fully succeeded in any of them. But the march of the mind is slow; important changes in government have seldom succeeded in the world except when they have grown up from an historical germ.

There was, therefore, manifestly room for a further improvement,—some new mode of combining the benefits of freedom and power, the characteristic advantages of large and small states, the local administration of local interests with the strength and stability of imperial sway. The march of the human mind is slow, but it had reached a point where the want of such an improvement was urgently felt; where a noble stage for the experiment was provided, and auspicious circumstances concurred for its success.

A family of provincial settlements, within a little more than two centuries and a half, was established upon the Eastern shores of this Continent, under the auspices of the great powers of Europe, principally England. Mainly neglected by the parent states, they were trained in the discipline of local government, to a considerable degree responsible to the people. They opened no very tempting field to proconsular ambition, and offered no rich bribes to proconsular greed. Nearly homogeneous in origin, language, and the other great traits of Nationality; connected with each other as provinces subject to the same crown; driven by the exigencies of border war to act together for the common safety and defence; separated by the Atlantic and the wilderness from the rest of the world;—they grew up as one People; ripe, when the accepted time should arrive, to be constituted under one government. As separate Colonies they became familiar with all the resorts and appliances of an independent political organization, modelled mainly after the pattern of the parent country; while common interests and wants bound them together in kindly interdependence.

Thus the most hopeful preparation was made for the discovery of a new political Truth,—the establishment of a form of government, not new in its elements, but new in their adjustment and combination. If it succeeds, the great defect in all pre-existing governments is remedied, and the glowing visions of sages and patriots are fulfilled. A very remarkable passage from Montesquieu, quoted in the ninth number of the "Federalist," pointed directly to the establishment of a form of government of which all the materials, unknown to that celebrated writer, were existing on this Continent when the American Revolution broke out. In 1748, while half of North America was subject to France, and the other half to England, and the rise of a great new power in this quarter of the world was as little dreamed of as the emergence of a new continent from the depths of the ocean, the great French philosopher-statesman observed that "It is very probable that mankind would have been obliged at length to live constantly under the government of a single person, had they not contrived a kind of constitution, that has all the internal advantages of a republican, together with the external force of a monarchical government; I mean a confederate republic.

" This form of government is a convention, by which several smaller states agree to become members of a larger one, which they intend to form. It is a kind of assemblage of societies that constitutes a new one, capable of increasing by means of new associations, till they arrive at such a degree of power as to be able to provide for the security of the united body."

Montesquieu was closely studied by the statesmen of the Revolution, and it is somewhat amusing to witness the adroitness with which, in the address of the Continental Congress to the people of Quebec in 1774, he is quoted as "your countryman, the immortal Montesquieu." But Montesquieu had no better examples of modern confederacies than those of the Netherlands and Switzerland, and it is not wonderful that he did not more distinctly announce the conditions which were essential to the solution of the great problem.

It would be but an abridgment of the History of the Revolution to rehearse the successive steps by which the great consummation was effected. They can be but briefly hinted at. First, a spontaneous uprising and self-assertion of the citizens of the Colonies as one People, involved in a common peril, engaged in a common cause, and represented by delegates in a congress, which, without a constitution, written or unwritten, acts as a supreme government, and nominally with undisputed authority for peace and for war. Second, an organization of the local governments made on the advice of the Continental Congress, given at the request of the late Colonies, and brought about as nearly as possible by such changes in the provincial institutions as fitted them to meet the new state of affairs. Such was the first simple machinery of the new order of things; Congress without any express delegation of power acting for the whole; the State governments newly constituted, administering the local interests, and forming a medium of communication between the people and the Central Power.

An intermediary year of transition passes; the movement slowly takes the form of revolution; petitions for redress are laid without success at the foot of the throne; the blood of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill is shed, and at length the independence of the United States is declared. It is declared because when "it becomes necessary for ONE PEOPLE to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, ... a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes that impel them to the separation."

Thus the independence of the *United* States is declared, but no *act* of union exists, and the thoughts of the Fathers are immediately turned to its formation. In a solemn address to the people in the summer of 1775, assigning the causes of their resort to arms, the Congress asserts that "our Union is perfect"; but it was so in spirit, and by the irresistible force of circumstances, and not in virtue of any constitutional organization. This was delayed till the contest was nearly over. It is a popular error that the Articles of Confederation carried the country through the war. Those Articles were not finally adopted by all the Colonies till the spring of 1781, a few months before the war was virtually brought to a close by the surrender at Yorktown.

This was the next distinct step toward the accomplishment of the great ulterior object, but not wisely nor successfully taken. The ages that had gone before them furnished no practical guide; the sagacity of the theorist was at fault. The framers of the *Confederation* were misled by that respectable name, beyond which political philosophy had not travelled, and they forgot that a federal compact was not a united government. They accordingly made no provision for the action of the Central power on the individual citizen; and this defect was fatal. The powers nominally granted to Congress were adequate, but there was no executive to administer them, and no means of enforcing the obedience of the people. Accordingly, when the perils of war ceased to furnish a bond of Union, the Articles of Confederation failed entirely to accomplish that end. They had not carried the country through the war; nor could they carry it through the peace that followed.

One more effort, or rather a series of conspiring efforts, on the part of Congress, the States, and the People, and the great work is accomplished. The Federal Constitution is framed; and while the separate State Governments remain unimpaired, for all the purposes of purely local administration, the people embodied in the States are moulded into the people of the Union. Without ceasing to be a citizen of the individual State, every individual became a citizen of the United States. The new Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are declared to be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution and laws of the separate States to the contrary notwithstanding.

By this simple device, the great improvement in the science and practice of civil polity is effected. We have now a complex system of local and general government; providing for all the ends and exigencies of administration at home, and at the same time creating an efficient central power. I call the device simple, but description can hardly do justice to the combination of circumstances necessary to its origin, its successful application, and its convenient expansion with the lapse of time. The colonial training; the revolutionary struggle; the protecting ocean in front; the broad, unoccupied continent in the rear; the convulsions of Europe; the successive acquisition of vast territories, affording space for the rapid multiplication of States, and thus calling into action the utmost vigor of the principle vaguely pointed out by Montesquieu, of "increasing by means of new associations." Who could have predicted, that, in little more than a century from the time when those words were uttered, the Anglo-American Colonies, then less known to Montesquieu than the Iroquois and Hurons on their borders, would have constituted a United People, consisting of thirteen States, to which twenty-one new "associates" should be added, joining the great world-oceans, and stretching over the continent that separates them?

E Pluribus Unum, "one formed from many," such is the third great Truth which United America has added to political science; the new type of government, reconciling the strength of a great with the freedom of a small state, and thus forming a decentralized republican empire. Seventy-two years of successful operation have shown the sagacity and foresight of its founders. The work of men's hands, it exhibits the imperfections of humanity; but neither ancient nor modern times have produced anything so admirable in design, and, till the present severe crisis, so successful in execution. May a gracious Providence carry it through the present trial; for on the triumph of its distinctive principle, THE INDISSOLUBLE UNION OF THE PARTS IN ONE IMPERIAL WHOLE, depends the cause of Republican government for all coming time!

NATHAN APPLETON.*

Mr. Chairman: —

I am rather out of place in this hall; but I have cheerfully complied with the request of your committee in giving my attendance here to join you in an expression of respect to the memory of Mr. Appleton. It was my happiness to stand in friendly relations to him, from my earliest entrance into public life, and to enjoy at all times his personal and political confidence. He was certainly a man of high mark; and he possessed those endowments and traits of character which would have led to eminence in any walk of life. His career is too well known to those who hear me, to need a minute rehearsal. His original inclination seems to have been for a profession. Circumstances, however, led him, after beginning a collegiate course at Dartmouth, to engage in business; which he pursued, as we all know, for the rest of his life, with intelligence, energy, and success. But he retained to the last his literary tastes, kept up his knowledge of the Latin language, was fond of reading and writing, and gave to the public several carefully prepared efforts of his pen. Among these I may mention his treatise on Currency and Banking, first published in 1841; a tract on the Relations of Labor in Europe and America; his account of the introduction of the power-loom into the United States, and of the Foundation of the City of Lowell, and his biographical memoir of his friend, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, which was prepared at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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* Remarks on the death of Hon. Nathan Appleton, delivered at Merchants' Exchange, Boston, 16th July, 1861.

Mr. Appleton's opinions on the important questions of the day were also occasionally published in the form of letters to his friends; and a year or two since an interesting correspondence with an English clergyman, on some theological questions, was printed by him. All these compositions are marked by clearness of statement, fulness of information, closeness of style, and vigorous common sense, without any attempt at ornament.

Mr. Appleton entered into business in Boston with his elder brother Samuel in 1795, at the time when the commerce of the United States, under the genial influence of the Federal Constitution, had begun to revive from the paralysis caused by the old Confederation. Twelve or thirteen years of prosperity followed, during which he laid the foundations of his fortune. The restrictive system which commenced in 1807 crippled the trade of the country, and gradually forced the thoughts of the enterprising men towards manufactures. The first attempts were made, however, without skill. or experience, and with imperfect machinery, and did not inspire Mr. Appleton with confidence in their success. Being in Europe in 1811, he met Mr. Francis C. Lowell at Edinburgh, and found that he entertained sanguine hopes that, through the medium of the power-loom, the cotton manufacture could be introduced into this country. Mr. Appleton was at first less confident, but when Mr. Lowell — pursuing the object both in England and after his return to this country, with equal sagacity and perseverance — determined to make the experiment at Waltham, Mr. Appleton cheerfully shared the risk. I need not say to this audience how completely the experiment succeeded. The power-loom was, through the ingenuity of Mr. Lowell, introduced, and many most effectual improvements in the spinning machinery were superadded. This success was certainly due, in the first instance, to Mr. F. C. Lowell, and next to him, if I mistake not, to the energy of Mr. Patrick T. Jackson and the co-operation and influence of Mr. Appleton.

The return of peace and the influx of foreign goods threatened to prostrate our infant manufactures; but they already had acquired an acknowledged position as a national interest. Mr. Appleton, in his valuable pamphlet on the subject, informs us (what is otherwise a matter of record) that, by the representations of Mr. Lowell, the eminent Southern statesmen, Messrs. Calhoun and Lowndes, were convinced of the expediency of the square-yard duty of 6¼ cents on imported cottons. These gentlemen were satisfied by Mr. Lowell that they desired no extravagant bounty, but only such protection as would insure them against the fluctuations and gluts of the foreign market. He foretold to them that the manufacture once established, the price would be sure to be brought down by domestic competition; and Mr. Appleton's instructive pamphlet shows us that goods which in 1816 sold for 30 cents per yard were sold in 1843 for 6¼ cents per yard, fluctuating from 7 to 9 cents, with the price of cotton. It would be gratifying to know from those theorists who maintain that a protective duty is in all cases added to the price of the domestic article, what would be the price without the duty of 6¼ cents of an article which, with the duty, sells for 6½ cents? If this theory is true (and it is the theory on which South Carolina drove the country to the verge of a civil war in 1830), the price without the duty would be *one quarter of one cent* per yard.

The success of the enterprise at Waltham led to the foundation of Lowell, in which the name of your kinsman, sir, is so justly commemorated. Mr. Appleton was one of the original proprietors, and engaged a very large capital in the first company. I retain a very lively recollection of a visit made there in his company, and that of other distinguished persons, (among them Mr. John Quincy Adams), when a single mill only had been built, and the greater part of what is now Lowell lay in a state of nature. The confident expectation was then expressed, that persons at that time living would see it a city of 20,000 inhabitants. Mr. Appleton himself, though then in middle life, lived to see it a city of 40,000 inhabitants!

But notwithstanding the success of the cotton manufacture at Waltham and Lowell, and many other places in the

Northern and Middle States, the protective policy gained friends but slowly. It suffered, in fact, from the hands of injudicious advocates, who desired exorbitant duties, that they might, without capital and without skill, do what required both. Their injudicious demands played into the hands of Southern politicians, who, for the purpose of local irritation, now made war upon the system which they themselves had aided in building up. Accordingly, when, about ten years after the foundation of Lowell, the question arose whether this great interest should be sacrificed to the clamors of South Carolina, Mr. Appleton accepted a nomination to Congress as a friend of moderate protection, and was elected as the representative from Boston. I was a member of Congress at the time, and was in daily intercourse with him. He was placed on the Committee of Ways and Means, where he had great influence. He was of that class of men that always, at least in quiet times, exercises influence in the House,—men who are not politicians, not office-seekers, not talkers, but who thoroughly understand certain branches of public policy. Mr. Appleton understood currency, manufactures, and banking. He confined himself to these subjects in debate. The House, when he rose, gave him its respectful attention, because they knew that, though not holding out the attractions of rhetoric, he never spoke without having something to say that was worth hearing.

There was, I suppose, no person in the community who understood currency and banking better than Mr. Appleton; few as well. Mr. Webster once, in conversation with me, after mentioning other distinguished financiers, added, "But Mr. Appleton on these subjects is our most acute and profound thinker." His tract on currency, first published in 1841, and since reprinted twice, shows, I think, the justice of this remark. I am certainly bound to admit it, for on one important subject he was right and I was wrong. Sooner than most men, he discovered the false system and dangerous principles on which the Bank of the United States was proceeding, and foretold the crash that afterwards took place. Had every one possessed his discernment in this respect, how much public wrong and private suffering might have been spared!

For the several last years of Mr. Appleton's life he had withdrawn from active participation in business, beyond what was necessary for the care of his property, of which he made a liberal use as a patron of every meritorious charity and public-spirited enterprise. He watched, with patriotic anxiety, the progress of our sectional controversies, but took no active part in affairs. I shall not attempt to sketch his private character. Judging from the conclusion of Mr. Stevenson's remarks, which was all I had the good fortune to hear, it is unnecessary to attempt it. I have come, not prepared as I could wish, but with these desultory recollections and thoughts, the unstudied dictates of my own feelings, not a tribute worthy of him on the beautiful example which he afforded of a mature, well-balanced character. Eminently happy in his domestic relations, he enjoyed to the full in the decline of life, so far as impaired health would permit, his well-earned prosperity. Moderate in all things, his manners simple and unostentatious, his character spotless, his religious opinions and hopes the governing principle of his life. Mercantile honor he held in almost superstitious estimation. In his Memoir of Mr. Lawrence he says it is a great error to suppose, because the occupation of a trader from its nature affords to men of low-toned character a temptation or opportunity for dishonest gain, that therefore the true merchant deems lightly of his honor. "It is as dear to him," he adds, "as a woman's chastity." Of the elevated frame of mind to which he had risen in the last days of his life, the domestic calamity, to which Mr. Stevenson has already alluded, drew out a pathetic illustration. When the intelligence was brought to him of the shocking event which destroyed the life of his beloved daughter, he said, "She has only gone a little while before me." We cannot, Mr. Chairman, deeply deplore the close of a life leaving behind it so pure a memory, protracted, as Mr. Stevenson has observed, so far beyond the appointed term, and terminating in a spirit so truly Christian.

I beg leave to second the resolutions which he has laid on the table.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF GRADUATION.*

Mr. President: —

Having, like my venerable predecessor, who has just taken his seat, occasionally tilled the field of Politics, and, like him, found it an exceedingly unsatisfactory culture, I have on former occasions like this been honored with a place at your table. But descended to-day to these lower seats, to enjoy the company of my brethren of the Class of 1811, to whom you have kindly alluded, I might have hoped to escape the distinction of being called on for a speech, and to enjoy instead the comfort of a gratified listener. I feel, too, sir, that I shall but respond to the emotions of our fellow-students all round the hall, if I say that the appalling catastrophe which has so recently clouded the social atmosphere of Cambridge, followed, as it has been, in the same family circle, with the loss of a liberal benefactor and friend, one of the most intelligent and public-spirited of our citizens, twice fitly decorated with the complimentary honors of the University, is an event well calculated to check for a moment the decent festivities of the academic board, and teach us that we constantly tread upon the verge of unseen calamities, that turn the light and joy and loveliness of life into heart-rending agony, and sorrows that defy all human consolation. I must not, however, in yielding to thoughts like these, forbear my acknowledgments to you and to my fellow-students for your kind notice, nor omit to assure you, that, amid all the varied scenes of a somewhat changeful life, there is no place where I feel more entirely at home than within the walls of old Harvard, no music that cheers my ear like the plaudits she graciously bestows on her dutiful children.

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* Remarks made in Harvard Hall on Commencement day, 17th July, 1861.

I have another pleasing duty to perform on this occasion, on behalf of the Class of 1811, which, as you have kindly remarked, celebrates this year the fiftieth anniversary of its graduation. It devolves upon me, as the youngest of their number, to perform the duty, as incumbent as it is pleasing, as we come together on this our jubilee, of assuring you that our respect and affection for our Alma Mater, instead of being impaired by time, have increased with every year since we were dismissed from her immediate presence. Most heartily do we rejoice, that in returning to her venerable halls, after half a century, we find her in the enjoyment of a degree of prosperity beyond the most sanguine hopes that could have been entertained in 1811. Her endowments five-fold increased; her scientific and literary establishments multiplied and augmented more than in the whole preceding period of her existence; her number of undergraduates doubled; her standard of scholarship greatly elevated; her faculty adorned with names of her own children and those whom she has been proud to adopt, which would bear comparison with those of any place of education in the world; while she is sending forth, from time to time, alumni who not only sustain her character, but do no discredit to the science and literature of the age. We, sir, as individuals, are advancing in years; our ranks, as a class, are thinning; but, Alma Mater, we rejoice to know, is increasing her numbers and her intellectual treasures, and renewing her youth with every succeeding lustrum. *Esto perpetua!*

And if, sir, without injustice to the generations which for the two preceding centuries have gone before us, we may claim for the science and literature of the last fifty years a variety of cultivation and a rapidity of increase in the United States unknown to any former period since the settlement of the continent, I think that the sons of Harvard, without arrogating for her more than her just share of the credit which belongs collectively to the American seminaries of learning for the result, that she has contributed her full share to the literary and scientific achievements of the last half-century. Excelling them all as she does in age, most of them by a long interval, — cheerfully acknowledging among our sister colleges and universities, ay, among some of the youngest of them, institutions which for the talents and learning of the members of their faculties, and their standard of scholarship, may take rank with their elders, — our younger sisters will, I am sure, admit that Harvard still moves with the same grace and dignity as when, in her earliest prime, *vera incessa patuit dea*, without a spot upon her garment or a furrow on her forehead.

Indeed, of native original literature there was scarce anything sixty years ago. I do not of course mean that there was ever a period in the last century when the chair which you, sir, so ably and gracefully fill was not worthily occupied; never a time when there have not been accomplished men, in all the professions, who occasionally made very successful, sometimes very brilliant, literary efforts; but scarcely such a thing as a volume, in the higher walks of science, literature, or taste, had appeared on this side of the Atlantic. What a different state of things we have lived to see, at the present time, when in every department of useful and ornamental science and literature we are able to boast — speaking now for Harvard alone, but by no means intending to limit the remark to her — of many names, the admitted peers of their most distinguished European contemporaries; some that stand on the list of the few which belong, not to any country or period, but to the republic of letters and all time. The time would fail me for an exhaustive enumeration; but may we not, as sons of Harvard, reflect with honest pride, that, out of eight capital writers of history who have appeared in the United States within the last half-century, taking them in the order of their published works, — Irving, Sparks, Prescott, Bancroft, Hildreth, Godwin, Palfrey, and Motley, — each with his characteristic excellences, all of distinguished merit, some of classical renown, six have been sent from these halls; and that five are living this day, — alas that I must say only five! — to lay their well-earned laurels at the feet of their

Alma Mater? Is there a university in the Old World or the New which can exhibit a longer list of brighter names in any department of literature within a half of one century since the revival of letters?

Consider too that these, our fellow-students, are not all like the great historians of the United States, writers who have excelled as might have been expected on domestic scenes. One of them — our admirable, beloved, lamented Prescott — has treated the brightest scenes, the grandest characters, the most famous events in the Spanish annals with a beauty of style, a fulness of research, and a weight of authority, which no native Spanish historian has surpassed, if any has equalled; while our noble Motley, who delights us with his company to-day, has elevated the history of the Netherlands into a light and beauty not reflected on it by any of his predecessors, though a Bentivoglio and a Grotius are among them; nay, who has delineated the most illustrious sovereign that ever filled the throne of England, and the most romantic and momentous event in her history, with a discrimination, an acuteness, a graphic charm, a creative power, that turns the dead past into a living present, which casts all former historians of that period into the shade. Yes, and he has done something else. In his admirable communications to the London "Times," he has placed before the much-misinformed British public the true character of the great events now passing before us, and has shown us that, if our beloved country must have her Catilinarian war, her Sallust is ready to relate, in its true colors, its momentous tale. And let me exhort my friend to gird himself for the task, not unworthy of his accomplished pen. Posterity must not be misled as to the moving cause of this unnatural war. He has done enough for Alva and Parma, for Philip and Elizabeth;

> "Enough is done for Priam's royal name":

let him devote his rare powers to rescuing from misrepresentation this all-important epoch in the history of his native land. And let him bear in mind, as he engages in the task, that there is on earth no tribunal so solemn, no magistracy so severe, no court so terrible, as that which drags guilty factions to the bar of public opinion, which strips off the thin disguise of ambitious demagogues, and which dooms the traitor that dared aim a parricidal blow at his country's heart, to that historical infamy, compared with which, in the estimation of every generous spirit, the pillory is a post of honor and the rack a bed of roses.

Mr. President, I will trespass no longer; but in taking my seat, I will express the hope, that he who shall stand where I do fifty years hence, and such a one is doubtless present, may have as much cause to congratulate our Alma Mater on her continued, her increasing prosperity as we of 1811.

THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.*

COLONEL WEBSTER: —

OUR friend Mr. Dehon, to whom the pleasing duty of this day had been assigned, having been compelled by a domestic bereavement to forego its performance, it has by his particular request devolved upon me. I regret, in common with you all, that this duty could not be discharged by one who has watched the formation and progress of your corps with such friendly solicitude, from its first organization to the present hour. On his behalf I beg to assure you, that this interest and that of the other friends of the regiment, will remain undiminished after your departure, will follow you to the field of duty; and, that duty strenuously, bravely performed, as I know it will be, will delight to welcome you home.

I need not tell you that no ordinary degree of public expectation goes with you to the scene of war. Competent judges have pronounced most favorably of the materials of which your regiment is composed, of the spirit of discipline which pervades your ranks, of the patriotic zeal which animates your brother officers, of the manly sense of responsibility exhibited by yourself. I have been informed especially by Colonel Fessenden, who has taken so active an interest in the regiment, that its condition, officers and men, is in all respects highly satisfactory, and such as cannot fail to do credit to the service. As far as we can judge from its appearance at this time, these favorable representations are fully merited. We sympathize with you, sir; we know that no ordinary sacrifice of time and labor will be needed on your part to fulfil the hopes of your friends and the demands of the public; but let the shadow of that great name which you bear — *magnis nominis umbra* — be, under Divine Providence, like the pillar of cloud which guided the chosen people, and lead and cheer you in the arduous pathway of duty.

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* Remarks at the presentation of colors to the Webster Regiment (Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers), on Boston Common, 19th July, 1861.

You are entering, sir, with your patriotic associates, upon an untried field of duty, but you are descended from a stock which, in more than one generation, teaches lessons of loyal devotion. Your grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Webster, a grave and thoughtful man, was one of those frontier rangers who bore the brunt of the Seven Years' War, in the wilderness which separated our then feeble settlements from Canada, and he stood with Stark at Bennington; your noble father, in defence of the menaced Constitution of his country, led the mighty conflicts of the Senate, not less decisive than the conflicts of the field; your only brother, following the impulses of a generous ambition, left his young life on the sickly plains of Mexico. On the family that bears these proud memories, nothing less worthy than duty well performed, danger bravely met, and the country honorably served, will ever, I am confident, be inscribed in connection with your name.

It is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that, on behalf of the patriotic ladies who take a friendly interest in the regiment, I now present you this beautiful banner, well assured that you and all in your command will regard it with grateful interest, as a token of their kind wishes and a pledge of their sympathy; and that you will look upon it with patriotic reverence as the symbol of the Union, the emblem of the cause you defend, and the country you serve.

It bears upon its field as a motto, from that immortal speech of your father, the soul-stirring words, "Not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured." It is to maintain their high significance that the contest in which you are embarking is waged. Those emblems of our Union, I need not tell you, were first displayed in the camp of Washington, on yonder opposite shore, on the 1st of January, 1776. They have been borne by the armies of the United States against a foreign enemy on hard-fought fields, from the snows of Canada to the burning plains of Mexico; with our navies they have encircled the globe. They are now displayed in defence of the Union itself, in this most unrighteous and fratricidal war; and, like the holy symbol which the first Christian Emperor saw in the heavens, they shall marshal its defenders to victory.

Your noble father, sir, with prophetic foresight, uttered these solemn words: "There can be no such thing as peaceful secession." Your country calls you to discharge your part in the duty, as imperative as it is sad, which that principle devolves on all good citizens, each in his appropriate sphere. You would gladly have avoided — we should all gladly have avoided — the stern necessity which it laid upon us. We spoke the words of conciliation and peace, till they inspired nothing but contempt, and invited even new exactions on the part of our brethren to whom they were addressed; and it was not until they themselves had cried, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war, that the outraged spirit of a loyal people was roused to a tardy resistance. Not upon us the dread responsibility of the unnatural conflict.

Go then, sir, go, my young friends all, to the field of honor and duty. Place yourselves cheerfully, zealously, wherever the orders of your noble leader — our matchless Commander-in-Chief — shall summon you. Deem yourselves above all things fortunate that you are to serve under the supreme command of a chieftain as wise and prudent as he is skilful and brave; who has the fortitude to resist the ardor with which an impatient country is pressing for the bloody arbitrament of battle, and who deems it the greatest of victories to spare the lives of his own gallant men. Honored alone of all our meritorious officers with the title and rank conferred but once before, and then on the Father of his Country, Lieutenant-General Scott remembers how Washington lay seemingly inactive for nine long months within the lines (of which on yonder heights you still see the remains) which encircled Boston, from which he allowed at last the enemy to depart without the loss of a man. He remembers that the Campaign of 1779 and 1780 passed without a blow struck by the force under General Washington, and that after the power of the enemy was broken and the war virtually ended by the surrender of Cornwallis in 1781, still for two years it was allowed to linger, and the hostile army remained undisturbed in his stronghold at New York. General Scott remembers this, and he knows that it was precisely these Fabian delays, this courageous deliberation, by which alone the Revolution could have been conducted to a triumphant issue.

And now, sir, on behalf of the friends of the regiment, on behalf of this favoring and sympathizing multitude, I bid you, with your officers and men, GOD SPEED! The best wishes of those you leave behind will bear you company. The memories of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill will hover round your march. The example of the Massachusetts troops who have preceded you will kindle your emulation. Let the fair banner I now confide to you be seen in the front of the battle. When it returns, in God's good time, with your regiment, it may come back torn and faded; but it will not, it shall not, return disgraced. Dust and blood may stain it,—the iron hail of battle may mar its beautiful blazonry,—it may hang in honorable tatters from its staff, —but loyalty and patriotism shall cling to its last shred; treachery shall blast it NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!

AGRICULTURE AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.*

Fellow-Citizens of Adams, Rodman, and Loraine: —

It gives me pleasure to exchange a friendly greeting with you at your rural festival, at this delightful season of the year. If there ever is a time when our hearts should overflow with kind feeling toward each other, as well as with gratitude toward Heaven, it must be when Providence is paying back, with the large usury of harvest, what you hopefully committed to its trust in seed-time. Another year in the farmer's calendar is now brought to its close. Since you last met together at this annual festival, the Earth, besides performing its daily revolutions, has wheeled round the vast circuit of the Heavens; the sere and yellow leaf has fallen in the forest; December's sun has shot his slanting, ineffectual ray across the ice-clad plains; the fields have slept beneath their fertilizing shroud of snow; reviving Nature has started up at the animating touch of Spring; new life has kindled in the thousand channels of vegetation; the genial furrow has received the deposit which you confided to its faithful bosom; gentle showers and fervid suns have consummated the sacred mystery of reproductive growth; your flocks and your herds have given their increase; and you are now met together to rejoice over the abundance of the year. Mute Nature arrays herself in gladness to welcome you. The sun restores to us his grateful beams after the rains of yesterday. The Great Parent is clothing the grove and the forest, even as Jacob clothed one of his youngest born and dearest loved, with a coat of many colors; the lowing herd, the bleating flock, join their voices in the cheering concert of harvest home, and all around speaks of labor rewarded, of hopes fulfilled, of plenty, of content.

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* An address delivered before the Union Agricultural Society of Adams, Rodman, and Loraine, Jefferson County, New York, 12th September, 1861.

One sad, dark spot alone clouds the brightness of the hour. From a state of prosperity, public and private, probably never surpassed, on so large a scale, in the history of the world, the country has been plunged in a few short months into a condition but too well calculated to arrest our attention and turn away our thoughts from the blessings that surround us to the great struggle in which we are engaged. For the first time in our history, we find ourselves involved in the greatest political calamity which can befall a country, — a civil war, and that war rapidly assuming gigantic dimensions. When you last held this rural festival, we were in profound peace at home and abroad; blessed by a government of our choice, the mildest, the most beneficent, the least felt, except in the blessings which it secured to every part of the country and to every class of its citizens, ever known; in the enjoyment as a people of a degree of prosperity rarely vouchsafed by Providence to the families of men, and which was annually attracting to our shores an emigration altogether unexampled, from the oldest and best governed states of Europe. From this happy condition we have all at once, to gratify the ambition of a few disappointed political leaders (I do but repeat the words of the second officer of the Southern Confederacy), been precipitated into the trials, the dangers, the sacrifices, and the sufferings of a deadly contest with our misguided brethren. The suicidal attempt is making, not by a foreign enemy, not by rival Powers looking with jealousy on our rising greatness, but by our own fellow-citizens, to shatter this admirably compacted system of national and State government, a miracle of political wisdom, devised by some of the wisest and best men that ever lived; to rend that sacred bond, the main source under Providence of our prosperity, the great result of the Revolutionary struggle; and, besides all the present innumerable evils of the fratricidal contest, to break up the American People into feeble and hostile fragments; to annihilate our influence in the family of nations; to sow the seeds of eternal border wars; and, instead of a "Perpetual Union," the rich inheritance which we received from our fathers, to hand down to our posterity a miserable and ephemeral partnership, subject to be still further broken up at will by any and every member.

However painful the necessity, it is unavoidable that such a state of things should greatly preoccupy the public mind, and turn away the thoughts of men from other and more gratifying subjects of contemplation. The causes remote and immediate, — the present aspects and the future of the tremendous struggle, its influence on the great interests of the community, its financial bearings, its effects on our foreign relations, the unaccustomed legislation forced upon the country by a state of war, the military and naval operations, the rally of our patriotic fellow-citizens to the support of the government, the vicissitudes of the field, all brought home to us by the intense activity of the press, — these are subjects which necessarily furnish the daily food of thought, for the social interchange of opinion, for profound and anxious reflection, almost to the exclusion of ordinary avocations; and to such an extent as to render every other subject, however interesting in itself, a matter of indifference.

Deeply impressed, warmly sympathizing, with these feelings, it is not without hesitation that I have accepted your invitation. Obvious propriety requires that, at the husbandmen's festival, Agriculture, in some of its relations at least, should form a principal topic of address. At the same time I have been apprehensive that a discourse on any other subject than the present state of the country must be comparatively uninteresting. I have considered, however, that, in the present condition of things, it is highly important to keep the unavoidable derangement of the peaceful operations of society within the narrowest possible limits. Nothing will contribute more to the success of the struggle, nothing do more to alleviate its severity while it lasts, and lead to its speedy and auspicious termination, than that the great cardinal pursuits of the country should, as far as a state of war admits, — commerce, manufactures, the mechanic arts, and especially Agriculture, which, under Providence, feeds them all, — be carried on with undiminished activity, thus keeping up the great circulations that sustain the national life, and, what is of the last importance, protecting the public mind from the excitements and anxieties too apt to attend a great revulsion in the condition of a country. For these reasons you do well, my friends, to hold your annual public festival at the ingathering of the harvest, and not to permit the violent and lawless assault upon the government and Constitution of the country, which, after long distracting the councils of the Union, has at length been transferred to the battle-field, to make you insensible to the bounties of Providence or regardless of the blessings and the duties of your occupation as husbandmen.

I have intimated that it was a matter of special importance, in the present state of the country, that Agriculture should receive its accustomed share of the public attention, for the very good reason, that, besides the ordinary demands for agricultural produce, there will, while the war lasts, be superadded that of furnishing food to the thousands and tens of thousands enlisted in the army. The consumption of these great bodies of men, owing to the waste unavoidably incident to the camp and the field, is far greater than that of the same number living quietly at home, and able to practise those little domestic economies, in the care and preparation of food, which are wholly out of the question in a barrack or a tent. At the same time it might seem at first, that the productive force of the agricultural community must be seriously diminished by the absence of large numbers of our patriotic yeomanry, who have hastened to the field. Many a stout hand, which last year guided the plough through the cornfield, now plies the intrenching tool or grasps the rifle, on the banks of the Potomac or the Mississippi; many a hardy frame, which a twelvemonth since lay down at night in a peaceful home, to well-earned repose after the labors of the day, now keeps midnight watch on solitary outposts in the passes of the Alleghanies, or walks the rounds on the ramparts of the Capital.

Although this increased demand for agricultural produce for consumption, coupled with a diminished application of productive labor, might seem to threaten a deficient supply, a moment's reflection will show that any such apprehension is groundless. In the first place, of the kindly fruits of the earth there is almost always, not only enough, but largely to spare. Providence does not weigh out our rations in the scales of a strict commissariat. The crops of the present year have been, in almost every part of the country, far beyond the average. So vast is the extent of our territory and the variety of our climate, that a year of general scarcity is of very rare occurrence, and except in a year of general scarcity, there is always enough, not merely for ourselves, but for a large exportation. There is a probability that the present year, besides feeding our own armies, we shall be called upon to contribute largely to feed those of France and Italy, and there is not the slightest fear that the call will not be easily met, and largely to our advantage. Within the last ten years there have been seasons, when two or three hundred thousands of emigrants have been thrown into this country, without producing the slightest pressure on the market for food. With respect to the withdrawal of labor from agriculture to the military service of the country, it must be borne in mind, that a part only of our patriotic soldiery are farmers. All the other occupations — trade, the professions, the mechanical pursuits, manufactures, the fisheries — are represented in our armies, as well as our husbandmen. It is not probable that more than a fourth part of the troops have been withdrawn from agricultural pursuits. The chasm produced in farm labor, if I am rightly informed, is so small as to be immediately filled up by the floating population of the country, without the slightest sensible drain upon the other callings.

On the contrary, those branches of manufactures and trade which suffer by the war will furnish an ample supply of hands, if they are wanted, to fill up a deficiency of agricultural labor. If it should be the effect of the present state of things in the great commercial capitals to lessen the inclination of our young men to abandon the country for the town, if the falling off in some branches of trade and manufactures should lead more of the rising generation to turn their thoughts to that great agricultural interest, which lies at the very basis of the social system; if they should find out that a stout broad hand, bronzed by sunshine and hardened by toil, becomes a generous manhood as well as one covered with a white kid glove and mainly employed in twirling an ivory-headed walking-stick, that a hoe and a spade, in their place, are as respectable as the measuring-tape or the pocket-scissors, — the country would gain by the discovery. I intend, however, no disparaging comparison between the different pursuits in the community, where all in their places are honorable and praiseworthy; though I own I think there has been an unwholesome preference of town life. This has taken place, no doubt, under the influence of the mistaken opinion, that the path to certain riches lies in that direction; whereas careful observation has established the fact, that the highest prizes in trade are extremely few, and that the great majority of young men, who leave their rural homes to engage in what are called "business" pursuits, draw nothing but blanks in that lottery.

But though there is not the least reason to apprehend any scarcity, as the result of the causes alluded to, the effort to improve our agriculture must never be lost sight of. This is the great object, gentlemen, for which your Society, in common with others of the same character, was instituted, and toward which the thoughts of the intelligent husbandman should be steadily turned. It has, I think, generally been the reproach of our farmers, that they are too much inclined to persevere in the old routine, and, through jealousy of what is called book-farming, neglect to avail themselves of the light which science and skilful experiment have thrown upon many of the operations of husbandry. I am disposed, however, to think that this reproach, though not without foundation, has been carried too far. First experiments in all departments of art and industry generally fail. The mass of our farmers have no capital nor surplus labor to spare for doubtful experiments, and it is in the nature of things that important changes, in that which has existed from time immemorial, should be gradually and cautiously made, and somewhat timidly admitted, by those who cannot afford to put much at risk. In the mean time, by the agency of agricultural newspapers and larger journals, through the reports of boards of agriculture and other official publications, and by the aid of meetings like the present, much practical information has been and constantly is disseminated in our farming community. I appeal to you, gentlemen, whose recollection covers a period of twenty or thirty years, that within your observation a corresponding improvement has taken place in almost every branch of husbandry, — the artificial enrichment of the soil, the introduction of choicer varieties of the principal vegetable products, of superior breeds of the domestic animals, — horses, cows, sheep, and swine, — in many of the implements for tilling and reaping the soil, and in several agricultural operations, such as subsoil ploughing and draining. In these, and several other particulars, there is no doubt that Swift's proverbial and often-quoted test of a public benefactor, that of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, has been much more than realized in many departments of our modern agriculture.

That more has not been done in this way is by no means to be ascribed wholly to a want of knowledge or enterprise on the part of our farmers. In a new country, where fertile land is abundant and cheap, and labor scarce and dear, there is of necessity a question of economy between them, and the natural tendency is rather to large farms with smaller product to the acre, than to more skilful husbandry on smaller farms. In some of the Western States, I have been informed, that there are grazing farms consisting of an entire township, purchased from the government at a dollar and a quarter per acre. The same number of cattle could of course be raised on a much smaller space, but the expense of fencing, shelter, attendance, and forage might outweigh the saving in the cost of the land. The average yield of wheat varies greatly in different parts of our country. In the State of Ohio, which produces one fifth of the whole amount, the average yield, as I learn from Mr. Flint, the intelligent Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, is fifteen bushels to the acre. In some parts of this State the average yield is greater, and in others much less, and that too on lands formerly yielding twenty bushels the acre. The average yield in England is, according to Mr. Colman, usually stated at twenty-six bushels the acre (which is perhaps about the average of Western New York), though he adds, that under good cultivation he has rarely found it less than thirty-two. The difference is certainly great between an average of fifteen and one of thirty-two, but it does not follow that, in the State of Ohio, it would be good economy to try to get an average of thirty-two bushels. Mr. Colman goes on to remark, that he has frequently found the yield in England to be sixty bushels per acre; and there was a well-known instance in the county of Norfolk in 1844–45, where ninety bushels and three pecks were produced upon an acre. The distinguished Secretary of the State Agricultural Society of New York (Colonel Johnston), who honors us with his presence on this platform, informs me that crops of forty, fifty, and even sixty bushels per acre are not very unusual on the best cultivated lands in Western New York, in years free from the ravages of the insect and other casualties. Any attempt, however, even in England, where capital is abundant and labor cheap, to raise the average product of the kingdom to ninety-three or even to sixty bushels per acre would probably prove an expensive failure.

But although systems and methods of agriculture adapted to old countries, where land is dear and labor cheap, cannot always be imitated here, where precisely the opposite state of things exists, yet there is no doubt that our agriculture, taking the country through, admits of great and rapid improvement, to be followed by an immediate and proportionate increase of productiveness, and this without withdrawing labor from any of the other great pursuits. In this respect, as it seems to me, husbandry differs from the other leading occupations, such as commerce and manufactures. These occupations are, I suppose, at present carried on as advantageously as they can be, in the present state of the arts. If anybody should say to a merchant or manufacturer, it is in your power, without any increase of capital, to render your business twice as productive as it now is, — to turn off twice as many yards of cloth from your looms, twice as many tons of iron from your forges, twice as many vessels from your shipyards, as you now do, — it would be considered an idle and extravagant suggestion. All that these pursuits, generally speaking, admit is a steady and gradual improvement, with the advancement of the arts and the acquisition of skill; not of course meaning that great revolutions may not sometimes take place in these, as in all other branches of industry, by important discoveries and inventions, such as those of the steam-engine, the machinery for spinning and weaving, and steam navigation. But such at present is the state of agriculture in this country, — there is so much land of which the fertility might be indefinitely increased by judicious treatment, so much waste of the materials for enriching the soil; so much neglect, in a word, to employ in the best manner the principles and elements of the physical world, which work together to produce the kindly fruits of the earth in their season, that, I believe you intelligent farmers will agree with me, that, taking the United States as a whole, the sum total of its agricultural products might be doubled. Of course there are many farms skilfully handled, in all parts of the country, but these are the exception. I am inclined to think, without pretending to much personal observation, that, taking the country through, our husbandry, either from obstinate or indolent adherence to routine, want of knowledge of the true principles of agriculture in what relates to soil, crops, and animals, and especially from ignorance of the recent discoveries and improvements in all these departments, and I fear I must add two other wants, namely, want of system and want of energy, on the part of many of our farmers, is not at this moment half as productive as it might be. In other words, that it would be physically and morally possible, in the course of a very few years, to double the aggregate of almost every agricultural product; that is, taking the country through, not only to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but two bushels of wheat, Indian corn, and the other cereals; two pounds of wool, flax, butter, and cheese; two head of cattle of every kind; in short, two of every article of agricultural wealth for every one produced at present. How much the gain would amount to in money it is very difficult accurately to compute. It is a moderate calculation to say that it would be an addition of two thousand millions of dollars to the annual product of our agriculture.

If I am asked how this great change is to be effected, the answer is obvious. As far as the difficulty consists in want of knowledge, the means of procuring the knowledge must be multiplied and brought within the reach of the masses by intelligent and public-spirited individuals, by whom it is possessed, through the medium of agricultural journals and other publications. The State can do and is doing much by boards of agriculture, and in your Empire State much may be expected from the Agricultural College at Ovid, which, though in its infancy, is, as I understand from Colonel Johnston, making hopeful progress.* Much good can be effected by enlightened and patriotic individuals by setting examples of judicious husbandry in their several neighborhoods. A well-conducted farm in a country town, with everything for utility and convenience, and nothing for ostentatious show, is itself an agricultural college, where the whole community is taught without expense to themselves or to the State. As for system, it must be acquired by our farmers, as it is by every other class of the community, by regular instruction and training, when circumstances admit; by observation and experience of its benefits and the inconvenience and loss resulting from its neglect; while, in order to inspire our farmers with the self-respect which is requisite to success in every pursuit, they must receive from the community at large, through all the organs by which public opinion is formed and expressed, that countenance and encouragement which is due to a pursuit so closely interwoven with the public welfare. If, for instance, at our elections, the people would let the talking and the trading politicians step aside, and select for their representative in the State Assembly or in Congress, not the most active electioneerer at primary meetings or the most fluent talker at conventions, but the citizen who had shown the greatest industry, energy, good judgment, and skill in the management of his farm, and the most unswerving integrity in all the intercourse of life, the public would be better served, and the calling of the husbandman raised in public estimation.

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* Annual Report of the State Agricultural Society, transmitted to the Legislature, 17th January, 1861.

But if we wish, my friends, to establish by one bright example the dignity of the farmer's calling, I would remind you that the man who stands alone in the respect and affection of his countrymen, the consummate chieftain, statesman, and patriot, was a not less consummate farmer. Inheriting from his older brother the estate of Mount Vernon, he made considerable additions to it by purchase, so that at the time of his decease it amounted altogether to some eight thousand acres. One half of this was wood or in lawns lying in a state of nature, but above four thousand acres were in tillage, of which the management was directed by Washington himself. Besides the ordinary operations of husbandry, there were upon the estate a flour-mill, brick-yards, a carpenter's establishment, and extensive fisheries. The property was divided into five farms of unequal dimensions, each with its appropriate set of laborers, under the direction of an overseer,— the whole, especially during the President's long absences from home, under one superintendent. Each of the overseers was required to make a written report weekly to the superintendent, in which a minute account was given of everything done on the farm in the course of the week, including the condition of the stock, and the number of days' work of each laborer. These reports were recorded in a book by the superintendent, and the originals sent in a weekly letter to the President. The President returned a weekly answer, usually a letter of four pages, sometimes twice that length, carefully prepared from a rough draft, and then neatly copied by himself, after which a press copy was taken. A series of these letters, hitherto unpublished, has lately come into my hands, comprising the President's correspondence with his superintendent, from the commencement of his second administration down to his retirement from office. They evince an adherence to system, a grasp of detail, a minuteness and accuracy of observation, and an executive ability truly marvellous. The rotation of crops in his numerous fields was conducted on a plan laid down with great minuteness by himself. The culture of tobacco at this time had ceased at Mount Vernon, and the whole attention of the President was given to those crops which are cultivated in this part of the country. Not content with general results, nor relying exclusively on the discretion of his intelligent superintendent, he gave instructions from the seat of government, on the smallest details of management, and the time and manner in which every operation on the estate was to be performed. Even when he was on the march to suppress the insurrection in the western counties of Pennsylvania, in 1794, his correspondence was not wholly interrupted. One short letter was written from Reading and another from Carlisle, on his way to the rendezvous of the army. In these letters he mentions the appearance of the buckwheat and the potatoes, which he saw on the farms by the roadside, and gives a general direction for the care of his stock at the approach of cold weather. The father of his country does not seem to have thought that a rebellion ought to engross our minds to the interruption of the ordinary duties of life. On the 10th of December, 1799, Washington addressed a long letter to the superintendent of his farms, the last elaborate production of his pen, enclosing a plan drawn up on thirty written folio pages, containing directions for their cultivation for several years to come. In seven days from the date of this letter his own venerated form "was sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body."

It has hitherto been justly regarded as one of the chief elements of our welfare as a nation, that its different sections are bound together as parts of one whole, by such a variety of natural productions as makes them reciprocally dependent upon each other. It is impossible for the reflecting mind not to behold a bond of union, older than political arrangements and stronger than parchment records, in that great diversity of climate and soil which characterizes the main geographical divisions of the country, each producing much that the other wants; nor can we fail to see, in the unrighteous contest now desolating the land, a warfare not merely against the Constitution of the United States, but against the beneficent ordinance of the All-wise Creator. Covering, as the country does, a vast extent of territory from North to South, it followed in the economy of Nature, that a corresponding diversity would exist in the fruits of the earth, as dependent on climate; that one region would be better adapted for the production of food in its various forms, for grazing and the dairy; for the manufacturing and mechanic arts; for commerce, navigation, the fisheries, and naval power; while the other section of the country should possess almost a monopoly of those staple products, which belong to a lower latitude, — tobacco, rice, sugar, and above all cotton. But, as if to counteract any tendency toward separate political organization, which might spring from this diversity of natural products, the great geographical divisions of the continent, the two mountain chains which traverse its entire length, and the mighty river which sweeps through the basin included in them, pursue in the main a course from North to South. Thus the lines of communication traverse at right angles the lines of climate. In this way Nature, while making provision for a diversity of agricultural interests and pursuits, at the same time gave a direction to the mountains and rivers most favorable to mutual intercourse and a beneficial exchange of products. It is against this beautiful economy that the South is waging a war as unnatural as it is suicidal and ruinous, under the gross delusion that, by virtue of her staple products, she can with impunity violate constitutions, overturn governments, and give the law to the civilized world. It is true that we greatly need her cotton, though, as I shall presently show, we are far less dependent on it than she imagines; her rice is a very acceptable addition to our list of cereals, but of trifling importance; for her sugar we are willing, for her benefit, to continue to pay a heavy protective duty, but we can supply our own wants at a cheaper rate from other sources. As for her tobacco, on which we annually throw away money enough to build thirty steam-frigates of the first class, we should be a richer, a cleaner, and a healthier people if another pound of it never crossed Mason and Dixon's line. It is of course as far as possible from my wish in these remarks to disparage the importance of the staple products of the South, though she overrates them as contrasted with those of the North. There is reason to think that the value of the hay crop alone is not much less than that of the cotton, and the merest tyro in political economy knows that for every pound of their staples which we receive, an equal value must be sent in exchange from the North, as, in point of fact, in the course of trade, we are at all times largely in advance to them. That so many of the right-thinking and right-feeling people of the South should allow a small number of disappointed politicians, without one practical grievance, to drive them into revolt, not merely against a mild and beneficent government, of which she has almost monopolized the administration, but against this beautiful system of mutual dependencies, is an instance of political infatuation of which it will not be easy to find a parallel in history.

But though Providence is often slow in avenging national wrongs, retribution, in this case, is likely to tread hard upon the heels of the offence. The South has embarked in this wild and murderous crusade, mainly, as I have already intimated, in consequence of a greatly exaggerated idea of her ability, through a monopoly of the cotton culture, to control the commerce and through that the politics of the world. She forgets that whatever temporary inconvenience may be felt by the manufacturing countries must react, with tenfold severity, on herself. Cotton with her is the paramount interest; to the Northern States and to Europe, it is one of several interests, some of which will gain by the dethronement of King Cotton. It is only about sixty years that cotton has been an article of great importance to Europe and America. The civilized world clothed itself decently and comfortably for four or five thousand years from other materials; it will not go naked, even if the fleecy fibre should wholly fail. For many fabrics, for which cotton, of late years, owing to its cheapness, has been forced into use, the question is by no means decided between that article and wool, flax, and hemp; and the most promising experiments have, of late, been made (and within a few weeks repeated in your State) for the purpose of adapting the fibre of flax to most of the tissues for which cotton has hitherto been employed.*

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* I was in hopes to receive in time for publication in this place a note from my friend, Mr. S. B. Ruggles of New York, on the experiments made under his auspices, and as I understand with flattering success, for reducing the fibre of flax to a state in which it will serve, to a considerable extent, as a substitute for cotton. Specimens of cottonized flax of a very attractive appearance (under the not very happy name of Fibrilia) have been placed in my hands by Mr. A. B. Hall of Boston, who entertains confident expectations of its extensive use. While these pages are passing through the press, I find the following paragraph from the London "Times," which will show the eagerness with which substitutes for cotton are sought in England: —

"Dr. Lankester read, the other day, before the Association for the Advancement of Science, a paper communicated by Mr. W. Dawson of Liverpool, 'On Barraguta cotton from the plains of the Amazon, and on the flax-fibre cotton of North America.' The writer states that he has known the vegetable substance called Barraguta cotton for more than twenty years, a small import having been received from Peru *viâ* Cape Horn about that time. It was represented as the produce of a very large tree, thirty feet to forty feet high, and the cotton when ripe hangs down to the ground by its own fibres connected. Yet the consumers state it will not spin, — a customary objection to anything new. More recently a similar import — about half a dozen bags of seventy pounds each — came from the River Plate *viâ* Pernambuco. Any quantity can be had from the east side of the Andes and the plains of the Amazon. As to the staple of the cotton, it is very silky and short; but by grafting, or superior technical cultivation known to naturalists, it might, no doubt, be improved. Large quantities must be brought to market, and then machinery will be altered to suit its working, as was the case with alpaca, which has a silky fibre. He sold one bag of the Barraguta cotton at 3*d.* per pound: but, as the Yorkshire buyer did not accept delivery, the whole of the last lot was taken by the importer for stuffing sofa-cushions and mixing in feather-beds, instead of purchasing swansdown at 12*s.* 6*d.* per pound. Here is a large field for the use of such

But a far more important operation is going on in Europe and the East. While the South is conspiring against the Union, the whole manufacturing world is conspiring against the South. While Montgomery and Richmond are seceding from Washington, every spindle and every loom is seceding from Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans. The capital and geographical science of Europe are now most earnestly employed in procuring a supply of cotton from other regions than our Southern States. An association of intelligent and wealthy persons interested in the cotton manufacture has been formed in England, for the purpose of exploring those regions of the globe where cotton can be cultivated with success. A report from this association has been lately published, holding out a prospect of flattering success. To say nothing of Central America, which our minister considers as favorable to the culture of cotton as any country on earth, of the West Indies, of Brazil, which possesses, on the south of the equator, a territory which forms the precise counterpart of our own on the north, of the African Continent, where the cotton plant is indigenous and perennial, and its culture is rapidly spreading, there is in India and China alone — countries in which cotton has been cultivated from time immemorial — a region adequate to the supply of all the markets in the world. I received myself a letter two months ago, from the head of one of the first banking-houses in England, in which he informs me, that a half a million bales of cotton beyond the supply of the last year will be furnished this year by India. Later reports double that quantity. I know not why as much more may not be furnished from China. It is

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fibres, and if brought to this country in large quantities, it might be mixed with cotton, like mump or devil's dust, or be spun up with sheep's wool. Through the kindness of the editor of the Liverpool "Daily Post," the writer was authorized to exhibit a sample of new fibre from the wild flax of North America. Millions of bales, he states, can be obtained at a cost of less thad *4d.* per pound, so profusely does the wild flax exist. These new fields ought to command attention when there is so much anxiety to increase the supply of cotton. The author contends that six million acres of land in Ireland can be had at a nominal rent, on which good cotton can be grown, the land never having been grazed, scratched, or nibbled by cattle."

true that, though she grows vast quantities herself, she draws at present a small part of her consumption from India. But her climate under the same local conditions is identical with ours; she has a redundance of labor; and, with an effective demand, can no doubt furnish an unlimited quantity for exportation. Large supplies are expected from Egypt, where the reigning prince has entered cordially into the views of the "Cotton Supply Association." The attention of the local government of Syria has, in like manner, been called to the subject, and besides all the sources of supply in the Old World, Australia contains a belt of territory admirably adapted to cotton and already actively engaged in its culture. In the mean time there is always on hand, in advance, a season's stock of manufactured articles of general use, which, with the increased supply of raw material from the East, will prevent any serious inconvenience from the failure of the American crop of this year. It must be borne in mind also that, though the obstruction in the American market occurred too late to take full effect in Egypt and India the present year, Brazil and South Africa and Australia are on the other side of the line, and their planting season consequently six months behind ours. Should the South unwisely protract the war for the second year, all further dependence upon her will cease; her King Cotton will be as effectually dethroned as the Bourbons and the Stuarts; and Central America, the West Indies, Africa, Egypt, Syria, India, China, and Australia will feed the looms of the world; till our brethren at the South shall return to their senses, and be willing again to live under the government which their most intelligent statesmen last November declared to be the best and most beneficent which history gives us an account of. As American patriots, looking with an equal eye to the interests of the whole country, desiring still the welfare of the South as sincerely as our own, we cannot but regret the result, which will no doubt to some extent be permanent. But we must admit that the lesson was needed by our misguided fellow-citizens, and that the lasting welfare of the whole Union will be promoted, when they shall have awakened from the delusion, that the prosperity of the civilized world depends upon their cotton crop.

In fact, when we consider the influence on the public sentiment of the South of the extension of the cotton culture, the pernicious delusion just mentioned, and its effect in betraying that section of the country into this disastrous attempt to break up the Union, at the cost of a civil war of unexampled magnitude, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that it would have been better, greatly better for herself and the world, that not a boll of cotton should ever have ripened within her limits, than that she should have acquired the fancied monopoly of it. The events which are passing before our eyes give a sad significance to the remark of an ancient Roman author: "If we are willing to own the truth, it is the great plantations which, having ruined Italy, are now also ruining the provinces." * Should cotton succeed in the unhallowed effort to break up the Union, it may be truly said that it would have been a thousand times better that their husbandry like yours should, at whatever sacrifice of the tropical staple, have been exclusively devoted to the usual articles of agricultural produce, adapted to their climate, raised on farms of moderate dimensions, and tilled by the industrious and energetic hands of freemen, in the majority of cases the proprietors of their own fee-simple acres. This, and not the wholesale production of the tropical staples, is the kind of husbandry which in all ages has been regarded as the basis of public prosperity and the nurse of private virtue; whose benefits moralists have taught; whose praises poets have sung; and to which great and good men, famous captains, and illustrious statesmen, tired of the conflicts of politics and war, have repaired as to a harbor of refuge.

Besides the deplorable influence of a supposed monopoly of cotton, as the indirect cause of the present civil war, and, if that war should attain its object, the permanent disruption of the Union, which would unquestionably prove one of the greatest calamities that ever befell the civilized world, it will,

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* Verum confitentibus latifundia Italiam perdidere; jam vero et Provincias. — PLINII, N. H. xviii. 6.

in all human probability, lead to another result, equally shocking to the public sentiment of the age, — I mean the reopening of the African slave-trade. It is well known and freely admitted at the South, that a great change in public opinion has been gradually taking place in that part of the country on all subjects relating to slavery. Thirty years ago, it was habitually and generally spoken of as an evil entailed upon us by the Parent Country, of which it was now difficult, if not impossible, to rid ourselves; while the African slave-trade was as generally and as severely denounced at the South as the North. The law by which it is made piracy was passed under a Southern President and a Cabinet and Congress controlled by Southern influences. But with the immense expansion of the cotton culture and the introduction of that of sugar, a great change of public opinion, with respect both to slavery and the slave-trade, has taken place at the South. Slavery is now warmly claimed as the corner-stone of the new Confederacy, and as the only possible relation in which the two races can stand to each other, with benefit to either; while the change with respect to the African slave-trade, though not probably so decided and general, is in marked and rapid progress. It is true the Confederate Congress has prohibited this traffic. This was done before Virginia or any other of the border States had joined the Confederacy, and it was accompanied by a law prohibiting the introduction of slaves from States not belonging to it. Now the domestic slave-trade is of immense importance to Eastern Virginia, and proportionably to all the border States. It absorbs no small part of the increase of their colored population, and in so doing, besides the pecuniary return, it sustains the value of the residue. One hundred slaves, I was informed, are daily sent to the South from Richmond. This number must, I think, be overstated, though given to me by a very intelligent citizen of that place. In this state of things the simultaneous prohibition of the African and the domestic slave-trade by the Confederate Congress was understood, and in substance declared, to be at the time at once a threat and a bribe addressed to the border States, and particularly to Virginia, and on her, unhappily, it produced its effect. But that the prohibition of the foreign slave-trade will be persevered in, should the revolted States succeed in establishing their independence, there is not the slightest probability. Some of the leaders of secession are known to be in favor of reopening it. When successfully attempted last year by lawless adventurers, they were effectually screened from justice; and the statute of the Confederate government forbidding it was denounced at the time of its passage by the leading press of South Carolina. While it is certainly true, that when the subject was last agitated, many intelligent persons in the Southern States opposed the introduction into the country of the uncivilized natives of Africa, it is not the less true, that the current of opinion is running rapidly in the opposite direction. There is not the slightest reason to doubt, that if the independence of the Southern Confederacy should be established, the supposed interest of the Cotton States will outweigh that of Virginia, and the African slave-trade, with all its horrors, against which the civilized nations of the earth, and the United States among the foremost, have been waging a concerted war for two generations, will be triumphantly reopened. Such being the case, I have no fear that the prospect of a tariff a little lower than that of the United States, the hope of finding a market for a few more bars of railroad iron, and a few more bales of printed calico, than under the present duties, will win the sympathy of the great powers of Europe for an insurrectionary government, which claims to rest upon the institution of Slavery as its corner-stone, and which, beyond all question, will, among its first measures, reopen that traffic which has been for sixty years pursued by the execrations of the civilized world.

But it is time, my friends, to relieve your patience. While we contemplate with the sternest disapprobation the conduct of the ambitious men, who are perverting the bounties showered by Providence on their section of the Union into the occasion for these frightful evils, and while we deeply sympathize with those of our loyal fellow-citizens in the seceding States who are swept along and overwhelmed with the tide of rebellion, let us diligently search our hearts with the inquiry, whether, in this great crisis of our country's fortune, we ourselves have done and are doing the whole duty of good citizens and devoted patriots. Let those of you particularly engaged in the cultivation of the soil bear in mind, more than ever, the duty devolved upon you, as that part of the population who are called upon to provide the daily bread of the rest. Duty did I say? Regard it rather as your great privilege, that, in the mysterious economy of Nature, the husbandman is the immediate co-worker with Providence; and learn to look upon the soil, with its re-creative powers, the seed with its undeveloped germ of manifold increase, the elements of growth in earth, and water, and light, and air, as one vast system of machinery, waiting to be called into action for the sustenance of man, by his own industrious co-operation.

We have all looked with interest and pleasure on some noble factory, filled with ingenious machinery, constructed of metal, wood, and leather; wheels, and ratchets, and cams; motions direct, reciprocating, and eccentric; cylinders, and spindles, and looms, with all their springs, and screws, and bolts, skilfully fitted, and polished, and oiled, and geared, above and below, from the foundation to the roof; the impatient stream idly breaking on the mighty turbine, and all waiting for the controlling hand of man to move the lever, bid the great water-wheel commence its round, and start the entire system into life and action.

So, and with admiration increased by all the superiority of the works of God over the works of man, when we look on this wondrous and beautiful Earth, with all its capacities for the supply of human want, — the varieties of soil, clay and lime and sand, in all their mixtures, — enriching loams and marls, — organic fertilizers, — the bubbling spring, the irrigating stream, the sheltering wood and hill, — the changing seasons, — the strange circulation of vapor and cloud and rain, — the solar ray shooting from the upper sky, latent heat and electric fire pervading all creation, — the marvellous structure of the vegetable world, — seed, and root, and stalk, and leaf, and bud, and flower, and fruit, and grain, each after its kind, endless in form and quality, the food, the cordial, the medicine, the clothing of man, drawing each its peculiar nutriment from the same soil, — we may regard them as forming together one vast system of machinery, the work of the Divine Artificer, waiting for intelligent and industrious man to turn the furrow, and scatter the seed, and reap the harvest; and thus give their motion to the mystic spindles from which Nature draws out the fibres of vegetable life; and the bountiful looms on which she weaves into the tissue of the year, for the comfort and the delight of her children, the gorgeous tints of spring and the golden fruits of autumn.

DINNER TO PRINCE NAPOLEON.*

May it please your Imperial Highness; Governor Andrew; Gentlemen:—

In discharging the agreeable duty of the chair on this occasion, I feel that I shall conform not less to the dictates of propriety than to the well-understood wishes of our illustrious guest, by dealing as little as possible in the ceremonious forms of public and official entertainments, and giving the plainest and most direct utterance to the cordial feelings with which we desire to welcome him. Regretting only that his visit is too short to enable us to offer him all the attentions, public and private, which are due to his rank and character, we are gratified that our industrial and educational institutions — our colleges, factories, libraries and schools, public works, and historical localities — have been the subject of his acute observation and intelligent curiosity, competent and disposed as he is to appreciate whatever of merit or interest they possess, and to make due allowance for anything in which they fall below the standard of older and richer states. Our illustrious guest will remember that, compared with the empires and kingdoms of Europe, we are, even in the first settled parts of the country, a People of Yesterday; that, while Louis XIV., in the Augustan age of the old *régime*, was shaking Europe with the terror of his arms, and France was adorned with celebrities in every department of science and literature, which have not yet been and probably never will be eclipsed, the little Republics of New England, which he has seen so populous and flourishing, then numbering all told not above eighty thousand souls, were waging a doubtful contest with the Children of the Forest.

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* Address of welcome to His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, at the Revere House, Boston, 25th September, 1861.

But even at that early period, and in fact long before, the intimate relations of France and America had commenced. While the continent of North America, which our illustrious guest, in his recent tour, has seen covered with the works and monuments of a most rapidly advancing civilization, still lay in a state of nature, two of the leading powers of Europe struggled for its possession. Leaving South America and Mexico to Portugal and Spain, England, more disposed to maritime adventure, occupied the coast of North America; France penetrated the interior; nor do I know, sir, in the history of civilization, a nobler sweep of exploration and colonial enterprise than that which was made by the Government of France, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi. You have recently retraced the northern and central portions of that magnificent line of posts, — military, commercial, and missionary, — and followed in imagination the gallant adventurers, who first ascended the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, first launched their frail barks on the Illinois, first of civilized men followed its course to the Father of American Waters, descended the mighty stream, and planted the banners of France at the mouth of the Mississippi. The names of Jacques Cartier, of Champlain, of Marquette, of La Salle, have received the tribute of your admiration, on the spots forever rendered famous by their achievements, their noble toils, and their heroic sacrifices, not made alone for military aggrandizement or commercial gain. A spirit of civilization, enlightened beyond the standard of the times, accompanied their progress through the wilderness. The *Relations des Jésuites* (of which the late republication at Quebec has, I dare say, attracted the attention of your Imperial Highness) remains to this day the most instructive record of the early progress of discovery and settlement in these regions. There is nothing, as far as I am aware, in English colonial literature to be compared with them.

From these early and almost forgotten times, there never has been a period when the interests, I might almost say the destinies, of France, though I do not greatly like that word, were not closely interwoven with those of the United States, from the moment when the United States, even in anticipation, began to be. Need I remind you, sir, of the opening scenes of that great Seven Years' War? Two years before it was declared in Europe, it had its effective origin in the struggle between England and France for the possession of the interior of this continent, and the first blow was struck in the expedition sent by Virginia under her youthful Washington against Fort Duquesne. That Pittsburg which I believe, sir, you have lately visited, containing with its suburbs not less than one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, the seat of a vast manufacturing industry, and a steam navigation approaching one hundred thousand tons, occupies the spot then covered by a little stockade, erected in 1754. That little fort was constructed by a skilful French military engineer, named Mercier. I do not know whether our honored guest, the French minister, is of his family, nor whether engineering skill has descended with the name. I have not heard that His Excellency, since his residence in this country, has intrenched himself in his beautiful villa on Georgetown Heights, or anywhere but in the respect of the Government and the good-will of the People of the United States. There he is strongly fortified. Well, sir, that little fort, as you well recollect, became the next year the intended prize of the most formidable military expedition which, up to that time, had ever been set on foot in North America. Two veteran British regiments, under a commander of forty years' experience in the great wars of Europe, were met, a few miles from Fort Duquesne, and it may be pertinent to observe at the present day, when a good deal is said of military panics, were put to ignominious rout, by a detachment of 72 regular French troops, 146 Canadians, and 637 Indians! From the face of this motley handful of enemies, which it would be absurd to call an army, the best-appointed veteran troops of England, — Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Marines, — in the language of Washington, who had two horses killed under him and four bullets through his garments in the disastrous encounter, "ran like sheep before the dogs!"

This great war seemed for the time to have ended in the extinction of the power and influence of France on this continent, by the cession of Louisiana to Spain, and the surrender of Canada to England. But wait another turn of the wheel of Empire, and in twelve years from the signature of the Treaty of Paris we behold the American Revolution, then the Declaration of Independence, the French alliance, the navies of France ranging our coasts, her auxiliar armies landed on our shores, the lilies mingled with the rising stars and stripes, Rochambeau and Washington, Lafayette and Lincoln, united at the fall of Yorktown, and a new commercial and naval power called as it were from the depths of the Atlantic into the family of Nations. It is usual to say, that France was led to form the alliance of 1778, by way of retaliation upon England for the loss of Canada. I dare say this motive had its influence with the Cabinet of Louis XVI.; they were men, and subject to human passions. But I appeal to you, sir, who have been accustomed, from the highest points of observation, to explore the policy of States, to bear me out in the assertion, that France had a much loftier, a much further reaching motive, in promoting the Independence of the United States. There are documents in the *Bureau des Affaires Étrangères* at Paris, which show that the Count de Vergennes and his associates looked far beyond the indulgence of any spirit of temporary retaliation. They foresaw, in the infant American Union, the germ of a great commercial and naval power in the West, which, when it should arrive at maturity, would furnish a needful counterpoise to the maritime preponderance of any one of the great European governments. They foresaw that the United States, if their Independence was established, would in all human probability, become what Prince Gortschakoff, in his remarkable letter of the 10th of last July, calls it, "an element essential to the universal political equilibrium." This, I take it, was the true secret of the alliance of 1778, as of the good-will which has ever subsisted, and I doubt not ever will subsist, between France and the Federal Union.

This noble *entente cordiale*, founded on the broadest and firmest basis of State policy, was shaken for a few years by the storms of the French Revolution, which so vehemently agitated the whole political world. The two friendly governments, whose allied armies, less than twenty years before, were arrayed beneath a common banner, on common fields of victory, were now about to plunge into an unnatural war with each other. This took place under the government of the Directory, whose reputation for wisdom does not, I presume, sir, stand very high in the traditions of your family. From this deplorable catastrophe the 18 *Brumaire* relieved us. That marvellous event, which brought France out of the chaos of the Revolution, reopened her temples, tribunals, and schools, retrieved her dilapidated finances, and raised her prostrate industry from the dust, restored peace between the two countries. Scarcely had the youthful hero acceded to power, when he ordered that the badges of mourning for the death of WASHINGTON should be suspended "*à tous les drapeaux et guidons de la République*"; and in less than a twelvemonth from the time when the strong arm of the First Consul was laid to the helm of State, a convention with the United States was signed by his elder brother Joseph (afterwards King of Naples and of Spain), which replaced the relations of the two countries on the most friendly footing.

That kind-hearted and virtuous Prince, your uncle Joseph, was, as you well know, sir, for many years a resident in this country, where his name is never pronounced without respect. I may be permitted perhaps to say, that it was my good fortune to renew with him in Florence the acquaintance with which he had honored me at Bordentown, — a place which for his sake you have lately visited with such affectionate interest. When, on taking a final leave of him, I told him that he was remembered in America with respect and affection, by all who had the happiness to know him, he placed his arm about my neck and his lips to my cheek, and with eyes moistened with gracious drops not unworthy a king, replied that some of the happiest days of his life were those which he had passed on the banks of the Delaware.

But the treaty of the 30th of September, 1800, wise and welcome as it was, in restoring peace between the two countries, was, soon after, far surpassed in importance by that truly imperial stroke of policy, the cession of Louisiana. Originally discovered under the powerful monarch whose name it perpetuates in the Western hemisphere, transferred to Spain at the close of the Seven Years' War, recovered by the First Consul in 1800, by the treaty of San Ildefonso, the youthful hero conceived the plan of making Louisiana the basis of a colonial power, which should balance that of England. The approaching renewal of hostilities, by the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, rendered it doubtful whether he would be able to hold Louisiana against the naval power of Great Britain, and in pursuance of the great idea which runs through the whole policy of France toward this country, that of confirming the "universal political equilibrium," by the growth of a great commercial and naval power in the West, the First Consul announced to his astonished council, on Easter Sunday of 1803, that he had made up his mind to cede the whole of Louisiana to the United States. The deed followed upon the word, and the treaty was signed on the 30th of April. By this truly Napoleonic stroke of the highest State wisdom and the most superb political courage, the whole of this vast province, a world of itself, — from the Gulf of Mexico to the 49th parallel of latitude, and from the Mississippi to the Pacific, — in which those great and prosperous States, sir, of which you have just made a rapid survey, are but the outposts of the group of rising republics still to be, — all passed into the possession of the United States; — illustrious record of the profound convictions of NAPOLEON, that the interest of France and the equilibrium of Europe require the growth, consolidation, and permanence of the American Union.

With the memory of these significant pages of our history, and with these impressive recollections of the great founder of your dynasty, your Imperial Highness will not doubt the pleasure we feel in the visit of a prince of his family and name, who, with a mind already richly stored with the fruits of European observation and experience, has come to estimate, from personal inspection, the importance of that UNION, which France, under every *régime*, has done so much to cheer and aid on the path of national advancement. We should consider the language of mere compliment as unworthy of you, sir, and ourselves, but we deem it an honor to welcome to our city a prince, who, not now for the first time, turns his back upon the splendors of one of the most brilliant courts, and the fascinations of one of the most attractive capitals of Europe, to cross seas and traverse continents in the gratification of an enlightened curiosity, and the cultivation of those liberal tastes, which, while they raise the peasant to a level with the peer, give grace and dignity to the highest station, and reflect new lustre even to the steps to the throne.

It adds, greatly, sir, to the satisfaction which we feel in your visit, that you are accompanied by an illustrious Princess, who, besides all her personal claims on our respect, demands our homage, as the daughter of the favored Sovereign, — *Il Rè galantuomo* — the King of Italy, — called by Providence to reclaim that lovely land from long ages of internal dissension and, its necessary consequence, political imbecility and subjection to foreign power; with the aid of his Great Ally, to build up a glorious Italian nationality; and to prove by a bright example in the face of Europe and America, that for a family of kindred States there can be neither peace nor prosperity at home, nor consideration nor influence abroad, but in a harmonious union under one government.

Be pleased, sir, to accept our best wishes for your prosperous return to France, and allow us to hope that the United States will retain a place in your friendly recollection and enlightened sympathy.

I pray your Excellency (Governor Andrew) and you, gentlemen, to rise and join me in drinking to

The health of their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of the French, their Imperial Highnesses Monseigneur the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde, and the prosperity of France, — the earliest ally of the United States.

THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

WE sometimes hear the remark, that the season for words has gone by, and that the time for deeds has come. This is no doubt in one sense true. Involved as the country is in a war of tremendous magnitude, the great object unquestionably is, that it should be brought as speedily as possible to a triumphant and auspicious close. But as this can be effected only by continuous effort on the part of the loyal people of the Union, it is of the utmost importance to this end that the public mind should be fully informed as to the nature and causes of the contest, and deeply impressed with its necessity. Our patriotic fellow-citizens are hurrying to the field, in numbers altogether unprecedented in this country, and not often exceeded in any country. It is doubtful whether, in the Revolutionary War, General Washington ever found himself at the head of fifteen thousand effective troops; there are now eight or ten times that number on the banks of the Potomac, while armies, greater than were ever arrayed in the war of Independence, are on foot in other parts of the country. On the seaboard, not only the entire navy of the country (except what fell into disloyal hands at Norfolk), but as large a supplementary force as it has been possible to engage, is actively employed. The expense of supporting these great armaments is proportionably heavy, and I presume already equals that of the entire Revolutionary War. Vast as are the burdens thus entailed upon us, it is probable that the sacrifices and losses resulting from the paralysis of some branches of business and the general refusal of the South, — not without some honorable exceptions, — to pay their debts to the North, amount to a sum not much less than the entire public expenditure.

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* Delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, 16th October, 1861, and repeated in many places.

These great efforts and costly sacrifices have been willingly, cheerfully made. I know of no other case in history where such an uprising of an entire people has taken place, and where a community, previously divided into parties strenuously contending with each other, has found itself at once drawn, by an almost unanimous concert of opinion and feeling, into the hearty support of a contest of such tremendous magnitude. These vast armies, in the absence of every species of legal coercion, have been promptly raised by voluntary enlistment, and the credit of the government has proved all sufficient to command the requisite means for their support.

This state of things can only be accounted for by the profound conviction, on the part of the masses of the people of all former political creeds, that the war has been forced upon us, and cannot be declined either with honor or safety; that it involves consequences vital, not merely to the permanence of the Union, but to the existence of the government, I may say of all governments; and that the highest interests, not merely of the United States, but of the civilized world, require that it should be strenuously prosecuted to a successful result. In proportion as this conviction is established on rational grounds, and sinks deep into the hearts of the people, the war will be vigorously carried on, and the efforts and sacrifices necessary for its support will still be cheerfully made. It is for this reason, as it seems to me, highly desirable, while our brave fellow-citizens are encountering the dangers of the field, that their minds and those of the public at large should be fortified with clear and practical views of the origin and character of the war, and of the righteousness of the cause for which the masses of the people are contributing their means, and our brethren in arms are risking their lives; and it is to offer you some suggestions on these topics, that I have now the honor to appear before you.

I will say, then, in the first place, that the war, on the part of the United States, is in no degree aggressive. Persistent efforts are made by the leaders of Secession to give it the opposite character, to represent it as an aggressive war, undertaken on the part of the North for the purpose of subjugating the South. In the official documents and proclamations of the Confederate government at home great pains are taken to ascribe this character to the contest; while, in order to enlist the sympathy of those foreign countries which derive their supply of cotton from America, every effort is made to inculcate this idea in Europe. A more audacious imposition was never attempted on the credulity of the world. A few ambitious leaders at the South, principally in South Carolina, having begun to perceive, some thirty years ago, that, by the rapid multiplication of free States, and the not less rapid increase of their population, the South would, in no long time, lose the monopoly of the national government which she had hitherto enjoyed, formed the design of breaking up the Union. This was to be effected, by producing upon the popular mind of the South the impression that her local interests were sacrificed to those of the North; absurd as such a suggestion was, in face of the fact that the South had always possessed, and possessed at that time, a controlling influence in the government. The attempt was first made in reference to the tariff. The cotton fields of South Carolina having become exhausted by a long course of improvident culture, and her laboring population having been drawn off to the fertile regions recently opened to settlement in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, the unreflecting masses were easily persuaded by these designing leaders that these effects were produced by the laws passed for the protection of branches of industry principally seated at the North. Although the South as a whole was eminently prosperous; although the new States I have just named were filling up with inhabitants much more rapidly than any part of the North, and increasing in wealth at an astonishing rate; although the cotton interest, originally created by a duty of three cents the pound on the imported article, still enjoyed that bounty, and was in the highest degree flourishing; although the cultivation of sugar in Louisiana was introduced and established in like manner by a heavy protective duty, — the politicians of the Carolina school succeeded, by unremitted agitation, in persuading their deluded followers that the South was suffering grievous oppression on the part of the North.

When the popular mind was sufficiently inflamed by two or three years' incessant reiteration of this topic, a few vague paragraphs were exhumed from the Virginia resolutions of 1798, asserting the universally admitted axiom, that unconstitutional laws are null and void (to be adjudged so of course by the constituted authorities), and from this theoretical truism the monstrous heresy was deduced, that it is at all times competent for an individual State, assembled in convention, to release her citizens from obedience to any act of Congress which, after years of maddening agitation, she may think proper to regard as unconstitutional. On this theory, as absurd as it is pernicious, South Carolina, then standing alone, prepared or affected to prepare in 1832 to defy at once the constitutional authority and military power of the United States. She summoned a convention, which passed a pretended ordinance of nullification; called out the military force of the State; organized and drilled her population, purchased arms and military stores, and prepared in appearance at least for a gigantic act of treason, by actually levying war against the United States. I narrate events fresh in the recollection of men of my day, but with which you, young gentlemen, are less familiar. General Jackson was then President. His military tastes and habits, his personally unfriendly relations with the great leader of nullification, dating from the time of the Seminole war, and some recent griefs connected with the formation of his Cabinet, all ran strongly with the current of his official duty. General Scott was sent with an adequate force to Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor. A magnificent proclamation, penned by Mr. Edward Livingston, was issued to the American people; and the President avowed his determination to take the field in person. Being then a member of Congress, and having occasion to call upon him on some business of a constituent, I found him in his reception-room, delivering, in the presence of some fifteen or twenty persons casually assembled there, most of whom he had probably never seen before, a sort of off-hand lecture on the great topic of the day. "Mr. Calhoun," said General Jackson, "talks of the constitutional right of nullification, and gets a few county-court lawyers to agree with him, as if any constitution could provide for its own destruction. If he means the law of nature, that 's another thing; that 's Andrew Jackson, with his gun on his shoulder, and that 's a game he 'll find that two can play at." This was a definition of the law of nature rather different from those of Grotius and Puffendorf, but not ill adapted to the exigencies of the moment. General Jackson had determined to set his iron heel on the infant rebellion. Happily for its leader, the compromise tariff brought forward by Mr. Clay at the next session built a bridge over which the nullifiers were able to make a not wholly ignominious retreat. Looking back with the lights of experience on these transactions, there is good reason for the opinion, that it would have been better for the country if this unprincipled conspiracy had run its natural course. If nullification had been strangled in Carolina by the hero of New Orleans in 1832, Secession would not have reared its hydra heads throughout the South in 1861.

Having mentioned the name of Mr. Calhoun, it is not out of place to say, that on no individual of the present generation does a heavier responsibility rest than on him for the present state of the country; and of few of our public men will the future historian find it so difficult to make a fair and candid estimate. He was, by all admission, a man of the most exemplary private character, a pattern of all the virtues which dignify and adorn domestic and social life; as a public man, no one has exercised a more baleful influence on the country. He brought to Washington, in 1812, a brilliant local reputation. The Democratic party having become divided and enfeebled throughout the Union by the unpopularity of the restrictive system, its leaders in South Carolina, in order to infuse new vigor into its ranks, determined on war with Great Britain, and to effect that object sent three young, able, and aspiring politicians — Messrs. Calhoun, Cheves, and Lowndes — to Congress. The measure was forced by their influence upon Mr. Madison and his Cabinet, and the declaration was drawn by Mr. Calhoun as a member of the Committee of Foreign Affairs.

From that time till his decease he took a very prominent part in our politics, as a leader successively of two parties diametrically opposed to each other. Till he had reached the meridian of his career, he was the great head at the South of the latitudinarian school; a friend of a national bank, a protective tariff, a system of internal improvements, the Congressional regulation of slavery in the Territories, and a liberal, not to say profuse, expenditure of public money.

These views caused him to be selected in Pennsylvania, in 1824, as her first choice for the Presidency. Her preference, however, having been suddenly transferred to General Jackson, and Mr. Crawford, the leader of the States' Rights party and the bitter antagonist of Mr. Calhoun, having been struck down by disease, Mr. Calhoun, elected to the Vice-Presidency, and by more Northern than Southern votes, passed at one bound from the camp of the Prodigals, as they were called, into the camp of the Radicals, and became, for the rest of his life, a strict constructionist, a States' Rights man, a vehement opponent of internal improvements, of the tariff, of Congressional legislation on the subject of slavery, a nullifier, and, as his political friends allege, a seceder.

These opposite opinions were maintained by him, as he successively held them, in his Congressional speeches, his reports as Secretary of War, and in an elaborate treatise on the Constitution, always with acuteness and plausibility, sometimes with vigor. His intellectual powers, though, as it seems to me, overrated, were of a high order; but he was subtile rather than profound, fanciful rather than ingenious. There is, however, no play of the imagination in his works, no fervor. His style, whether of speaking or writing, is meagre, cold, and austere; his statements and reasonings very rarely enforced by historical illustration or moral sentiment, greatly deficient in the sympathy with the popular mind which characterizes Clay, and wholly wanting in that majestic common sense and sound logic which gave weight to every sentence of Webster.

Though living in times of the highest excitement, made such in no small degree by his agency, his speeches, for the most part, are as arid as an algebraical demonstration. The system of politics upon which he finally settled down, though wild and impracticable almost beyond belief, if it were not matter of history, did not wander far beyond the abstractions of the Virginia school, whose exploded sophisms he attempted to revive. Few persons who have heard of "nullification" are aware of the portentous absurdity of the doctrine as taught by Mr. Calhoun. He did not, as is commonly supposed, maintain the right of a State directly to annul, as far as her citizens are concerned, an act of Congress, but he held that, if a State deemed a law of the general government unconstitutional, she might suspend its operation till a national convention had been called to decide the question, and their report should be accepted by three fourths of the States. I need not say that, under such an arrangement, no measure which has ever divided parties in this country could have been adopted; for there never was a greatly controverted measure which has not in some quarter been deemed unconstitutional; never one which, after having been the subject of vehement agitation, would have been sustained by three fourths of the States. In other words, Mr. Calhoun's doctrine of nullification would have produced an entire paralysis of the government. Think, too, of this fantastic power, overriding all the functions of government, being claimed by a strict constructionist, a sworn enemy of implied powers, and under a Constitution which does not, in a single syllable, recognize the existence of any such process.

Mr. Calhoun's plan for protecting the two sections of the country from hostile legislation against each other was still more chimerical. It was to have two co-ordinate Presidents of the United States, each with a veto on the acts of Congress. This idea was borrowed from the ill-understood Constitutions of Rome, where there were two consuls, in addition to the balance between the consular and tribunitian power, and of Sparta, where there were two kings. I must, however, give the American people, South as well as North, the credit of having recoiled from the plan of two Presidents. They seem to have thought that one was as much as they could bear, at least under some administrations. It is difficult to treat absurdities like these with gravity; though it is enough to make angels weep, that these vagaries of a diseased imagination, stimulated into morbid activity by disappointed ambition, are the remote causes of the civil war which is drenching the country in blood.

The Union, which, in 1833, was rescued from the assaults of nullification, was but reserved for the severer trial which, after the lapse of another generation, is now brought upon us. General Jackson, with prophetic discernment, declared in August, 1833, that "the tariff was only the pretext, and Disunion and a Southern confederacy the real object. The next pretext," he added, "will be the negro or slavery question." Events were not slow in verifying this remarkable prediction. Various grave occurrences at home and abroad had, during the last forty years, imparted a rapidly increasing strength to the antislavery sentiment of Christendom, and proportional activity to the discussion of the subject of slavery in all its bearings. England, after the general pacification of Europe in 1815, had urged the abolition of the African slave-trade with great warmth and energy on all the civilized powers. In this measure the United States cordially co-operated with England, calling upon her to follow our example in declaring that traffic piracy; which, with some reluctance, she did. About the same time the Missouri compromise took place; and in pursuance of a policy coeval with the independence of the United States, and first legally embodied in the ordinance of 1787, Congress, after fierce debates, renewed for two or three years, prohibited the extension of slavery into the public Territories north of 36° 30′, — a wise and moderate measure, in which some of the soundest statesmen co-operated, and which was pronounced by Mr. Pinckney, the member of Congress from Charleston, South Carolina, peculiarly advantageous to the South. In 1822 a plot for a negro insurrection was discovered in Charleston, and the public sensibility was somewhat moved at the South by an imputed connection of the project with the dissemination of the debates on the Missouri Compromise. Then followed the introduction into the British Parliament of the resolutions which looked forward to the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, — a measure which actually took place ten or twelve years later. In 1831 the Southampton massacre caused an unrestricted discussion of the whole subject in the Legislature of Virginia, in which the evils of slavery and the necessity of ultimate emancipation were urged as strenuously at Richmond as they ever were before or since in Old England or New England. The great accession of Southern territory by the annexation of Texas, and the conquest of the Mexican provinces, gave to the discussions thus forced upon the country a practical bearing which they had never possessed before. The great majority of the people of the free States shrunk from the agitation as dangerous; both the great political parties discountenanced it; but in a country where speech and the press are free, it was impossible that a discussion of this kind should be repressed. The South from the first has done far more than the North to make the question of slavery an element of party politics; till an action and a reaction of a most alarming character had grown up between the two sections of the country, for which her responsibility is, to say the least, equal to ours. Your own recollection, my friends, will furnish facts in abundance to illustrate these remarks. I may be permitted to say that, for myself, I greatly deprecated this war of opinion and sentiment, fearful that it would prove the forerunner of still more disastrous conflicts. Anxious, after it had reached a menacing height, to do what little I was able to do, to bring a countervailing sentiment into action, and feeling that there was still one golden chord of sympathy unbroken between North and South, in the hope of contributing something, however small, to preserve what remained, and to restore what was lost of kind feeling between the two sections of the Union, I devoted the greater part of my time for three or four years to the attempt to give new strength in the hearts of my countrymen to the last patriotic feeling in which they beat in entire unison, — veneration and love for the name of Washington, and reverence for the place of his rest.

The ambitious leaders of the South, in the mean time, pursued, without relaxation, their disloyal purpose; and the steady increase of agitation in all parts of the country, furnished unhappily but too much aid to the unrighteous project. No real grievance existed beyond what is inseparable from human affairs. The South has ever been the spoiled and fretful child of the Union; always gratified and always murmuring. Every issue raised by her or for her has been settled in her favor. She continued to monopolize or to control the government of the country in all its branches. Her citizens, or Northern men possessing her confidence, filled the Presidential chair. Her claims were sustained by majorities in both houses of Congress; a majority of the justices of the Supreme Court were Southern men. On the acquisition of Mexican territory, she dictated the terms of its organization. In 1852 the political conventions of the two great parties concurred in denouncing antislavery agitation, and pledged themselves to respect the constitutional rights of the South. In the same year she carried, by an overwhelming majority, the election of a President possessing her entire confidence. In 1854 she dictated the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in which all parties had acquiesced as a measure of peace for thirty-four years; and from that time till last winter the whole force of the Federal government was iniquitously exerted, at the behest of the South, to force slavery upon the people of Kansas. Nothing, however, satisfied her, because her leaders were predetermined not to be satisfied. The project of disunion was openly avowed; conventions having that treasonable object in view were held, and preparations, political and military, everywhere made for the rupture.

At length the Presidential election of 1860 drew on. In the progress of the events to which I have alluded the antislavery feeling of the North had been greatly intensified, and the Republican party augmented. Conservatism was paralyzed, and the disunion leaders of the South adroitly effected a schism in the Democratic party. Had they succeeded in choosing their candidate, the catastrophe might have been averted a little longer; but they did not expect, probably did not wish, to succeed. As the election of the Republican candidate became daily more probable, the preparations for the rebellion were matured. South Carolina claimed the bad pre-eminence of leading the van, and placed herself, as far as her resources admitted, in a state of military readiness. Several of the members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet were in the secret of the conspiracy, and favored the movement. Mr. Floyd, the Secretary of War, has publicly boasted that he resolved, while he remained in office, that no garrisons should be sent to the fortresses of the United States. Arms and munitions of war were withdrawn from the Northern arsenals and navy-yards, and accumulated at the South. A secret correspondence was carried on throughout the slaveholding States, in which definitive arrangements were made for the severance of the Union, and the organization of a provisional government, and the plot included the capture of Washington, and the seizure of the public archives, — the exclusion of the President elect from the seat of government, and the installation of the President of the Southern Confederacy in his stead. Incidental to this plot, but not, as I cheerfully admit, contemplated by the leaders, — concocted, rather, by desperadoes not in their confidence, — was a plan, as I have been informed on good authority, to assassinate Mr. Lincoln on his road to Washington.

Such were the projects, such the preparations, to take effect on the election of the Republican candidate. That event took place; and although he was to enter upon his administration with an adverse majority in both houses of Congress; though he had solemnly pledged himself, in his inaugural address, to respect the rights of the South, his election was the signal of the premeditated secession of South Carolina. She would wait for no overt acts of aggression by the Federal government, because she knew none would be attempted. Under the pretence, as flimsy as it was audacious, of an *implied* right to secede, by the adoption of an act in the exercise of that pretended right, she proceeded to violate a dozen *express* provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which every one of her leaders was — ay, and is — under oath to support.

This bad example caught to the other Cotton States, not one of whom, any more than South Carolina, had ever experienced anything but blessings from the General Government; which probably never in the aggregate lost half a dozen fugitive slaves; every one of whom was in the enjoyment of a degree of industrial prosperity unsurpassed, possessing a share far beyond their proportion in the honors and offices of the government; some of them, such as Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, recently acquired at enormous cost to the Union, and protected in their staple products by the very tariff which forms a prominent article on the catalogue of Northern oppressions.

These events occurred in the *interregnum* which, by our constitutional forms, takes place between an outgoing and an incoming administration, when the former is paralyzed by its approaching exit from power, and before the latter is installed in office. It was a season of anxious expectation, peril, and gloom; the fate of the country for long years to come depending, to all human appearance, on the transactions of that lowering and inauspicious winter. Still, however, the rebellion was confined to the cotton States; the Cabinet was purged of its disloyal members; the flag of the country floated over Sumter, guarded by the lion-hearted Anderson; and the great States of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee showed, by their adherence to the Union, that nothing, in their opinion, had occurred to justify its rupture. Meantime the work of attempted conciliation was pursued with melancholy perseverance. Union meetings were held in the principal cities of the North; a peace conference assembled in Washington; the most liberal overtures for a fair adjustment of the great sectional controversy were made in both houses of Congress. But the members from the seceding States successively abandoned their seats, and those who sympathized with them remained but to inflame the public mind by treasonable harangues, and embarrass every attempt at adjustment. It was truly said by one of the disunion leaders, that if the North would offer them *carte blanche* on which to write the terms of reunion, the offer would be rejected.

But the winter passed and spring came, and still the Cotton States stood alone. The Union sentiment was strong among the masses in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and unless those States could be carried for secession, all hope must be abandoned of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. The project for seizing the capital had miscarried, thanks to the vigilant precautions of Joseph Holt and General Scott; the President of the United States had escaped assassination, and had been peaceably inaugurated, and had pledged himself in his address to respect the constitutional rights of every part of the country, which, indeed, as has been already remarked, he could not, with an adverse majority of the two houses, have invaded, had he been so disposed. Under these circumstances there was every probability that secession, confined to the cotton States, would in a year or two die a natural and ignominious death.

The disunion leaders saw and felt the danger, and looked round for the means of "firing the heart" of the entire South. The great object was to gain over the important State of Virginia. Many of her leading politicians were disunionists; but the State, upon the whole, and especially the western portion of it, was still loyal and true. She must have been degenerate, beyond all names of degeneracy, had she been otherwise. The Revolution which gave us the Union was conducted to its auspicious close by her Washington, and a solemn injunction to adhere to it formed the burden of his parting words to his fellow-citizens. The Constitution, now trampled by the seceding States in the dust, was as much as any man's the work of her Madison, and he too, with his last breath, adjured his countrymen never to destroy it. Her Marshall did more than any other man to develop its principles, and apply them to the expanding relations of the growing family of States. The shades of these illustrious men pleaded from their honored graves on behalf of the menaced Union, but they pleaded in vain. A metaphysical abstraction on the rights of the States, of vague and doubtful import when first propounded sixty years before, had grown into a pernicious practical heresy. Virginia did not think Carolina had sufficient cause for breaking up the Union, but she thought she had a right to break it up. Virginia would not join her in seceding for cause, but if her right to secede was questioned, Virginia would join her in maintaining it. Virginia would not rebel with the Cotton States in the first instance, but she would rebel with them if the United States attempted to suppress the rebellion. She would adhere to the Union, but upon condition that the Union would allow itself to be dissolved, and cling to the stars and stripes provided South Carolina was permitted with impunity to trample them under foot, thus showing that they were not worth clinging to. The Cotton States seceded under the pretence of certain wrongs and grievances. The wrongs and grievances were fictitious and imaginary, but they furnished the semblance of a justification. Virginia, by her refusal to join the insurrection in its inception, admits that it was causeless; but joins it, in the sequel, because the government agrees with her in that opinion, and takes measures to suppress the insurrection. The disunionists in the Cotton States have the grace to pretend that they secede because slavery is menaced; the disunionists in Virginia rebel because a hair-splitting sophism is contradicted; they are willing to plunge the country into the fiery and bloody chaos of civil war, to prove that Mr. Madison did not know the meaning of his own resolutions.

Aware of the existence of these views, on the part of the disunionists of Virginia, the leaders of the extreme South, fearful that, from the causes above indicated, some honorable adjustment might, at the last, take place which would leave the Cotton States isolated and exposed to the just consequences of their unnatural revolt, cast round, as I have said, for the means of drawing the border States, and especially Virginia, their acknowledged representative, into the Confederacy.

Two measures were resorted to for the sake of accomplishing this object, — one of consummate legislative astuteness, the other of desperate violence. Such is the state of agriculture in Eastern Virginia, and proportionably in most of the other border States, that the value of their slave property is entirely sustained by the domestic slave-trade, carried on with the cotton and sugar growing States of the South. I was told in Richmond that one hundred slaves were sent to the South for sale every day in the year. On two occasions that I have passed from Richmond to Petersburg this estimate has been borne out by the fact. The number of slaves daily sent to the South is probably overstated, as a calculation for the entire year, but it is no doubt very great, — sufficient to produce an important pecuniary return, and to sustain the value of the residue. In this way the inter-state slave-trade is in reality the controlling interest of Eastern Virginia. In conformity with this fact, when the reopening of the African slave-trade was recommended at a Southern convention, a year or two since, it was vehemently opposed by the politicians of Virginia, who were not probably influenced by ethical or philanthropical scruples. The sagacious leaders of secession at Montgomery, well aware of this state of things, among the provisions of their constitution adopted one by which the African slave-trade was prohibited. This was followed up by an early enactment forbidding the introduction of slaves into the Confederacy, from States not belonging to it, — thus holding out at once a lure and a threat to all the border States which might hesitate to join them.

These measures struck at the vital interests of the border States, when it was well understood that, if they continued to stand aloof, the constitutional prohibition would be withdrawn, and the African slave-trade be reopened. Still, however, it was possible that Virginia with her sister States of the border might not be willing to go before the world as partners in a revolt which, as far as she was concerned, had no higher or nobler motive than that of continuing to stock the plantations of Mississippi and Louisiana. At any rate, the cause of secession did not flourish within the hallowed precincts of Mount Vernon.

Then it was that the other measure was resorted to, and the desperate resolve was taken by South Carolina to let loose the dogs of war. She had been assured that the troops of the United States would not be permitted by Virginia to march over her borders, and she had been told by an ill-omened voice from that State, "that, the very moment blood was shed, Virginia would make common cause with her sisters of the South." The inhuman resolution was accordingly adopted, in concert between Richmond, Charleston, and Montgomery, to proceed to the last dire extremity against Fort Sumter, — a spectacle which, in some of its atrocious features, was probably never before witnessed by the eyes of civilized men. A fortress constructed by the general government for the defence of one of the seaports of the United States, upon an island ceded by South Carolina, and belonging to the Union as much as the District of Columbia; treacherously left by the sworn officials of the United States, whose duty it was to arm and man it, in a most inadequate state of defence; garrisoned by a single overworked and underfed company, their stock of provisions reduced to a scanty supply for forty-eight hours; surrounded by eleven powerful batteries on the neighboring islands, manned by eight or ten thousand troops, commanded — oh! eternal shame! — by brother officers, educated at the expense and sworn to the service of the United States, beholden to the common treasury for the bullion in their epaulettes; in the absence of all provocation, in the face of a disclaimer on the part of the general government of any design to reinforce the fortress; without an aggressive gun being fired from the beleaguered fort; in time of profound peace, and for the cold-blooded purpose of drawing States yet loyal into the vortex of rebellion; in the presence of the entire population of Charleston gazing upon the abominable scene from house-top and steeple as upon a joyous pageant, — was rained upon for thirty-six hours by a merciless storm of red-hot balls and bursting shells, till the flag of the Union, which never went down before a foreign foe, sunk amidst crackling walls and sulphurous flames and blazing quarters, and its gallant defenders were stretched, suffocating and exhausted, on the pavements of the casemates.

No plea of military necessity justified the treasonable outrage. Charleston was not within reach of the guns of Sumter; the government disclaimed, as I have said, the design of reinforcing the garrison; the noble Anderson had informed his chivalrous besiegers, that in two more days he should be starved out. The act of overt treason was committed on a cool calculation of political effect; the guilty risk of bloodshed (providentially averted) was incurred; the dismal war-cry of "Havoc!" was raised simply and solely "to fire the blood of the South"; to compel the general government to put its military power in motion, and thus to coerce Virginia, already tempted on the side of her interest, and bewildered in the maze of her disloyal metaphysics, to cast in her lot with the Cotton States.

That this outrage was a preconcerted and deliberate act of war, undertaken with plenary foresight of its consequences, is not matter of conjecture. At four o'clock in the morning of the 12th of April the bombardment began, and on that selfsame day the inauspicious tidings, transmitted by the telegraph wires, were hailed with wild triumph at the seat of the Confederate government at Montgomery. The President and the members of his Cabinet were serenaded, salutes of artillery were fired; the whole population was in a frenzy of joy. The Secretary of War declared to the excited multitude that "no one could tell where the war this day inaugurated would end, but he would prophesy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze would float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington before the 1st of May. Let them try Southern chivalry and test the extent of Southern resources, and it might float eventually over Faneuil Hall itself." The Confederate government has since thought it politic to disclaim the design of any aggressive movement, and the braggart prediction of its War Secretary has been pronounced the unpremeditated sally of personal feeling. It is a sufficient answer to this mean and childish plea, that the threat of Mr. Walker was echoed by the universal Confederate press, and that military preparations, on the broadest scale, had for a twelvemonth been going on.

But this outrage of Fort Sumter had providentially two consequences, which had not probably been distinctly anticipated. Its primary object of course was to fire the heart of the South, and to force the border States to join in the rebellion. That was foreseen and intended. What was not foreseen, what was not intended, it fired still more warmly the heart of the North, and united all parties and all opinions in the conviction that the Union must be defended against the impending danger of dissolution. Looking back upon the march of events by the lights of experience, though at the time the fall of Sumter gave me a pang to which no words can do justice, and though I still regard it as an act of mingled cowardice, audacity, and wickedness, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel, yet I am not sure that anything less startling, anything less flagrant, anything less outrageous, could sufficiently have stirred the indignation of the country. It was an act by which the disunionists not merely disdainfully refused to drink the proffered cup of conciliation, but contemptuously dashed it in the face of the North.

There was another effect of the appeal to arms, which had been still less distinctly foreseen by those most nearly concerned. The Confederate leaders, as we have seen, had been spurred forward by the assurance that, "the moment the conflict began, old Virginia would dispute with South Carolina the precedence in the great combat." The conflict began; the banner of the Union went down in Charleston Harbor; in pursuance of the menace of its War Secretary, the armies of the Confederacy were immediately directed on Washington; and the whole burden of the campaign was magnanimously transferred from the Cotton States, where the war was planned and inaugurated, to the shoulders of poor Virginia, which, against the wishes and convictions of the mass of her population, has, in the manner stated, been engineered into the war. All the sad consequences of civil strife, the universal stagnation of peaceful industry, scattered families, desolated villages, ravaged fields, dwellings reduced to ashes, scarcity, disease, and rumors of war, worse than the reality, the equal infliction of friend and foe, are scourging her northern frontier; while she herself, the better to show the emptiness of the pretext that she is engaged in the war for the assertion of the right of self-government, proclaims to the citizens of her own western district, — a good third of her free population, more than a third of her territory; a people who differ in all their pursuits from those of Eastern Virginia, as much as those of North and South differ from each other, — that if they do not choose to join the rebellion, they must leave the State. In the same spirit, the most desperate efforts are making in Missouri and Kentucky to drive these States into the arms of the Confederacy against the known loyal feelings of the masses of their citizens.

So little foundation is there for the pretence on the part of the South, that she is engaged in a defensive war; on the contrary, it is in some respects, and those perhaps not duly considered, the most aggressive war that was ever waged. As the position of the United States in the family of nations is to some extent peculiar, so the war which the South has inaugurated, should it succeed in effecting its objects, would prove a national suicide such as the world has perhaps never before witnessed. Our political system, such as it existed before the rebellion, might be considered as unique in the world. The separate State governments provided for the administration of local affairs and the guardianship of local interests, without the inconveniences of that centralization which, in the powerful states of Europe, though their territory is so much smaller than ours, is the cause of annoying delay, sometimes of more serious evils, in all the functions of government. This beautiful organization carried with it a principle of expansion, by which Territory after Territory and State after State might be adopted into the national family, without the slightest disturbance of pre-existing relations. At the same time, for all essentially national concerns, — the great interests of war, peace, navigation, currency, foreign affairs, army, navy, post-office, internal trade, intercourse with the Indian tribes, and the administration of justice between the citizens of different States, — the general government, in its various departments, without infringing upon local rights, moulded all into one people. As the system in its nature admitted an indefinite expansion, our own brief history had witnessed a growth from less than three millions to more than thirty, from thirteen States to thirty-four. There was really no reason why another century, by the same ratio of increase, should not produce a population equalling that of the Chinese Empire, speaking one language, obeying one law, held together, not by a despotic centralization, but by a federative unity, felt only in its blessings. Who can measure the beneficent influence of such a system in the lapse of ages, in settling local controversies, obviating the necessity of great armies and border fortresses, establishing a uniform currency over so vast a territory, opening the pathways of trade across a continent without frontier custom-houses, and retrenching the vast expenditure of thirty rival and jealous independencies? At this transcendently beautiful system secession aims a deadly blow; splits the country at once into two rival, jealous, hostile powers; two general governments instead of one; two armies, two national judiciaries, two revenue systems; and, worst result of all, two powers of an inferior order, instead of one that might, in the harmony of its united strength, have defied the world in arms. Two did I say? let no man, North or South, delude himself with the idea that, if the principle of secession is established, the progress of disintegration will stop with the division into two confederacies. Admit the doctrine that the Union is indeed but a rope of sand, and that each and every State may leave it at pleasure, and the process would infallibly go on; and as local controversies and border quarrels should arise, — such as in the weakness of humanity must ever be anticipated, such as have existed from the settlement of the country between many of our conterminous States, — instead of amicable adjustment under the control of a Federal government, the decision of Federal courts, and the influence of Federal associations; State after State, goaded by demagogues, the standing curse of free governments, would successively break away, the entire confederate system drop to pieces, and this great prosperous Union, like the German Empire in the Middle Ages, be broken up into hundreds of contemptible principalities.

Look already at the first fruits of secession, and tell me if it is not aggressive. It struck its first blow at Sumter just as the furrow was turned in the cornfields. The ripened ears are hardly gathered in, and what do we hear and see? Our consideration and influence abroad already for the time annihilated; the foreign press, like a bird of evil omen, flapping its raven wings, and chanting its inauspicious screams, "Art thou become like unto us?" Spain re-establishing herself in St. Domingo; France, England, and Spain concerting the re-colonization of Mexico; the war-whoop of the savage ringing on the frontier; a swarm of pirates let loose from the South on the commerce of the United States; the Southern ports sealed up by our navy in self-defence; all friendly intercourse between the two sections cut off; the kindred ties of a thousand families broken; the Southern staples piled up on the plantations; the market of the Northern fabrics which should have been given in exchange for them paralyzed; a daily expenditure of a million and a quarter of dollars forced on the North; an unpaid liability to an equal amount accumulated in the South; a debt of two hundred millions from the South to the North repudiated; the nameless horrors of the battle-field; the languishing prisoner; and oh! darker and sadder still, the hundreds — must I not say the thousands? — of our fallen citizens, stark and stiff in their bloody graves. This is what secession has done in six months, and the country is at this moment bracing every limb, and straining every muscle, and cording up every nerve, for efforts, and if necessary for sacrifices, compared with which all that has hitherto taken place is an infant's sport, a midsummer night's dream. And when we think that all this stupendous mischief has been wrought by eight or ten aspiring men, that we could count on the fingers of the two hands the individuals whose unchastened ambition has brought these boundless woes on the land, may we not, without failing in Christian charity, exclaim, —

> " O, is there not some hidden curse,
> Some chosen thunder in the stores of heaven,
> Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
> That seeks his greatness in his country's ruin ? "

But it is when I contemplate the effect of secession on the foreign relations of the country, that I am amazed at the fatuity, the madness, of its leaders. A series of fortunate events, rather let me say Providential interpositions, — the success of the Revolutionary War, the happy establishment of the Federal government, the preservation of our neutrality during the wars of the French Revolution, the cession of Louisiana, and other causes political and moral, — had built up the United States into a first-rate commercial and naval power, strong enough and respectable enough not only to answer every purpose of national defence and safety, but every condition of just influence, every impulse of honorable ambition. In this character the Union has just been acknowledged by one of the oldest and most powerful European monarchies "as an essential element in the universal political equilibrium." From this vantage-ground secession strikes us down, by a blow at once murderous and suicidal. Does any one suppose, if this wicked rebellion holds its natural course, that, in any future controversy with foreign powers, our rights, and not their interest, will dictate the decision? It has been with the utmost difficulty that we could cause them to be respected of late years, while we have presented a united front to the world. Who will heed our reclamations, while our hands are clenched in the death-gripe at each other's throats, and foreign powers, with the traditionary craft of third parties, will have nothing to do but to throw their weight, now into this scale, now into that, as the interest or caprice of the moment may dictate? Nine years ago we were ready to plunge into a war with England, because she sought to deprive us of a few frozen acres in the northeastern corner of Maine; four years later we resolved, on the same high responsibility, that she should not crowd us down below the forty-ninth parallel of latitude on the coast of the Pacific. It is little to say, that, had the present state of things existed then, she would have laughed our territorial claims — just as they were — to scorn.

But of what account were those paltry sacrifices, — a corner of Maine, a corner of Oregon, — which we were so lately willing to avert at the cost of a war, when we see secession robbing herself of all the Northern States, robbing the North of all the Southern States, and drenching the intervening border land in blood? No power in Europe, in a seven years' contest, could have pushed the war into the heart of the country as this accursed rebellion has done in the six months that have elapsed since the outrage on Sumter.

And then to think of the future. If the South has been willing, without the shadow of a practical grievance, living under a government which the Vice-President of the Confederacy pronounced last November the most beneficent ever known, of which she has herself almost monopolized the administration, and of which the judicial and legislative departments were still within her control, to plunge into the gulf of this unholy war, when, in the name of Heaven, and on what terms, shall we ever live in peace? Do you say we can make treaties with each other as independent States? But are treaties more binding than constitutions? ratifications more sacred than oaths of allegiance? The grievance on which the South most dwells is that the North, in pursuance of a policy inaugurated by Mr. Jefferson in 1784, and sanctioned by every Southern statesman till the last ten years, claims the right, on the part of the general government, to exclude slavery from the free territory of the United States. Does she think that, when the Southern Confederacy is established, the free States will consent to the extension of slavery (even if it were physically or economically possible, which it is not) north of the Missouri line, which she recklessly repealed in

1854? No, not if the venerable Chief Justice should live to the age of Methuselah, and pronounce a Dred Scott decision every year of his life. She now complains that the rendition of slaves is obstructed; does she think if secession prospers, that a single fugitive will ever again be surrendered from the North? No, not if she pursued with all the hosts of Pharaoh, unless she waited on the banks of the Potomac till it ran dry. The South is irritated by the indiscriminate denunciations of the Northern platform and the Northern pulpit; will they be silenced when, for the sake of forcing slavery into the Territories, she has broken up the Union, and brought upon the country the horrors of an internecine war? In a word, will not every provocation which has led to the present struggle continue to exist in tenfold force, if it should end in separation, and when, to all the existing causes of dissension which have brought on the present conflict, shall be added the indignant memory of recent sufferings, the hereditary hates to be engendered, hostile tariffs, wholesale smuggling, ruinous confiscations of property on both sides, a general exodus of slaves, the perpetual recurrence of attempts like that of John Brown, and all the thousand causes of war which will unavoidably arise, in the absence of the mediating umpirage of the Federal Constitution?

Look at other countries; interrogate history; listen to the wisdom of ages. The journalists and statesmen and novelists of England are assuring us (no doubt from the most disinterested motives), that the rupture of the Union would be the best thing in the world for us. Did England think that the disintegrating of great states was beneficial when India rebelled, when Ireland rebelled, when Scotland rebelled? Why does she not try the experiment of bringing back the Octarchy? Spain once contained within her limits seven or eight independent kingdoms; would it promote the welfare of the country, if Castile and Aragon and Granada and Leon and the Asturias should again set up for themselves? The civilized world has clapped its hands at the union of the different governments of Italy, under one national head. Do the sages of Montgomery and Richmond really think it would be better if they should tell Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi to go about their business, and let Tuscany and the Two Sicilies, and Sardinia and Lombardy, in the favorite Southern formula, "retain each its sovereignty, freedom, and independence?" Germany broke up in the Middle Ages into three hundred and odd sovereign principalities. Do the wise men of the South, in the execrable jargon of secession, recommend to the mediortized princes to plant themselves on their reserved rights, and reassert their independence? Is it not enough to move the pity of men and angels, that, in the middle of an enlightened century, in a land so favored as ours by Providence, with everything that can promote the welfare of a people, men should be found not merely so insensible to their own blessings, and so recreant to the memory of our fathers, the sages of the constitutional, the heroes of the Revolutionary age, but so deaf to the teachings of all history, so blind to the examples of all countries, so regardless to the experience of all ages, as to believe that the happiness and peace of a family of kindred States can be promoted by the rupture of the Union that binds them together, and resolving them into rival, jealous, and hostile powers?

Deadly grave as this delusion is, its absurdity borders on the ludicrous. There is, I am aware, no end to human credulity. There are men who believe in the philosopher's stone, in perpetual motion, in squaring the circle, and in marble-top centre-tables dancing hornpipes. A flying-machine was exhibited by subscription a few years ago on Boston Common. Captain Symmes, one of the pioneers of settlement in Ohio, and his numerous followers, were persuaded that the earth is as hollow as a gourd, and that you can sail into the interior as easily as a Down-East coaster can sail into Holmes's Hole. Brigham Young believes that you can found a prosperous community, in this country and in the nineteenth century, on the basis of the most abominable corruptions of the old despotisms of Asia; but that any man, not a maniac nor a lunatic, can seriously believe that the paths of prosperity in a country like ours can lead through the bloody gates of treason and rebellion, that anarchy and chaos can conduce to the growth of a family of republics, and an internecine secular war among ourselves give us strength and well-being at home or influence abroad, is almost enough to make one despair of virtue, freedom, and reason, and take refuge in blind chance, brute force, and stolid scepticism.

But it cannot, it shall not be. This glorious national fabric shall not be allowed to crumble into dishonorable fragments. This seamless garment of Union, which enfolds the States like a holy Providence, shall not be permitted to be torn in tatters by traitorous hands. No, a thousand times no! Rise, loyal millions of the country! hasten to the defence of the menaced Union! Come, old men and children! come, young men and maidens!

"Come as the winds come,
When forests are rended;
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded."

Come with your strong hands, come with your cunning hands; come with your swords, come with your knitting-needles; come with your purses, your voices, your pens, your types, your prayers; come one, come all, to the rescue of the country!

This address was repeated in the following places: —

Boston,	16th	Oct.,	1861.	Buffalo, N. Y.,	27th	Nov.,	1861
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	18th	"	"	Rochester, "	28th	"	"
Ogdensburg, "	23d	"	"	Syracuse, "	29th	"	"
Watertown, "	25th	"	"	Norwich, Ct.,	3d	Dec.,	"
Charlestown,	12th	Nov.,	"	Springfield,	4th	"	"
Portland, Me.,	13th	"	"	Cambridgeport,	5th	"	"
Chelsea,	14th	"	"	Hartford, Ct.,	11th	"	"
Providence, R. I,	15th	"	"	Worcester,	12th	"	"
Salem,	18th	"	"	Oswego, N. Y.,	24th	"	"
Lowell,	19th	"	"	Auburn, "	25th	"	"
East Boston,	20th	"	"	Canandaigua, "	26th	"	"
Roxbury,	23d	"	"	Elmira, "	27th	"	"
Albany, N. Y.,	25th	"	"	Woburn,	31st	"	"

Bridgeport, Ct.,	2d	Jan.,	1862,	Newburg, Pa.,	29th	April,	1862.
New York, N. Y.,	7th	"	"	Philadelphia, "	9th	May,	"
Newark, N. J.,	9th	"	"	Chicago, Ill.,	15th	"	"
Geneva, N. Y.,	14th	"	"	St. Louis, Mo.,	19th	"	"
Hudson, "	16th	"	"	Peoria, Ill.,	21st	"	"
Poughkeepsie, "	17th	"	"	Galesburg, "	23d	"	"
Pittsburg, Pa.,	21st	"	"	Milwaukie, Mich.,	26th	"	"
Erie, "	23d	"	"	Detroit, "	28th	"	"
Olean, "	24th	"	"	Hillsdale, "	30th	"	"
Albany, N. Y.,	10th	Feb.,	"	Toledo, Ohio,	2d	June,	"
Catskill, "	11th	"	"	Cleveland, "	4th	"	"
Suffield, "	12th	"	"	Beloit, Wis.,	6th	"	"
New Haven, Ct.,	13th	"	"	Janesville, "	7th	"	"
Waterbury, "	14th	"	"	Madison, "	9th	"	"
Birmingham, "	2d	April,	"	St. Paul, Min.,	12th	"	"
Norwalk, "	3d	"	"	Davenport, Iowa,	16th	"	"
Stamford, "	4th	"	"	Dubuque, "	20th	"	"

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY: —

THE communication just received from the Corporation, and the proceedings of this Board upon it, call upon us for some further action.

It is with the deepest concern that I find the first duty devolved upon me, as a member of this memorable and reverend Board, is to give utterance to the profound sorrow which we all feel at the loss of the late honored and lamented head of the University. Much rather, sir, would I have listened, while justice was done to the memory of our deceased President by others at this Board fully competent to the task, than attempt this duty of respect and affection myself. But the official connection in which, a few years since, I had the honor to stand to the University, and my personal relations with President Felton, most intimate and unreserved, seem to call upon me to perform this mournful office to a most helpful colleague and associate, an honored successor, a lifelong and faithful friend.

There is a natural tendency which we all feel, on occasions of this kind, to pass the limits of judicial accuracy in our tributes to the memory of those whom we honored and loved while living, and of whom we are prematurely bereft. We do not scrupulously measure the words of kindness which flow from a full heart, struck with a great personal and public sorrow. I think, however, that I do not fall into this natural and pardonable error, when I say that, all things considered, we have lost in President Felton one of the most variously accomplished, faithful, and efficient Presidents ever called to the head of our time-honored University; and sure I am, that there never was buried in the grave of any of his predecessors a juster hope more sadly disappointed of long-continued and steadily increasing usefulness.

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* Remarks made at a meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, in the Hall of the Medical School, 12th March, 1862.

Gifted by nature with eminent and various talent, impelled from boyhood by a passion for mental improvement, taught by the straitened circumstances in which he was brought up to feel the inestimable value of time, directed in his preparatory studies by a somewhat austere but a thorough and conscientious teacher, distinguished at college by his diligence and ardor as a student, and the spotless purity of his character as a member of the little republic, transformed without an interval from the pupil to the instructor, as one of the heads of a private school in a highly cultivated neighborhood in the interior of New York, transferred then to the celebrated establishment at Round Hill at Northampton, he entered, in 1829, two years only after his graduation, into that connection with Harvard, first as tutor and then as professor, which he filled for thirty years with such acknowledged success and well-earned distinction, till, on the much-regretted retirement of Dr. Walker, he was, with the cordial and unanimous approval of the friends of the University, placed at its head as President. He was for so much longer a period connected with the University as a teacher than as President, that we naturally remember him rather in the former than in the latter capacity.

In the department which he filled with such ability as an instructor, — that of the Greek language and literature, — there is certainly no exaggeration in saying that he has left behind him no superior in this country. Some specimens of his scholarship may be found in the notes to his edition of the Iliad, published but a year after he entered upon his professorship, in his editions of several plays of the Greek dramatists, both tragic and comic, and in other important critical and philological publications. The character of classical scholarship is different in different countries; it is one thing in Germany, another in England; and it is more encyclopedic in this country than in either. So, too, individual students sometimes make a specialty of single departments. With one it is the philosophical subtilties of grammar; with another, the refinements of the metrical system; with another, the changes wrought by time and political vicissitudes in the structure of every living form of speech, as it passes from region to region, and from age to age; while others comment on the history, philosophy, eloquence, and poetry of the ancient authors, and their various schools and periods. I know of no one who seemed to me to take a more scholarly survey of the whole field of Hellenic literature than President Felton; who had read more widely and critically; who had more thoroughly mastered the literature as well as the language of the ancient Greeks; and who had penetrated further and with clearer insight, beyond the language and literature, into the manners, the character, and the genius of the people.

I say "the ancient Greeks," sir: but President Felton cherished an enlightened sympathy with their descendants at the present day. He delighted to trace, not merely an unbroken continuity in the language and literature of this remarkable race, from the Attic purity down through the Alexandrian and the Byzantine to the Romaic period; but to find, after twenty centuries of political subjugation and decline, that no faint reflection still existed in modern Greece of the intellectual vigor and activity of the ancient people. Two visits to Athens confirmed him in these pleasing impressions; not flying visits, like those of ordinary tourists, who do Thermopylæ in a forenoon, and lunch at Delphi on their way to Athens, where they pass three days; but weeks and months of residence on the sacred soil, in attendance on the lectures in the University of Athens (which he thought compared fairly with those of the best seminaries in Western Europe or America), and in the society of the professors and men of letters, with whom he conversed and corresponded in their native dialect. Under their sympathetic guidance, he had traced with loving enthusiasm every locality on which the great memories of the past have shed immortal renown. Till at the close of his second visit to Athens, he could, I think, have found his way without a conductor to every spot in its neighborhood capable of being identified which is mentioned by Thucydides or Aristophanes or Pausanias. Of all the relics of ancient times and all the memorials of other regions which have come into my possession, by personal opportunity or the kindness of friends, in the course of my life, I know not that there is one which I prize more highly than a shaped and polished fragment which he brought me on his first return from Athens, of that very Bema, where Demosthenes stood with his back to the Piræus and his face to the Prophylæa, reminding his fellow-citizens of the noble works and exploits of their ancestors, — the waves that witnessed the victory of Salamis sparkling behind him; the glorious marbles of Phidias and Ictinus blazing in his eye, while he launched the three-bolted thunders of his eloquence at the traitors of that day, who were willing to break down the united nationality of Hellas and lay the fragments at the feet of foreign powers, — thunders which

> " Shook th' arsenal and fulmined over Greece,
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

Yes, sir, and when the tidings of our deceased President's death shall be borne from this distant Transatlantic hemisphere (of whose existence, though then undiscovered, the sages of ancient Greece seem to have had a dim presentiment), it will be mourned as a personal loss by many a kindred spirit at the foot of the Acropolis or amidst the ruins of the Parthenon, who honored and loved him in grateful requital of the honor and love which he bore to the mighty masters of Attic eloquence, philosophy, and song.

But with these classical tastes and acquirements, matured and stored up in years of severe study, President Felton had nothing of the austerity of the literary recluse. He was, on the contrary, one of the most communicative and companionable of men. If he loved to explore the precious remains of antiquity, — to descend to the very depths of the rich mines of philological research, — he loved not less to live with living men. At the head of the oldest University in the country, he took the deepest interest in the cause of education, in all its departments, down to the district school. No one was more skilful in throwing into the forms of popular address the results of profound study. He could entertain a miscellaneous modern audience with the humors of the Attic stage, in his own brilliant translations from Aristophanes, and sketch a speaking picture of life and manners in the waning Empire of the East from the neglected tomes of the Greek fathers and Byzantine historians and mediæval scholiasts. Nor was he less prompt to obey the calls of active duty. In every enterprise of philanthropy and public spirit he was a ready and efficient collaborator. His vigorous pen was never idle, his persuasive voice was never silent, when benevolence was to be called into action, plausible error to be combated, imposture to be exposed, patriotic feeling to be kindled, or public opinion to be rallied and guided in a worthy cause.

As President of the University, Mr. Felton brought to its service the fruits of a lifelong experience and the zeal of a grateful and devoted son. Far from confining his attention to the class of studies in which he had been himself trained for thirty years, he regarded with equal interest every department of the Institution, alike the professional and academical, whose learned Faculties, since his decease, have borne witness in emphatic language to the effective sympathy which he had manifested in their labors, and his earnest desire to promote their prosperity. Had his life and health been spared but a week or two longer, the hall in which we are now assembled would have afforded pleasing illustration of the truth of this remark. The care with which he followed the operations of another department of the University, in no way connected with his peculiar studies, may be inferred from the minute statement, in his last annual report, of the performances of the Observatory at Cambridge during the past year.

The recognition of President Felton's eminent talent and learning and great personal worth was not confined to the Institution with which he had been connected through life, nor to this continent. He had an extensive correspondence with scholars, not only in our own country, but in Europe. More than one of his editions of the Greek classics was republished in England. He had received the academic honors of other American seminaries, and had been appointed a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, not upon the recommendation of personal friends, but as an unsolicited public tribute to his eminent desert.

There are some within the sound of my voice who would never forgive me — I should not forgive myself — if I omitted to speak of those amiable qualities which endeared President Felton to all who knew him, and gave such a charm to his personal intercourse. A more genial temperament or a warmer heart I have never known. He took Burke's advice for the rule of his life, and sought to "live pleasantly." No sacrifice of interest or convenience was too great when a friend was to be served. Unaffected good-nature beamed in his eye; the kindness of his heart spoke in every word, and shone in every look, and encircled his countenance with a halo of cheerfulness.

I do not venture to give utterance to my private feelings further than to say, that I have, in the death of President Felton, suffered a loss which in the decline of life cannot be repaired, — that of a friend of near forty years' standing. I assisted, as a member of the Faculty, in his examination for admission to the College. As a member of the Board of Overseers, in 1829 and 1832, I co-operated in his appointment as tutor and professor. While I filled the office of President, I received from him the most assiduous and affectionate aid and support. On some unofficial but important occasions I have been brought into the closest connection with him; and I now derive a melancholy satisfaction from reflecting, that this lifelong intercourse was never clouded by a moment's alienation. *Nunquam illum ne minima quidem re offendi, ut senserim; nihil audivi ex eo ipse quod nollem.* Ah, more than this, sir, much more than the absence of all offence on either side; for many disinterested services by word and deed, on some important and some trying occasions, I owe him a debt of gratitude which I can never repay.

I hold, sir, in my hand, a resolution which I beg leave to offer to the acceptance, I venture to hope the unanimous acceptance, of the Board: —

Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove by death the late honored and beloved head of the University at Cambridge, —

Resolved, unanimously by this Board, that the Overseers of the College, in common with its officers and members of every degree, and the friends of the Institution throughout the country, have suffered in the decease of President Felton the loss of a devoted and faithful head of the University, whose whole life had been consecrated, with rare singleness of purpose, to its service; a zealous friend and supporter of education in every department; an efficient promoter of every liberal and public-spirited enterprise; an active and patriotic citizen and member of the community, who added to his great merit as a public servant the most amiable personal qualities, and all those virtues and graces which adorn and dignify every relation of social and private life, and constitute the model character of a man and a Christian.

Resolved, that a copy of the foregoing resolution be communicated to the family of President Felton, with the assurance of the sincere and respectful sympathy of the Overseers, and of the honor in which they hold the memory of their lamented President.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.*

These generous cheers, fellow-citizens, given not to me, but to the cause which I am here to advocate, assure me that there is no need of argument before this patriotic assembly, in this patriotic community, in support of the duty, the necessity, of reinforcing the Army of the Potomac. If any argument were necessary, you have heard it sufficiently from the eloquent lips of the gentleman who has preceded me.

Men may honestly differ, do honestly differ, on many questions which come up in the course of this wicked and cruel war; but no one who has a drop of patriotic blood in his veins can hesitate as to the duty and necessity of flying to the relief of our brethren now encamped on the banks of James River. Worn by the heavy labors of the campaign, decimated by the diseases of the climate and the camp, sleeping, to use the expression of one of the French Princes (who have, I may say in passing, expressed the highest admiration of the discipline and courage of that noble army and the conduct of its gallant chief), "for two months with one eye and ear open," yielding at length to the force of superior numbers rapidly concentrated and hurled upon single points of our necessarily extended lines, they have been compelled, after a series of desperate engagements which would have done honor to the veterans of the first Napoleon, to assume a defensive position on the banks of the James. That they may maintain their position there, and, recovering from the exhaustion of the last frightful fortnight, be able at the proper moment to move against the rebel capital, powerful reinforcements are necessary, and that without delay. If these are granted, if the call of the President, who has with such praiseworthy alacrity gone to acquaint himself by personal inspection with the condition of the army, and returns to Washington filled with admiration for its spirit and endurance, and its intrepid and accomplished chief, — if that call is obeyed, ay, if the voice of our brethren, which night and day comes wafted to us on the wings of every breeze from the South, — which has come up to us in mute and plaintive eloquence from the death-bed of one of the bravest of that gallant army, — is listened to as it should be, the dark though glorious record of the last fortnight will be reversed, a new and bright page turned in the history of the campaign, Richmond will be occupied by our brave troops, and the war in effect ended. But if these needed reinforcements are withheld, which they must not, cannot, shall not be, that gallant army is doomed to a disastrous retreat, perhaps to a still more disastrous capitulation, and the termination of the war, with all its sacrifices and sufferings, indefinitely postponed. Such, fellow-citizens, is the alternative before us. Will you, can you, hesitate?

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* Remarks at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, 12th July, 1862.

In times like these, and when a check, perhaps an unexpected check, occurs to break the almost uniform current of success, the public mind of a highly impressible community is too apt to yield to a feeling of discouragement. For this, in my opinion, there is on the present occasion no sufficient ground. An almost unbroken succession of glorious achievements has, from the commencement of this cruel contest, crowned the efforts of the government and loyal people of the country. These efforts and their success have been viewed with astonishment, and by candid minds with admiration, throughout the civilized world. On a recent visit to Washington I was told by the minister of one of the great military monarchies of Europe, the representative of a sovereign whose nod puts in motion seven hundred thousand veteran troops, that the efforts of the government of the United States for the last year were such as no other government on earth could have made in the same time. In the prodigious armies that have voluntarily rushed to the field, better paid, and as well clothed and fed as those of any other country; in the immense trains of artillery and supplies of ordnance stores for both arms of the service; in the vast maritime force not so much organized as created and thrown, like a wall of fire, around the coasts of the revolted States for fifteen hundred miles, or which, following the course of our mighty rivers, have carried the glorious old flag of the Union from its home on the mountain wave far up into the very heart of the land; in the generous provision for the wounded and sick by our sanitary commissions and relief associations of every name, especially through the efforts of the noble women of the loyal States; in the magnanimous care even of the prisoners whom the fortune of war has thrown into our power, eight thousand of whom I lately saw at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, as well fed and housed as the troops by whom, under the gallant Mulligan, they were guarded, — I say, fellow-citizens, in these and all the other incidents of a mighty contest, the United States have, in the course of the twelvemonth, exhibited a moral and political courage, a vigor and a fertility of resource, dragged as they were unexpectedly into the war, never surpassed, if ever equalled, by any of the great military powers of Europe.

Nor have we any reason to be ashamed of the result. War, of all the great concerns of life, is proverbially subject to its vicissitudes. It is no doubt for wise ends in the plan of Providence, that, when he lets loose that scourge upon a people, "the battle is not always to the strong." In a field of war geographically as extensive as that trod by the legions of Cæsar or the phalanx of Alexander, in less than fifteen months of a contest which took us wholly by surprise, forced upon us by an enemy that had passed a year in secret preparations, that had treacherously stripped our arsenals of their ordnance and munitions, debauched half the officers of the army and the navy, and surprised our undefended forts and armories, we have rescued from the fangs of secession Maryland, Western Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Kansas, half of Alabama and Arkansas, and the whole of Louisiana; recaptured the navy-yards of Norfolk and

Pensacola, and the principal forts in the rebellious States, occupied the most important military positions, established an efficient blockade along the entire Southern coast, restored the great line of communication East and West by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, swept the banks of the Mississippi clear, with the exception of one single beleaguered spot, from Cairo to its mouth, and planted the stars and stripes at New Orleans. To offset these all-important successes and victories we have to regret the drawn battle and panic of Bull Run, the disaster of Ball's Bluff, the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress, well redeemed by the heroic achievement of Lieutenant Worden in the little Monitor, the repulse of a premature movement on Charleston, and the recent check at Richmond. Let any one compare this balance of successes and reverses with those of the Crimean war, of the wars of the Duke of Wellington in the Spanish Peninsula, of the wars generally of the French Revolution, and of our own Revolutionary struggle, and he will find that there is not in one of these great historical contests a year crowned with equal successes on the part of the finally victorious cause.

It is true, fellow-citizens, that we have now met with a check where we had hoped that, by this time, a blow would have been struck at the very heart of the rebellion, which, dissolving that reign of terror that palsies the Union sentiment of the South, would have speedily restored the authority of the Constitution in the revolted States; for I greatly differ from those who believe this unhallowed conspiracy to be the work of the mass of the Southern people. I prefer the authority of Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, who knew the authors of the rebellion well, and who openly declared that it was the work of disappointed aspirants to office. They never dared, they have not to this day dared, in the greater part of the revolted States, to trust the question to a popular vote. The Union sentiment of the South has been and is crushed by a reign of terror as despotic, and wielded, I doubt not, by as small a number, of arch conspirators, as that of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. In this there is nothing novel or hard to credit.

It is necessary only to have the control of a small military organization, or even of a well-guided mob, and peaceful millions are overawed into acquiescence, sometimes for a generation. Lord Macaulay, speaking of the force by which General Monk restored the Stuarts, says: "The dread of that invincible army was on all the inhabitants of the island, and the Cavaliers, taught by one hundred disastrous fields how little numbers can effect against discipline, were even more completely cowed than the Roundheads."

How large do you suppose that army was, of which "the dread was on all the inhabitants of England," which cowed alike the high blood of the Cavalier and the stern spirit of the Puritan, and undid the work of twenty years, almost before Cromwell was cold in his grave? It was about five thousand men. As Charles the Second came back, borne upon the shoulders of the delighted millions of his subjects, to the throne from which his father had been dragged to the block, he facetiously exclaimed that "it must have been his own fault, that he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody that did not protest that he had ever wished for his return."

How large was the tattered rabble from the Highlands, who, two hundred years later, struck terror into the heart of England, with whom, in the language of Lord Stanhope, Charles Edward, if he had pushed up from Derby to London, "would have gained the British throne"? Less than seven thousand, half armed, half fed, half naked.

In the month of June, 1780, "for six days successively the cities of London and Westminster" (according to the British Annual Register) "were delivered up to the hands of an unarmed and nameless mob, to be plundered at its discretion." Houses were pillaged, pulled down, or burned; the prisons burst open, and their inmates liberated; thirty-six incendiary fires blazed at once. On the fifth of those memorable days, Dr. Johnson, accompanied by the late Lord Stowell, ventured to the principal scene of the ravages. "On Wednesday," says Johnson, "I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire still glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Session House and the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred, but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place." But commercial places are no more cowardly than any other places, and London was at that time the abode of the *élite* of the British aristocracy, for Parliament was in session. It is the shrinking of the peaceful masses before the bayonets of an army or the pikes and bludgeons of a mob.

Twenty-five millions in France, as gallant a population as any known in history, were for eight or ten years held in trembling awe by a handful of cutthroats, and thirty-six millions at the present day are governed not more by the living arm of Louis Napoleon, strong and skilful as it is, than by the bloody ghost of Robespierre, mounting guard by the side of a visionary guillotine.

Wherever the loyal people of any portion of the South can show their feelings with safety at the time, or with reasonable assurance of continued protection, there is loyalty enough. All along the banks of the Tennessee, as our gunboats ascended the river, the inhabitants sent off the best from their plantations, and wept with joy at the sight of the old flag. On my recent tour in the West, I nowhere spoke to a more enthusiastic audience than at St. Louis.

On the 19th of April, 1861, the loyal sons of Massachusetts were murderously assailed in the streets of Baltimore, and bridges were burned and railroads torn up to stop the march of the troops hastening to the defence of Washington. In the course of the summer a dozen members of the Legislature were sent to Fort Warren, and at the next election the aggregate vote was nearly as large as ever, and the Union candidates everywhere chosen. Three or four weeks ago the Mayor of Baltimore and one or two hundred of the principal citizens visited Chicago, and the sentiments expressed at the public entertainments were in the warmest strain of patriotism.

If three or four men at Richmond could have been arrested and sent to Fortress Monroe a week before the convention was dragooned into adopting the ordinance of secession, Eastern Virginia at this day would have been as loyal as Western Virginia.

And here you see, fellow-citizens, the extravagant injustice of the journalists and politicians abroad, who are striving to goad their governments to interfere with the United States while employed in crushing the rebellion. The "cause of humanity," they tell us, requires that this civil war should stop, and the independence of the South be recognized.

But where do these European arbiters of our destinies propose to draw the line? Does the cause of humanity require that the loyal people of Maryland should be replaced under the tyranny of the Baltimore mob; that the lawful government of the United States should be dispossessed of Fortress Monroe and Norfolk Navy-Yard, both formally ceded by Virginia to the General Government, and the latter reconquered by the forces of the Union? Does it require that ninety miles of one of the principal lines of communication East and West should be thrown into a foreign jurisdiction?

Does the cause of humanity require that loyal Western Virginia, containing a third of the territory and more than a third of the free population of the "Ancient Dominion," shall again be made to wear the yoke of slaveholding Eastern Virginia? Are Breckinridge and Buckner to be brought back in triumph into Kentucky? Are all the cruelties described, and truly described, as I know from other sources, in Parson Brownlow's book, again to be visited on the Union men of Tennessee, and Harris and Pillow to be reinstalled at Nashville and Memphis?

Does the cause of humanity require that Missouri should again be surrendered to the tender mercies of Price? that some twenty thousand fugitive slaves, who have escaped from their rebel masters or been deserted by them, should be returned to slavery? and, above all, does it require that twelve millions of the free citizens of the United States, who inhabit the region drained by the Mississippi and the Missouri, having just recovered the outlet of those noble rivers by the prowess of our naval heroes, should coolly give it up to a foreign power, to gratify the disappointed ambition of a couple of aspirants to office of New Orleans?

I say to a foreign power, for if we recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy we allow a foreign power by surprise, fraud, and violence to possess itself of one half of the territory of the United States, with all the public property and public establishments contained in it, to establish itself along a curiously dovetailed frontier of fifteen hundred or two thousand miles, commanding some of the most important commercial and military stations and lines of communication for travel and trade; one half of the sea-coast of the Union, the navigation of our Mediterranean Sea (the Gulf of Mexico, one third as large as the Mediterranean of Europe), and, above all, that great arterial inlet into the heart of the continent, through which its very life-blood pours its imperial tides.

I say, we are told that "the cause of humanity" requires us to surrender all this to a foreign power. Would we surrender it to England, to France, or to Spain? Not one inch of it. Why then to the Southern Confederacy? Would any other government on earth, unless compelled by the direst necessity, make such a surrender? Does not France keep an army of one hundred thousand men in Algeria, to prevent a few wandering tribes of Arabs — a recent conquest — from recovering their independence? Did not England strain her resources to the utmost, a few years ago, to prevent the native princes of Central India (civilized states two thousand years ago, and while painted chieftains ruled the savage clans of ancient Britain), from asserting their independence, and shall we be expected, without a death-struggle, to abandon a great integral part of the United States to a foreign power?

But I have no belief, fellow-citizens, that the sagacious statesmen who administer the governments of Europe, however deficient we may think them of sympathy with us in a cause which equally concerns the stability of all civilized government, will be guilty of the monstrous injustice, will commit the egregious blunder, of endeavoring to force upon the government and people of the United States a sacrifice like this, either for the temporary inducement of relieving their own manufacturing classes or under the delusive idea of promoting the cause of humanity.

But our dependence must be, not on the sympathy, not even on the justice, of foreign powers, but on ourselves, — on the fortitude, courage, and endurance of twenty millions of freemen, exerted in a righteous cause, and crowned by the smiles of Heaven. The crisis is now upon us. If we wish to avert the danger of foreign intervention, we must reinforce the army of the Potomac. If we wish to protect our Union brethren in the revolted States, to save their backs from the scourge, their estates from confiscation, and their necks from the halter, we must reinforce the Army of the Potomac. If we wish, not merely to insure that noble army itself and its gallant and patriotic chief (who by his admirable strategy, commanding, as you see by the extracts from the Richmond press in our morning papers, the respect of the rebel journals, has rescued it from impending annihilation) from a deplorable reverse and enable it once more to resume the offensive, we must reinforce the Army of the Potomac.

The blood of our brethren, already poured out like water in those dreary swamps, the thousands of precious lives now endangered, the integrity of the Union, the noble cause in which we are engaged, the speedy and auspicious termination of the war, — all plead with us to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. Let the response go forth from Faneuil Hall, trumpet-tongued, — the Army of the Potomac shall be reinforced.

OPPORTUNITIES OF HARVARD STUDENTS.*

I SHOULD much prefer, Mr. President, on this day which belongs to our young friends of a graduating class, to continue to act the part of a grateful listener. But a call from the chair in Harvard Hall is not to be lightly disobeyed. I know not what might be the consequences of such insubordination. When Speaker Onslow, in the House of Commons, who, agreeably to parliamentary usage, was accustomed, when other means of enforcing order failed, to say, "If the honorable member persists, I must call him by name," was asked what would happen if he did call him by name, he replied, "The Lord in heaven knows." I dare not conjecture what would happen if, in Harvard Hall, at the Commencement dinner, before the meats have become cold or the ices melted, any one, either alumnus or *alibi institutus*, should hesitate to obey a summons from the presidential chair.

But, however I might have preferred to be silent, like Alexander Selkirk's title to his island, "my right to speak there is none to dispute." I have read an anecdote of some master of ceremonies abroad who, on a great public occasion, was nearly borne down by the throng of peeresses and court ladies claiming precedence in the places of honor. To relieve himself from the embarrassment, he caused a herald to proclaim that the highest seats would be occupied on the principle of seniority. In an instant the rush was turned in the other direction, — the plumed and jewelled throng flowed backward, — and the difficulty now was to get the upper seats filled.

No one will call in question your right to press into this service a member of a class entering this year upon the second half-century since its graduation, the oldest but one of the five living ex-Presidents of the University, and who, to his unspeakable regret, now sees the presidential chair vacant for the fifth time. Such a one may claim the hearing of a few moments on grounds which no one will dispute, regretting as I do most deeply the absence of that still living distinguished predecessor, whose attendance has for so many years added grace and dignity to our academic festivals. Let me have the satisfaction, on behalf of my brethren the ex-Presidents, and of every dutiful son of Harvard here present, to tender to him in his confinement our sympathy with him in the cause of his detention, with the assurance that, though he is absent from us in the body, his honorable name and venerable years and long and faithful services are present in our grateful recollection.

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* Remarks at the dinner in Harvard Hall on Commencement day, 16th July, 1862.

You have touched a chord, sir, which vibrates in all our hearts, in your allusion to our late lamented President whom we shall hereafter behold only in the portrait just placed on yonder wall; but let us not, on this occasion, renew the recent sorrows of our bereavement by repeating the tribute so warmly and sincerely paid to his memory at the time of his decease. While he lived, cheerfulness surrounded him like an atmosphere; whatever circle he entered, his voice was the signal for the sympathetic interchange of kind feeling. Let not the recollection of him awake any but grateful images. While we cannot suppress a mournful reflection on the instability of human fortune, as we contemplate so striking an illustration of the disappointment of the brightest hopes, let us derive a mournful satisfaction from the thought that our departed President has left behind him, in both hemispheres, a reputation that could hardly have been rendered more brilliant by the longest term of service. I say both hemispheres, for I have within three days received a journal in the Greek language from Athens, the *'Εφήμερις τῶν Φιλομαθῶν*, in which, after a handsome biographical memoir, his decease is spoken of as a loss, not to America alone, but to the whole republic of letters.

But let me pass to topics on which our lamented President would have dwelt with honest satisfaction. The class of students offered this week *is the largest ever presented for admission to the University.* This shows that old Harvard still retains her hold on the respect and affection of the community. It shows that society among us is not disorganized by the trials and burdens of the present state of things. It shows that the loss of students from the South, who once resorted to us in considerable numbers, has not impaired our prosperity. It is indeed one of the saddest results of the existing state of our country which has stopped that intercourse of the citizens of the different parts of the Union, once so mutually beneficial. For the South it was unquestionably of the greatest advantage to send her sons for education to the North. And it is a very noticeable fact, that as this resort diminished and finally ceased, and the young men of the South have been sent to their own seminaries, the unsound views, first of political economy, and then of constitutional law, inculcated in those institutions, have had their natural effect in unsettling the minds of the rising generation from the traditional principles and policy of the government, and preparing the present war against the Constitution of the Union.

In admitting a new class to the University, you have a fitting opportunity, Mr. President, to supply, in some degree, one of those defects in moral science insisted on by Mr. Buckle, whose philosophy has been so handsomely explained and illustrated by one of our young friends of the graduating class. Mr. Buckle holds that the science of morals is not progressive; that its principles are few and long since found out. Now, one of these principles needs correcting to make it conform to practices somewhat prevalent here and at other places of education. The principle to which I allude is laid down by Cicero, in a passage quoted by Lactantius, from the third book of the last treatise on the Republic; and in quoting this passage of the heathen philosopher this Christian father calls it "divine." The passage is: "Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac, sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immutabilis continebit." *

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* Lact. Div. Just., Lib. VI. c. 8.

Our young brethren of successive Sophomore classes have found out that this is all antiquated nonsense. They act from year to year on the idea that what would be mean, cowardly, and cruel everywhere else may be practised without discredit by persons calling themselves young gentlemen at places of education; that acts of oppression and insult and personal indignity on the part of the strong towards the weak, of numerous bands towards isolated individuals, those at home towards the timid new-comer, — acts worthy only of a mean-spirited bully and blackguard, and so regarded by the rest of the civilized world, — may be practised without disgrace or remorse, nay, with brutal glee, by a Sophomore in college. Let us, Mr. President, reform our practice, or renounce all adherence to the established principles of morals, courtesy, humanity, and common decency.

One word more, Mr. President, — for a man, I think, would show himself wanting in patriotic feeling who, on any public occasion, of whatever nature, could forbear all allusion to the present state of the country, — may we not claim, sir, that the sons of Harvard have remembered their duty to their common parent in this hour of her trial? May I not say, without unseemly boasting, that she has poured out the best of her young blood on the altar of the country. Putnam, Howe, Lowell, are but a specimen of the names which crowd upon our recollection. I see it stated that four of this day's class are enlisted in the sacred cause. They go to practise the lessons they have learned in these halls. They have listened, not in vain, to the teachings of ancient and modern wisdom, that, of all merely human obligations, those are the most imperative that unite the members of the great families of man in the bonds of civilized government, and that if he is guilty of a crime, to be expiated only by his blood, who plunges a dagger into the heart of a solitary victim, history and after ages will consign to eternal infamy the traitors and conspirators, the *arma sæculi impia*, who aim a fatal blow at the life of the nation.

I thank you, Mr. President and brethren, for the kindness with which you have listened to my desultory remarks, and gladly give way to those who will better repay your attention.

FEMALE EDUCATION.*

When I had the pleasure, on the 17th of September, 1860, of attending the dedication of this beautiful school-house, I expressed the hope that the reputation already acquired by the Dwight School for Girls might be maintained under the new organization and name; that the improvement of its pupils might be proportioned to their advantages; and that their progress might equal the warmest wishes of teachers, parents, and friends. The school, in its present locality and under its present organization, has now been in operation for nearly two years; and from my opportunities of personal observation, and from all that I have heard of its condition, I may add from the appearance of things at the present exhibition, I am led to the conclusion that the hopes then expressed by me have been amply fulfilled; and that this school sustains a high place among those of its class in this city of Boston, and that is equivalent to saying in the world; for there is certainly no country where a better public-school system exists than in Boston, certainly none where a larger sum is raised by taxation for its support. In the remarks which I had occasion to make at the dedication of the school, I observed that the amount appropriated and expended for the erection and repair of the school-houses and the support of schools, in the year before ours was organized, was $517,816. For the year 1860-61, I perceive, from the last report of the School Committee, that the amount expended for the same purpose was $ 628,549, — an amount I presume, in proportion to our population, nowhere exceeded in any large city.

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* Remarks at the exhibition of the Everett School, 21st July, 1862.

Vast as this sum is, I believe that no part of the city expenditure is better laid out. It is far better to spend the money for schools and school-houses than for the police, for houses of correction, and the support of their wretched inmates. The only painful reflection which this great expenditure causes me is, that after the city has made this noble provision for the education of all its .children, there are so many who are, not accidentally and occasionally, but habitually and systematically, deprived of its benefits. I allude to the poor boys and girls, not less than six or seven hundred, I presume, who are sent into the street every morning, not fresh, clean, and neat, with their books under their arms, on their way to the primary or grammar school in their district, but too often without breakfast (the want of which is to be made up from their first uncertain earnings), many of them unwashed, untidy, wretchedly clad, to pass the day in begging, under the pretence of selling candy, lucifer-matches, and lozenges, and, in the case of the boys, in vending newspapers. This last practice, since this wicked war began, has grown into a serious public evil, — a school of deception to the poor children thus trained to earn a precarious living by disseminating the last sensation report, often the last stock-jobbing fabrication; the battle that was never fought; the victory that was never gained; — and to the public a nuisance of no ordinary magnitude, which deafens the streets with a senseless and delusive clamor; often makes the sidewalks nearly impassable; thrusts the same paper in your face at every corner; and contributes materially to increase the morbid excitement necessarily incident to a state of war. The public, of course, would be far better accommodated by the sale of the newspapers, as all other wares are sold, at shops and stalls, as numerous as you please and at convenient distances, exclusively devoted to the business; the interests of the proprietors of the papers would not suffer; and the poor children whose lives are now passed on the pavement might be enjoying the benefit of those noble schools which the city supports at such great expense. There are, I am told, moral aspects of this question more serious than any to which I have alluded, and which, in addition to all its other bearings, make it a subject well worthy the serious attention of the intelligent and patriotic conductors and proprietors of the city press.

But I must not forget that it is a girls' school which we are attending this afternoon. When this school was dedicated, two years ago, I made some remarks on the manner in which the city of Boston had dealt with the somewhat difficult subject of women's rights (so called), as connected with female education. I will not repeat what I then said, but I will only observe that the exercises of this afternoon, and the known routine of study in our schools, is a sufficient proof that we recognize the equal rights of the sexes to such an education as will fit them for any of the duties to which, in the natural course of things, they are at all likely to be called in life. Not only so, but the instruction given in the schools for girls is such as to prepare them, more and more, for an enlarged circle of occupations, and thus relieve them from the slavery of the eternal "stitch, stitch, stitch." Till about a hundred years ago the range of female occupation was somewhat more laborious indeed, but at the same time more extensive and diversified than it has since become. Most of the clothing for both sexes, of which the materials were wool and flax (there was very little cotton then worn), was spun and woven at home. The beautiful description given by King Lemuel, in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs, of the domestic economy of "a virtuous woman," would have applied to the mistress of a New England household a century ago. "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands." Remember this is an Oriental king who speaks, under the instructions of his mother, and who is describing a wife, "whose husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." This description, I say, a century ago, when John Adams and Samuel Adams were coming forward, would have applied to nine tenths of the wives and mothers of New England. But about that time a great event took place. The steam-engine burst, panting and toiling, into the world; the great water-wheels of our factories began to revolve (a *revolution* in more than one sense); the spinning-jenny, the mule, and the spring-shuttle began to supersede the diligent hands and the busy fingers of the industrious housewife, her daughters, and handmaidens; King Cotton soon sprang to that throne which, if he don't take good heed to his ways, he may have to abdicate; the great spinning-wheel and the little spinning-wheel went up into the garret; the piano-forte came into the parlor; and now a little crochet and a little needle-work (the last seriously interfered with by the sewing-machine) are the only occupations left to the gentler sex.

But this state of things is likely to undergo a change while the war continues. After Boston has raised her quota of the reinforcements called for by the President (as I doubt not she will promptly do), she will have sent some seven or eight thousand persons this year and the last to the war,—a pretty serious draft on the male population. One third part at least of these men have left respectable callings which might quite as well be pursued by women,—bookkeepers, clerks, accountants, artists, salesmen, and attendants in establishments of every kind, where the labor is not too severe for females. The course of instruction in our girls' schools prepares the pupils for the intelligent performance of the duties of these pursuits. In this way one of the great defects of modern society is remedied,—I mean, a want of diversified employment for young women; the circle of their employment is enlarged; talent now lying dormant is called into exercise, and occupation more healthful and remunerative than needle-work provided for thousands. Nor will the benefit be confined to them. Hundreds of our patriotic and high-spirited young men will be too happy to exchange the confinement of the shop and the counting-room for the field. They will gladly go to share the toils, the perils, and the glory of their brethren, who have already enlisted in the service of our beloved country; and when they return from the war, they will find that the scars of the honorable wounds they have received in the cause of the Union will but win them a warmer welcome from those who have been temporarily occupying their places, and who are as much devoted to union as themselves, and will cheerfully, I doubt not, enter into partnership to carry on the business together.

In conclusion, my young friends, let me thank you for this token [a splendid bouquet] of your friendly feelings and regard, and tender to each and all of you my most cordial good wishes.

THE DUTY OF CRUSHING THE REBELLION.*

I APPEAR before you, fellow-citizens, to offer you some plain reasons for a prompt compliance with the call of the President. I do not propose in what I have to say to take up your time with patriotic commonplaces, but to lay before you a few plain matters of fact, and a few considerations addressed to your understandings.

Let us first look at the state of the country. The war, into which we were forced without preparation, has been carried on actively for about sixteen months, over a territory as extensive as half of Europe, and upon the whole with great success. Beginning at the North, we have saved Maryland; we have reopened one of the great lines of communication East and West, which had been cut off by the rebels early last year; we hold the capes which guard the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, and have rekindled upon them the beacons of the world's commerce, which the barbarism of secession had quenched; Fortress Monroe and the navy-yard at Norfolk, which control the outlet of the great Virginia rivers, are in our hands. The gallant Burnside and his brave troops have given us, with the exception of Wilmington, the seacoast of North Carolina, and with it the great inland sounds of that State. I know in military history no brighter example of what may be effected by the indomitable energy of a commander, when supported by the right sort of men, than the success of the expedition against Roanoke Island, shattered as it seemed to be by that tremendous storm of last November. Admiral Dupont and his brave blue-jackets have given us Port Royal, the finest harbor on the Southern coast between Lynnhaven Bay and Pensacola; and from Fort Pulaski we command Savannah. An ill-concerted attempt on Charleston has failed, but the whole Southern coast is efficiently blockaded; I say *efficiently*, for it is physically impossible so to blockade an extensive line of coast, abounding in creeks and inlets, as that a vessel of light draft, propelled by steam, will not occasionally get in or out of a dark night. The same state of things exists in the Gulf of Mexico, where we have wrested Pensacola from the rebels, and the entire coast of the Gulf States is under an efficient blockade. That Mobile has not been captured is merely owing to the fact that the mortar fleet was in greater request elsewhere. Then we have that most magnificent success, the bombardment of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, the capture of New Orleans, which we owe to Porter, Farragut, and Butler, and the admirably handled expeditions led by them, giving us the command of the outlet of the most extensive system of internal navigation in the world. While this has been going on below, Admiral Foote and Captain Davis and their gunboats have swept the noble river down to Vicksburg; the Cumberland and the Tennessee far up into Northern Alabama have been redeemed; and the single city of Vicksburg, which, without any military operations, will fall with the next flood of the Mississippi, is all that remains under hostile control from the Falls of St. Anthony, for two thousand miles, down to the Gulf. All organized resistance to the government has been driven out of Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, though in a region so vast, and in parts so thinly peopled, it is impossible to prevent the inroads of partisan corps, who dash at midnight into an unprotected town, plunder the houses, and steal the horses of peaceful citizens, vanish at the break of day like a "guilty thing," and then, in flaming bulletins, boast of "capturing a city." Then, too, Western Virginia has, after years of discontent under the oppression of Eastern Virginia, been at length emancipated; and the rebel armies which, half a year ago, threatened Washington and blockaded the Potomac, have been compelled to fall back on Richmond. Rallying their forces from the entire South at that point, they have been able, as might be expected, to hold the Union army in check, not so long, however, by very far, as the Russians held the combined forces of England and France in check at Sebastopol; not so long as the armies of France, although Napoleon had an Austrian war on his hands at the same time, held Wellington in check within the lines of Torres Vedras; not so long as Washington was held in check with fifteen thousand men before Boston by six thousand British troops, which he allowed to escape without the loss of a man.

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* Remarks at the Mass Meeting of Ward Four, in Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, 6th August, 1862.

Such, fellow-citizens, is the work of a year and a third of this *extemporized* war, and such the present state of affairs. Where, in the history of the world, has more been done in a shorter time? All honor, then, I say, to the gallant army and navy of the United States and their brave and patriotic commanders!

But while the position of affairs, at this moment, furnishes no ground for discouragement, it does create a necessity for prompt and energetic action, on the part of the government and the people. The enemy has, by a levy *en masse*, placed his entire arms-bearing population in the field, — a very considerable portion of them Union men forced into the service. A very striking proof of this is seen in the fact, that more than ten per cent of the prisoners of war recently released from Fort Delaware have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and refused to go back to the South. With the overwhelming force, placed by this levy at their command, the leaders of the rebellion not only expect to drive McClellan to capitulation or to a disastrous retreat, but they propose to invade the free States in three separate columns, capture Washington, carry the war into Pennsylvania and Ohio, and as much farther north as may suit their convenience. The simple question before us is, whether we will allow this to be done; in other words, whether, after all our victories, we will be driven, by a series of disasters inflicting the most dreadful sacrifices of property and life, and disgrace worse than the loss of both, to submit to the demands of the South and to allow that Union to be broken up, which Washington, in 1796, proclaimed " the main pillar of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize."

For consider, fellow-citizens, should the rupture of the States be brought about by violence and civil war, we shall bid a long farewell both to peace at home and to safety abroad. If the Cotton States, or rather a few ambitious political leaders in the Cotton States, had been willing to submit the question of secession fairly to the people of the individual States, and the people had declared in favor of separation (which it is well known they would not have done, except in South Carolina, and not certainly there), and if then the question of allowing them to depart peaceably had been brought before a constitutional convention of the United States, the only body competent to decide that question, I for one should have been willing they should try the experiment, — the United States, of course, establishing a suitable boundary and retaining the national arsenals, dock-yards, and forts on the coast and at the mouth of the Mississippi, which have from time to time been specifically ceded to the Union, and which are necessary for its commercial safety and military defence. I say I should have been willing to let them try the experiment as the means of retaining the border States and averting civil war, and because the seceding States would have been sure, in a year or two, to be on their knees to get back into the Union. All this the leaders well knew, and for this reason they would not permit the question to go to the people. Mr. Stephens, in his celebrated speech of the 14th of November, 1860, pleaded for such a reference to a convention of the people, chosen for that object. Mr. Toombs said, "I am afraid of conventions." He wanted the vote of the legislature in favor of secession to go before the people, not simply and fairly, but in this deceptive and irritating form, "Will you submit to Abolition rule or resist?" Mr. Stephens told him that such a mode of putting the question "smacked of unfairness and fraud." "Is that," said he, "a fair way of getting an expression of the people's will on all these questions (of secession)? I think not, for who in Georgia is going to submit to Abolition rule?" Now mark Mr. Toombs's confession. When Mr. Stephens protested against putting the question of secession in that offensive and intentionally irritating form, and asked, "Who in Georgia is going to submit to Abolition rule?" Mr. Toombs's instant reply was, "THE CONVENTION WILL." Call a convention of the people to act specifically on the subject of secession, and put it to them in terms expressly designed and best calculated to irritate and disgust them, and they would still vote against it. The same is the case in every other Southern State. I made a remark in Faneuil Hall, two or three weeks ago, to the effect that the States had been driven into secession by an absolute reign of terror, and that there was loyalty enough at the South wherever it was safe to show it. Some of my friends thought I had stated this too strongly; but a few days ago I received a letter from a most intelligent writer, a Union refugee from one of the Southwestern States, a member of the seceding legislature in his own State, in which he says my account of the matter is perfectly true, and that his State was carried out of the Union by menace and terror. It was with extreme difficulty that Northern Alabama was forced into the secession movement. The journals the past week contain a report from the colonel of an Indiana regiment stationed at Huntsville in that State, who, having received information that a number of Union men were lurking in the woods thirty miles south of Decatur, took a sufficient force to afford them protection, and bring them, if they wished it, within the lines of the Union army. On arriving where they lived, none but the women of their families could be found at home; the men had taken refuge in the mountains; but as soon as a message was sent them that they could do so in safety, they came forward to the number of two hundred, and enlisted in the Federal army. Colonel Straight mentions, in his report, that the wife of one of these hardy mountaineers, Mrs. Campbell, mounted her horse, rode thirty-five miles and back, seventy miles in thirty-six hours, bringing with her thirty loyal recruits. I hope Colonel Straight's regimental band hailed them with "The Campbells are coming." In the National Intelligencer of the 2d of this month there is a communication from a loyal Southern subscriber to that paper, in which he says: "Many persons appear surprised that there has been so slight a manifestation of Union sentiment in those portions of the South that have been occupied by the army, and are inclined rashly to come to the conclusion that no such sentiment in fact exists in those parts. Such is not the case; there are very many men in all parts of the South, who are at this moment, as they have always been, loyal and true to the Union, but they dare not manifest it till they are sure of *permanent* protection."

And this state of things discloses to you, fellow-citizens, the way in which this unrighteous war was brought about. The leaders in the Cotton States, some of whom have boasted that they have been plotting disunion for thirty years, satisfied themselves at length that they could not carry the people with them on the question of secession, even when put in its most offensive and exasperating terms. They knew, however, that the extreme opinions on State rights, taught by Mr. Calhoun, had gained extensive hold on the Southern mind, especially in Virginia, and their confederates in Richmond had assured them that the moment a drop of blood was shed Virginia would take the field in defence of Carolina.

No sooner, therefore, had Carolina seceded, than she began to make preparation for the *shedding of blood;* not in self-defence, not from any military necessity even of aggression, but on a cold calculation of policy, to draw Virginia and the other border States into the war. The orators in the British Parliament who have taken the cause of secession under their protection make a great point of the fact that, before proceeding to acts of violence, South Carolina endeavored to obtain possession of the national forts peaceably. It is true that a farce was first enacted of sending commissioners to Washington to treat for the purchase of the forts. They knew that the President had no power to sell them; the object was merely to gain a pretence for their bombardment.

Major Anderson saw that he was not safe in Fort Moultrie, and by a masterly movement took possession of Fort Sumter. At this signal all Carolina flew to arms; eleven batteries were erected on the surrounding islands. On the 9th of January, the Star of the West, carrying reinforcements to the gallant company in Sumter, the stars and stripes flying at the fore, was traitorously fired upon, not by pirates, not by foreign enemies, but in profound peace, and by men who pretended to be Americans. The Charleston Mercury, the leading secession journal, was filled with articles designed to goad the assembled forces to an attack on Major Anderson, and on the 24th of January closed an inflammatory appeal of this kind with the following words, which reveal the whole machinery by which the country has been engineered into this wicked war: "Border Southern States will never join us, until we have indicated our power to free ourselves, until we have proven that a garrison of seventy men cannot hold the portal of our commerce. *The fate of the Southern Confederacy hangs by the ensign halliards of Fort Sumter.*"

Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, and he declared that no attempt would be made, under his administration, to encroach on the constitutional rights of any of the States. He sent a provision ship to supply the siege-worn company at Fort Sumter, but the batteries of the chivalry fired upon and drove back the unarmed vessel. Major Anderson was then summoned to surrender; this of course he refused to do, but in an informal conference he told the Confederate leader, that if he was not battered to pieces, he should be starved out in forty-eight hours. They did not want to get the fort by starvation. That would not "fire the Southern heart." Blood, blood, was what was wanted. The "Southern Confederacy hung by the halliards of Fort Sumter," and by an act of treason as flagrant as was ever perpetrated since the arch rebel revolted and "drew after him one third part of Heaven's sons," that glorious flag which had floated in honor over every sea, and from the snows of the North to the burning plains of Mexico, and which never went down in an equal fight with any foreign foe, now sunk beneath the red-hot cannon-balls of an officer who had been educated under its folds,—who was then under an oath of allegiance to its service, and was indebted for the gold in his epaulettes to the pay which he had been drawing from the national treasury. Such was the beginning of the war.

The unfriendly press of Europe, with an industry and zeal worthy of a better cause, is endeavoring to enlist the sympathy of foreign nations, and to goad their governments into hostile interference, on the pretence that the United States are waging an unprovoked war of subjugation and conquest. Now let us put a parallel case. Fort Sumter was territorially the property of the United States, and this by special grant. The fort was built on an island ceded to the General Government by the State of South Carolina, and consequently belonging to the United States, then and now, just as much as the District of Columbia does. Now, granting, for the sake of argument, the right of South Carolina to secede (which of course we utterly deny), though she might take herself off, she could not take the forts and the islands on which they are built, for these she had solemnly and without reservation ceded to the Union. They accordingly belonged to the United States, to say the least, as much as Gibraltar belongs to England. Now, suppose Spain, feeling as she does that this encampment of a foreign power upon her territory is a standing monument of her weakness and decline,—in fact, a great territorial and political eyesore,—should first propose to buy Gibraltar of England, and send commissioners to London to negotiate the purchase, as South Carolina sent agents to Washington to negotiate the purchase of Moultrie and Sumter. The offer of course would be rejected with disdain. England would as soon sell to Spain the dock-yard of Wolwich or the Tower of London. Whereupon the commissioners go back to Madrid, and Spain forthwith lays siege to Gibraltar by land and sea, fires upon an unarmed supply-ship sent from England to provision the fortress, and at length, in a time of profound peace, without a shadow of provocation, and for no other reason than that she wants Gibraltar for her own purposes, bombards it, and, more successful than in 1782, reduces and captures it. How many hours would elapse, after the news reached England, before every available ship in the British navy would be under orders to the Spanish coast, and every available soldier in the British army embarked, to wash out this intolerable insult in blood? But this is the precise history of the bombardment of Sumter, except that the outrage, instead of being confined to one Gibraltar, was followed by the surprise and seizure of half a dozen other Gibraltars belonging to the American government, and scattered along our coasts and at the mouths of our great rivers.

Take another instance. About twenty-five years ago a long-standing territorial dispute between England and the United States seemed near its crisis. The debatable land was a bit of wilderness in the northeast corner of Maine, which would not have sold at auction for twenty cents an acre. Both governments claimed it; the United States attempted some exercise of civil jurisdiction; not a drop of blood was shed or threatened to be shed; but before you could turn round, seventeen regiments of British troops were poured into the provinces. Why, not a twelvemonth ago, an armed vessel of the United States, in the exercise of the belligerent right of search, detained a British merchant steamer, and took from her four Americans bound for Europe on an errand of hostility, striking directly at the very existence of the United States. The act was not ordered by the government of the United States, and it was performed in good faith by the American commander, in what he considered the exercise of an undoubted right by the law of nations. Not a drop of blood was shed, nor a farthing's worth of property injured. For this affront to her flag, as she regarded it, without waiting to know whether it was authorized by the government of the United States, without a pause to ascertain whether the highly colored statement of the facts was true, in three days after receiving an *ex parte* exaggerated account of the occurrence, the government makes of England a demand for instant disavowal and apology, despatches troops for Canada, and commences gigantic preparations for immediate war. Is it not amazing that, at the very moment she is taking these summary steps for the redress of an imaginary affront, her presses, with a near approach to unanimity, and with a sanction of a portion of her Parliament, are fiercely reproaching the government and loyal people of this country, because they have risen in arms against a rebellious combination, ostentatiously announcing itself as a foreign power, and as such not capturing one Gibraltar, not sending a sheriff into one disputed village, not detaining one Trent, but bombarding and seizing half a dozen forts, plundering arsenals, dock-yards, mints, and post-offices throughout the South, raising armies, threatening the capital of the Union, and involving the whole country in a destructive and ruinous war?

Can anything be more unreasonable, unfair, and unjust? But supposing we should shrink before the denunciations of the foreign press, and the menace of intervention into which (unsuccessfully as yet) it is striving to goad the governments of Europe. What should we gain by abandoning the struggle as hopeless and acknowledging the independence of the Confederacy? In the first place, where will you draw the boundary? Shall we, who a few years ago, and under a Southern lead, were ready to plunge into a war with England for a corner of Maine and a corner of Oregon, — shall we give up to a foreign power (for foreign it will then be) the gates of the Chesapeake, the fortresses that command the Gulf of Mexico and the mouth of the Mississippi and half the territory of the United States! Is it England who threatened war with Spain in 1770 for the worthless group of the Falkland Islands, and in 1790 for the still more remote and at that time worthless possession of Nootka Sound, that rebukes the United States for not surrendering one half of their territory and the most important lines of commerce and military communication, at the first tap of the rebel drum? But let the question of boundary pass. Suppose that, yielding to the burden of the war, we agree to recognize the Confederacy, give up whatever they choose to take, abandon the Union men of Western Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, in a word, of the entire South, to the tender mercies of the Confederate leaders, already shown in the most ruthless proscription, how long is peace to last? On what footing will you stand? Recollect, they profess to despise you. They describe you as unwarlike, mercenary, cold-blooded, hypocritical, the degenerate posterity of the vulgar Puritan stock, born to be ruled by the high-toned, warlike, chivalrous South. The immediate cause of the present war is that your President would not sell them Fort Sumter, which he had no constitutional right to do. This is their way of discussing international affairs, for they claim to be a foreign nation. They make a preposterous demand, with which you could not if you would comply, and because you decline, they fire on your flag, bombard and capture your forts, raise an army, and march on your capital; and you, outnumbering them in the proportion of twenty-two millions to nine millions, after a struggle of sixteen months, crowned for the most part with the most brilliant success, at a partial turn of the tide of fortune, are told that you ought to abandon the contest and sue for peace. Ah, my fellow-citizens, is such a course going to insure you peace at home or abroad? Do you think it wise or safe to take this new departure on the voyage of national existence, under these mournful insignia of discomforture and disaster? Did a nation ever secure an honorable peace by showing that she was unable to sustain herself in a just war? Are you going to say to the South, by actions that speak louder than words, "Outnumbering you as we do nearly three to one, surpassing you as we do in the same proportion in all the resources of material wealth, we yet succumb to you! Take back the forts which you ceded to us, — we cannot defend them; wrest from us the new States on the Gulf, which we bought with a price five sixths of which was paid by our free population; partition our territory; help yourselves to the public lands, and dedicate them to slavery; cut off our great lines of railroad; open and shut the outlet of the mighty rivers which drain our central basins at your pleasure; do what you will with us, we feel that we cannot resist you?" And will they not take us at our word, now and forever? You see already what they consider a cause of war. Enter into an election with them, choose a President whom they don't like, deny their right to trample under foot the Constitution they have all adopted and sworn to support, and refuse to sell them your forts, and they go to war. This is the history of the past, and if they succeed in it, on all the principles of human nature, it will be the history of the future. If, rejecting the mild arbitrament of the Constitution and the laws, almost always administered by themselves, they have chosen to settle this dispute by secession and war, how can we ever live at peace when the umpirage of the Federal government is withdrawn, and nothing but war remains for the settlement of public disputes? Controversies are sure to spring up between neighboring States. Parting in the manner that the North and South will part, and situated as they are toward each other, these subjects of dispute will forever recur. The South has told you how she means to deal with them. War, instant war, is her alternative. What has hitherto been called the *ultima ratio regum* is the *prima ratio* of secession; she borrows her international law from the highway,—a pistol at your head, your purse or your life. She tells you she has made up her mind to secede. You tell her that it is only in a constitutional convention that such a question can be entertained, and she settles that matter by seizing the forts, arsenals, and dock-yards. "Give us up Sumter." The President replies, You ceded it to us without reservation; it belongs to the United States; I have no power, no right, to surrender it. A besieging army of ten thousand men and eleven blazing batteries knock it about our ears, and that little point of constitutional law is decided. The first question that will arise if you recognize the Confederacy will be on the extradition of fugitive slaves. No independent foreign nation ever thinks of their surrender. They will come in large numbers after the separation; the South will demand that they should be given up; the personal-liberty bills of the North have been among the great causes of the present rupture. Give them up, she will now say, or Stonewall Jackson will come and take them. One of the articles of the rebel programme, lately agreed upon at Richmond, is stated to be, "the suppression of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad." Ninety miles of it lie through Virginia; they will of course do with it what they please. Ohio may be a little restive under this discipline, but she must submit, or she has got to send an army to keep open this all-important route to the seaboard. With a system of free-trade at the South and moderate protection at the North, smuggling upon a large scale — armed bands of smugglers, like those which desolated Spain for ages — will spring up along our vast frontier. To this you must submit, or it will promptly be wrought up into a cause of war with our belligerent and warm-blooded neighbors. Above all, the Mississippi, — the great natural outlet of half the continent, — you have got to tear up the treaty by which Louisiana was ceded to the United States, undo the work of Jefferson and Napoleon, surrender a domain such as Providence never before intrusted to a civilized government, or you have got to hold it by the sword, for that 's the way secession resolves all controversies. In short, fellow-citizens, if this rebellion now succeeds, instead of an honorable and lasting peace, we have but one alternative to look forward to, — that of eternal war or eternal humiliation and disgrace, not merely in our relations with the South, whose language towards us already passes all ordinary limits of contumely, but from the nations of the earth. What respect are *they* likely to pay to the reclamations either of the North or South, however well founded, when they see us forever clenched at each other's throats in the gripe of death? In fact, if the madness which has ruled the hour at the South had not, while it quenched every spark of patriotism, deafened them at the same time to the voice of enlightened self-interest, they would have seen that, of all the political suicides ever committed, secession is the most hideous. Bent only on destroying the Union of the States, the South has forgotten that she was striving to overturn a strong and respectable government of which she formed an integral part, and reducing herself to the level of a fifth-rate government, dependent for existence on the exigencies of the cotton market, and the toleration of the great powers of Europe.

Will you, can you, fellow-citizens, submit to these enormous mischiefs? Will you, to escape the burden of the hour, entail upon yourselves and your children the calamities of eternal border strife? Will you deliver up your Union brethren in the border States and through the South to exile, imprisonment, the scourge, and the halter? Will you take upon yourself the doom of "the house divided against itself," with the too probable result, if this disastrous experiment succeeds, of being broken up into still more numerous and still smaller warring fragments? You cannot be so faithless to the duty which Providence has assigned you. The "palladium of your political salvation," as it was called by your sainted Washington, has descended from our fathers to us; it must, it shall, go down from us to our children. We have nothing to gain, nothing to hope, from the betrayal of the trust, not even present peace; for it is as true of nations as of individuals, that nothing so surely invites to further aggression as to yield to unjust demands.

THE DEMAND FOR REINFORCEMENTS.*

I REJOICE, fellow-citizens, to behold this mighty throng. It shows that the spirit of our fathers is again abroad in the land, and that you are resolved that the Union, which they established, shall not be rent asunder; that the mildest and most beneficent government on earth shall not be sacrificed to the ambition of a few disappointed aspirants to office. We have now reached, not only the most important week in the history of the war up to the present time, but the week which will most powerfully influence the future. The fate of this year's campaign depends upon the manner in which the call of the President is responded to by the people, and this campaign will go far to settle the question, whether we are to have a short or a long war.

It is a moment, fellow-citizens, of vast importance, pregnant with consequences, not merely for us, but for our latest posterity. Everything is at stake, for which your fathers and your forefathers counselled and toiled and bled, from the day that the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, through the long years of Colonial trial, the sharp struggle of the Revolution, the languor of the old Confederation, down to that happy consummation, the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. All, all is now at stake. Shall this noblest fabric of human wisdom be allowed to crumble into miserable fragments, or shall it be sustained through this dark hour of trial? Shall it sink into early and ignominious decay, or shall it stand in its majesty and beauty for ages, so that our children and our children's children shall be enabled to say, "The rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock"?

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* Remarks at the Mass Meeting on Boston Common under the auspices of the Recruiting Committee of One Hundred and Fifty, 27th August, 1862.

There are three courses, — three only, — with respect to the war, which can by possibility be pursued by the government and loyal people of the Union; and, as far as depends upon us, we are called to choose this week between them.

We may, first, admit that we are unable to carry on the war, retire baffled and discomfited from the attempt, and sue for peace. Are you ready for that? Or, second, we may furnish the government with tardy and inadequate supplies, just enough to enable it, upon the whole, to hold our own; to gain a victory here, to suffer a repulse there; to capture strong fortresses and populous cities one day, only to have railroad passenger cars fired into, and invalid officers shot in their ambulances by murderous guerillas the next day, and so let the contest drag on for twenty or thirty years, like the wars of the French Revolution, the wars of the Commonwealth in England, or the Thirty Years' War in Germany; or, third, we may give the government, at whatever cost, the means which it requires to bring the contest to a prompt and triumphant close. Is not this last the dictate of humanity; is not this, my fellow-citizens, your wish and firm resolve?

Now I say, it depends upon the manner in which the President's call for reinforcements is responded to which of these three modes of dealing with the war shall prevail.

Let us look at them for a moment. There can, I need scarce say, be no hesitation between a long and a short war; but ought we not to prefer the first-named course to either? Ought we not to yield the demands of secession, and sue for peace? In order to answer that question, we must ask another: What are those demands? what are the conditions of such a peace? what do the leaders of secession claim of us? Let me point out to you for a moment, fellow-citizens, their stupendous audacity.

Eighteen months ago the government of the United States extended its undisputed constitutional rule from the northeastern corner of Maine to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, — one might almost say from "sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth," — an area of twenty-one degrees of latitude and sixty of longitude. Throughout this mighty domain there was not a citizen but was bound by his allegiance, and if he was an officer, military or naval, or a magistrate of the Union or the State, by his oath, to obey the Constitution and laws of the United States, "anything in the constitution and laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Over all this vast territory the constitutional government of the United States bore lawful sway, just as fully as the constitutional government of England bears lawful sway throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. On the 6th of November, 1860, a constitutional majority of the people thought fit to pass by John C. Breckinridge, who was offered to them as a candidate of the Southern wing of the Democracy, and to elect Abraham Lincoln as the President of the United States. For this high crime and misdemeanor on our part eleven Southern States (although by entering into the election they were bound in honor to abide its result) have thought proper to declare themselves an independent, foreign, and belligerent power, and have ordered and are now ordering, at the mouth of the cannon, the loyal people of the United States to give up to this foreign power half our territory, half our sea-coast, and the fortresses that defend it and protect its navigation, the entrance to our inland seas, and the mouth and a thousand miles of the lower course of the mighty rivers which penetrate to the heart of that portion of the country which we are graciously permitted, during good behavior of course, to retain. Though we have been on the point of war with England more than once within twenty-five years, and that under a Southern lead, for some wretched fragments of unsettled territory on the outskirts of the Union, we are now summoned to give up to a foreign and hostile power a domain half as large as Europe, because Mr. John C. Breckinridge was not elected President of the United States, and in order that Mr. Jefferson Davis may enjoy the blood-stained and guilty honor of presiding over the Southern Confederacy.

But again, see what a wreck secession calls upon us to make of this noble fabric of confederate republicanism. Our fathers, in 1789, framed a Constitution of Government for the purpose, among other high aims of civil polity, of establishing "a more perfect Union." The wisest and best of men co-operated in the undertaking; Heaven smiled on the work. The people of thirteen States then existing ratified, adopted, and declared it the law of the land. The country, desolated by the war of the Revolution, sprang into new life beneath its genial influence, as the frozen clods are clothed with verdure beneath the gentle showers of April. Twenty-one States have since grown up within our territorial limits, and have thought it a blessing and an honor to be joined to the great family of republics. For seventy-two years since it went into operation, the country has enjoyed under this Constitution an amount of prosperity without a parallel in the history of the world. Cities have sprung up like an exhalation from the soil; the savage wilderness has been turned into a wheat-field as by a miracle; an immigration, counted not by hundreds or thousands, but by millions, of which there is no other example in the annals of mankind, bears witness to the good report which has gone forth of us to the nations. In these seventy-two years not a drop of blood has been shed for a political offence; and, making fair allowance for the human frailties of men and of nations, and especially remembering that the one great "spot upon the vestal robe" of the Union, "the worse for what it soils," was placed and kept there under the old Colonial rule, our country has really been what, thanks to secession it is now derisively termed, "the Model Republic," — the noblest attempt ever made by man to combine the equal home-bred blessings of a small state with the strength and influence of a great empire. Shall we allow secession to make a deplorable wreck of this noble framework of government? Will we permit the Union of the States to be sacrificed, — that Constitution which was framed by some of the wisest and best men that ever lived to be trampled under foot, in order to gratify the aspirations to office of eight or ten disappointed Southern politicians?

But again. Secession bids us not only cede to her half the territory of the United States, and abrogates at one blow the Constitution of Government that held them together, but, in place of this powerful and prosperous Union, now strong enough for every legitimate object of domestic or foreign polity, it substitutes at once and of necessity two independent and hostile confederacies, separated by no natural boundary, sure to be involved in eternal border wars, besides carrying in their bosoms the fatal germ of still further and still more ruinous disintegration. All history, all analogy, teaches us that if we could patch up a peace to-morrow with the rebel States, it would be but a temporary truce, lasting just so long, and no longer, as might be necessary for them to find a pretext for a new war of aggression and outrage. Their leaders tell you that they hate, despise, and loathe you; and they have shown you what paltry and imaginary grievances they consider a sufficient cause of war. How is it possible that you can ever live in peace with them, if this first trial of strength which has been forced upon us is decided in their favor? If they violate the obligations of the Constitution and the sanctity of oaths, what respect are they going to pay to the faith of treaties? If they fly to arms because an election, in which they took equal part, has been decided against them, how can we hope to conduct with them, on amicable terms, the great and often perplexed relations of independent States?

But secession not only makes this wholesale havoc of the Constitution and the Union, it repeals the Declaration of Independence. I need not say that all the States of this Union were, four fifths of a century ago, colonial dependencies of the great powers of Europe. It is not yet eighty years since England acknowledged the Independence of the old Thirteen States. It is less than sixty years since France ceded to us Louisiana and all the mighty region between the Mississippi and the Pacific. It is forty years only since Spain ceded to us the Floridas; and fourteen years only since Mexico — at this moment involved in war with the great powers of Europe and in imminent danger of losing her independence in deed if not in word — acknowledged our claim to Texas. If we recognize secession, we admit the right, not only of the entire Southern Confederacy, so called, but of each and every member of it, to resume at pleasure its allegiance to the ancient government, and thus plant a European colonial jurisdiction all along our southern frontier. So completely has the frenzy of the hour extinguished every spark of patriotism in the bosom of their leaders, that some of them have declared their preference of a foreign sceptre over the gentle and beneficent sway of the Constitution of the United States. But whether they desire it or not, whether this madness extends to the many, or, as we may charitably hope, is confined to the few, the recolonization of the States of the South by their former European masters is an event, if secession should prosper, highly probable, in fact all but certain, in reference to some of them, and in reference to none of them greatly otherwise. Break up the Union, let the two great sections of the country hamstring each other with the two-edged sword of border war, and what sufficient protection would Texas and Florida have against Spain, or Louisiana against France, or any of them against England? There is not one of them, if left to themselves and involved in war with a foreign power, whose independence would be worth a year's purchase. Nothing has so much amazed me, in all these disastrous complications, as the fact that men of capacity and political experience at the South, and who aspire to the name of patriots and statesmen, should not perceive that in abdicating their position as integral members of a strong government, and especially one that wields a respectable naval force, they place themselves, not only at the mercy of the great maritime powers of Europe, but at the mercy of any government able to send half a dozen iron-clad steamers to sea. Break down the Union as a great military and naval power, and what protection is left for their alluvial shores? Are not the arms which are long enough to reach from London, Paris, and Madrid to Calcutta and the Philippine Islands, and Tahiti, and New Zealand, long enough to stretch to Charleston, and Pensacola, and Galveston, and New Orleans?

But we have not yet got to the bottom of the cup of humiliation which secession places to our lips. Most great commercial and naval states think that, in addition to the fortresses which guard their home ports, it is necessary to possess some distant harbors of refuge, and certain remoter stations, that protect the pathway of their foreign trade. England would as soon allow Plymouth or Portsmouth to be wrested from her by a foreign power, as she would Gibraltar, or Malta, or Aden, or Singapore, or Hong-Kong, or Vancouver's Island. Now the seceding States not only claim the right to withdraw from the Union, which they have no more right to do than Scotland or Ireland has to withdraw from the Union with England, but they claim the right to carry with them the whole line of fortresses which guard our Southern coast, the Florida Channel, the Gulf of Mexico, and the mouth of the Mississippi, — fortresses required for the safety of our commerce, built on lands purchased and paid for by the General Government, and on islands and sites, of which the jurisdiction has been ceded to the United States.

Nay, they claim the right to open and shut at pleasure the outlet of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, — the most magnificent system of internal navigation on the face of the globe. Acknowledge secession, and not a drove of mules could be sent down from Kentucky, nor a hogshead of tobacco from St. Louis, nor a bale of furs from the Upper Missouri, nor a barrel of pork from Cincinnati, nor a keg of nails from Pittsburg, nor a pig of lead from Galena or Dubuque, nor a sack of wheat from Davenport, but by the gracious leave of this alien power.

Finally, fellow-citizens, there is a drop of still greater bitterness in the chalice. The triumph of secession involves consequences more painful than any sacrifice of our own material or political interests. Not only are a majority of the inhabitants of the border Slave States firmly attached to the Union, but the mountain ridge that traverses the South, from Maryland almost to the Gulf, is inhabited by an industrious and frugal population who support themselves mainly by the free labor of their own hands. West Virginia and East Tennessee, Western North Carolina and Northern Alabama have little interest in slavery, and no sympathy with the war which it has forced upon the country. Their citizens consequently have been and are cruelly persecuted by the military despotism which now rules the South with a rod of iron. Mr. Davis, in his late message, affects to reproach the government of the United States and its generals in command with making war upon peaceful private individuals. It is the familiar artifice of wrong-doers to charge upon others the crimes of which they are themselves guilty. *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* For years past, and in profound peace, a man or woman who should have expressed at the South opinions adverse to slavery would have done it at the risk of life. A Senator from one of the Southern States made it a matter of boast that Abolitionists coming among them (meaning thereby every Northern man not friendly to slavery) hung like ripe fruit on the trees. Before Virginia had seceded, and while her ordinance of secession was pending before the people, Mr. Senator Mason published a letter on the 16th of May, 1861, with his name, in answer to the inquiries addressed to him as to the position of those citizens whose principles would not allow them to vote to separate Virginia from the United States. "If they retain such opinions," says the merciful Senator, "*they must leave the State!*" Yes, dare to defy the oligarchy at Richmond and vote against separating from the Union, bequeathed to you by your Washington as your dearest inheritance, and we banish you from the State. This wholesale sentence of exile was pronounced before the iniquity of secession was consummated, and against the inhabitants of a third part of the territory of the State, men guilty of no crime but that of entertaining certain "opinions." Nor is this all; army after army was sent into Western Virginia last year to execute the decree of proscription; her villages were burned, her fields wasted, and some of her prominent citizens dragged to Richmond and immured in a felons' jail. The same state of things exists in East Tennessee. Wherever throughout the South a Union man ventures to avow himself, the common jail, the scourge, sometimes the halter, is his fate. I know the press at the South affects to deny the truth of Parson Brownlow's statements. I own I could not myself at first believe that such atrocities could have been practised by men professing to be Christians, nay, by persons in the highest civil and military stations. But I am well persuaded, from numerous other and independent sources of information, that his accounts are true. Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State, by a letter of the 25th of last November, addressed to the officer in command at Knoxville, directs that all "prisoners of war taken among the traitors of East Tennessee" (so he designates the great mass of the loyal people of that region), "who can be identified as having been engaged in bridge-burning, are to be tried summarily by drum-head court-martial, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot by hanging. It would be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burned bridges!" This most humane Secretary seems to have forgotten, that one of the first acts of his seceding friends in Baltimore was to burn the bridges on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, to prevent the troops of the United States from marching to the defence of Washington. It is needless to say that this cruel order was as cruelly executed; while throughout the South thousands of Union men have been driven into exile, and other thousands are forced into the rebel army, or are languishing in prison, or fleeing before their pursuers to the caves in the mountains. If we now shrink discomfited from the contest, we surrender these our loyal friends and brethren to exile, confiscation, and death.

No, fellow-citizens, there remains no alternative but a short and vigorous, or a protracted and languishing prosecution of the war. Shall it be the first or shall it be the last? Will you let it go down, a legacy of sacrifice and sorrow to your children, or will you not rather finish it this very year? You can if you will; you have the means and the men, if you but choose to employ them. I rejoice to behold in this great out-pouring of the people — the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the bone and the sinew, the mind and the heart, of the community — the assurance that you are determined that, as far as depends on you, the work shall be quickly done; and in lieu of any words of exhortation on my part, which I know you do not need, let me give you a reminiscence from the time that tried men's souls.

Boston, as you well know, was, in the year 1775 and a part of 1776, occupied by British troops, and besieged by the American army under Washington. The great question was, how the enemy could be best assailed, and among the measures proposed was the bombardment of the town, then almost wholly built of wood. The richest man in Boston, John Hancock, was then President of the Continental Congress, and as such transmitted the orders of that body to Washington. "You will notice the resolution," said he in his letter, "relative to an attack on Boston. This passed after a most serious debate in a committee of the whole house, and the execution was referred to you. *May God crown your attempt with success!* I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." The fact is, all his property consisted of real estate in Boston; the destruction of the town would have made him a beggar. Fellow-citizens, he was the occupant of yonder house. Were he living, he might from his windows witness all this glorious sight; his eyes would swim with tears of gratitude to Heaven, as he beheld yonder banner of the Union floating in the breeze; his ears would drink with rapture the patriotic strains that have cheered us this afternoon. May the proceedings of this day and this hour be such, that his pure spirit, and that of all his sainted associates, the Adamses, and Franklin, and peerless Washington himself, may look down upon us with approbation!

THE IRISH REGIMENT.*

This is not the first time that Faneuil Hall has been opened to-day. Many of your fellow-citizens came here this morning, to pay the last tribute of respect to a brave and patriotic citizen,† who had died as we all might be proud to die, on the battle-field in the cause of his country. You saw him as he lay here, in solemn and beautiful state, at the feet, as it were, of the revered parent, who had taught him, as he taught us all, the sacred obligation of the Constitution and the priceless value of the Union. To-morrow he will be borne to his last rest at Marshfield, by the side of that illustrious father. *His* prayer was granted, that when his eyes should be turned for the last time to behold the sun in the heavens, they should not see it shining on a land drenched in fraternal blood. Could he have foreseen that the dread catastrophe would have come so soon upon us, he would have uttered another prayer which would also have been fulfilled, that the blood derived from him might be, as it has, O how gallantly! been poured out, in the holy cause. We have no tears, fellow-citizens, to shed over such a death. It is not for that purpose you have entered this hall for the second time to-day.

The occasion and object of this noble gathering have been sufficiently explained from the chair. It is to take measures to fill up the first Irish regiment of nine months' volunteers, and it is called under the worthy auspices of the Irish societies of Boston and its vicinity. The public-spirited and patriotic fraternities which so lately conducted the gallant and devoted Corcoran in triumph through our streets — an ovation worthy of his services and his sufferings in the cause of the Union — have now invited us, their fellow-citizens, native and adopted, to come together in aid of the first regiment of Irish nine months' volunteers, in the old Cradle of Liberty. Never were its doors thrown open for a worthier purpose. Founded, as it is, upon constitutional freedom as its corner-stone, the pillars which support it wreathed to their capitals with sure guaranties of political and religious equality, the mottoes which speak from its walls breathing patriotism and loyalty in every word and every syllable, to what class of our community should it be thrown open more widely than to our adopted fellow-citizens, who left a native land which denied them the full enjoyment of these blessings? What louder summons, my friends, could be addressed to you, than that of your adopted country in her hour of trial, calling upon you to aid her in maintaining that vital and powerful nationality, which has alone enabled her to afford you protection and shelter, and which has welcomed you to a full participation of her great heritage of civil and religious freedom.

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* Remarks at the Mass Meeting in aid of the Irish regiment, in Faneuil Hall, 9th September, 1862.

† Colonel Fletcher Webster.

I rejoice, fellow-citizens, that you have obeyed this call; I return my thanks to the Irish societies of Boston and the neighborhood for calling us together for this purpose. It is not the first time that we are indebted to men of leading influence among you for aid and encouragement in this tremendous struggle. Of all the patriotic and loyal voices which have rung through the land, none have gone straighter to the hearts of the people than those of your gallant Meagher, of your devoted and self-sacrificing Corcoran, who are also rendering such efficient service in the field, and of that most distinguished prelate, Archbishop Hughes, who to a station of commanding influence in the Church, and to intellectual ability of the highest order, unites a patriotism and a loyalty to the country of his adoption which deserve our profoundest gratitude. The words uttered by him in Dublin and since his return are worth an army with banners to the cause of the Union.

In fact, fellow-citizens, there is no one element of strength (do not think I say it to flatter you) which is more important to the country than the cordial support of her adopted citizens of the various foreign nationalities. The Irish alone are probably equal in number to the entire population of the United States during the Revolutionary War. I presume there are of Irish birth and parentage at least three millions in the United States. They naturally cling together as brethren of a common race, many of them united by a still stronger sympathy in common disabilities and sufferings in the Old World. Here they form, so to say, a nation within a nation; a friendly people embraced within our limits; our neighbors and associates in the various walks of industrious life. We rejoice to believe, from various indications, that we have the sympathy of the people of Ireland; I mean the inhabitants of your native land; but from the nature of the case they cannot help us with anything but kind words and good wishes. But the cordial sympathy of three millions of true and loyal hearts here at home, in town and country, East and West; the co-operation of a fair proportion of five hundred thousand pairs of strong brave arms on the battle-field, — it is enough of itself to turn the balance of the momentous struggle in our favor. Who can overrate the value of such an ally?

Nor do I wonder, my fellow-citizens of foreign birth and parentage, that you are willing to join us in putting down this causeless, unnatural rebellion. You have cast in your lot with us; you have yourselves made the country you are now called upon to defend your own. Your native land or that of your fathers has, during seven centuries, for the greater part of the time, suffered under an oppressive government. It is but within the last generation that England has begun to do you justice. I listened, in the House of Commons in 1844, to that memorable debate of nine days' duration, in which Mr. O'Connell, his cause still pending in appeal before the House of Lords, pleaded for justice to his country with a force of argument and depth of feeling which went to the heart of the assembly. In that debate Lord John Russell "offered a high tribute of praise to Mr. O'Connell," to whose exertions and that of his friends it was owing that there had been no bloodshed at the suppression of "the monster meetings"; and Lord Macaulay said that it was a matter which, of itself, deserved investigation by a committee of Parliament, "that a great country, with so many natural advantages as Ireland, and with a population amounting to more than one fourth of the whole people of the Empire, should at this day be governed, not by love, but by force." It is this government, not of love but of force, which has compelled you — you, or your fathers — to make the greatest sacrifice which a good man and a good citizen can make, — to leave, as *our* fathers did, the spot where they were born, — the homes of your children, the green fields of "old Ireland," the pleasant shores and banks of Killarney and Avoca, the sacred hill of Tara, the kindred and friends who are unable to accompany you, the churchyard where the ashes of your forefathers rest, and encounter the hardships incident to the voyage across the world-dividing ocean, and the arrival on the foreign shore. But you have encountered these hardships, my friends, — you, or your fathers; you have built yourselves these new homes in the West. Many of you have found prosperity and wealth, and all of you have found a place in the community, employment and bread, — equal laws and equal rights; and you have now determined that the government whose beneficent Constitution secures this rich heritage of blessings for yourself and your children shall not be struck down to gratify the ambition of disappointed politicians. You know, by painful experience at home, the priceless worth of equal civil and religious privileges; and you are resolved that the country of your adoption, which procures these blessings for you, shall not be broken up into miserable fragments, or its government traitorously overthrown.

It has been lately said — I am told — by a member of the English Parliament that the people of the North are the "scum of Europe," — a compliment, I suppose, intended for our adopted fellow-citizens, though they do not of all nationalities form a sixth part of the population. Well, sir, I only wish the candid and well-informed gentleman who entertains this opinion, and who thinks it promotive of "peace on earth, good-will toward men" to proclaim it, could have seen the procession which escorted General Corcoran through our streets a few days ago. I have seen large bodies of men, long processions on gala-days, in most countries of Europe, and I never saw one more deeply marked with the unmistakable impress of substantial respectability. I am quite confident that it would compare favorably with the turn-out at Sheffield on the occasion alluded to. It was a well-ordered, imposing, soul-stirring array. As I saw it passing beneath my windows, troop after troop, society after society, band after band, mounted and on foot, the charitable and patriotic fraternities, with their banners and regalia, the green flag of Erin floating side by side with the Stars and Stripes, all beaming in a summer's sun as it blazed from a cloudless sky, I could not help saying to myself, If this is "the scum of Europe," Europe skims off and throws away a population which no country can afford to lose, and which America is glad to receive and cherish.

The scum of Europe! Good heavens, sir, who does not know, that in the terrible revolutions and disastrous vicissitudes of the last seventy years in the Old World, nothing has more alleviated the sufferings caused by them, than that America offered, within her almost boundless domain, a refuge and a home to the unfortunate and stricken of every condition and every clime! No matter in what region or in defence of what cause he may have suffered; it might have been in the great dynastic struggles or popular upheavals on the Continent, — it may have been in seasons of fever and famine, or political convulsions more cruel than the elements, with which your fair island has from time to time been visited, — a gracious Providence had provided beyond the sea, in our all but illimitable territories, beneath the gentle sway of our equal laws, and from the abundance of our overflowing granaries, a safe retreat and a hospitable welcome. It is not the scum of Europe; they, alas! are destitute of the means of escape from the hardships of their lot. They fall unprotected victims to gaunt poverty, famine, and typhus, starving in sight of the waving corn-fields their own hands have tilled; toiling in rags within the walls of factories which clothe half mankind. It is, for the most part, the thousands and hundreds of thousands of those who form the wealth and strength of a community that have sought our shores. It is estimated that in ten or eleven years the population of Ireland fell off a full quarter part. The emigration commencing with the potato disease, and kept up by that and other causes, political, social, and moral, reached the enormous amount of nearly two millions, of which a considerable portion came to the United States. Were these two millions, who possessed, if nothing more, the means of defraying the expenses of emigration, the "scum" of your native island? No, my friends, they were the small farmers in the country, the industrious mechanics in the cities, with a fair proportion of men of substance in trade and the professions, healthy, active young men and women, able to meet the cost and bear the hardships of the removal, and well prepared to establish a home and to prosper in the country of their adoption. Why, it was officially ascertained ten years ago, in England, that this scum of Europe was annually sending back to Ireland alone five millions of dollars, to enable father and mother and brother and sister to follow them to their new homes, and partake the blessings of a mild and beneficent government, of common privileges and equal laws.

Such a government, my friends, you feel that you have found. It has extended to you its protection; it has sheltered you beneath its fostering wings; and you do not intend that it shall be overthrown. You feel that the sacrifices and sufferings of our Revolutionary fathers, by whose side your own Montgomery fought and bled, were as much for you as for us; and you are now going to join us in paying back that sacred debt to our common country. Your brethren and your fathers have followed the flag of England wherever their allegiance has called them to the ends of the earth, moistening with their blood every battle-field of Europe and Asia, from the Spanish Peninsula to the banks of the Indus and the walls of Pekin; loyal to a power, even in times happily now past, when they knew it only in its frowns and its terrors. You will not now desert the government of your free choice, which has secured you a happy home, which has given you, from the first, employment and food, cheap lands, high wages, equal rights, civil and religious; the mildest and most beneficent government beneath the circuit of the sun. You will loyally support it; you have done so in times past in the sunshine, you will still gallantly defend it in the storm. You will join us, we ask nothing else, in upholding its sacred banner. Your patriotic legions will hasten, with ours, to its defence, and haply on some hard-fought field, should the doubtful day be about to turn against us, the Irish brigade, as of old at Fontenoy, shall rush to the rescue, and, with that terrible war-cry of *Faugh a ballagh!* sweep the foes of the Union before them, like the chaff before the whirlwind.

NATHAN HALE.*

Mr. President: —

I hope I do not transgress the bounds of delicacy, in echoing the well-deserved tribute which you have paid to our departed associate and friend; but if the near relation in which I stood to him prevents my speaking with impartiality, it enables me to speak, at least, with an intimate knowledge of his great worth. It is with the confidence founded on that knowledge, that I do not scruple to pronounce him, not only one of the best men I ever knew, but one of the persons possessed of the greatest amount of valuable knowledge, endowed with the largest capacity for usefulness, and yet covered with such a thick veil of modesty that there were few individuals whom a casual observer, unacquainted with his character, would have been more likely to pass unobserved.

You have spoken, sir, with such discriminating justice of the twofold relation of editor and engineer, in which he stood to the community, as to leave me very little to say. It is hard to decide in which character his services were the most valuable. He assumed the management of the Boston Daily Advertiser in 1814, shortly after the commencement of its publication. He was its sole conductor for fifteen or twenty years, its responsible editor for as many more; and, by all acknowledgment, he brought to it a variety and accuracy of information, a solidity of judgment, a fidelity to principle and to his friends, a moderation toward opponents, and a sacred regard to truth, which cannot be too highly praised.

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* Remarks at a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 12th February, 1863.

It was said of the Daily Advertiser by a distinguished contemporary journalist, the founder and editor of the Boston Courier, that the Advertiser was the first journal which systematically introduced the editorial discussion of political topics, — that branch of journalism having been before left to correspondents, the most celebrated of whom are the authors of the Federalist and of Junius. I have not the means of verifying the accuracy of this remark, but certain it is, that the columns of the Daily Advertiser for forty years contained, as a standing feature, an editorial comment on passing affairs at home and abroad; and not less so, that such a comment, prepared as it was by Mr. Hale, in a manner to exercise a marked influence on public opinion, could be the achievement of no ordinary mind.

Besides natural talent of a high order, and the advantage of a liberal education at a respectable seminary (Williams College), Mr. Hale provided himself with aids in the discharge of his editorial duties, not as common then as now. He imported the leading European journals, English, French, and German. I have heard it said that his file of the "London Times" was the only one, at that time, to be found in any printing-office in Boston; his shelves were well supplied with books of reference in contemporaneous history, in geography, and statistics, and he was particularly curious in the collection of maps. Everything falling within these departments was habitually discussed by him with more than common fulness and accuracy.

It was not long before the Advertiser, as conducted by him, acquired the name of the "Respectable Daily." He regarded this as a title of honor. He wished no higher praise than to conduct a journal that deserved and enjoyed the respect of an enlightened community. Even when this epithet was employed in ridicule and derision, he did not heed the reproach. He was willing to suffer in his reputation for enterprise, by abstaining from the hasty dissemination of flying rumors as if they were matters of ascertained intelligence, and to give up the credit for smartness, which was to be earned by the reckless assertion of doubtful facts, by the bold utterance of crude opinions, or by wanton attacks on private character.

Among his rules of journalism, one was to present every kind of intelligence in the most authentic form. The Congressional or Executive report, the original letter, the important article from a European journal, if not prevented by its length or some specific objection, he gave entire as he found it. He did not garble it, nor subject it to editorial manipulation, in order to make the work of others pass for his own.

He reserved the editorial columns and the editorial type exclusively for articles written by himself, or those who at any time were regularly associated with him in the conduct of the paper; and never accepted pecuniary compensation except for what appeared in the recognized form of an advertisement.

He had great aptitude for mechanical contrivance of every kind. I am under the impression that he first conceived the idea of executing geographical maps on type-metal, setting up the names in common type, and occasionally employing these maps in his paper for the illustration of the intelligence contained in its columns. A manual of geography published by him in middle life was, I believe, the first volume illustrated by maps of this kind. He was one of the first journalists, if not the very first, who employed the power-press, and at one time he engaged somewhat extensively in the printing of books. The twelve volumes of Mr. Sparks's Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution were issued from his power-presses.

He was at all times peculiarly fond of geographical studies. He devoted his leisure hours — if in such a life there could be anything that deserved the name of a leisure hour — to the preparation of a map of New England, which still retains a standard character. It was not compiled from older maps, but laboriously constructed from original materials and calculations and measurements made by himself. In the prosecution of his geographical studies he became possessed of a very valuable collection of original maps and plans of military positions held in the old French and Revolutionary wars, most of which are manuscripts, drawn at the time by officers in the British army.

Although Mr. Hale's predominant tastes were in the direction of the mathematics pure and applied, he by no means confined himself to them. His reading was wide and various. He had a working knowledge of French and German, and kept up — perhaps extended — the knowledge of the ancient classics which he brought from college. He had a valuable private library, and was well acquainted with its contents. He wrote somewhat slowly and laboriously, but without stiffness, and in a style of pure sterling English, with great precision of thought and clearness of expression. Considering that most of his writing was for the columns of a newspaper, his style is remarkably free from the faults to which that kind of composition is most exposed, — looseness, overstatement, and appeal to "Buncombe." As far as the tone and spirit of his writings are concerned, it may be said of him, quite as truly as of the author of whom the remark was originally made, that in all his writings, however voluminous in the aggregate, there was

"Not one immoral, one corrupting thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

With such stores of varied information, especially in reference to our politics, and with such weight of character, Mr. Hale would seem to have been qualified for eminence as a public speaker. But neither his taste nor temperament lay in that direction. There was in conversation even a hesitancy in his utterance. It is therefore the more remarkable that, whenever on occasions of business or ceremony, or in the public bodies of which he was a member, he was called on to express himself, he did it with entire self-possession, dignity, and ease. He had one habit as a public speaker which might be introduced with advantage in all our public assemblies. He never rose to speak without having something to say worth listening to, and when he had said it, he sat down.

It would seem that the duties of an editor, as Mr. Hale performed them, would be enough to occupy all the time even of the most laborious and active man; but he united with them those of a most distinguished and successful engineer. From the moment the railroad system began to be established successfully in England, Mr. Hale gave much attention to its consideration. Having mastered its details as a problem in engineering, he forthwith began to devote what the incredulous considered an undue portion of his columns to the discussion of its economical relations. In a word, the feasibility and importance of railroads for this country were diligently and forcibly, and with every variety of illustration, "written up" by him, and the result is the network that covers the land. He was the chairman and working member of the first board of commissioners for internal improvement, by whom the principal railroad lines in this State were surveyed. He was the first president of the Worcester Railroad, — the line on which the first locomotive engine was run; and he assumed the effective responsibility for all the calculations, estimates, and initiatory surveys of what was then deemed an experimental work. No sooner had he conducted it to a triumphant result, than he threw himself with the same self-sacrificing zeal upon the project for supplying Boston with pure water, and never shall I forget the light that beamed from his pensive eye and the flush that spread over his thoughtful countenance when, at the close of the memorable day on which the completion of that work was celebrated, he saw the noble jet of water from Long Pond, a distance of eighteen miles, spouting up to the clouds from the centre of Boston Common.

In a modest and appropriate obituary notice of Mr. Hale, which appeared in the Daily Advertiser the morning after his decease, written after that event at half past eleven o'clock of the night before, it is stated that these and other similar labors, performed by Mr. Hale, were "disinterested." There is an undesigned sarcasm in this expression, which this is not the place nor I the person to unfold. Labors such as those which in the Old World have raised the Arkwrights, the Stephensons, the Brunels to fortune, — some of them to princely fortune, — had no such result for him. Not to speak of the Boston Water-Works and the benefits they have conferred on the community, cheaply purchased at the millions they have cost, as they would have been had those millions been doubled, his connection with the railroad system of the United States, of which the annual benefit to the country cannot be estimated at less than one hundred millions of dollars, and of which, more than any other individual, he is entitled to be called the Father, left him a poorer man than it found him.

And this leads me to a closing remark on the moral qualities of his character. I have already said that he was one of the very best men I ever knew. In an acquaintance commencing at the Academy at Exeter in 1807, and in a relation as intimate as can be without the cement of blood, I never saw in him the slightest trace of any of the sins which do most easily beset us, — of selfishness, avarice, vanity, indolence, affectation, arrogance; it would be an insult to his memory to add dishonesty or corruption to the list. He was the soul of justice, probity, and honor. A deep sense of religious obligation gave tone and steadiness to his moral principle, and if he had not been human, I should have been almost ready to pronounce him faultless.

But he had his faults. The ancient Philosophers placed moral perfection in the golden mean, equally removed from excess on either side. Mr. Hale carried the noblest virtue of which our frail natures are capable — disinterestedness — to an extreme, which interfered with his own health, comfort, and prosperity, and, going beyond the Scripture rule, which it is never safe to do, he loved his neighbor better than himself.

INAUGURATION OF THE UNION CLUB.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE UNION CLUB:—

As this is the first meeting of our Association, since by your kindness I had the honor to be chosen its President, I avail myself of the opportunity to return you my thanks for this mark of your confidence. I am not greatly versed in "Club Law" of any kind, and I have reason to fear that I shall not be able to render you much active service; but it has afforded me pleasure, indeed, I have felt it to be my duty, by uniting with you in this Association, to express my warm approbation of the principle on which it is founded. That principle is the active and earnest co-operation of all good citizens in the loyal support of the Union, the Constitution, and the Government of the country in the present great crisis of affairs, and the encouragement of each other and of the community at large in the vigorous prosecution of the war, till the rebellion is suppressed and the integrity of the Nation is restored. We propose no party action; we aim at no party ends; and we invite the fellowship of all good and true men, of whatever political connection, who concur with us in this one great paramount view of Public Duty.

The struggle, in which the government and loyal people of the country have been now for nearly two years engaged is one, I need scarce say, of almost unexampled magnitude, attended with all the difficulties, the sacrifices, the alternation of success and failure, which are incident to a contest of such stupendous dimensions. Scarce ever have there been arrayed against each other, on a field of action so vast, forces so numerous, at an expense so great, with such profusion of material supplies and financial resources, and, what is infinitely more important, with interests so momentous at stake. The scene of the conflict, coextensive as it is with the settlements of the United States this side of the Rocky Mountains, is but little inferior in extent to Europe. The military forces in array and amply supplied with the *matériel* of war are as great as were ever placed in the field in the war of the French Revolution. The sea-coast held in rigid blockade by our navy is more extensive than that actually blockaded by the navy of Great Britain, during that war. Our armies and navy, owing to the character of our soldiers and seamen and the higher standard of comfort in this country, are sustained at greater expense than those of any other service; and the objects of the war are nothing less than to prevent a great and prosperous Union of States, under one constitutional government, from being broken up into wretched fragments; to protect the organic life of a mighty People, in the morning of their national existence, from the murderous and suicidal blow aimed at it; to rescue the work of our revolutionary and constitutional fathers, the greatest political work of human wisdom, from ignominious ruin; and to hand down this peerless inheritance of public and private blessings unimpaired to our posterity.

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* An address delivered at the inauguration of the Union Club, in Boston, 9th April, 1863.

Compared with these objects, how insignificant the scene, the operations, the objects of the recent wars in Europe, and how unimportant their results! The late Italian war had for its object, nominally, to drive the foreigner beyond the Alps and to give Italy to the Italians, while its real object was to restore the military and political influence of France in Europe, and, at least as far as Italy is concerned, annul the treaties of Vienna. But all Italy is not equal in extent to New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; the Austrians still hold Venice and the best half of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; France is still intrenched at Rome, the very heart of the Peninsula; and the exiled dynasties are awaiting the next turn of the wheel of political fortune, for those revolutions in empire which shall restore them to their former capitals. I feel all possible sympathy with the cause of Italian nationality. As an ardent friend to that beautiful country, to which the civilized world is under obligations never to be too gratefully repaid, I accept with thankfulness every word or deed from whatever quarter, which can contribute to replace her in the first rank of the nations; it may come from Sardinia, or it may come from France; but much I fear that the deadly spirit of discord, which on the downfall of the Roman Empire took possession of the Peninsula and parcelled it out into a dozen warring States, — the same unhallowed end which the same evil spirit is aiming to compass in our noble Union, — has poisoned the life of Italian nationality beyond the possibility of recovery.

The next preceding war had its ostensible origin in the struggles of the Greek and Latin churches for ascendency in the East; its real object was to check the progress of Russia in that quarter; and it arrayed half a million of men for the destruction or defence of one fortress in the Crimea. The Ate of that contest came "hot from hell and let slip the dogs of war," to settle the question whether the French or Russian vice-consul should keep the key of the church, built upon the spot where the Prince of Peace was born. The war was fought; a hundred thousand families were clad in mourning; Russia still holds the Crimea; Sebastopol has risen from its ruins; and which vice-consul keeps the key of the church of Bethlehem, few persons in Christendom, outside the three cabinets, know or care.

And then the great war of the French Revolution, which began with the invasion of France by the Prussians in 1792, and ended with the exile of Napoleon to St. Helena in 1815; which more than any contest in modern times resembles, in the vastness of its theatre and the magnitude of the forces in array, the contest in which we are now involved, how insignificant its issues compared with those here at stake! The allies under the lead of England waged the war to check the progress of the French Revolution and eventually to restore the Bourbons. The Bourbons are still in exile; the French Revolution is enthroned at the Tuileries, and many of its political maxims have passed into the public law of Europe. The French, on their side, strove to overturn the remains of feudalism in Europe, to destroy the political influence and the maritime ascendency of England, and to subordinate the Continental governments to France. Fierce battles with various fortunes were fought, millions of lives sacrificed, a great deal of old parchment was torn up, a great deal of new parchment written over, and, at the end of twenty-one years, England came out of the contest stronger than ever; the equilibrium of Europe is substantially unchanged; the relations of the Continental powers to France not materially affected, and the great leaders of the Titanic struggle, France and England, united, seemingly at least, in a most beautiful *entente cordiale.* A few territorial and dynastic changes of no vital importance to the sum total have been made in Central Europe; the Holy Roman Empire, long before effete, has been broken up; a few German electors and archdukes are styled kings; Holland and Belgium have been raised to independent monarchies; Genoa has become a Sardinian city, and Venice has become an Austrian city; the nephew of Napoleon and the niece of George IV. exchange friendly visits in their respective capitals; and the territorial and political map of Europe is substantially what it was when the States General of France met at Versailles in 1789.

In that year the Federal Constitution went into operation in the United States,—the great political consummation of the design of Providence in the discovery and settlement of America; the happy framework of some of the wisest and best men that ever lived, intended to effect the extension of civilization in the shortest possible time over a vast continent lying in a state of nature; to provide a city of refuge for the starving millions of Europe; to prepare the way for the civilization and Christianization of Africa by the return of a portion of her children from the house of bondage; and to combine upon a scale of unprecedented magnitude, the home-bred and fireside blessings of small States and local administrations with the security, influence, and power of a great empire. For seventy years it has been working out these great results; it has conferred upon the rapidly increasing population of the country a degree of general prosperity never equalled; it has welcomed the surplus and suffering multitudes of Europe to the enjoyment of a state of well-being unknown to them at home; and not without the imperfections and the errors, the woes, and I am sorry to add the wrongs, which attend all human things, the incidents neither of republics nor of monarchies, but of our common frail humanity, it has conferred upon more than two generations an amount of good, with an exemption from the sacrifices and trials which have afflicted other states, altogether without a parallel in history.

And now the great question which we have to settle is, Shall this mighty aggregate of prosperity perish, or shall it endure? Shall this imperial heritage of blessings descend unimpaired to our posterity, or shall it be ignominiously, profligately, thrown away? Shall the territory of the Union, late so happy under the control and adjustment of the National and State governments, be broken up into miserable fragments, sure to be engaged in constantly recurring border wars, and all lying at the mercy of foreign powers, or shall it preserve its noble integrity under the ægis of the National government? Admit the right of the seceding States to break up the Union at pleasure, nay, of each and every State to do so, and allow them to enforce that right by a successful war; deny the authority of the Central government to control its members; and how long will it be before the new Confederacies created by the first disruption will be resolved into still smaller fragments, and the continent will become a vast theatre of civil war, military license, anarchy, and eventually despotism? Better at whatever cost, by whatever sacrifice, settle the question at once, and settle it forever.

For remember, my friends, that, in this desolating war, the government and loyal people of the country are the party assailed, and that they are clad in the triple armor of a just cause. The pretence is set up by the rebels, that they are contending for the right of self-government, and the unfriendly press of Europe talks of its being a war of revenge and subjugation. Consider what makes a just war even in the opinion of those who condemn the North. England, a little more than a twelvemonth ago, thought it a just cause of war, that a merchant packet was brought to at sea by a belligerent cruiser, in the exercise of the undoubted right of search, and that four persons were taken from it, as she considered, without warrant in the law of nations, though she in the last general war had taken more than four thousand persons from our neutral vessels, confessedly without warrant in the law of nations. The Federal government, in the paralysis of its powers caused by the interregnum between the old and new administrations, submitted with patience to the affront of having two ships, laden with supplies for a fort belonging to the United States, fired upon in profound peace, by a pretended government unacknowledged at that time, even as a belligerent, by any foreign power. It was not till the third act of open organized war, as mean as it was murderous, — the assault on Fort Sumter from eleven batteries manned by eight or ten thousand men, — a fortress belonging to the United States, built by the general government, upon a spot ceded by the State of South Carolina to the United States, and then occupied by one company of seventy men, provisioned but for forty-eight hours; not till the threat had gone forth, on the same day, from the capital of the pretended Confederacy, that in three weeks their flag should float over the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and in due time over Faneuil Hall; not till their emissaries in London had claimed that Mr. Adams, the Envoy of the United States, ought not to be received on his arrival, because, before that event, the Confederacy would be installed at Washington, and the United States would have ceased to exist; — it was not till all this had taken place, that the general government drew the sword.

Even supposing Carolina had a constitutional right to secede and to declare herself a foreign state, the war is not the less a war of aggression on her part and that of her associates. She had no right in seceding to carry Sumter along with her. She had formally ceded that spot to the United States. It was ours by a firmer tenure than that by which

Gibraltar belongs to England, for that was originally obtained by conquest. Spain notoriously regards the possession of Gibraltar by England as a standing monument of national humiliation; so much so that, in the Peninsular War, although the armies of England were the only hope of the preservation of the independence of Spain, the thought of Gibraltar led her to oppose the occupation of Cadiz by British troops, even under the strongest strategetical motives. Suppose, now, Spain, desirous of repossessing Gibraltar, had sent agents to London to treat for its purchase, and that these agents had failed of success; would this give Spain a right to drive the English by force out of Gibraltar? And how long would England slumber over an attack like that of Carolina on Fort Sumter? Would not every English ship of war that could float be put in commission, and every regiment in the British army, available for the purpose, be moved to the coast, rather than leave Gibraltar in the hands of the Spaniards? Undoubtedly England would spend every pound sterling in her treasury, she would send her last man to the Peninsula, rather than allow such an outrage to succeed; and it would be an insult to the common sense of mankind, to call that a war of aggression on the part of Great Britain.

But again, suppose the Southern States had a right to secede (which they have as much and no other right to do than the counties south of the Thames and the Severn have to secede from the English crown and set up the old kingdom of Sussex), is this metaphysical right, doubted even by the ablest of their own leaders,* a right to be maintained at the mouth of the cannon by seven States, if not instantly conceded by all the rest of the Union? Had the majority of the citizens of the cotton-growing States desired to leave the Union, which was notoriously not the case; had they — instead of "being precipitated into the revolution" by ambitious demagogues, whose language I quote — by deliberate legislative acts or conventions of the people, called after mature public discussion of the question, authentically announced that fact and their willingness to leave to the United States the fortresses necessary to protect the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico and the control of the Mississippi River, I have little doubt, that a requisite majority of the States would have agreed to the amendment of the Constitution necessary to carry such an arrangement into effect; — sure as it was in a few years by its perfect madness to cure itself. But this did not suit the ambitious leaders in the cotton-growing States. They well knew that no such expression of popular opinion could be obtained, for the good reason that no such opinion existed. They knew that a separation thus peaceably brought about would be an experiment as short-lived as suicidal. They knew that the Border States would stand aloof, and that the first revolution in domestic politics, probably the next Presidential election, would consign to political ruin the authors of the movement and bring back the seceding States to the Union. This they knew, this they felt, this they in effect confessed. They did not wish to be allowed to "go in peace." All professions to that effect are delusive and hypocritical. It was for the wicked purpose of "firing the Southern heart" by the shedding of blood, thus exciting the Border States to take part with the Cotton States, and, what was of equal importance, overawing and silencing opposition at home, that Fort Sumter was attacked. If ever the secrets of this conspiracy are disclosed by the publication of the correspondence that passed between Richmond, Charleston, and Montgomery in that inauspicious winter of 1860-61, what I now affirm will be found in black and white. In truth it was substantially avowed in the columns of the Charleston journals and in the speeches of the demagogues who were sent from Virginia to fan the flame of treason.

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* That Mr. Calhoun did not claim Secession as a constitutional right is conclusively shown by Hon. Reverdy Johnson in a letter dated 24th June, 1861, and published in the Appendix to an oration delivered at New York on the 4th of July following by the author of this address. Mr. Iverson of Georgia expressed himself as follows in the Senate of the United States, on the 5th December, 1860: "I do not myself place the right of a State to secede from the Union upon constitutional grounds. I admit that the Constitution has not granted that power to a State. It is exceedingly doubtful, even, whether the right has been reserved. Certainly, it has not been reserved in express terms."

The blow at length was struck, and but too successfully. With the outbreak of the Rebellion a reign of terror as merciless as that of Robespierre was inaugurated at the South, and every man of eminence but the noble and lamented Petigru quailed before it. Virginia, ensnared in the meshes of her hair-splitting metaphysics, and fearful of being deprived of the wretched privilege of supplying the plantations of Mississippi and Louisiana with the surplus of her slave population, in known opposition to the wish of the majority of her people, was engineered into the contest; and a war not merely of aggression, but of cold-blooded calculation on the part of the South, and of self-defence, of duty, and of necessity, on the part of the North, was inaugurated.

With every month of its prosecution this aggressive character of the war has been more and more displayed. On the 12th of April, 1861, while the news of the bombardment of Sumter was passing over the wires to Montgomery, and before its little band of heroes had been compelled to yield to the overwhelming force by which they were surrounded, the intention of capturing Washington was, as we have seen, publicly announced by the Confederate Secretary of War. Washington is the capital of thirty-four States; at the time this insolent threat was uttered the Confederacy was confined to the seven cotton-growing States. What right could this rebellious group of States, far off on the Gulf of Mexico, with a sum total of a little more than two and one half millions of white inhabitants, have to the metropolis of the Union? Seven days later the pavement of Baltimore was stained with the blood of Massachusetts men, hastening in obedience to lawful authority to the defence of the capital. Events have shown the unshaken loyalty of Maryland. Not a voice was raised in all her borders, in response to the proclamation of the Confederate General, who crossed the Potomac last September with an army of ninety-seven thousand men, "to liberate oppressed Maryland." Western Virginia was next attacked. Mr. Senator Mason, in a published letter, signed by his name, had told the citizens of that part of the State (who had no more intention than the western counties of Massachusetts to secede from the Union), that if they presumed even to vote against the ordinance, they must leave the State,—such being that gentleman's understanding of the principle that government must rest on the consent of the governed. In further illustration of the principle, Western Virginia was overrun by the Confederate troops till they were driven out by Rosecrans and McClellan. Kentucky and Missouri were next invaded. There, too, the progress of events has disclosed, on the part of the masses of the people, an unshaken loyalty to the Union; but they have been overrun, plundered, and devastated by the armies of this pacific confederacy, which asks for nothing but "to be let alone and allowed to go in peace." Though the first act of the Secessionists in Baltimore, after the murderous attack on the Massachusetts troops, was to tear up and burn the bridges on the railroads leading to the North and West, Mr. Benjamin (the humane Secretary of State to the Confederacy) ordered the Union men, charged with bridge-burning in East Tennessee, to be tried by "a drum-head court-martial," if convicted, to be hung, and their bodies to be left on the gibbet near the bridges destroyed;—the mass of the people in East Tennessee being all the time as loyal to the Union as in Western Virginia.* The same is the case, to a considerable extent, in Western North Carolina, in Northern Alabama, in Arkansas, in Louisiana, and in Texas; but confiscation, impressment into the army, the bloodhound, the scourge, and the halter, are the machinery by which this pacific confederacy produces its vaunted unanimity. You may recollect that General Houston, the Governor of Texas, refused to call the Legislature of that State together, to act on the question of Secession. With reference to this refusal, Mr. Iverson of Georgia, on the third day of the session of 1860–61, openly declared in the Senate of the United States, that "if he did not yield to public sentiment, some Texan Brutus will arise to rid his country of the hoary-headed incubus that stands between the people and their sovereign will."

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* How cruelly these orders continue to be enforced sufficiently appears from the recent report of the Judge-Advocate-General.

An attempt I know is made, especially by foreign writers- to assimilate the existing Rebellion at the South with the American Revolution. We might, as against England, accept this view of the subject; for she not only denied the right of the Colonies to assert their independence, but treated the attempt to do so as a rebellion. Although she denies *our* right by a legislative act to close the ports of the rebellious States, she did it herself in the Revolutionary War by 16 George III. c. 5, and two years after the capitulation of Burgoyne and after the independence of the States had been acknowledged by France, she sent Mr. Laurens to the Tower as a traitor. She therefore is, to say the least, as much estopped from recognizing the right of secession as we from denying it.

But the truth is, there is not the slightest similarity between the secession of the rebel States and the American Revolution, unless upon the principle that all rebellions are just. Our fathers in 1776 set up no unqualified right of revolution, and it would have come to nothing practically if they had; for, in any sense in which there is an abstract right, on the part of the people, to revolt, there is a coextensive right, on the part of the government, to suppress the revolution. They claimed no right for a part of a people to throw off at pleasure the authority of a legitimate or constitutional government, for this would be to strike at the root of all government. What they taught was, that "governments are instituted to secure the inalienable rights of men, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and inasmuch as governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, *whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it* and institute another." This is the whole of their doctrine on that subject, and it is of course equally true in monarchies and republics, in centralized and confederate governments.

The Declaration of Independence further held, that the inhabitants of the Colonies were "one people," namely, the American people, and that they were connected with "another" people, namely, the English, by a common allegiance to the British Crown, which was bound to govern them through their own assemblies. Not being represented in the British Parliament, they denied its right to bind them in all cases, and, inasmuch as the king, combining with the Parliament, had, by a long course of abuses and usurpations, evinced a desire to reduce them to absolute despotism, it was their right and duty to throw off their allegiance, and establish their independence.

In all this, I need not say, there is not the slightest similarity, in principle or fact, with the case of the seceding States. The inhabitants are not a separate colonial people, but they are an integral portion of that "one people" which declared their independence, and which, being loosely associated under the old confederation of States, ordained and established the present Constitution, "in order to form a more perfect Union." In the government which they thus took a part in forming, instead of being unrepresented as our fathers were in Parliament, they are represented beyond the numerical proportion of their free population, and for the greater part of the time its administration has been controlled by themselves. This organic law thus formed has been adopted by the people of each of the States, as much as their own State constitutions; and there is a provision in the text of the instrument, that "this Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, ... shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." All the powers of the government having for the greater part of the time since its formation been controlled by the people of the seceding States and by those in the other States in political alliance with them, it is impossible, notwithstanding loose assertions and clamors to the contrary, that the seceding States can have found it an oppressive or tyrannical government, which, by the principles of the Declaration and by the law of Nature, they had a right to throw off, or even of which they had any just right to complain. They have, accordingly, so far from wishing to alter or abolish it, readopted this form of government with no essential alterations, and it was admitted by Mr. Vice-President Stephens (with the exception of Mr. Jefferson Davis the ablest man in the Confederate service) to be the mildest and most beneficent government known in the history of the world. This confession was made after the election of Mr. Lincoln, the immediate pretended justification of the Rebellion. A still more important admission was made, also after that event, by Mr. Davis himself, in one of his last speeches in the Senate of the United States (10th December, 1860), a body in which he has never resigned his membership, and of which the oath now rests upon his conscience.

"Our fathers," said Mr. Davis, "learning wisdom from the experiments of Rome and Greece, the one a consolidated Republic, and the other strictly a Confederacy, and taught by the lessons of our own experiment under the Confederation, came together to form 'a more perfect Union,' and in my judgment made *the best government that has ever been instituted by man.* It only requires that it should be carried out in the spirit in which it was made, that the circumstances under which it was made should continue, and no evil can arise under the government, for which it has not an appropriate remedy. Then it is outside of the government, *elsewhere than to its Constitution or to its administration*, that we must look. Men must not creep in the dust of partisan strife and seek to make points against opponents, as the means of evading or meeting the issues before us. The fault is not in the form of the government, nor does the evil spring from the manner in which it has been administered. Where, then, is it? It is that our fathers formed a government for a union of friendly States; and though *under it the people have been prosperous beyond comparison with any other whose career is recorded in the history of man*, still that union of friendly States had changed its character, and sectional hostility has been substituted for the fraternity in which the government was founded."

In an Italian churchyard there is a monument with an epitaph on a man who, being well, dosed himself to death with unwholesome drugs. *Stavò bene, ma, per star meglio sto qui.* "I was well; I wanted to be better: and here I am." Mr. Davis was living about two years ago, as he tells us, under the best form of government ever instituted by man; no mean blessing that to begin with, as the world goes. There was no fault to be found with the manner in which it had been administered. Of how few governments can that be said, in ancient or modern times! It would indeed have been ungracious in Mr. Davis to complain of its administration, for it had almost always been controlled by his friends, and he himself had been liberally educated at its expense, had passed most of his life in its service, and was then filling one of its highest trusts. Under the practical working of this perfectly constituted and acceptably administered government, the country he admits has been prosperous beyond comparison with anything recorded in history. Was not this enough for man or people? Alas, no! Mr. Davis was not content with this exuberant felicity. He needed something more; he desired a "nice and subtle happiness"; he sighed for "Fraternity." To get that precious boon, he dosed himself with the maddening drug of Secession; and now behold him;—the fetlocks of his war-horse wet with the blood of civil war, oozing from the trampled bosoms of friend and of foe, as he rages over the field of death, in search of something better than the best of governments, better than an unexceptionable administration, better than a prosperity without example in the history of the world!

Is this patriotic statesmanship, or is it ambitious frenzy? What! a wanton rebellion like this to be compared with the righteous work of our sainted Fathers, of Washington and Franklin, and Jefferson and Adams, the heroes and sages of the Revolution! This gigantic treason to be profanely lauded as the august foundation of a new State; to be fed with foreign gold and nursed with foreign favor! Then let all pretence of distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, be abandoned. Lift up your heads, ye prison-gates, and allow your wronged inmates to go free! Come home from the cannibal islands, ye missionaries, and let the honest savage gorge upon his "strange flesh"! Throw open your doors, O just Bedlam! and send your abused philosophers, princes, and statesmen to their homes! Cease your dull prate, ye teachers of morals! Burn your Bibles, ministers of the Gospel! There is no crime, there is no barbarism, there is no madness. Those who make constitutions, not those who break them, shall henceforward be the traitors. Our legislators and judges shall be the culprits, not felons and thieves. Oaths shall no longer be the link that binds the soul of the creature to the footstool of the Creator, but a base trap baited by knaves to catch the easy consciences of fools; and all this vaunted civilization, founded on institutions, hallowed by religion, buttressed by tribunals, matured by time, accepted by the common sense of mankind, shall be proclaimed, in the face of the Universe, a paltry sham and a wicked lie!

Most true it certainly is, that for the last thirty years much ill-feeling has sprung up between the North and the South. No one can regret this more than I have done, and nothing within the province of a private individual has been neglected by me to prevent its growth and avert its consequences. But this ill-feeling has sprung up quite as much by the fault of the South as of the North, and the language of reproach and irritation in which it has found utterance has been heard quite as often and quite as loudly in one section of the country as the other. But, after all, there has never been, on the part of the masses of the people, North or South, that degree of sectional hostility which Mr. Davis assumes, in order to justify his attempt to overturn the government; there has been nothing, he admits, which has prevented a satisfactory and prosperous administration of the government; nothing even, he might have added, which has interfered with amicable social intercourse, North and South; nothing which prevented Mr. Davis himself, prior to the last Presidential election, and when he himself was an aspirant to the Presidency, from passing a summer in this greatly reviled and hated New England, much apparently to the mutual satisfaction of himself and friends, everywhere received with cordial hospitality, and repaying, with glowing phrases of compliment, the ovations which everywhere attended his progress. In one year afterwards, in less than three months after pronouncing the eulogium just cited on the Constitution of the United States, and without having resigned his seat as a Senator, we find him at the head of a revolution organized to overturn it, and shedding the best blood of the country, North and South, to compass this cruel, this nefarious end. Perhaps if he had succeeded in his canvass for the Presidency, he might have been willing, if administered by himself, that the people should live four years longer under "the best government ever instituted by man." If he had himself reached the White House, he might have consented that his fellow-citizens should continue four years longer to prosper beyond comparison with any other people in history. Well did Mr. Vice-President Stephens observe, on the 14th of November, 1860, that "the disappointment of ambitious aspirants to office had had much to do with bringing on the deplorable state of affairs."

Such is *his* declaration: and if this assertion of the second officer in the Confederacy is well founded; if this tremendous war has indeed in no small degree been brought upon us for the reason stated by him; if the country has been called to stagger beneath this daily increasing mountain load of debt; if our lawful commerce has been surrendered to the rovers of the sea, fitted out with shameless cupidity to prey upon it; if the influence of our country, which so lately held high its head in the front rank of the family of nations, has for the time being been annihilated, and foreign powers are already treating us with coldness and indifference, watching and waiting to see the noble ship of state go to pieces on the breakers; if the bones of hundreds and thousands of our brethren are bleaching on the battle-field; if other hundreds and other thousands are languishing with cruel wounds and the diseases of the camp, mutilated, broken down, prematurely old, creeping from the wards of the hospital to their last bed in the churchyard; if the flower of our young men North and South has been cut down; if the bereaved and desolate parent. the heart-broken widow, the mourning sister, the orphan child, have been called to swell this frightful sum of human calamity,—if all these numberless and nameless woes have been brought upon the land, because Mr. Jefferson Davis was not nominated nor Mr. John C. Breckinridge chosen President, then, so sure as Heaven is just, the tears of the bereaved, the pangs of the wounded, the agonies of the dying, will lie heavy on the souls of the authors of these crimes and woes; their memories will go down to the execration of the latest posterity; and their names stand recorded on the page of history by the side of the Benedict Arnolds, the Catilines, the Judas Iscariots of modern and of ancient times!

On the grim and bloody catalogue which history unrolls to teach and to warn us, we read of the merciless wars of the Assyrians and Chaldeans, of the Medes and Persians, which desolated the fairest regions of the earth in the morning of the world; of the disastrous conflicts of the Confederate States of Greece, in which their short-lived prosperity was blasted, their cities razed, their fighting men massacred by thousands, their women and children sold into slavery,—prototype, as far as the laws of modern warfare permit, of the ruin which awaits our Union, if the poison of secession is admitted into the veins of the body politic; of the steadily growing ferocity and the murderous struggles of party in the Roman Republic, passing through the bloody gates of proscription and civil war to the dreary calm of a merciless despotism, at whose abominations human nature stands aghast. We read of the contests which shook the world between the Mohammedan and Christian powers in the Middle Ages, of the secular wars of the Italian republics, of the factions which rent the vitals of England for generations, of the wars of the Reformation, of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, of the wars of Louis XIV. and the Spanish Succession, of the constantly renewed struggle for the balance of power in Europe, and finally of the gigantic wars of the French Revolution; but I defy any one to produce in all these bloody pages the record of a war undertaken to overthrow a government admitted to be, by those who levy the war, the most perfect, the best administered, the most productive of prosperity which the world has seen. That madness was reserved for the annals of this rebellion; and I do not scruple to say, that, from the earliest dates of history to the present time, there is not on record a war so unprovoked, so causeless, so unprincipled, so pregnant with bootless suffering to all concerned, so destructive of good, so fertile of crime and woe, as the war now waged by the ambitious oligarchy of the South for the purpose of breaking up this mild and beneficent government

We often hear it said that measures of compromise, and especially the adoption of the Crittenden Resolutions, would, in the winter of 1860–61, have been accepted by the South, and would have prevented the war, and that similar measures, if now tendered, would restore the Union. I have no belief of either. Never since the war broke out has there been the slightest intimation that the South would treat with the United States, on any other basis than the recognition of the Confederacy and the dismemberment of the Union, — the object which for thirty years has been steadily pursued by a party in the Cotton States. To draw the Border States and especially Virginia into the same policy was the great problem to be solved in the winter of 1860–61, and with what lamentable success the present state of the country but too plainly attests.

The Crittenden Resolutions, as we all know, were brought forward in the Senate at the commencement of the session of 1860–61. They were intended, by their venerable and patriotic mover, to afford a ground on which the Border Slave States could stand, solid enough to resist the torrent of secession. I must confess I was in favor of them, or of something resembling them; but it was soon apparent that the Secession leaders were determined they should not be adopted. They were opposed at the North by those who deemed no further concessions on the subject of slavery necessary or expedient; and they were opposed by the Senators of the cotton-growing States, who were not only determined to accept for themselves no terms of compromise, but to prevent, if possible, the adoption of any measures which would satisfy the Border Slave States. These facts form the key to the course pursued in the Senate on the Crittenden Resolutions. When they came up for consideration, Mr. Clark of New Hampshire moved, as a substitute for the entire series, a short resolution to the effect that the provisions of the Constitution itself were adequate to the preservation of the Union, which Mr. Jefferson Davis about the same time had expressly admitted to be the case. The test question was on the adoption of this substitute, and this question was taken on the 16th of January. The Senators from South Carolina had not occupied their seats for any part of the session. Mississippi seceded on the 9th of January, and Florida and Alabama on the 11th; after which time the Senators from those States, though remaining in Washington, were absent from their places. Eight votes, which might have been given from the cotton-growing States in favor of the Crittenden Resolutions, were lost in this way.

Nor was this the only, nor the most significant, indication of the wish of those States to defeat a compromise. When the question on the adoption of the resolutions was about to be put, a motion was made to postpone their consideration. It was decided in the negative by a vote of twenty-five ayes and thirty noes, all the Senators present from the cotton-growing States voting with the Senators from the Border States against the postponement. The test question immediately followed on Mr. Clark's substitute for the Crittenden Resolutions; no other business intervened; nor a word was uttered by any member of the Senate; and yet, to the astonishment of all not in the secret, forty-eight votes only were given, instead of fifty-five, as on the question immediately preceding. Twenty-five votes were cast in favor of the substitute of Mr. Clark (being the same votes which had been given for the postponement), and only twenty-three in favor of the Crittenden Resolutions. Seven Senators, who a moment before had voted with the Border States against the postponement, now omitted to vote at all. Mr. Douglas was one of these, and stated to the Senate, a few moments afterwards, that having been accidentally called out, he unintentionally lost the opportunity of recording his vote in favor of the Crittenden Resolutions. The other six who withheld their votes were from the cotton-growing States. Thus much appears from the journal of the Senate. How and why these six votes were withheld shall be told by Governor Johnson, who was a member of the Senate at the time, and took an active and patriotic part in the proceedings. "Who was it," he asks, "that defeated the compromise? There was one Judah Benjamin, who stood right before me in the Senate, and when his name was called refused to vote. Said I to him, 'Why don't you vote?' Turning round rather abruptly, he replied, 'I will not consult you nor any other Senator in reference to my vote.' I said, 'Vote and comply with the Constitution and obey the rules of the Senate, and show yourself an honest man.'" Five other Senators from the Cotton States, Mr. Slidell among the number, followed Mr. Benjamin's example, and, though remaining in the Senate, and not excused from voting, refused to answer when their names were called, and so Mr. Clark's substitute was adopted by a majority of two. As soon as the vote was declared (says Governor Johnson) a telegraphic message was sent by Mr. Benjamin to Louisiana, where the question of Secession was still pending, that the Crittenden Resolutions were lost and the Black Republicans were carrying everything before them. Had those six Senators voted, as it was their duty under the rules of the Senate to do, Mr. Clark's substitute for the Crittenden Resolutions would have failed by a majority of four. If the Senators from the four seceding States had been in their seats, this majority might have been increased to twelve. Six of them were in Washington, but they chose on the 16th of January not to consider themselves as competent to attend and give their votes in favor of the Crittenden Resolutions. Five days later they did consider themselves members sufficiently to make their appearance in the Senate Chamber, and insult their colleagues by going through a concerted and ostentatious ceremony of withdrawal.

So much for the failure of the Crittenden Resolutions. This was the test vote. It was afterwards reconsidered on the motion of Mr. Cameron, made from personal courtesy to the venerable mover of the resolutions. Earnest debates took place, and various delays were interposed; the resolutions of the Peace Congress were at length brought in, and adopted by Mr. Crittenden in lieu of his own resolutions; the remaining Cotton States had seceded, and all hope of the adoption of an effective compromise was abandoned, — not, however, without the passage of a resolve, by the requisite majority of two thirds in both houses, proposing an amendment of the Constitution, to the effect that no change should hereafter be made in that instrument adverse to the interests of the South. How little was to be hoped from this or any other measure of peace may be inferred from the remark of a leading member of the Committee of Thirty-three from Alabama, that if the North would tender the South a blank sheet to write her own terms of compromise, the offer would not be accepted.

Such was the feeling of the Cotton States in reference to compromise, when Secession was confined to seven States; while the organization of the Confederacy was only an act of meditated treason; before a gun was fired or a blow was struck. Can any one suppose that, in the present state of things, when the leaders have

> "in blood
> Stept in so far, that, should they wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er,"

those terms of adjustment would be accepted which were rejected with disdain before they had drawn the sword? Let the affected contempt with which the organs of Southern opinion, official and unofficial, allude to the pacific tone that has occasionally found utterance at the North return an answer to the question.*

No, my friends, there is no alternative but to acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy, or to subdue the Rebellion by the strong arm of military power. To suppose that there is hope of any other settlement is the grossest delusion.

Can you then recognize the independence of the Confed

* See Appendix.

eracy? Remember that it carries with it acknowledged defeat, in a war of aggression, arrogantly provoked, by an enemy notoriously inferior in numbers, financial means, and all the resources of war; and that a peace made on that basis would be a standing invitation, not only to foreign powers, in all our disputes, to disregard our rights, but to an insolent antagonist, flushed with triumph, to resort, on every future occasion of controversy between the two governments, to menace, insult, and invasion. We must, as showing the character of the antagonist with whom we have to deal, not forget the immediate cause of the present war, which is too apt to be overlooked, in consequence of the vast dimensions to which the contest has swelled. It was simply that Mr. Buchanan refused to enter into a negotiation with a deputation from South Carolina for the cession or the sale of Fort Sumter. Now, on the supposition that the demand of Carolina was as legitimate and reasonable as it was groundless and absurd, still to rush at once into a war for such a reason was what might be expected of a tribe of savages rather than from a community of civilized men. What! in a time of profound peace, and in the face of a disclaimer on the part of the President of any intention to increase the garrison or the armament of the post, then occupied but by a single company, to open upon it, without a shadow of provocation, from eleven batteries; to cannonade it with red-hot shot, because the general government did not see fit to evacuate it and surrender the public property, at the first tap of the rebel drum — why it is the work of madmen, sufficient of itself to justify the reply of Judge Petigru, who, when asked by a stranger the way to the lunatic asylum, told him he could not go amiss in South Carolina. Can an ignominious peace, at the close of a war thus inaugurated, lead to anything but a renewal of hostilities on the first paltry dispute?

Then, too, we must remember that the recognition of the Confederacy is the prostration of the government, and the dismemberment of the territory of the United States, over which that government is legally and constitutionally established. Such has rarely, if ever, been the case, at least to anything like the same extent, in the revolutions, the civil wars, and the rebellions of Europe. Most of those wars have been dynastic struggles, or contests to maintain the balance of power, or sustain the national influence and honor. Limited changes of jurisdiction have sometimes followed, but never, assuredly, such a hideous territorial sacrifice as this rebellion demands of the government of the United States. Twice within the last quarter of a century, and while our politics were controlled by the South, we have been on the point of a war with England to maintain our right to a corner of the State of Maine, and to an island on the Pacific coast which, till the difficulty arose, was not of consequence enough to have been laid down in the maps of the region. We are now expected to give up to a foreign power (and a bitterly hostile foreign power it will be), and that under the coercion of a barbarous war waged upon a wretched metaphysical quibble, half this fair territory of the United States; a sea-coast of near two thousand miles; some of the best harbors and naval and military stations of the country; the fortresses that guard our coastwise commerce; some of the great lines of communication East and West, North and South; the control of the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico and of the outlet of that great system of internal waters which gives its character to the central basin of the Continent; to give it up, too, on a principle in virtue of which each and every one of the seceding States may fall into the arms of any European power that chooses to persuade or coerce the surrender. To suppose such a thing possible on the part of the United States, except at the last spasm of national strength, the last sigh of national honor, the last struggle of national agony, would be to apply to the whole country Judge Petigru's conception of the sanity of South Carolina.

Can any man look at a map of the Union and then seriously entertain the opinion that the United States, brought as I have just said to the very verge of a war with Great Britain, after a diplomatic struggle of sixty years, for the possession of a few acres of unsettled land on the banks of the Aroostook, are going to permit a foreign power to intrench itself at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, and possess itself of all the territory south of a boundary stretching westwardly, wherever it chooses to draw the lines, over the hills, through the central plains, across the Rocky Mountains, to the setting sun? What! a foreign power to hold the strait, twelve miles wide, between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, sure at the first outbreak of border war with the North to admit some hostile foreign navy into Chesapeake Bay? Is the route by which Howe's army, in the Revolution, moved from New York to the conquest of Philadelphia so soon forgotten? Many of you have crossed the Susquehanna, the noble river which enters that bay at its head. Has it occurred to you, in connection with this recognition of the Southern Confederacy as a foreign power, to ask yourselves where this noble river rises? Not in Maryland, the State in which it enters the bay; not in Pennsylvania, or not mainly in Pennsylvania, whose central valleys it clothes with beauty and abundance; but far up in the northeastern section of Central New York. Many Bostonians frequent Sharon Springs, and while there they visit Cooperstown, the home of our great novelist, and Otsego Lake. Every drop of water which flows from that lake to the ocean enters it between Cape Charles and Cape Henry. Cast another look on the map, and see that magnificent Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the grandest piece of engineering upon the Continent, and the noble Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which reaches the foot of the mountains by its side. Besides the almost boundless travel and transportation from the West, eight hundred thousand tons of coal went from the mines of Cumberland to tide-water, the year before the war, by these two lines of communication. For eighty or ninety miles this magnificent railroad passes over the sacred soil of Virginia; and the first achievement of the seceding lords of the soil was to burn or blow up the bridges, seize the locomotives, tear up the rails of the road, and break down the dams of the canal, and thus cut off this most important line of communication between the Atlantic coast and the interior. Nor was this merely for military motives; the Richmond press spoke of the railroad as a "nuisance," because it competed with their own tardily advancing works of internal communication. Are Ohio and the other Northwestern States going to hold one of their chief routes to the seaboard by this precarious tenure? Again: look at the map, and consider the position of Key West, of the Tortugas, and of Fort Pickens. It was truly stated by Lieutenant Maury, in an official report some years ago, that whoever commands them controls the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico. Are you going to resign these dominant stations to the little foreign State of Florida, whose whole population, white and black, does not equal that of either of the counties of Suffolk, Middlesex, Essex, or Worcester? A puny State, which, if the Confederacy is recognized, is not unlikely in a few years to be recolonized by Spain, by the same process which has been lately gone through at San Domingo. What is to prevent her, if this notable doctrine of secession prevails, from leaving the Southern Confederacy as she has left the United States, and carrying Key West, the Tortugas, and the island of Santa Rosa along with her? Look, finally, at the map and trace the course of the mighty stream that drains the central basin of the Continent. Follow it from its outlet in the Gulf, up the main channel, to the junction with the Ohio, and up that beautiful river to the confluence of the Monongahela and the Alleghany, the one coming down from the northwestern corner of Virginia, the other from the southwestern corner of New York; then up the Mississippi itself a thousand miles above the junction with the Ohio, with seven States upon its banks, to the highlands which divide its waters from those which flow into the Arctic Sea; then up the Missouri two thousand miles to the inmost recesses of the Rocky Mountains, forming, with a hundred tributaries, each as large as the Hudson, the grandest system of internal water communication on the face of the globe; its banks occupied even now by twelve loyal States, and ten millions of freemen who own the soil they till, destined in the lapse of another half-century, to say the least, to double their numbers and their resources; make this survey, and then tell me who dares, that the United States, to whom, on the highest considerations of national and international policy, this imperial domain was ceded by the first Napoleon two generations ago, are going to give up its portals to the keeping of a foreign State, whose free population is less than three hundred and sixty thousand, and who, if this wretched quibble of secession is recognized as a part of the Public Law, may, if she chooses, retrocede herself to France to-morrow.

I call it a wretched quibble, and a recent almost providential disclosure shows that its authors consider it so themselves. A few months since the despatches of the Confederate Government to their agents in Europe fell into the hands of one of our cruisers. From one of them it appeared that, in the course of the last summer, the French Vice-Consul at Galveston, without the slightest indirection or attempt at concealment, addressed a letter to the Governor of Texas, inquiring whether, in his opinion, it would not promote the prosperity of Texas to establish her separate independence. About the same time, a similar inquiry was addressed by the French Consular agent at Richmond to one of the Texan Senators. This simple inquiry, to which a civil answer was returned by the Governor and Senator of Texas, was denounced by Mr. Secretary Benjamin as an act "of hostility to the Confederacy"; Mr. Slidell was instructed to call the Emperor Louis Napoleon to account for his alleged complicity in this "intrigue"; and the unfortunate vice-consuls were ordered by Mr. Davis "to be expelled from the Confederacy" at twenty-four hours' notice. Steeped to the lips in the blood that he is shedding to vindicate the right of a sovereign State to secede, he expels a couple of foreign consuls from the country, because they inquired of the Governor and a Senator of the State of Texas whether it might not be for her interest to exercise that right!

So absurd, so flagrantly insincere, so openly repudiated by its authors, are the pretexts of this unholy war. What remains but that we should strenuously and loyally support the government of the country in bringing it to a victorious result? Peace on any other terms will be nothing but a hollow truce, lasting only till fresh causes of controversy arise and the means of renewed aggression and outrage are accumulated. Toward the successful prosecution of the war every good citizen is bound to contribute to the utmost by word and deed, by personal service, if of age to render it, by his counsel, with his purse, if need be with his life. If he can do nothing else, let him at least speak words of patriotic cheer, seeking to inspire the community with confidence, to strengthen the arm of the government in the discharge of its arduous duties, and to animate our brave fellow-citizens so gallantly serving in the armies and navy of the country. What we now want is, not so much strength in the field as union at home; or rather, till we have cordial union at home, we never shall have overwhelming strength in the field. Do not, for Heaven's sake, let us re-enact the fatal blunder that has been committed by free States since the dawn of history. The strength of Philip of Macedon was in the divided counsels of the Greeks. Do not let the strength of the Rebellion be in the want of harmony in the loyal States.

But it may be asked, How can men support the Administration in the conduct of the war, if they do not approve its measures? How, I ask in return, can any free government carry on a war, if every one is to stand aloof who does not approve all its measures? That the war must be carried on till the Rebellion is subdued is the all but unanimous sentiment of the loyal States. It is as much the interest of the South as of the North to hasten this consummation, for she suffers infinitely more than the North by the continuance of the war, and there can be no return to a state of general and permanent prosperity on any other condition. That errors will be committed, errors of judgment certainly, errors of purpose perhaps, on the part of individuals, is sure to happen in all wars. Commanders of armies, members of cabinets, members of Congress, Generals, Secretaries, and Presidents are fallible men, subject to like passions as we are. I do not at all deny, that it is our right and duty to watch and criticise their conduct; but we must not forget that critics, editors, and orators are also fallible. While we sit in quiet and safety by our firesides, and inveigh against those who bear the heat and burden of the day, who carry upon their shoulders the thankless burden of official duty, and the heavy responsibility of results, which often depend on the elements and on casualties beyond human control, we must keep in mind that we also have our interests, our prejudicies, and our passions, and that it is much easier to find fault than to pursue any course of conduct which will escape censure in a fault-finding community. There are two ways of doing everything; and when duty constrains us to find fault with the shortcomings of our rulers and our generals, we should, if possible, do it in such a manner as not to give aid and comfort to the rulers and generals of the enemy.

Among the patriotic inculcations of Washington's Farewell Address, none are more emphatic than those which relate to the evils of party spirit, unavoidable as the existence of party seems to be in the free States and in prosperous times. Brief lulls there may be, as in President Monroe's administration; but such temporary calms, as in that case, occur only after violent agitations, and are likely to be followed by them. So inseparable from free government is the existence of party felt to be in England, that, while the Ministers are styled Her Majesty's Government, their opponents have been called Her Majesty's Opposition. Every one, however, must feel, that, even in time of peace, the indiscriminate and vehement opposition, which the spirit and the policy of party are sure to make to almost every important measure of the Government, is productive of embarrassment and delay, often of more serious evils in the conduct of the public business; that it makes public life distasteful to many virtuous citizens capable of rendering important service to the country; and thus tends to throw the management of affairs into the hands of unscrupulous and unprincipled men. All these evils are indefinitely multiplied and aggravated in a state of war, with the additional evil, far exceeding all the rest, that an indiscriminate opposition, in proportion to its vigor and warmth, paralyzes the arm of your own government, and strengthens that of the common enemy.

The existing administration came into office in the result of a strenuous party contest, and it was therefore natural that it should be organized on a purely party basis. Could it have been foreseen that in less than six weeks the country would be plunged into a contest which would task to the utmost all its strength and require the employment of all its resources, material and moral, the attempt perhaps would have been made to place the administration on a broader basis. This, however, could not be foreseen; and the President has not yet found it practicable, or if practicable not expedient, as far as civil affairs are concerned, to assume a position independent of party. Efforts in fact have been made, in the highest quarter, to induce him to organize the Executive on a still narrower party basis. Meantime it must in justice be stated, that the administration has been as liberally supported by those who did not as by those who did contribute to place it in power, and as formidably assailed by its nominal adherents as by its reputed opponents. I belonged, I need not say, to the latter class; not that I was much of a Bell and Everett man, for if, in parliamentary phrase, it had been possible to divide the question, I should have voted against the candidate for the Vice-Presidency on that ticket. I did all in my power to prevent his nomination, and to get him excused when it was made. I admit, however, that, without being much of a partisan, I belonged to the President's opposition. But what then? There is a loyalty in opposition as well as a loyalty of support. Shall I, because I am not a political supporter of the administration, sit quietly by and see the government overturned and the country dismembered? Because we did not vote for Mr. Lincoln's administration, must we hold back from the vigorous prosecution of the war, which is to prevent Mr. Davis from installing himself at Washington? Because we may disapprove of the removal of General McClellan, shall we do what we can to paralyze the arm of his successor? Such has not been the course of General McClellan himself. When he was abruptly relieved from his command, after having, — with an army disheartened by recent reverses, and which he, in the language of the Confederate General Lee, reorganized as with "the enchanter's wand," — in two nobly fought battles, rescued Washington and Baltimore from menaced capture, and preserved Maryland to the Union, instead of using the language of disaffection or even complaint, he exhorted the army, by which he was idolized, to be as faithful to General Burnside as it had been to him. Because we may doubt the policy of the Proclamations of the 22d September and 1st January, shall we, as far as in us lies, co-operate with the oligarchy of the seceding States in forcing their "peculiar institution" into the unoccupied territory of the Union; in reopening the African slave-trade, for which their diplomacy is already making what it deems astute preparation; in overturning this most admirable Constitution of government, which in the intention of its venerable and patriotic founders, South as well as North, contemplated only the temporary toleration and gradual disappearance of involuntary servitude; and in establishing, and that at the cost of a desolating civil war, a new Confederacy on the corner-stone of Slavery?

But it may be asked, again, How can we support an administration which adopts measures that we deem unconstitutional? I should certainly be a very unfaithful pupil of the political school in which I was trained, if I could ever hear the sacred name of the Constitution justly invoked without respect, or yield to it anything less than implicit obedience. It is, however, as great an error to appeal to it where it does not apply as to disregard it where it does; and I must say that the study of our political history ought to teach us caution in this respect; for, from the formation of the government in 1789 to the present day, there has not been an important controverted measure — no, not one — which its party opponents have not denounced as unconstitutional. It is one of the doctrines of the seceding school, that the government of the United States cannot constitutionally wage war against a sovereign State. But how if the sovereign State strikes the first blow, fires on your vessels, bombards and captures your forts, threatens your capital, and invades the loyal members of the Union who refuse to join in the war of aggression? Few, I suppose, will doubt that the United States may constitutionally wage a war of self-defence against any enemy, domestic or foreign. But in waging this war of self-defence, we cannot, in the opinion of some persons with whom I have usually acted, and whose judgment I greatly respect, go beyond the powers specially granted by the Constitution to the general government, for the purposes of ordinary administration in time of peace. This opinion seems to me to rest on a misconception of the authority under which war is waged. The Constitution authorizes Congress to declare war, to raise and support armies, and to provide and maintain a navy; and it clothes the President with the power of commander-in-chief. It goes no further. It prescribes nothing as to the enemy against whom, the measures by which, nor the ends for which the war may be carried on. It gives no more power to wage war with a foreign State than with a domestic State; and it is as silent on the subject of blockading the ports as of seizing the cotton or of emancipating the slaves of a district in rebellion. The rights of war belong to the more comprehensive, in some respects the higher code of international law, to which not the government of the United States alone, but all civilized governments are amenable. By that august code, all unjust wars are forbidden, and all unjust modes of waging just wars, no matter who may be the enemy or what the pretext; while by the same code, all just wars, and eminently all wars of self-defence, and all warlike measures sanctioned by our Christian civilization are permitted, unless so far as they may be expressly prohibited by the municipal law of our own country.

Now, to say that no just war can be waged against any but a foreign power is simply begging the question. I cannot conceive a proposition more extravagant than that provocation the most offensive, and acts of aggression the most intolerable, which would in every sane man's judgment authorize instant hostilities against a foreign State, must be tamely borne if committed under the pretended authority of a State associated with others in a federal union. Certainly, if any State connected with the British Government, by whatever relation, whether that of constitutional union, as Scotland and Ireland, or responsible colonial government, like the Anglo-American provinces, or some more absolute form of political dependence, had after years of preparation, public and private, the organization and training of troops and the purchase of arms; eventually by more definite military measures, such as the construction and armament of forts and the concentration of soldiers; and finally by overt acts, firing upon provision-ships sent to supply the imperial garrisons, the bombardment of the national forts, and the capture of the troops by which they were held, the seizure of arsenals, mints, custom-houses, navy-yards, and revenue cutters, — levied actual war against the central government, any person who should deny the authority of that government, by every means which the law of nations permits, to wage a war not only till the national property was recovered, but till the outrage was chastised, and effectual security obtained that it would never be repeated, would, in any country but this, be deemed a driveller.

Even if it were true that the Constitution required a different mode of carrying on war in the cases of a foreign and domestic enemy, which it certainly does not, the people of the seceding States not only claim to be foreigners, but we are compelled, by the magnitude of the forces engaged, and by the course of the great maritime powers in recognizing them as belligerents, to regard them ourselves in that light. Instead of punishing them as traitors and rebels when they fall into our hands, as the municipal law of our own and of all other countries, and their practice, too, would warrant us in doing, we treat them of necessity as alien enemies. Prisoners are exchanged and paroled, flags of truce sent and received; and they enjoy in all respects the privileges and are subject to all the obligations, which by the Law of Nations pertain to public war. These privileges and these obligations are not defined by the Constitution of the United States, but by the International Code. It is this, and not the municipal law, which authorizes the blockade of the ports, the occupation of the cities, and the invasion of the territory of the seceding States; and it would be a strange inconsequence to hold that the same persons could as citizens of the United

States, though in rebellion, demand the privileges guaranteed by the Constitution, while as alien enemies they are exempted from the penalties of treason.

Suppose our misunderstandings with Spain, a few years ago, had culminated in a declaration of war on her part against the United States, and the sovereign State of Florida, but lately a Spanish colony, in virtue of this wonder-working doctrine of secession, had thought fit to withdraw from the Union, carrying with her Key West, the Tortugas, and Fort Pickens, and had formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Spain. Would any one doubt that the United States could, without violating the Constitution, invade Florida in order to recover the public property,—the islands, the forts, and the national establishments thus seized; to repel the enemy; to chastise these acts of hostility to the national government, and to take effectual security that they should not be repeated? Would not the government of the United States, without violating the Constitution, be authorized to do precisely the same things in Florida as in Cuba? Would not, for instance, the arming and the employing of the slaves in this just war, as allies inured to the climate and acquainted with the country, be as legitimate on one side of the Gulf of Florida as on the other; and would not their employment under the authority of the United States and the control and direction of its officers, instead of tending to a servile war and the massacre of the unarmed and defenceless (at which humanity revolts), be the surest means of preventing such barbarities, and reducing this frightful element of danger within the limits of Christian warfare? Deprecating as I do beyond the power of words to express the heart-sickening horrors of a servile insurrection, nothing has seemed to me so likely to prevent its occurrence, as to subject the colored population in those parts of the country where war is carried on and where the danger of such a calamity is greatest, to the restraints of military discipline and the control of responsible authority.

But it is time to draw this discussion to a close. War is justly regarded as *one* of the greatest evils that can befall a nation, though it is not *the* greatest, and of this great evil civil war is the most deplorable form. Thus far, it is true, we have the satisfaction of reflecting, notwithstanding the barbarities inflicted upon Union men in the seceding States, that the contest has been carried on without the atrocities which have been too apt, in all ages and countries, to mark the progress of civil war. Still it is a dire calamity. I want words to express the sorrow with which from the first I have contemplated, and unceasingly contemplate, the necessity laid upon us, to wage this war for the integrity of the Nation. I recoiled from it to the last. Few persons, I think, have entertained visions more glowing of the amount of blessings stored up for the latest posterity in the perpetual Union of the States. I had seen them already expanded from sixteen States and four million inhabitants, which were the numbers at the time of my birth, to a family of thirty-four States and a population augmented eightfold; and reason and imagination were alike tasked to find a limit to the natural growth of the country. But numbers and space are but the relation of material things. I saw exemplified in this Western world, long hidden, and late revealed, the idea of a form of government as nearly perfect as our frail nature admits, — prodigal of blessings to the millions now on the stage, and promising a share in the same rich inheritance to the millions on millions that should follow us. I grew up beneath the shadow of our beautiful flag, and often, when I have seen it floating on distant seas, my heart has melted at the thought of the beloved and happy land whose union was emblazoned on its streaming folds. On a hundred festive and patriotic occasions my voice has dwelt — would it had been more worthily — on the grateful theme; and my prayer to Heaven has been, that it might be hushed in death, rather than it should be compelled to abandon that auspicious strain. Not without deep solicitude I saw the angry clouds gathering in the horizon North and South; and I devoted the declining years of my life, with a kind of religious consecration, to the attempt to freshen the sacred memories that cluster round that dear and venerated name which I need not repeat,

— memories which had survived the multiplying causes of alienation, and were so well calculated to strengthen the cords of the Union. To these humble efforts, and the time and labor expended upon them, — truly a labor of love, — I would, as Heaven is my witness, have cheerfully added the sacrifice of my life, if by so doing I could have averted the catastrophe. For that cause, I should have thought a few care-worn and weary years cheaply laid on the altar of my country.

But it could not be. A righteous Providence in its wisdom has laid upon us — even upon us — the performance of this great and solemn duty. It is now plain to the dullest perception, that the hour of trial could not be much longer delayed. The leaders of the Rebellion tell us themselves that they had plotted and planned it for an entire generation. It might have been postponed for four years or for eight years, but it was sure in no long time to come; and if, by base compliance, we could have turned the blow from ourselves, it would have fallen with redoubled violence on our children.

Let us, then, meet it like men. It must needs be that offences shall come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh. Let us show ourselves equal to the duty imposed upon us, and faithful to the trust to which we are called. The cause in which we are engaged is the cause of the Constitution and the Law, of civilization and freedom, of man and of God. Let us engage in it with a steadiness and fortitude, a courage and a zeal, a patience and a resolution, a hope and a cheer, worthy of the fathers from whom we are descended, of the country we defend, and of the privileges we inherit. There is a call and a duty, a work and a place, for all; — for man and for woman, for rich and for poor, for old and for young, for the stout-hearted and strong-handed, for all who enjoy and all who deserve to enjoy the priceless blessings at stake. Let the venerable forms of the Pilgrim Fathers, the majestic images of our Revolutionary sires, and of the sages that gave us this glorious Union; let the anxious expectation of the Friends of Liberty abroad, awakened at last to the true cause and the great issues of this contest; let the hardships and perils of our brethren in the field, and the fresh-made graves of the dear ones who have fallen; let every memory of the past and every hope of the future, every thought and every feeling, that can nerve the arm, or fire the heart, or elevate and purify the soul of a patriot, — rouse and guide and cheer and inspire us to do, and, if need be, to die, for our Country!

APPENDIX.

THE DISUNION POLICY OF THE COTTON STATES, AND THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE CRITTENDEN RESOLUTIONS.

It will not, I suppose, be expected of me, in this place, to enter at length into controversy on the subject of my Address. I shall, however, briefly reply to the exceptions which have been taken to two of my statements.

One is, that the dismemberment of the Union is "a policy which had been steadily pursued by the Cotton States for thirty years." This has been called a sweeping assertion inconsistent with facts with which we are all familiar. The facts alluded to are the votes which, during the last thirty years, have been given at the South for candidates who cannot be suspected of favoring the dismemberment of the Union; — votes, it is urged, which exhibit "no symptom of unanimity of action for any specific purpose, much less for dismemberment of the Union."

No one, I suppose, would have dissented from my proposition if I had stated it in these words: "The policy of dismemberment has been steadily pursued for thirty years, in the cotton-growing States, till it has resulted in the accomplishment of that object." This, however, was precisely what I meant. I could not be supposed to be ignorant of facts with which "all are familiar," or in the face of those facts to maintain that the Cotton States had been "unanimous" on the subject of dismemberment or anything else. The existence of a Union party in the cotton-growing States, down even to the outbreak of the Rebellion, was distinctly recognized by me in the early part of my address. The process was necessarily gradual in the individual State, and still more so with reference to concerted action with other States. In South Carolina the disunion policy did reach the point of organized State action as early as 1832. One of the leaders in the seceding Convention in 1860 said, "We have this day consummated the work of forty years." There was a patriotic minority headed by Poinsett, Petigru, and Grimké, who opposed this mad policy, but that did not make it the less true that the State was pursuing it, and that up to the very verge of civil war. It was checked at the time by the Force Bill and General Jackson's coercive demonstrations, followed by Mr. Clay's compromise; but the agitation was soon transferred from the Tariff to the Slavery question, both being declared by General Jackson, thirty years ago, to be mere "pretexts," while "the real objects were disunion and a Southern Confederacy." The usual machinery was put in motion on this new issue, not only in South Carolina, but throughout the cotton-growing States. Inflammatory resolutions were passed by State legislatures; delegates were sent to disunion caucuses held under the name of Commercial Conventions; the elections turned more and more on the doctrine of State Rights, which, in the vocabulary of the cotton-growing States, meant the right of secession; members of Congress from those States asserted that right in the most defiant manner, and leading journals assiduously fanned the flames. This line of operation is not only consistent with the existence of a Union party, but was rendered necessary by it. If the cotton-growing States had been unanimous, as I am supposed to have stated, it would of course not have required thirty years to bring on the crisis; but that the resolution to effect that object was taken in the Cotton States more than thirty years ago, and steadily pursued to its accomplishment, is not only, I conceive, as certain as anything in contemporary political history, but is matter of boast, on the part of some of its most active promoters at the present day. I would request any one who doubts the substantial accuracy of this statement to read the "Partisan Leader," a political Romance, written by Professor Beverly Tucker, of William and Mary College, submitted to Mr. Calhoun in manuscript, and privately printed by General Duff Green, in 1836, with the fictitious date of 1856, and soon suppressed.

Among the facts alleged against my statement, I have been rather reproachfully reminded, that Virginia, in 1860, voted for Bell and Everett. How this tends to disprove my assertion relative to the disunion policy of the cotton-growing States, I do not see. I do, however, see in it an additional reason why those States, as I alleged, should especially desire to win over Virginia to that policy.

The other statement in my Address, to which exception has been taken and earnestly pressed, relates to the proceedings in the Senate of the United States in 1860–61 on the Crittenden Resolutions. I do not understand that the accuracy of my narrative of facts is questioned, but I am charged with omitting other facts which entirely change the aspect of the case, relieving the Senators from the cotton-growing States from the responsibility of defeating those resolutions, and placing it on the Republican Senators. The facts which I am supposed to have omitted are, that the Republican Senators voted against those resolutions, while Messrs. Davis and Toombs, leading Senators from the Cotton States, had, according to Mr. Douglas, declared that they would be satisfied with them.

The first of these facts was not omitted by me. In my necessarily brief narrative of proceedings which occupied much of the time of the Senate during the whole session, I stated that the Crittenden Resolutions were opposed by those at the North, who deemed no further concessions on the subject of slavery necessary or expedient (meaning of course the Republican Senators); that a substitute for them was moved by Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire (well known as a prominent Republican Senator), and I gave the vote on the test question, by which the substitute was carried and the resolutions were rejected. But it is most true, that I made no allusion to the statement of Judge Douglas to the effect that Messrs. Davis and Toombs had declared, in the Committee of Thirteen, that they would accept the Crittenden Resolutions, if tendered and sustained by the Republican Senators, and consequently that the latter, and not the Senators from the Cotton States, were, in his judgment, responsible for their defeat.

Now, on a point of this kind, Judge Douglas was not in a condition to give an impartial opinion. He had just come out of a strenuous political contest for the Presidency, in which he had been unsuccessful. The Republican party charged him, in the progress of that contest, with having pursued a course on the Kansas-Nebraska affair which was the immediate cause of the existing crisis; and he now retaliated by throwing on them the responsibility of the defeat of the Crittenden Resolutions. In this I did not and do not concur with him.

With respect to the supposed willingness of Messrs. Davis and Toombs, and the other Senators from the cotton-growing States, "to accept" the Crittenden Resolutions, it was purely illusory, nor does it appear to have been regarded in any other light on either side of the Senate. I do not find any notice of it, as affording aid to the solution of the question, by any subsequent speaker. It is not, for instance, alluded to by Mr. Crittenden, in his earnest appeal to Senators to unite in this adjustment. If he had believed that there was anything substantial in it, he would not have failed to urge it as a powerful argument, why the extreme North should be willing to meet the extreme South on his resolutions, as a common ground of settlement.

If Messrs. Davis, Toombs, and their associates from the cotton-growing States, were willing to accept the Crittenden Resolutions as a final settlement, why did they not vote for them? They could have carried them by a majority of twelve, and there was no reason why they should not vote for them, as well as Messrs. Hunter and Mason, and the other Senators from the border Slave States. What availed some vague expression of satisfaction with these resolutions, on the part of the Senators from the cotton-growing States, when partly by absenting themselves, and partly by refusing to vote, they allowed them to be defeated?

These resolutions were moved by their venerable author as a compromise. What sort of a compromise is that, to which one of the parties, while vaguely professing a qualified and illusory adhesion, refuses the support of his vote? But even in Mr. Douglas's statement, this is the only adhesion which Messrs. Davis and Toombs promised. They would not and did not themselves vote for these resolutions, but they would "accept" them, not if passed in the usual form of legislative action by the Senate, but if "*tendered and sustained by the Republican members.*" The latter were not to be allowed to do what the seceders actually did a few days after, namely, stand by and leave the resolutions to be adopted on their merits. The seceders would only "accept them as a final settlement of the controversy, if tendered and sustained by the Republican members."

The circumstances under which this gracious offer was made necessarily rendered it altogether illusory. The State of Mississippi (Mr. Davis's State) had formally resolved that, if a Republican President were chosen, she would concert with her sister States the measures of resistance to be adopted. South Carolina had actually broken from the Union, had seized the custom-house and post-office, was making military preparations to seize the forts, and, a week before the vote on the Crittenden Resolutions was taken, had fired on the "Star of the West," that is, had levied actual war against the United States. Messrs. Iverson, Benjamin, and Wigfall had declared in the strongest terms, in the Senate, that their three States would infallibly follow suit, and that it was "too late" for compromise. Mr. Davis, in a carefully prepared speech, had maintained that no legislative measures or amendments of the Constitution would be of any avail, without a change in the temper of the people of the Free States, — a speech manifestly intended, in advance, to preclude the healing effect of any measures of conciliation; and Mr. Toombs, in a speech of singular ferocity and bitterness, had set forth the unalterable determination of Georgia to leave the Union. To expect, under these circumstances, that the Republican party, which had just prevailed in a strenuous canvass in which all the States had taken part, would "tender and sustain" a series of resolutions which (though not so intended by their venerable mover) were regarded by themselves and their seceding opponents as a rebuke of their party and of their platform, and which were to "be accepted" by those who were daily addressing them in the language of scorn and detestation, as a proof of change of heart on the part of themselves and their constituents, is really asking too much of poor human nature. Certainly, I wish that the Republican Senators could at least have allowed the resolutions to pass, though that was not what was imperiously demanded of them. It is not my duty to defend them, in anything they did or forbore to do; but I do not believe that any person, not even the patriotic mover of the resolutions, in his most sanguine mood, expected that as a party they would, or thought that they could, "sustain and tender" the resolutions to their scornful opponents of the Cotton States. The utmost that could have been hoped for was, that three or four Senators might be found, in the moderate wing of the Republican party, who would unite with the conservative members from the Free States and the Southern Senators generally, thus forming the requisite constitutional number for such of the resolutions as required a vote of two thirds, while the legislative measures would have been carried by a large majority.

When, therefore, Messrs. Davis and Toombs said they would "accept" these resolutions, "if tendered and sustained by the Republican party," and accept them as a proof that the hearts of their constituents were changed, they evidently placed their ungracious acquiescence on what they well knew was an impossible condition, and they announced it in a tone of defiance and scorn, which was enough of itself to extinguish all disposition to compromise.

Finally, in order to form a correct and candid judgment on this whole subject, it must be borne in mind that the excitement at the South on the subject of slavery has always been, on the part of the disunionists, in a great degree factitious, and what General Jackson thirty years ago pronounced a "pretext" for breaking up the Union and establishing a Southern Confederacy. A full demonstration of this proposition would exceed the limits of this note, but the following facts are notorious: —

1st. The leaders of the secession movement would not wait for overt acts of hostility to slavery as existing in the States, because they knew no overt acts would be attempted. One of the Georgia Senators said in the Senate, on the 5th of December, 1860: "We do not suppose there will be any overt acts on the part of Mr. Lincoln. For one, I do not dread these overt acts, and I do not propose to wait for them. Why, sir, the power of this Federal government could be so exercised against the institution of slavery in the Southern States, as that, without an overt act, the institution would not last ten years." Their pretended fear was, that, under the influence of the general government, a strong antislavery party would rapidly grow up at the South.

2dly. The two main alleged grievances of the South were, the non-execution of the fugitive-slave law (which was grossly exaggerated), and the claim, on the part of the North, that Congress had a right to exclude slavery from the Territories. Now, with respect to the first grievance, the clamor was far louder in the remote Cotton States, from which slaves very rarely escaped, than in the border States, in which, if anywhere, the grievance was felt. With respect to the Territories, not only had the Supreme Court, in contravention of the whole current of legislation from the foundation of the government, denied the right of Congress to exclude slavery from the Territories, not only were three Territories admitted this very winter of 1860–61, without any antislavery restriction, but in the Territory of New Mexico, which had been open to slaveholders ten years, and into which, if anywhere, slavery was to spread westwardly, only twenty-four slaves were found at the last census.

3dly. So far from really apprehending danger to their institution from the attacks upon it under a Republican President, the Confederate agents abroad, in their official communications with the French and English governments, have maintained and urged, for the sake of depriving the Government of the United States of the benefit of the antislavery sentiment of Europe, that the Constitution of the United States was rather less adverse to the reopening of the African slave-trade than the Constitution of the Confederacy; and that the Slave States contemplate gradual ameliorations of the condition of the slaves, and the abolition of slavery at no distant day.

But I dismiss the painful topic.

On the 15th October, 1863, the house near the head of Park Street, formerly the residence of the late Abbott Lawrence, was inaugurated in its new use as the Union Club-House Thursday, by a meeting of the Club which was very largely attended. The officers of the Club, Mr. Edward Everett, President, and Charles W. Storey, Esq., Secretary, being present, the meeting was called to order by the former, who announced as the first business in order the Report of the Executive Committee, which was thereupon read by the Chairman of the Committee, Hon. Charles G. Loring.

Mr. Everett, on rising to put the question on the adoption of the report, asked leave to say a word or two, although the lucid account given by the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the proceedings of the sub-committees, and his exposition of the principles and benefits of the Institution, superseded the necessity of anything further from the chair. It is however, Mr. Everett continued, my agreeable duty, gentlemen of the Union Club, to bid you welcome this evening to the elegant and convenient house which has been provided for your accommodation. We have been looking forward with no little eagerness to this evening. So long a time has elapsed, since the first organization of the Club, that I dare say some of you have become impatient for the completion of the premises. Such of you, however, as have ever had occasion to build or furnish a house will be able to make due allowance for the delays inseparable from those operations, and will excuse us even now for having thrown open the doors, although some things necessary for ornament and use are still wanting.

The house is too well known to you as the residence of our late excellent and honored fellow-citizen, Mr. Abbott Lawrence. You have too many of you in his day been conversant with its hospitable interior, to make any detailed description of it, within or without, necessary on my part. I will only say, that I am sure the use to which it is now appropriated — the accommodation of a Union Club — is one which, if he could have foreseen it, he would have approved with all his heart. The considerable additions and changes, necessary to adapt a private residence for the purposes of a club numbering its members by hundreds, have been skilfully and tastefully made. You have examined them, gentlemen, and can judge for yourselves. I feel no scruple in expressing my own opinion to this effect, inasmuch as the work has all been planned and executed under the direction of committees of which I am not a member. What has been done with so much taste and good judgment is a sufficient guaranty that the little which remains will be executed with equal success. The most important of the arrangements, which remain to be completed, has been alluded to by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, — I mean the collection of a library of reference. It is intended that the adjoining parlor should be furnished with a supply of dictionaries, cyclopædias, gazetteers, atlases, and public documents, fully adequate to the uses of an institution like the Union Club.

There is another article — one of tasteful ornament — for which the Committee have made no provision, partly for want of funds applicable to that purpose, and still more because they did not wish to forestall the voluntary action of individual members of the Club. The broad space on our walls, the corners of the rooms, the niches in the staircases, are admirably adapted for the display of paintings and engravings, busts, urns, vases, and other similar works of art, which will no doubt be liberally presented to the Club. I will only say, as our space, though considerable, is, after all, limited, that those who wish to signalize their liberal interest in the Club in this way must act soon. Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have already presented us with a medallion portrait of our favorite poet, Mr. Longfellow, handsomely framed; and the example, I am sure, will be rapidly followed by others.

So much for the interior of the house. In point of situation you will all agree that the city of Boston does not furnish a finer, at least for our purposes. It stands on dry native soil; elevated and open to the air, but central and easily accessible. It is in a neighborhood as desirable as any in town, and all its surroundings are of congenial respectability. Its proximity to our noble Common is a feature of extreme beauty; the views from every story of the house are cheerful and attractive; those from the upper windows and the observatory on the roof are of unsurpassed loveliness. As I contemplated them, the other day, gazing, under the dreamy light of an Indian summer, on the waters in the centre of the Common, sparkling through the tinted maples and elms, the line of surrounding hills, Brighton, Brookline, Roxbury, and Dorchester, the islands that gem the harbor, the city stretched like a panorama around and beneath, — I thought my eye had never rested on a more delightful prospect.

Such, gentlemen, is the provision within doors and abroad which has been made for your convenience and pleasure. The rest you must do for yourselves. You must bring to these tasteful and commodious rooms, — you will I know do so, — the spirit of good fellowship, not impaired occasionally by a good dinner; you must find here the innocent recreation of a leisure hour, if you ever have such a thing as a leisure hour (I know a man who does not understand what the word means, but I believe it is something nice and comfortable); and animated conversation with those who sympathize with us on the great essential points involved in the present struggle, and which go to the very life of the nation. This last condition is not founded on a spirit of intolerance, as has been charged upon us, but proceeds from the necessity of the case. The discussion, at places of resort, in times like these, of questions of vital importance, on which the parties radically differ, infallibly leads to controversy and quarrel, and so defeats the ends of social intercourse. But with this limitation, I presume on the long list of our members there is every shade of political opinion, except the deadly night-shade, which would shoot among the ruins of the Republic, clustering in rank luxuriance over the dishonored fragments of that "unity of government, which," in the language of Washington, "makes us one People; the main pillar of our real independence; the support of our tranquillity at home, of our peace abroad; of our safety and our prosperity; — of that very Liberty which we so highly prize." This is our platform, — the platform of Washington; and the man that cannot stand upon it will find the doors of the Union Club too narrow for his admission.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.*

I HAVE been requested, by the gentlemen with whom I have the honor to be associated as a member of the Board of Visitors, to address a few words to the pupils of the Naval Academy, at the close of the annual examination. This duty you will permit me to perform with the simplicity of an official act. The occasion is not one which invites the treatment of general topics, and my engagements as a member of the Board have left me no leisure for the elaborate discussion and rhetorical effort which might fairly be expected, under other circumstances, by an audience like that which now honors us with its attendance.

This is the first year, it may be proper to remark, in which persons from civil life have been associated with naval officers in the formation of the Board of Visitors invited to attend the annual examination of the Academy. The Secretary of the Navy, justly regarding the institution as one in which the whole country is interested, has adopted this course, by way of opening a channel of communication between the Academy and the community at large. His wish has been to furnish the public in this way with the means of knowing that it is an establishment in which they have a common concern, and thus to enlist for it the favor and countenance of an intelligent people. It gives me great pleasure, on behalf of my non-naval associates, to assure the distinguished Superintendent of the institution, the gentlemen of the academic staff, and the pupils of the Academy, that we have attended the examination with an interest not exceeded by that of the gallant officers with whom we are proud to be associated in the performance of this honorable duty. Two of our respected colleagues have been compelled by urgent engagements to withdraw, before the close of the examinations; but I am warranted in stating that, while they remained, they attended them with a satisfaction not inferior to that of the other members of the Board.

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* An address delivered at the annual examination of the United States Naval Academy at Newport, R. I., 28th May, 1863.

It has been with great pleasure that we have all, officers and civilians, seen in the progress of the examination how large a proportion of the studies pursued in the Academy, while they form an essential part of the training for a professional career, belong at the same time to a good general education, preparatory to almost any liberal walk in life. In this respect, I suppose there is a great improvement in education for the naval service. The navy was considered, in times gone by much more than now, as something apart from the sympathies of landsmen, — a career requiring nothing but practical and nautical training on shipboard; its field of action far off on the solitary ocean or on distant shores, and those who belonged to it a class of honorable champions, set apart to peril their lives for the public, rendering, indeed, all-important service, but returning only at long intervals to their native land, and the enjoyment of their too often tardy honors. So complete has been this separation of the naval profession from the active life of the community, that I remember to have heard the late Commodore Morris, himself one of the finest specimens of naval character, remark that he remembered scarce any instance but Admiral Doria of a naval officer who had risen to the highest position in the State; while there is hardly any department of political life in which, in all countries, the other arm of the service has not been fully represented.

There must, indeed, from the necessity of the case, in naval life, be something of this separation from the soil, the associations, and the pursuits of home. Many years in the aggregate must be passed at sea, by the officer whose heart is in his profession. Weeks, months, years sometimes, must elapse without the sight of a familiar human face, except those presented by the little world which is tossing with you on the bosom of the deep. Admiral Collingwood was, I think, on his last cruise six or seven years without returning to England. No participation on week-days in the varied animating bustle of the street; no music of the Sabbath-bell, to soothe the ear on the day of rest. These are the unavoidable conditions, young gentlemen, of your chosen career; and were there nothing to counteract it, they might exert an unfavorable influence on manners and character. It is one of the objects of the improvements in naval education at which the government of the United States has aimed, in the foundation and maintenance of the Naval Academy, to counteract this influence; so to train its inmates as to preserve an active sympathy between them and the intelligent community from which they have gone forth; to impart to them, at one and the same time, the practical qualifications of the accomplished officer and the liberal education of a Christian gentleman. Accordingly, as I have observed already, many of the studies pursued in the Academy belong equally to naval and civil life. The study, for instance, of our own language and of two of the most important foreign languages, a general knowledge of the geography of the earth, the principal branches of exact and applied science, the elements of general history, and especially of the history of our own country, the theory and operation of the Constitution of the United States, the leading doctrines of international law, the fundamental principles of moral obligation,—these are studies which divide the attention of the Naval Academy with those practical and military exercises that promote physical development and form the more direct and appropriate preparation for active naval life. I need not dwell on the importance of this union of professional and non-professional studies, in the education of the thoroughly accomplished officer, nor endeavor to prove by labored argument, that in exact proportion as you elevate the tone of the character by liberal culture you increase his ability to discharge the peculiar duties of his calling, not only with animal courage and rough energy, but with dignity, generosity, and wisdom. It is one of the best conclusions of our modern civilization, that the highest excellence, even in practical life, must rest on intellectual and moral foundations.

But the non-professional studies, or what may be deemed such, pursued at the Academy, not only have a most salutary indirect influence in the formation of the accomplished naval officer, but they are, many of them, of a nature to contribute directly to his professional success. Some of the abstrusest lessons of the blackboard will hereafter find their application amidst the storm of the elements and the storm of war. The art of finding the ship's place at sea has been carried to its modern perfection, by nearly two hundred years of the closest observation of the heavenly bodies and the profoundest speculations of celestial mechanics. Even in the infancy of astronomical science, it was his mastery of that branch of knowledge, as then understood, which guided Columbus to the discovery of our continent. A thorough comprehension of the subject of steam navigation involves an acquaintance with more than one branch of physical science. The covering of ships with plates of iron will call for new investigations in metallurgy, and develop new problems as to the range and efficiency of projectiles and the laws of resistance. A knowledge of foreign languages will ever be of great convenience, sometimes of prime importance, on foreign stations and in professional intercourse with foreign officers in our own waters. The transaction of business of delicacy and moment in our foreign relations occasionally devolves on our naval commanders, and requires a knowledge of the leading principles of international law, particularly those which define the rights of belligerents and neutrals. Above all, the events of the last two years have but too painfully illustrated the direct bearing, as well as the disastrous consequences, to the naval service, — in common with the whole country, — of false views of the Constitution of the United States. That one monstrous absurdity, that each and every State has a right to secede from the Union, and thereby constitute itself a foreign power, — that Virginia, for instance, has a right to break away and establish herself as an alien, independent nation, commanding the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, and one of the most important naval stations on our coast, — that Florida, in like manner, has a right to withdraw, and carry with her the fortresses that command the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico, — that Louisiana has a right to leave the Union, and assume to herself, as a foreign power, the control of the outlet of the great central basin of the continent, — this stupendous heresy has not only betrayed several gallant officers at the South into deserting the flag of the Union and breaking the oath by which they were bound to support it, but has plunged the country into this desolating civil war.

We rejoice to believe, my young friends, that you have not been so taught the Constitution of the United States in the Naval Academy, and that you are in no danger of being misled by these wretched sophistries, which, in the infinite mischief they have wrought, teach so painfully how much better are two grains of patriotic common sense than a cart-load of treasonable metaphysics. With the education you have here received, I will trust it to you, when you shall go forth, as some of you shortly will, to range, in the service of our common country, along the shores of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, — to guard the entrance of the great bays and noble rivers of the land, — I say I will willingly trust it to you to say whether, when our fathers, bursting the feeble bond of the Confederation, and in order to form a more perfect Union, ordained and established the Constitution of the United States and declared it the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any of the States to the contrary notwithstanding, they meant to give up to every State, however small in numbers, however inconsiderable in influence, nay, to a dominant party in every State, the right, by seceding, to wrest from the Union the most important naval and military stations, the entrance to the bays and rivers which penetrate the heart of the country, and any amount of the national territory which they may choose to carry with them. I will trust it to you to say whether New York and Pennsylvania, and Maryland and Delaware, fought the battles of the Revolution, in order to establish the foreign State of Virginia in the command of those straits, by which the army of Howe, in the Revolutionary War, was conveyed to the battle of Brandywine and the capture of Philadelphia; whether President Jefferson negotiated the ever-memorable treaty of the 30th April, 1803, with Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to put the key of the Mississippi into the hands of Messrs. Slidell and Benjamin, with a sovereign right to open and shut its portals at pleasure, on the twelve millions of the loyal people of the Union that inhabit its upper waters; whether Mr. Monroe acquired Florida from Spain in 1819–1821 in order that she might a few years afterwards, if so disposed, play over again the game which has just been played at St. Domingo. Why, if this right of secession were acknowledged by the United States, the Governor-General of Cuba might, with three months' revenue of that island, buy up votes enough in Florida to retrocede that State to Spain. The whole number of voters in that State cannot be above twelve or fifteen thousand;* and who can doubt, that if the government at Madrid should think it worth while to promote the formation of a party, in favor of resuming the allegiance under which Florida was discovered and governed for three hundred years, it would be the easiest thing in the world to effect that object?

I have dwelt for a moment upon this point, young gentlemen, not merely as the topic of the most absorbing interest in the present state of the country, but to show you, by a striking example, the fatal practical consequences which may flow from a false theory, and to impress upon your minds the vital importance of being firmly grounded in the true interpretation of the Constitution of the United States.

Nor can I repress another remark, for the purpose of showing the direct practical importance to an officer, in either branch of the service, of appropriate instruction in moral science. History teaches us that every government has been in the habit, in aid of the authority of the law, civil and martial, of imposing upon those who enter either branch of its military service the sanctions of an oath; that solemn act — sacrament it was called by the great military people of antiquity

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* The free population of Florida, by the census of 1860, was 78,680.

—which binds the soul of the creature to the footstool of the Creator. This was the sheet-anchor of allegiance. The law might no longer intimidate the ambitious and insubordinate; the sense of honor might cease to prevail with the timid and the mercenary; but the oath of God upon his soul was clothed with a mysterious power, which awed the faithless into obedience, and nerved the arm of the craven with courage. Accordingly the Secretary of the Navy, in his letter of the 31st of January last, addressed to the members of the Naval Academy, has reminded you that "the young officer, before he enters on actual service, takes a solemn oath to support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, domestic and foreign," and he has sought to impress upon your minds that "no human power can absolve him from that obligation. The madness of the hour may cause a misguided man to forget that he has called his God so to deal with him as he shall keep or break his oath; but the time will come, even in this world, when the sin of perjury will lie heavy on his soul."

I have great pleasure, Commodore Blake, in the performance of the duty intrusted to me by the Board of Visitors, in congratulating you upon the excellent condition in which they have found every department of the Academy under your superintendence. Other positions in the service may afford better opportunities for brilliant personal distinction; but there are very few of greater importance to the country. It is no injustice to your distinguished predecessors to say, that the Academy was never in a better state than at present. The Board have much pleasure in ascribing to a happy mixture of parental kindness with the necessary strictness of official duty and academical discipline no small share of the great prosperity with which your administration has been attended.

I am also authorized, young gentlemen, by the Board of Visitors, to assure you, that they have witnessed with great satisfaction the examinations of the various classes, in the different branches of study pursued at the Academy. There is a strong temptation on occasions of this kind to deal in phrases of indiscriminate and superficial compliment; but it is with sincerity we assure you that, as far as the examinations afford a test, they have appeared to us to evince method, fidelity, and eminent skill on the part of the officers of the academic staff, and assiduous, intelligent, and successful study on the part of the young gentlemen of the Academy. I have never in any institution witnessed more satisfactory examinations. We cannot — speaking now, however, only for myself — pretend to have followed you on all occasions into the deepest mysteries of the blackboard, even in branches with which we may not have been wholly unfamiliar at your age. Mr. Locke, in his "Essay on Human Understanding," — and in the solitary passage, I believe, in which he has relieved the somewhat arid style of that celebrated treatise with rhetorical ornament, — beautifully remarks, that "the ideas, like the children of our youth, often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and the marble remain, the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away." On this principle, the precise significance of the recondite symbols and bristling notation, which many of you have handled with such dexterity, may be lost for some of us; but we retain enough of the general result of our earlier studies to appreciate the thoroughness with which yours have been pursued, and which we are inclined to think is not surpassed at any place of education in the country.

We are aware of the disadvantages under which the institution has labored, in its sudden removal from Annapolis and its establishment in temporary premises at Newport. Everything, it is true, has been done for the accommodation of the Academy which was possible under the circumstances of the case. In respect to climate (which is one of the best on the Atlantic coast) and to local position, it would be no subject of regret if the change were permanent. The city which gave birth to the youthful hero who, a half-century ago this very year, shed glory on his name and on his country, by the battle of Lake Erie, would be no inappropriate spot for the Naval Academy of the United States.* Meantime the Board are sensible that the institution and its members of every degree have not been as advantageously situated as they would be in buildings expressly designed for their reception. They can only express their satisfaction that so much has been done to overcome the inconveniences of the removal, and that the regular operations of the Academy have suffered so little from a circumstance that might seem to threaten a serious derangement.

It has also been a matter of regret to the visitors that the exigencies of the service have compelled the government to subtract one year from the academic novitiate, and have thus created the necessity of a more compendious course of instruction. We trust that it will be found practicable, at an early period, to return to the pre-existing arrangement, and to give to your successors the advantage of a four years' course, which we deem none too extensive for the broad field of study and exercise to be travelled. At the same time the Board of Visitors deem it no more than just to state, that the examinations of the higher classes have disclosed a degree of thoroughness which was hardly to be expected under the circumstances alluded to, and which reflects great credit alike on pupils and instructors.

Our thoughts and feelings on this occasion are naturally divided between those of you, young gentlemen, who are still to remain inmates of the Academy, and those who are now to enter upon the active service of the country. I would gladly, if it were in my power, convey to the former my own deep impressions of the importance of the advantages which they are now enjoying as members of this institution. It is, of course, impossible elsewhere in this country to acquire as good an education — physical, practical, and professional — for their chosen career. Indeed, I believe I may say, without overstatement, that there is no naval academy in the world where a better education can be obtained. Its exercises and its studies may seem to you at times laborious, and its discipline severe; but most of you, I doubt not, were soon convinced that it would not be possible to carry on the institution upon a basis of laxity and indulgence, and that, in the words of the Secretary of the Navy, in the letter already alluded to, you are learning "the lesson of command" where alone it can be learned, "in the school of obedience." Much of what you learn in the way of exercise, manœuvre, and drill, you learn in order that hereafter you may superintend and direct its execution by others. The word of command, which you now implicitly obey, spoken by you hereafter, with confidence and cheer, in moments of peril, may save the lives of hundreds on a lee shore. The accuracy and promptitude of the mimic evolutions of the parade-ground may one day lead to victories, which will live on the page of history.

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* The city of Newport has made a munificent offer to the United States of Coasters' Harbor Island, as a permanent site for the Naval Academy. It contains between ninety and a hundred acres, and is admirably adapted for the purpose.

That you may employ the skill and the knowledge thus acquired in the cause of your country, she has selected you from the thousands of young men of your age, to receive a first-rate education at her expense. She is training you, under the most favorable auspices, to uphold her authority and to maintain her honor against every enemy, domestic and foreign. If from want of fidelity or diligence you fail to accomplish the ends for which you were placed here, you not only deprive your country of the service she had a right to expect at your hands, but you throw away opportunities for acquiring future distinction which few of your age are permitted to enjoy; and, what is sadder still, you bring disappointment, perhaps mortification and grief, to hearts that are aching for you at home. Not more surely does the electric spark shoot along the wire, than every fault committed or censure incurred on your part will, according to its gravity, cause a pang in bosoms that would bleed to promote your welfare. On the other hand, — and in this anticipation we cheerfully rest, — by diligence, fidelity, and zeal in the pursuit of your studies and the performance of your duties, you will not only fit yourselves for services to the public, which in the present crisis of affairs can hardly be overrated, but you will place your names on the list of those whom your country, in all coming time, will delight to honor, and you will bring joy and gladness to the hearts of the dear ones whose fondest hopes are bound up in your success; in cases not a few, to the aged father, the widowed mother, the orphan brother or sister who look to you alone for their solace and support under the heavy burdens of life.

And need I remind you, my young friends, whose course at the Academy is completed, and who are soon to enter into the active service of the country, what hopes, what expectations, attend you? Trained in the manly exercises and instructed in the branches of science and art which pertain to your profession, your morals pure from the contamination of the world, your principles uncorrupted by the poisonous sophistries which have brought the calamities of the war upon the land, educated at the expense — rather let me say nurtured at the bosom — of our beloved country, the common mother of us all, she now dismisses you with her blessing, armed with her sacred panoply, to do battle in her righteous cause. She sends you forth to maintain the honor and the pride of that lovely banner, the symbol of her union and the emblem of her sovereignty, which "dallies with the wind and scorns the sun" on ten thousand mast-heads and flagstaffs, on the land and on the sea. She reminds you that, of all the glorious achievements which have crowned our arms during the progress of the war, a full share is owing to the co-operation of the navy, while for some of them we are exclusively indebted to this arm of the service. Nothing in the future is more certain than that, when we come forth triumphant from this tremendous struggle, — as by the blessing of God we will, with every fading stripe replaced upon the all-glorious standard, and every waning star, like some lost but returning pleiad, flaming with new-spangled ore in its azure field, — the United States will take their place in the family of nations as a great naval power, second to no other that navigates the ocean. In bringing about this noble consummation, the Board of Visitors are convinced that you, young gentlemen, each in his place, and according to his opportunities, will perform an honorable part. We do not fear that we have erred in thinking, that in your manly carriage, your modest deportment, and intelligent countenances, we discern the material of which gallant officers are made; and we doubt not that when hereafter we shall read the names of those who have distinguished themselves in some glorious naval victory, we shall be able to exclaim, and we shall do it with the highest satisfaction, "Ah, they were of the class of 1863!" In this pleasing anticipation, young gentlemen, and in the name of the Board of Visitors, I now commend you to the protection of a gracious Providence, and bid you, each and all, an affectionate farewell.

HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE WAR.*

It is impossible, sir, that a man should mistake his own name, though I would not be thought vain enough otherwise to take to myself the description with which you have introduced it. Before obeying the requisition which you have placed me under, let me undertake the very bold task of correcting a lapse of memory, on the part of the venerable gentleman who has just taken his seat, the Nestor of ex-Presidents and of Alumni,—a memory usually so tenacious of everything interesting and instructive. He has told us of the liberal bequest made by his honored father to the College, but he did not distinctly state that it was made absolutely contingent on his own life. If the son lived, the two thousand pounds were not to be paid at all; the patriotic father, with prophetic foresight, justly anticipating that, in giving that son to the College and the country, he gave a sufficient treasure. Now, sir, our honored and revered head—and here is the point where his memory entirely failed him—thought proper that the College should have both the son and the legacy, and, after giving us seventeen or eighteen of the best years of his life, has paid out of his own pocket several years ago that little trifle of ten thousand dollars into the College treasury. I mention it, sir, because it is often said that the mental faculties of our honored and revered friend are unimpaired; and justice seemed to me to require that this remarkable *lapsus memoriæ* should be pointed out.

Often as it has been my privilege to address the assembled Alumni of Harvard, I have never felt it so difficult to do so as on the present occasion. With the words of wisdom and truth still sounding in our ears, which have been so appropriately, so impressively, so instructively uttered in another place, what can I say worth listening to, on the most obvious topics of the day? You must, I think, all be ready to parody the remark of Omar, with reference to the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and say to me: "If your speech is to be the same as Dr. Walker's address, we don't need it; if it is to be different, we won't have it." Your call, however, sir, as the master of the feast, — so obligingly seconded as it has been by the company, — exacts obedience; and my past relations to the University, my respect for the Association of the Alumni, my affection, let me say, for old Harvard, will not permit me to remain silent.

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* Remarks at the dinner of the Association of Alumni of Harvard College, 16th July, 1863.

Let me then, Mr. President, not as uttering the language of routine or of stereotyped official compliment, but with entire sincerity, express the great satisfaction, the more than satisfaction, which I have enjoyed, yesterday and to-day, in the hours passed at this seat of our youthful studies. While there is that in the state of the country which makes us almost ready to exclaim with Livius, that "we have fallen on days when we can neither bear our vices nor their remedies," while even around us the bitter waters of strife are gushing up, in the midst of that font of patriotic joy, opened upon us by our late glorious victories, every dutiful son of Harvard, who has passed yesterday or to-day at Cambridge, must have felt that it was good to be here. It has cheered and gladdened us all, I am sure, to find that the harsh tumult of the outer world has not penetrated the portals of the temple of science. The first time I had occasion to speak in public, after the outbreak of this cruel war, I expressed the earnest hope — for the sake of confining the necessary evils of the contest within the narrowest possible limits, in order to preserve the tranquillity of the public mind, and to shield the community from the harassing preoccupations of the struggle which I foresaw was to ensue — that all the great public establishments and organic institutions of the country should strive, to the utmost, to pursue their stated work as earnestly and steadily as ever. And certainly, sir, as far as Harvard is concerned, I think we may claim that, while she has done her whole duty to the country, in the number of her gallant sons whom she has sent to the field, she has, in all other respects, as a seat of learning and a place of education, carried on her appropriate work as effectually and as successfully as at any former period. If it is true that *inter arma leges silent*, it is certainly as true that, at our ancient and beloved University, *inter arma musæ non silent.* Never was the aggregate of her students, both in the academical and professional departments, larger: the class that was graduated yesterday, and the class admitted at the beginning of the week, are among the most numerous ever received into the College or sent forth from it; the literary exercises of Commencement, though deeply stamped, in some cases, as was natural and just, with the impress of the times, would for range of reading and maturity of thought compare favorably with those of any former period; and when did Alma Mater ever speak with a voice more persuasive or instructive than we have heard to-day?

That I have not gone too far in saying that, while carrying on her work as a place of education and a seat of learning, undisturbed by the shock and commotion of the times, she has performed her whole duty to the country, is sufficiently shown in that magnificent roll of honor, truly "a noble army of martyrs," prepared by Professor Child, and laid upon the table yesterday; and in its amplification and commentary furnished by the carefully prepared Necrology of Dr. Palmer. I thought to have dwelt for a moment on this topic, but I can add nothing to what has been so beautifully and pathetically said by Dr. Walker and yourself. That list contains the names of forty-four young men, from twenty-one classes, going no further back than 1833, who in the two short years since the war began have fallen on the field of battle, or died of diseases incident to the exposures and hardships of the camp: in the past year alone thirty-four deaths, one half of the whole number of deaths in battle or by camp disease! I leave to others, sir, to classmates and personal friends, to do fitting justice to the individual names recorded on that illustrious list. I will only say that it is a catalogue of which any institution and any community might be proud. Among them are some of the purest and brightest names of the rising generation, — the flower of our youth, — the ornament of our University, — the joy and the prop of their families, — the hope of the country, — young men of talents, of promise, of good morals, enough of themselves and without considering what has been done at the other colleges, and I may add by other classes of the community, to throw back upon its authors that most unfounded, not to say malignant assertion, that the rank and file of our armies are composed of the "scum of Europe," and that they are officered by vulgar and venal demagogues. Even in Dr. Palmer's brief sketches there are the death-bed letters of some of these noble young men; their parting testimony to the justice of the cause in which their young lives were laid down; their farewell messages to fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and friends, — utterances of patriotism, of filial duty, of heroic self-sacrifice, that cannot be read without tears.

Let us hope, too, that while the patriotic conduct of the youth of our colleges furnishes an all-sufficient answer to the foreign detractors to whom I have alluded, it will serve in some measure as a corrective of a prejudice that has obtained currency at home, namely, that the cultivation of liberal studies at places of collegiate education unfits our young men for the stern duties of practical life, and gives them a distaste for its pursuits. That reproach will, I think, not be so often repeated hereafter. Dr. Walker has already disposed of it in a manner which needs no supplement of mine. I will only ask, what other portion of the community, whose members are sufficiently characterized to be called *a class*, in any walk of life, can, in proportion to its numbers, exhibit a longer or fairer catalogue than this (Professor Child's list) of those whom it has sent to the service of the country, and who have fallen in her cause?

But we have a nearer and a higher duty to our heroic dead than merely to draw from their bright example the refutation of domestic misconception or foreign calumny. We owe them the tribute of grateful and affectionate commemoration. Dr. Walker, in language of surpassing eloquence, has pointed the way to the discharge of that most sacred obligation, and sure I am that the first care of those who shall be gathered together as we now are, after the close of this wicked war, will be to lay the corner-stone of the monument, which he has bid us erect, "to the sons of Harvard who died for their country." I would fain, too, have some significant memorial of their heroic self-sacrifice inseparably incorporated into our records. I can think of nothing in this way more appropriate, than that the manner of their death should be visibly indicated in our triennial catalogue. Its latter pages the present year (and such no doubt will continue to be more and more the case, till this cruel Rebellion is crushed) are more than usually spotted with the death-star of our fallen brethren. You have, sir, made a beautiful metaphorical allusion to this circumstance, as converting our catalogue into a bright rubric of patriotic self-devotion. But it has occurred to me that the death-star, alike sorrowful and glorious, might, with great propriety and beautiful significance, be printed in red ink, and thus literally turn the catalogue into a rubric of patriotism, from which there could be no dissent. I presume, as a typographical arrangement, it would not be difficult. I mentioned the subject a few days since to the President and our worthy Librarian, who is charged with the preparation of the catalogue, but the suggestion came too late for this year's edition. I hope it will be taken into consideration when the next edition is printed. There will be nothing invidious in the discrimination, for, even in the arch of heaven, not only doth one star differ from another star in glory, but they differ in the color of the rays they send forth. Some are even supposed to be non-luminous and dark, orbs perhaps whose light, like that of the *stelligeri* in the early pages of our catalogue, has long since gone out. Of the sparkling hosts that crowd the vault of heaven, the light of some is white, of others green, of others purple. What this difference in the color of their rays may signify, is a mystery beyond our reach. The profoundest science has not explored, nor the most powerful telescope penetrated, the secret. But let the blood-red star stand before the names of our brethren who have fallen in battle, and it will bear witness, in all coming time, and with a significance which none can mistake, that they are "the sons of Harvard, who died for their country."

[Addressing himself to President Hill, who had left his seat at the upper table, and joined his classmates in another part of the hall, Mr. Everett said:—]

Allow me, sir, before I conclude, to offer you my cordial congratulations on your elevation to the head of the oldest American seminary of education, and on the great prosperity of every branch of the Institution, as it passes into your hands. It is the cordial wish of one who, from experience, knows all the importance and responsibility of the trust, that this prosperity may not only continue, but increase under your administration, and that, equalling the most distinguished of those who have gone before you, in all other respects, a kind Providence may vouchsafe to you a privilege, not enjoyed by your four immediate predecessors, of devoting a long life to the service of our Alma Mater.

THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.*

Mr. Hyde, Gentlemen of the Committee, my Young Friends: —

I am somewhat afraid that the character of this anniversary is changing a little, and that, instead of being simply the exhibition of the pupils of the Everett School, it is getting to be also an exhibition of a certain gentleman, considerably advanced beyond the years of pupilage, and who had much rather be a pleased and silent looker-on than take any active part in the proceedings of the afternoon. At your request, however, Mr. Hyde, and that of the Committee, and especially after receiving this agreeable token [a beautiful bouquet] of the kind regard of our young friends of the graduating class, it would be churlish in me to refuse to express the satisfaction with which I have witnessed the exercises of the day, though I do it at some risk of repeating what I may have said on former similar occasions, which, however, I will try not to do.

I always attend these exhibitions with pleasure; and I have never done so with greater satisfaction than at this time. The examination in the various branches of knowledge pursued in the school, the exercises in reading, — one of the most elegant accomplishments, — and the specimens of composition, have been such as to reflect the highest credit on teachers and pupils. I do not know that I can pay the examinations a higher compliment than to repeat a remark, which my friend Hillard leaned over and made to me, that he should be sorry to have some of the questions put to him which were answered with readiness by several of the graduating class. I believe there are not many of us on this platform who, if put upon their honor, would not echo Mr. Hillard's remark.

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* Remarks at the examination and exhibition of the Everett School, 20th July, 1863.

It is almost a matter of course, in addressing an audience like this, at the annual examination and exhibition of one of our public schools, to allude to the extent and importance of the provision made by the city of Boston for the education of her children, — a provision not surpassed in any other city in the world, equalled in but few. The tribute of admiration is justly due to the magnitude and thorough organization of the system; the number and gradation of the schools; the general high character of the teachers; the commodiousness of the school-houses; the thousands of pupils of both sexes educated; and the great expense, defrayed by taxation, at which the entire system, in all its parts, is maintained and carried on; — nearly $ 600,000 for the year 1861-62, although that was about $ 50,000 less than the expense of the preceding year.

I doubt, however, whether it is these statistics, important and interesting as they are, which give us the clearest idea of the subject. To feel all the importance, — the transcendent value of our system of public education, — we must contemplate it from a different point of view; not so much with reference to the number of schools erected and the cost at which they are maintained, or even the number of pupils educated, numerically considered. We ought rather to reflect upon the final object for which the system is organized and carried on, — its ultimate effects, in connection with the well-being of the community. Let us look upon the subject a moment in that light, asking ourselves what the system is and what it does; and of course I can on this occasion only glance at the points, whose full discussion would require a volume.

The number of public schools, then, in Boston, of all kinds, is, I believe, two hundred and seventy-three, namely, the Latin School, the English High School, the Girls' High and Normal School; twenty grammar schools, — seven for boys, seven for girls, and six for both sexes, — and two hundred and fifty primary schools. In these schools of all kinds about twenty-seven thousand children were educated the past year. Here then is an organization which takes the entire rising generation of both sexes (with a sad exception, to which I shall presently advert), from the age of five to that of fifteen, the forming period of life, when the remark of the moral poet has its direct application, that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," places them for ten years, and for five or six hours daily, under the watchful eye of vigilant guardians; subjects them all this time to a course of intellectual and moral discipline and instruction under well-qualified and faithful teachers; imparts to them those branches of knowledge which belong to a good education for almost any walk in life; trains them to habits of industry, application, and attention to prescribed duty; inculcates upon them the great laws of moral obligation, and habituates them to the proprieties of virtuous social life. Such, in a word, is the system; such its operation.

Now in this, as in so many similar cases, we are so familiar with the working of the system, it is presented so constantly in detail to our observation, we are so seldom called upon to view it as a whole, that we form no adequate conception of its supreme importance to the well-being, I might rather say the very existence, of a civilized community. We have perhaps never asked ourselves, what would be the state of our city, if some fatal delusion should come over the public mind, and the system of public education henceforward and forever should be done away with: if, for instance, the municipal government, from this time forward, were to refuse to appropriate a dollar for education, and in consequence our school-houses should be shut up; our faithful instructors of both sexes dismissed; the twenty-seven thousand children now educated at the public expense left to grow up in ignorance, mental and moral, of all that they are now taught between the ages of five and fifteen. Such a state of things implies, of course, a depravity of the public conscience which would cause all private establishments of education to be put a stop to and destroyed, equally with the public. In short, it assumes the entire prostration of the educational system of the country, and the inauguration of a millennium of ignorance. It requires but little reflection to see that, under such circumstances, the community would soon sink into utter barbarism, as it is indeed only in the lowest forms of barbarous and savage life that schools and school education of some kind are wholly unknown. Plainly, four or five generations would be enough, under the blighting influence of such a state of things as I have indicated, to reduce the most enlightened community to a level with the degraded tribes of the Pacific islands, or of the interior wastes of our continent.

And I fear that we need not go so far as to the barbarous tribes of the Pacific islands, or the savage aborigines of our own continent, to measure the difference between a highly educated community and one lying in a state of universal and midnight darkness. There is in all large cities, in Boston and New York, as in Paris and London, a city within the city; or rather outside of the city of the educated, the industrious, and the prosperous there is the city of the ignorant, the wretched, the forlorn. There are in this our beloved Boston, not included in those favored twenty-seven thousand, among whom it is your great privilege, my young friends, to be included, hundreds, I fear I must say thousands, of poor young creatures, who have no part or share in this mighty heritage of good. Sometimes, in consequence of the poverty of the parents, too great to provide the children decent clothing, or to dispense with their time, — the older children being kept at home to take care — and what care ? — of the younger; sometimes from the short-sighted cupidity of the parents, unwilling to give up the wretched gains to be earned by peddling newspapers (an unmitigated nuisance), lozenges, and matches; in many cases from a stolid and impenetrable insensibility — the inheritance from generations of oppression in the older world — to the importance of education, — there are, in this enlightened city of Boston, whose expenditure for education is nowhere exceeded, some hundreds of children who never go to school; who grow up in profound ignorance; who pass their lives in the street, at best in the demoralizing occupations to which I have alluded; often in entire idleness; practising all the varieties of juvenile vice and depravity, and struggling under all the forms of juvenile destitution and suffering.

Yes, living, herding I had almost said, within a few rods of our comfortable homes; nobody follows them to their noisome cellars and dismal garrets, save now and then a kind-hearted Samaritan of either sex, more frequently the policeman and the constable; they grow up to be the pest and the scourge of the community, to people our houses of correction and prisons, and sink, the victims of want, of sin, and sorrow, to early and unlamented graves.

Such is the career, I repeat, to which hundreds, in this our generous and enlightened Boston, seem doomed; poor creatures, who, after public liberality and private benevolence have done their utmost, never hear, from the beginning to the end of the year, a cheerful, encouraging word; never put on a clean, decent garment; never sit down to a comfortable meal; never enter into a school-house or a church; never utter or hear the name of God or Christ, except in some horrid oath. In quiet times the existence of such a class — as a class — is unknown to the mass of the community. Individuals belonging to it are scattered, here and there, about the streets; we gaze with wonder and pity on their squalid rags and haggard cheeks, and mourn over a misery which seems to defy relief. It is in times of disorder and commotion that they swarm from their coverts, and make their existence too sadly felt. The newspapers tell us that the hideous mobs, which have lately spread terror and desolation in the city of New York, were composed in part of very young persons. Out "of sixty-six persons thus far (20th July) ascertained to have been killed, fourteen were boys of from six to twelve years of age, shot during the riot and burning of the armory at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Second Avenue. Although of such tender years, they were taking an active part in the riot!" In the attempted riot in this city last week, two young children were killed. No one supposes that these children in New

York or Boston, though of the school age, belong to the class which receives the tutelage and instruction of our excellent schools; they belonged unquestionably to that other unhappy class which I have described, who, for the reasons I have mentioned, grow up without enjoying the privileges of education, so bountifully lavished on you, and pass the forming years of their life in ignorance, idleness, and vice. The same has ever been the case, in the terrible commotions of Europe. A large share of the disorders of the Revolution in Paris in 1848 were ascribed to juvenile miscreants. In the terrible riots in Bristol, in 1831, in the words of the Annual Register, gangs of boys, "that seemed trained to their hellish arts," went round the city, setting fire to buildings public and private; and the mob which held London at its mercy for a week in 1780, of which I dare say some of you, my young friends, could give us a minute account, was, according to Horace Walpole, "two thirds apprentices and women."

These and other similar facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, teach us, in language too plain to be mistaken, that we are indebted, in the last resort, for the preservation of peace in the community, not exclusively to our armed soldiery, — cavalry, artillery, infantry, — necessary as their interposition is at critical moments, — but to this peaceful army of twenty-seven thousand children; marshalled, not by major and brigadier generals, but by their faithful teachers of either sex; quartered, not in the barracks of Readville or the casemates of Fort Independence, but in these commodious schoolhouses; and waging the great war against the legion hosts of ignorance, vice, and anarchy, not with cannons and Minié rifles, but with the spelling-book, the grammar, and the Bible!

It has been objected to placing the system of education for the two sexes so nearly on the same footing, that there is a want of employment for well-educated girls; that we are training them beyond the demands of society. If this objection was ever well founded, which I greatly doubt, it is fast ceasing to be so. The circle of employment for young women is daily widening. Two thirds of the business of teaching in our schools — a great profession of itself — has already passed into their hands. Many are finding employment as book-keepers and clerks, and this will be more and more the case while the war lasts. In short, as in all other cases, demand and supply will act and react upon each other, and in proportion as our girls are educated and qualify themselves for occupations, hitherto monopolized by the other sex, our young women, where there is no natural unfitness, will find openings for the service.

Then there is the great sphere of female occupation and influence, — constantly talked about, but far too lightly deemed of by either sex, — I mean the sphere of home. The great object in life for both sexes, after keeping a good conscience, should be to make home attractive and happy. It is the most terrible of all mistakes, that the main thing to be thought of is out-door success; professional advancement, lucrative business, a prosperous establishment in life; alas, these may all exist with a dreary, cheerless household! On the other hand, the intellectual treasures, which you, my young friends, if you have been, as I know many of you have been, faithful to your opportunities, will carry with you from these schools, a taste for reading, a relish for the pleasures of the mind, — with a few well-chosen books, — the sense to converse rationally on the important topics of the day, — the ability to entertain the family circle with an hour's reading of an interesting volume aloud, — a little domestic music, vocal and instrumental, such as has charmed us this afternoon, — these will do more to make a happy home than a lucky speculation in stocks or a profitable contract in business. These, my dear young friends, are the keys which open the inmost shrine of the temple of earthly felicity, and they are almost exclusively in the hands of your sex.

I was much struck, a couple of days ago, with a testimony to the importance of these home-bred resources for happiness, in a quarter where it was hardly to be expected, — I mean the correspondence of Napoleon the First. In the eleventh volume of that work (which is regularly sent to our noble Public Library by the present Emperor of the French), I chanced upon a very agreeable letter written in 1806, by Napoleon I.

to his step-son, Prince Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, then lately married to a Bavarian princess. The mighty chieftain and conqueror, then at the height of his power, writes to the young prince, to whom he was much attached, that he, Prince Eugene, worked too hard; that his life was too monotonous; that he should throw aside business at six o'clock, and pass the rest of the evening in the company of his youthful wife; and writing to her he says: "I am going to send you," what think you, my young friends, the great Napoleon promises to send to his young step-daughter, the daughter herself of a king, — not ornaments of gold and silver, diamonds and pearls, — no, "I am going to send you a nice little library."

But it is time to check myself, and, repeating the expression of the great pleasure with which I have listened to the various exercises of the day, and offering you, my dear young friends, my best wishes, to give way to the gentlemen around me, whom you are all desirous to hear.

NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.*

STANDING beneath this serene sky, overlooking these broad fields now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghanies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and Nature. But the duty to which you have called me must be performed; — grant me, I pray you, your indulgence and your sympathy.

It was appointed by law in Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered up from the funeral pyre where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the city. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives, — flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases (wonders of art, which after two thousand years adorn the museums of modern Europe), — the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funereal cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore unhonored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be recovered. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed: mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, led the way, and to them it was permitted by the simplicity of ancient manners to utter aloud their lamentations for the beloved and the lost; the male relatives and friends of the deceased followed;

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* Address at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 19th November, 1863.

citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshalled, they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains and columns, — whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples, — whose gardens were kept forever green by the streams from the neighboring hills, and shaded with the trees sacred to Minerva and coëval with the foundation of the city, — whose circuit enclosed

> "the olive grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
> Trilled his thick-warbled note the summer long,"—

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble. There, beneath the overarching plane-trees, upon a lofty stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude.

Such were the tokens of respect required to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country. For those alone who fell at Marathon a peculiar honor was reserved. As the battle fought upon that immortal field was distinguished from all others in Grecian history for its influence over the fortunes of Hellas, — as it depended upon the event of that day whether Greece should live, a glory and a light to all coming time, or should expire, like the meteor of a moment; so the honors awarded to its martyr-heroes were such as were bestowed by Athens on no other occasion. They alone of all her sons were entombed upon the spot which they had forever rendered famous. Their names were inscribed upon ten pillars erected upon the monumental tumulus which covered their ashes (where, after six hundred years, they were read by the traveller Pausanias), and although the columns, beneath the hand of time and barbaric violence, have long since disappeared, the venerable mound still marks the spot where they fought and fell, —

> "That battle-field where Persia's victim-horde
> First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword."

And shall I, fellow-citizens, who, after an interval of twenty-three centuries, a youthful pilgrim from the world unknown to ancient Greece, have wandered over that illustrious plain, ready to put off the shoes from off my feet, as one that stands on holy ground, — who have gazed with respectful emotion on the mound which still protects the dust of those who rolled back the tide of Persian invasion, and rescued the land of popular liberty, of letters, and of arts, from the ruthless foe, — stand unmoved over the graves of our dear brethren, who so lately, on three of those all-important days which decide a nation's history, — days on whose issue it depended whether this august republican Union, founded by some of the wisest statesmen that ever lived, cemented with the blood of some of the purest patriots that ever died, should perish or endure, — rolled back the tide of an invasion, not less unprovoked, not less ruthless, than that which came to plant the dark banner of Asiatic despotism and slavery on the free soil of Greece? Heaven forbid! And could I prove so insensible to every prompting of patriotic duty and affection, not only would you, fellow-citizens, gathered many of you from distant States, who have come to take part in these pious offices of gratitude, — you, respected fathers, brethren, matrons, sisters, who surround me, — cry out for shame, but the forms of brave and patriotic men who fill these honored graves would heave with indignation beneath the sod.

We have assembled, friends, fellow-citizens, at the invitation of the Executive of the great central State of Pennsylvania, seconded by the Governors of seventeen other loyal States of the Union, to pay the last tribute of respect to the brave men who, in the hard-fought battles of the first, second, and third days of July last, laid down their lives for the country on these hillsides and the plains before us, and whose remains have been gathered into the cemetery which we consecrate this day. As my eye ranges over the fields whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel, as never before, how truly it was said of old that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country. I feel, as never before, how justly, from the dawn of history to the present time, men have paid the homage of their gratitude and admiration to the memory of those who nobly sacrifice their lives, that their fellow-men may live in safety and in honor. And if this tribute were ever due, to whom could it be more justly paid than to those whose last resting-place we this day commend to the blessing of Heaven and of men?

For consider, my friends, what would have been the consequences to the country, to yourselves, and to all you hold dear, if those who sleep beneath our feet, and their gallant comrades who survive to serve their country on other fields of danger, had failed in their duty on those memorable days. Consider what, at this moment, would be the condition of the United States, if that noble Army of the Potomac, instead of gallantly and for the second time beating back the tide of invasion from Maryland and Pennsylvania, had been itself driven from these well-contested heights, thrown back in confusion on Baltimore, or trampled down, discomfited, scattered to the four winds. What, in that sad event, would not have been the fate of the Monumental City, of Harrisburg, of Philadelphia, of Washington, the Capital of the Union, each and every one of which would have lain at the mercy of the enemy, accordingly as it might have pleased him, spurred by passion, flushed with victory, and confident of continued success, to direct his course?

For this we must bear in mind,—it is one of the great lessons of the war, indeed of every war, that it is impossible for a people without military organization, inhabiting the cities, towns, and villages of an open country, including of course the natural proportion of non-combatants of either sex and of every age, to withstand the inroad of a veteran army. What defence can be made by the inhabitants of villages mostly built of wood, of cities unprotected by walls, nay, by a population of men, however high-toned and resolute, whose aged parents demand their care, whose wives and children are clustering about them, against the charge of the war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder,—against flying artillery and batteries of rifled cannon planted on every commanding eminence, — against the onset of trained veterans led by skilful chiefs? No, my friends, army must be met by army, battery by battery, squadron by squadron; and the shock of organized thousands must be encountered by the firm breasts and valiant arms of other thousands, as well organized and as skilfully led. It is no reproach, therefore, to the unarmed population of the country to say, that we owe it to the brave men who sleep in their beds of honor before us, and to their gallant surviving associates, not merely that your fertile fields, my friends of Pennsylvania and Maryland, were redeemed from the presence of the invader, but that your beautiful capitals were not given up to threatened plunder, perhaps laid in ashes, Washington seized by the enemy, and a blow struck at the heart of the nation.

Who that hears me has forgotten the thrill of joy that ran through the country on the Fourth of July, — auspicious day for the glorious tidings, and rendered still more so by the simultaneous fall of Vicksburg, — when the telegraph flashed through the land the assurance from the President of the United States that the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, had again smitten the invader? Sure I am, that, with the ascriptions of praise that rose to Heaven from twenty millions of freemen, with the acknowledgments that breathed from patriotic lips throughout the length and breadth of America, to the surviving officers and men who had rendered the country this inestimable service, there beat in every loyal bosom a throb of tender and sorrowful gratitude to the martyrs who had fallen on the sternly contested field. Let a nation's fervent thanks make some amends for the toils and sufferings of those who survive. Would that the heartfelt tribute could penetrate these honored graves!

In order that we may comprehend, to their full extent, our obligations to the martyrs and surviving heroes of the Army of the Potomac, let us contemplate for a few moments the train of events which culminated in the battles of the first days of July. Of this stupendous rebellion, planned, as its originators boast, more than thirty years ago, matured and prepared for during an entire generation, finally commenced because, for the first time since the adoption of the Constitution, an election of President had been effected without the votes of the South (which retained, however, the control of the two other branches of the government), the occupation of the national capital, with the seizure of the public archives and of the treaties with foreign powers, was an essential feature. This was in substance, within my personal knowledge, admitted, in the winter of 1860–61, by one of the most influential leaders of the rebellion; and it was fondly thought that this object could be effected by a bold and sudden movement on the 4th of March, 1861. There is abundant proof, also, that a darker project was contemplated, if not by the responsible chiefs of the rebellion, yet by nameless ruffians, willing to play a subsidiary and murderous part in the treasonable drama. It was accordingly maintained by the Rebel emissaries in England, in the circles to which they found access, that the new American Minister ought not, when he arrived, to be received as the envoy of the United States, inasmuch as before that time Washington would be captured, and the capital of the nation and the archives and muniments of the government would be in the possession of the Confederates. In full accordance also with this threat, it was declared by the Rebel Secretary of War, at Montgomery, in the presence of his Chief and of his colleagues, and of five thousand hearers, while the tidings of the assault on Sumter were travelling over the wires on that fatal 12th of April, 1861, that before the end of May "the flag which then flaunted the breeze," as he expressed it, "would float over the dome of the Capitol at Washington."

At the time this threat was made the rebellion was confined to the cotton-growing States, and it was well understood by them, that the only hope of drawing any of the other slaveholding States into the conspiracy was in bringing about a conflict of arms, and "firing the heart of the South" by the effusion of blood. This was declared by the Charleston press to be the object for which Sumter was to be assaulted; and the emissaries sent from Richmond, to urge on the unhallowed work, gave the promise, that, with the first drop of blood that should be shed, Virginia would place herself by the side of South Carolina.

In pursuance of this original plan of the leaders of the rebellion, the capture of Washington has been continually had in view, not merely for the sake of its public buildings, as the capital of the Confederacy, but as the necessary preliminary to the absorption of the Border States, and for the moral effect in the eyes of Europe of possessing the metropolis of the Union.

I allude to these facts, not perhaps enough borne in mind, as a sufficient refutation of the pretence, on the part of the Rebels, that the war is one of self-defence, waged for the right of self-government. It is in reality a war originally levied by ambitious men in the cotton-growing States, for the purpose of drawing the slaveholding Border States into the vortex of the conspiracy, first by sympathy, — which in the case of Southeastern Virginia, North Carolina, part of Tennessee, and Arkansas succeeded, — and then by force, and for the purpose of subjugating Maryland, Western Virginia, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, and Missouri; and it is a most extraordinary fact, considering the clamors of the Rebel chiefs on the subject of invasion, that not a soldier of the United States has entered the States last named, except to defend their Union-loving inhabitants from the armies and guerillas of the Rebels.

In conformity with these designs on the city of Washington, and notwithstanding the disastrous results of the invasion of 1862, it was determined by the Rebel government last summer to resume the offensive in that direction. Unable to force the passage of the Rappahannock where General Hooker, notwithstanding the reverse at Chancellorsville in May, was strongly posted, the Confederate general resorted to strategy. He had two objects in view. The first was, by a rapid movement northward, and by manœuvring with a portion of his army on the east side of the Blue Ridge, to tempt Hooker from his base of operations, thus leading him to uncover the approaches to Washington, to throw it open to a raid by Stuart's cavalry, and to enable Lee himself to cross the Potomac in the neighborhood of Poolesville and thus fall upon the capital. This plan of operations was wholly frustrated. The design of the Rebel general was promptly discovered by General Hooker, and, moving with great rapidity from Fredericksburg, he preserved unbroken the inner line, and stationed the various corps of his army at all the points protecting the approach to Washington, from Centreville up to Leesburg. From this vantage-ground the Rebel general in vain attempted to draw him. In the mean time, by the vigorous operations of Pleasonton's cavalry, the cavalry of Stuart, though greatly superior in numbers, was so crippled as to be disabled from performing the part assigned it in the campaign. In this manner General Lee's first object, namely, the defeat of Hooker's army on the south of the Potomac, and a direct march on Washington, was baffled.

The second part of the Confederate plan, which is supposed to have been undertaken in opposition to the views of General Lee, was to turn the demonstration northward into a real invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, in the hope that, in this way, General Hooker would be drawn to a distance from the capital, and that some opportunity would occur of taking him at disadvantage, and, after defeating his army, of making a descent upon Baltimore and Washington. This part of General Lee's plan, which was substantially the repetition of that of 1862, was not less signally defeated, with what honor to the arms of the Union the heights on which we are this day assembled will forever attest.

Much time had been uselessly consumed by the Rebel general in his unavailing attempts to out-manœuvre General Hooker. Although General Lee broke up from Fredericksburg on the 3d of June, it was not till the 24th that the main body of his army entered Maryland. Instead of crossing the Potomac, as he had intended, east of the Blue Ridge, he was compelled to do it at Shepherdstown and Williamsport, thus materially deranging his entire plan of campaign north of the river. Stuart, who had been sent with his cavalry to the east of the Blue Ridge, to guard the passes of the mountains, to mask the movements of Lee, and to harass the Union general in crossing the river, having been very severely handled by Pleasenton at Beverly Ford, Aldie, and Upperville, instead of being able to retard General Hooker's advance, was driven himself away from his connection with the army of Lee, and cut off for a fortnight from all communication with it, — a circumstance to which General Lee, in his report, alludes more than once, with evident displeasure. Let us now rapidly glance at the incidents of the eventful campaign.

A detachment from Ewell's corps, under Jenkins, had penetrated, on the 15th of June, as far as Chambersburg. This movement was intended at first merely as a demonstration, and as a marauding expedition for supplies. It had, however, the salutary effect of alarming the country; and vigorous preparations were made, not only by the General Government, but here in Pennsylvania and in the sister States, to repel the inroad. After two days passed at Chambersburg, Jenkins, anxious for his communications with Ewell, fell back with his plunder to Hagerstown. Here he remained for several days, and then, having swept the recesses of the Cumberland valley, came down upon the eastern flank of the South Mountain, and pushed his marauding parties as far as Waynesboro. On the 22d the remainder of Ewell's corps crossed the river and moved up the valley. They were followed on the 24th by Longstreet and Hill, who crossed at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, and, pushing up the valley, encamped at Chambersburg on the 27th. In this way the whole Rebel army, estimated at 90,000 infantry, upwards of 10,000 cavalry, and 4,000 or 5,000 artillery, making a total of 105,000 of all arms, was concentrated in Pennsylvania.

Up to this time no report of Hooker's movements had been received by General Lee, who, having been deprived of his cavalry, had no means of obtaining information. Rightly judging, however, that no time would be lost by the Union army in the pursuit, in order to detain it on the eastern side of the mountains in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and thus preserve his communications by the way of Williamsport, he had, before his own arrival at Chambersburg, directed Ewell to send detachments from his corps to Carlisle and York

The latter detachment, under Early, passed through this place on the 26th of June. You need not, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg, that I should recall to you those moments of alarm and distress, precursors as they were of the more trying scenes which were so soon to follow.

As soon as General Hooker perceived that the advance of the Confederates into the Cumberland valley was not a mere feint to draw him away from Washington, he moved rapidly in pursuit. Attempts, as we have seen, were made to harass and retard his passage across the Potomac. These attempts were not only altogether unsuccessful, but were so unskilfully made as to place the entire Federal army between the cavalry of Stuart and the army of Lee. While the latter was massed in the Cumberland valley, Stuart was east of the mountains, with Hooker's army between, and Gregg's cavalry in close pursuit. Stuart was accordingly compelled to force a march northward, which was destitute of strategical character, and which deprived his chief of all means of obtaining intelligence.

Not a moment had been lost by General Hooker in the pursuit of Lee. The day after the Rebel army entered Maryland the Union army crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, and by the 28th of June lay between Harper's Ferry and Frederick. The force of the enemy on that day was partly at Chambersburg, and partly moving on the Cashtown road in the direction of Gettysburg, while the detachments from Ewell's corps, of which mention has been made, had reached the Susquehannah opposite Harrisburg and Columbia. That a great battle must soon be fought no one could doubt; but, in the apparent and perhaps real absence of plan on the part of Lee, it was impossible to foretell the precise scene of the encounter. Wherever fought, consequences the most momentous hung upon the result.

In this critical and anxious state of affairs General Hooker was relieved, and General Meade was summoned to the chief command of the army. It appears to my unmilitary judgment to reflect the highest credit upon him, upon his predecessor, and upon the corps commanders of the Army of the

Potomac, that a change could take place in the chief command of so large a force on the eve of a general battle, — the various corps necessarily moving on lines somewhat divergent, and all in ignorance of the enemy's intended point of concentration, — and that not an hour's hesitation should ensue in the advance of any portion of the entire army.

Having assumed the chief command on the 28th, General Meade directed his left wing, under Reynolds, upon Emmettsburg and his right upon New Windsor, leaving General French with 11,000 men to protect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and convoy the public property from Harper's Ferry to Washington. Buford's cavalry was then at this place, and Kilpatrick's at Hanover, where he encountered and defeated the rear of Stuart's cavalry, who was roving the country in search of the main army of Lee. On the Rebel side, Hill had reached Fayetteville on the Cashtown road on the 28th, and was followed on the same road by Longstreet on the 29th. The eastern side of the mountain, as seen from Gettysburg, was lighted up at night by the camp-fires of the enemy's advance, and the country swarmed with his foraging parties. It was now too evident to be questioned, that the thunder-cloud, so long gathering blackness, would soon burst on some part of the devoted vicinity of Gettysburg.

The 30th of June was a day of important preparation. At half past eleven o'clock in the morning General Buford passed through Gettysburg, upon a reconnoissance in force, with his cavalry, upon the Chambersburg road. The information obtained by him was immediately communicated to General Reynolds, who was, in consequence, directed to occupy Gettysburg. That gallant officer accordingly, with the First Corps, marched from Emmettsburg to within six or seven miles of this place, and encamped on the right bank of Marsh's Creek. Our right wing, meantime, was moved to Manchester. On the same day the corps of Hill and Longstreet were pushed still farther forward on the Chambersburg road, and distributed in the vicinity of Marsh's Creek, while a reconnoissance was made by the Confederate General Petigru up to a very short distance from this place. Thus at nightfall on the 30th of June the greater part of the Rebel force was concentrated in the immediate vicinity of two corps of the Union army, the former refreshed by two days passed in comparative repose and deliberate preparation for the encounter, the latter separated by a march of one or two days from their supporting corps, and doubtful at what precise point they were to expect an attack.

And now the momentous day, a day to be forever remembered in the annals of the country, arrived. Early in the morning on the 1st of July the conflict began. I need not say that it would be impossible for me to comprise, within the limits of the hour, such a narrative as would do anything like full justice to the all-important events of these three great days, or to the merit of the brave officers and men of every rank, of every arm of the service, and of every loyal State, who bore their part in the tremendous struggle, — alike those who nobly sacrificed their lives for their country, and those who survive, many of them scarred with honorable wounds, the objects of our admiration and gratitude. The astonishingly minute, accurate, and graphic accounts contained in the journals of the day, prepared from personal observation by reporters who witnessed the scenes and often shared the perils which they describe, and the highly valuable "Notes" of Professor Jacobs of the University in this place, to which I am greatly indebted, will abundantly supply the deficiency of my necessarily too condensed statement.*

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* Besides the sources of information mentioned in the text, I have been kindly favored with a memorandum of the operations of the three days drawn up for me by direction of Major-General Meade (anticipating the promulgation of his official report), by one of his aids, Colonel Theodore Lyman, from whom also I have received other important communications relative to the campaign. I have received very valuable documents relative to the battle from Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the army, and have been much assisted in drawing up the sketch of the campaign, by the detailed reports, kindly transmitted to me in manuscript from the Adjutant-General's office, of the movements of every corps of the army, for each day, after the breaking up from Fredericksburg commenced. I have derived much assistance from Colonel John B. Bachelder's oral explanations of his beautiful and minute drawing (about to be engraved) of the field of the

General Reynolds, on arriving at Gettysburg in the morning of the 1st, found Buford with his cavalry warmly engaged with the enemy, whom he held most gallantly in check. Hastening himself to the front, General Reynolds directed his men to be moved over the fields from the Emmettsburg road, in front of McMillan's and Dr. Schmucker's, under cover of the Seminary Ridge. Without a moment's hesitation, he attacked the enemy, at the same time sending orders to the Eleventh Corps (General Howard's) to advance as promptly as possible. General Reynolds immediately found himself engaged with a force which greatly outnumbered his own, and had scarcely made his dispositions for the action when he fell, mortally wounded, at the head of his advance. The command of the First Corps devolved on General Doubleday,

three days' struggle. With the information derived from these sources I have compared the statements in General Lee's official report of the campaign, dated 31st July, 1863, a well-written article, purporting to be an account of the three days' battle, in the *Richmond Enquirer* of the 22d of July, and the article on "The Battle of Gettysburg and the Campaign of Pennsylvania," by an officer, apparently a colonel in the British army, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September. The value of the information contained in this last essay may be seen by comparing the remark under date 27th of June, that "private property is to be rigidly protected," with the statement in the next sentence but one, that "all the cattle and farm-horses having been seized by Ewell, farm labor had come to a complete stand-still." He also, under date of 4th July, speaks of Lee's retreat being encumbered by "Ewell's *immense train of plunder.*" This writer informs us, that, on the evening of the 4th of July, he heard "reports coming in from the different *Generals* that the enemy (Meade's army) was *retiring*, and had been doing so all day long." At a consultation at head-quarters on the 6th, between Generals Lee, Longstreet, Hill, and Wilcox, this writer was told by some one, whose name he prudently leaves in blank, that the army had no intention at present of retreating for good, and that some of the enemy's despatches had been intercepted, in which the following words occur: "The noble, but unfortunate Army of the Potomac has again been obliged to retreat before superior numbers!" He does not appear to be aware, that, in recording these wretched expedients, resorted to in order to keep up the spirits of Lee's army, he furnishes the most complete refutation of his own account of its good condition. I much regret that General Meade's official report was not published in season to enable me to take full advantage of it, in preparing the brief sketch of the battles of the three days contained in this Address. It reached me but the morning before it was sent to the press.

and that of the field on General Howard, who arrived at 11.30 with Schurz's and Barlow's divisions of the Eleventh Corps, the latter of whom received a severe wound. Thus strengthened, the advantage of the battle was for some time on our side. The attacks of the Rebels were vigorously repulsed by Wadsworth's division of the First Corps, and a large number of prisoners, including General Archer, were captured. At length, however, the continued reinforcement of the Confederates from the main body in the neighborhood, and by the divisions of Rodes and Early, coming down by separate lines from Heidlersberg and taking post on our extreme right, turned the fortunes of the day. Our army, after contesting the ground for five hours, was obliged to yield to the enemy, whose force outnumbered them two to one; and toward the close of the afternoon General Howard deemed it prudent to withdraw the two corps to the heights where we are now assembled. The greater part of the First Corps passed through the outskirts of the town, and reached the hill without serious loss or molestation. The Eleventh Corps and portions of the First, not being aware that the enemy had already entered the town from the north, attempted to force their way through Washington and Baltimore Streets, which, in the crowd and confusion of the scene, they did with a heavy loss in prisoners.

General Howard was not unprepared for this turn in the fortunes of the day. He had in the course of the morning caused Cemetery Hill to be occupied by General Steinwehr, with the second division of the Eleventh Corps. About the time of the withdrawal of our troops to the hill General Hancock arrived, having been sent by General Meade, on hearing of the death of Reynolds, to assume the command of the field till he himself could reach the front. In conjunction with General Howard, General Hancock immediately proceeded to post troops and to repel an attack on our right flank. This attack was feebly made and promptly repulsed. At nightfall, our troops on the hill, who had so gallantly sustained themselves during the toil and peril of the day, were cheered by the arrival of General Slocum with the Twelfth Corps and of General Sickles with a part of the Third.

Such was the fortune of the first day, commencing with decided success to our arms, followed by a check, but ending in the occupation of this all-important position. To you, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg, I need not attempt to portray the anxieties of the ensuing night. Witnessing as you had done with sorrow the withdrawal of our army through your streets, with a considerable loss of prisoners, — mourning as you did over the brave men who had fallen, — shocked with the wide-spread desolation around you, of which the wanton burning of the Harman House had given the signal, — ignorant of the near approach of General Meade, you passed the weary hours of the night in painful expectation.

Long before the dawn of the 2d of July, the new Commander-in-Chief had reached the ever-memorable field of service and glory. Having received intelligence of the events in progress, and informed by the reports of Generals Hancock and Howard of the favorable character of the position, he determined to give battle to the enemy at this point. He accordingly directed the remaining corps of the army to concentrate at Gettysburg with all possible expedition, and breaking up his head-quarters at Taneytown at 10 P. M., he arrived at the front at one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July. Few were the moments given to sleep, during the rapid watches of that brief midsummer's night, by officers or men, though half of our troops were exhausted by the conflict of the day, and the residue wearied by the forced marches which had brought them to the rescue. The full moon, veiled by thin clouds, shone down that night on a strangely unwonted scene. The silence of the graveyard was broken by the heavy tramp of armed men, by the neigh of the war-horse, the harsh rattle of the wheels of artillery hurrying to their stations, and all the indescribable tumult of preparation. The various corps of the army, as they arrived, were moved to their positions, on the spot where we are assembled and the ridges that extend southeast and southwest; batteries were planted, and breastworks thrown up. The Second and Fifth Corps, with the rest of the Third, had reached the ground by seven o'clock, A. M.; but it was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that Sedgwick arrived with the Sixth Corps. He had marched thirty-four miles since nine o'clock on the evening before. It was only on his arrival that the Union army approached an equality of numbers with that of the Rebels, who were posted upon the opposite and parallel ridge, distant from a mile to a mile and a half, overlapping our position on either wing, and probably exceeding by ten thousand the army of General Meade.*

And here I cannot but remark on the providential inaction of the Rebel army. Had the contest been renewed by it at daylight on the 2d of July, with the First and Eleventh Corps exhausted by the battle and the retreat, the Third and Twelfth weary from their forced march, and the Second, Fifth, and Sixth not yet arrived, nothing but a miracle could have saved the army from a great disaster. Instead of this, the day dawned, the sun rose, the cool hours of the morning passed, the forenoon and a considerable part of the afternoon wore away, without the slightest aggressive movement on the part of the enemy. Thus time was given for half of our forces to arrive and take their place in the lines, while the rest of the army enjoyed a much-needed half-day's repose.

At length, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the work of death began. A signal-gun from the hostile batteries was followed by a tremendous cannonade along the Rebel lines, and this by a heavy advance of infantry, brigade after brigade, commencing on the enemy's right against the left of our army, and so onward to the left centre. A forward movement of General Sickles, to gain a commanding position from which to repel the Rebel attack, drew upon him a destructive fire from the enemy's batteries, and a furious assault from Longstreet's and Hill's advancing troops. After a brave resistance on the part of his corps, he was forced back, himself falling severely wounded. This was the critical moment of the second day; but the Fifth and a part of the Sixth Corps, with portions of the First and Second, were promptly brought to the support of the Third. The struggle was fierce and murderous, but by sunset our success was decisive, and the enemy was driven back in confusion. The most important service was rendered toward the close of the day, in the memorable advance between Round Top and Little Round Top, by General Crawford's division of the Fifth Corps, consisting of two brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserves, of which one company was from this town and neighborhood. The Rebel force was driven back with great loss in killed and prisoners. At eight o'clock in the evening a desperate attempt was made by the enemy to storm the position of the Eleventh Corps on Cemetery Hill; but here, too, after a terrible conflict, he was repulsed with immense loss. Ewell, on our extreme right, which had been weakened by the withdrawal of the troops sent over to support our left, had succeeded in gaining a foothold within a portion of our lines, near Spangler's Spring. This was the only advantage obtained by the Rebels to compensate them for the disasters of the day, and of this, as we shall see, they were soon deprived.

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* In the Address as originally prepared, judging from the best sources of information then within my reach, I assumed the equality of the two armies on the 2d and 3d of July. Subsequent inquiry has led me to think that I underrated somewhat the strength of Lee's force at Gettysburg, and I have corrected the text accordingly. General Halleck, however, in his official report accompanying the President's messages, states the armies to have been equal.

Such was the result of the second act of this eventful drama, — a day hard fought, and at one moment anxious, but, with the exception of the slight reverse just named, crowned with dearly earned but uniform success to our arms, auspicious of a glorious termination of the final struggle. On these good omens the night fell.

In the course of the night General Geary returned to his position on the right, from which he had hastened the day before to strengthen the Third Corps. He immediately engaged the enemy, and, after a sharp and decisive action, drove them out of our lines, recovering the ground which had been lost on the preceding day. A spirited contest was kept up all the morning on this part of the line; but General Geary, reinforced by Wheaton's brigade of the Sixth Corps, maintained his position, and inflicted very severe losses on the Rebels.

Such was the cheering commencement of the third day's work, and with it ended all serious attempts of the enemy on our right. As on the preceding day, his efforts were now mainly directed against our left centre and left wing. From eleven till half past one o'clock all was still, — a solemn pause of preparation, as if both armies were nerving themselves for the supreme effort. At length the awful silence, more terrible than the wildest tumult of battle, was broken by the roar of two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery from the opposite ridges, joining in a cannonade of unsurpassed violence, — the Rebel batteries along two thirds of their line pouring their fire upon Cemetery Hill, and the centre and left wing of our army. Having attempted in this way for two hours, but without success, to shake the steadiness of our lines, the enemy rallied his forces for a last grand assault. Their attack was principally directed against the position of our Second Corps. Successive lines of Rebel infantry moved forward with equal spirit and steadiness from their cover on the wooded crest of Seminary Ridge, crossing the intervening plain, and, supported right and left by their choicest brigades, charged furiously up to our batteries. Our own brave troops of the Second Corps, supported by Doubleday's division and Stannard's brigade of the First, received the shock with firmness; the ground on both sides was long and fiercely contested, and was covered with the killed and the wounded; the tide of battle flowed and ebbed across the plain, till, after "a determined and gallant struggle," as it is pronounced by General Lee, the Rebel advance, consisting of two thirds of Hill's corps and the whole of Longstreet's, — including Pickett's division, the *élite* of his corps, which had not yet been under fire, and was now depended upon to decide the fortune of this last eventful day, — was driven back with prodigious slaughter, discomfited and broken. While these events were in progress at our left centre, the enemy was driven, with a considerable loss of prisoners, from a strong position on our extreme left, from which he was annoying our force on Little Round

Top. In the terrific assault on our centre Generals Hancock and Gibbon were wounded. In the Rebel army, Generals Armistead, Kemper, Petigru, and Trimble were wounded, the first named mortally, the latter also made prisoner, General Garnett was killed, and thirty-five hundred officers and men made prisoners.

These were the expiring agonies of the three days' conflict, and with them the battle ceased. It was fought by the Union army with courage and skill, from the first cavalry skirmish on Wednesday morning to the fearful rout of the enemy on Friday afternoon, by every arm and every rank of the service, by officers and men, by cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The superiority of numbers was with the enemy, who were led by the ablest commanders in their service; and if the Union force had the advantage of a strong position, the Confederates had that of choosing time and place, the prestige of former victories over the Army of the Potomac, and of the success of the first day. Victory does not always fall to the lot of those who deserve it; but that so decisive a triumph, under circumstances like these, was gained by our troops, I would ascribe, under Providence, to the spirit of exalted patriotism that animated them, and a consciousness that they were fighting in a righteous cause.

All hope of defeating our army, and securing what General Lee calls "the valuable results" of such an achievement, having vanished, he thought only of rescuing from destruction the remains of his shattered forces. In killed, wounded, and missing he had, as far as can be ascertained, suffered a loss of about 37,000 men, — rather more than a third of the army with which he is supposed to have marched into Pennsylvania. Perceiving that his only safety was in rapid retreat, he commenced withdrawing his troops at daybreak on the 4th, throwing up field-works in front of our left, which, assuming the appearance of a new position, were intended probably to protect the rear of his army in their retreat. That day — sad celebration of the 4th of July for an army of Americans! — was passed by him in hurrying off his trains. By nightfall the main army was in full retreat on the Cashtown and Fairfield roads, and it moved with such precipitation, that, short as the nights were, by daylight the following morning, notwithstanding a heavy rain, the rear-guard had left its position. The struggle of the last two days resembled in many respects the Battle of Waterloo; and if, in the evening of the third day, General Meade, like the Duke of Wellington, had had the assistance of a powerful auxiliary army to take up the pursuit, the rout of the Rebels would have been as complete as that of Napoleon.

Owing to the circumstance just named, the intentions of the enemy were not apparent on the 4th. The moment his retreat was discovered, the following morning, he was pursued by our cavalry on the Cashtown road and through the Emmettsburg and Monterey passes, and by Sedgwick's corps on the Fairfield road. His rear-guard was briskly attacked at Fairfield; a great number of wagons and ambulances were captured in the passes of the mountains; the country swarmed with his stragglers, and his wounded were literally emptied from the vehicles containing them into the farm-houses on the road. General Lee, in his report, makes repeated mention of the Union prisoners whom he conveyed into Virginia, somewhat overstating their number. He states, also, that "such of his wounded as were in a condition to be removed" were forwarded to Williamsport. He does not mention that the number of his wounded *not* removed, and left to the Christian care of the victors, was 7,540, not one of whom failed of any attention which it was possible, under the circumstances of the case, to afford them, not one of whom, certainly, has been put upon Libby Prison fare, — lingering death by starvation. Heaven forbid, however, that we should claim any merit for the exercise of common humanity!

Under the protection of the mountain-ridge, whose narrow passes are easily held even by a retreating army, General Lee reached Williamsport in safety, and took up a strong position opposite to that place. General Meade necessarily pursued with the main army by a flank movement through Middletown, Turner's Pass having been secured by General French. Passing through the South Mountain, the Union army came up with that of the Rebels on the 12th, and found it securely posted on the heights of Marsh Run. The position was reconnoitred, and preparations made for an attack on the 13th. The depth of the river, swollen by the recent rains, authorized the expectation that the enemy would be brought to a general engagement the following day. An advance was accordingly made by General Meade on the morning of the 14th; but it was soon found that the Rebels had escaped in the night, with such haste that Ewell's corps forded the river where the water was breast-high. The cavalry which had rendered the most important services during the three days, and in harassing the enemy's retreat, was now sent in pursuit. and captured two guns and a large number of prisoners. In an action which took place at Falling Waters, General Petigru was mortally wounded. General Meade, in further pursuit of the Rebels, crossed the Potomac at Berlin. Thus again covering the approaches to Washington, he compelled the enemy to pass the Blue Ridge at one of the upper gaps; and in about six weeks from the commencement of the campaign, General Lee found himself again on the south side of the Rappahannock, with the probable loss of about a third part of his army.

Such, most inadequately recounted, is the history of the ever-memorable three days, and of the events immediately preceding and following. It has been pretended, in order to diminish the magnitude of this disaster to the Rebel cause, that it was merely the repulse of an attack on a strongly defended position. The tremendous losses on both sides are a sufficient answer to this misrepresentation, and attest the courage and obstinacy with which the three days' battle was waged. Few of the great conflicts of modern times have cost victors and vanquished so great a sacrifice. On the Union side, there fell, in the whole campaign, of generals killed, Reynolds, Weed, and Zook, and wounded, Barlow, Barnes, Butterfield, Doubleday, Gibbon, Graham, Hancock, Sickles, and Warren; while of officers below the rank of general, and men, there were 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing. On the Confederate side, there were killed on the field or mortally wounded, Generals Armistead, Barksdale, Garnett, Pender, Petigru, and Semmes, and wounded, Heth, Hood, Johnson, Kemper, Kimball, and Trimble. Of officers below the rank of general, and men, there were taken prisoners, including the wounded, 13,621, an amount ascertained officially. Of the wounded in a condition to be removed, of the killed, and the missing, the enemy has made no return. They are estimated, from the best data which the nature of the case admits, at 23,000. General Meade also captured three cannon and forty-one standards; and 24,978 small arms were collected on the battle-field.

I must leave to others, who can do it from personal observation, to describe the mournful spectacle presented by these hillsides and plains at the close of the terrible conflict. It was a saying of the Duke of Wellington, that next to a defeat, the saddest thing is a victory. The horrors of the battle-field, after the contest is over, the sights and sounds of woe, — let me throw a pall over the scene, which no words can adequately depict to those who have not witnessed it, on which no one who has witnessed it, and who has a heart in his bosom, can bear to dwell. One drop of balm alone, one drop of heavenly life-giving balm, mingles in this bitter cup of misery. Scarcely has the cannon ceased to roar, when the brethren and sisters of Christian benevolence, ministers of compassion, angels of pity, hasten to the field and the hospital, to moisten the parched tongue, to bind the ghastly wounds, to soothe the parting agonies alike of friend and foe, and to catch the last whispered messages of love from dying lips. "Carry this miniature back to my dear wife, but do not take it from my bosom till I am gone." "Tell my little sister not to grieve for me; I am willing to die for my country." "O that my mother were here!" When since Aaron stood between the living and the dead was there ever so gracious a ministry as this? It has been said that it is characteristic of Americans to treat women with a deference not paid to them in any other country. I will not undertake to say whether this is so; but I will say, that, since this terrible war has been waged, the women of the loyal States, if never before, have entitled themselves to our highest admiration and gratitude,—alike those who at home, often with fingers unused to the toil, often bowed beneath their own domestic cares, have performed an amount of daily labor not exceeded by those who work for their daily bread, and those who, in the hospital and the tents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, have rendered services which millions could not buy. Happily, the labor and the service are their own reward. Thousands of matrons and thousands of maidens have experienced a delight in these homely toils and services, compared with which the pleasures of the ball-room and the opera-house are tame and unsatisfactory. This on earth is reward enough, but a richer is in store for them. Yes, brothers, sisters of charity, while you bind up the wounds of the poor sufferers,—the humblest, perhaps, that have shed their blood for the country,—forget not Who it is that will hereafter say to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my BRETHREN, ye have done it unto me."

And now, friends, fellow-citizens, as we stand among these honored graves, the momentous question presents itself, Which of the two parties to the war is responsible for all this suffering, for this dreadful sacrifice of life,—the lawful and constituted government of the United States, or the ambitious men who have rebelled against it? I say "rebelled" against it, although Earl Russell, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in his recent temperate and conciliatory speech in Scotland, seems to intimate that no prejudice ought to attach to that word, inasmuch as our English forefathers rebelled against Charles I. and James II., and our American fathers rebelled against George III. These certainly are venerable precedents, but they prove only that it is just and proper to rebel against oppressive governments. They do not prove that it was just and proper for the son of James II. to rebel against George I., or his grandson Charles Edward to rebel against George II.; nor, as it seems to me, ought these dynastic struggles, little better than family quarrels, to be compared with this monstrous conspiracy against the American Union. These precedents do not prove that it was just and proper for the "disappointed great men" of the cotton-growing States to rebel against "the most beneficent government of which history gives us any account," as the Vice-President of the Confederacy, in November, 1860, charged them with doing. They do not create a presumption even in favor of the disloyal slaveholders of the South, who, living under a government of which Mr. Jefferson Davis, in the session of 1860–61, said that it was "the best government ever instituted by man, unexceptionably administered, and under which the people have been prosperous beyond comparison with any other people whose career has been recorded in history," rebelled against it because their aspiring politicians, himself among the rest, were in danger of losing their monopoly of its offices. What would have been thought by an impartial posterity of the American rebellion against George III., if the colonists had at all times been more than equally represented in Parliament, and James Otis and Patrick Henry and Washington and Franklin and the Adamses and Hancock and Jefferson, and men of their stamp, had for two generations enjoyed the confidence of the sovereign and administered the government of the empire? What would have been thought of the rebellion against Charles I., if Cromwell and the men of his school had been the responsible advisers of that prince from his accession to the throne, and then, on account of a partial change in the ministry, had brought his head to the block, and involved the country in a desolating war, for the sake of dismembering it and establishing a new government south of the Trent? What would have been thought of the Whigs of 1688, if they had themselves composed the cabinet of James II., and been the advisers of the measures and the promoters of the policy which drove him into exile? The Puritans of 1640 and the Whigs of 1688 rebelled against arbitrary power in order to establish constitutional liberty. If they had risen against Charles and James because those monarchs favored equal rights, and in order themselves "for the first time in the history of the world" to establish an oligarchy "founded on the corner-stone of slavery," they would truly have furnished a precedent for the Rebels of the South, but their cause would not have been sustained by the eloquence of Pym or of Somers, nor sealed with the blood of Hampden or Russell.

I call the war which the Confederates are waging against the Union a "rebellion," because it is one, and in grave matters it is best to call things by their right names. I speak of it as a crime, because the Constitution of the United States so regards it, and puts "rebellion" on a par with "invasion." The constitution and law, not only of England, but of every civilized country, regard them in the same light; or rather they consider the rebel in arms as far worse than the alien enemy. To levy war against the United States is the constitutional definition of treason, and that crime is by every civilized government regarded as the highest which citizen or subject can commit. Not content with the sanctions of human justice, of all the crimes against the law of the land it is singled out for the denunciations of religion. The litanies in every church in Christendom whose ritual embraces that office, as far as I am aware, from the metropolitan cathedrals of Europe to the humblest missionary chapel in the islands of the sea, concur with the Church of England in imploring the Sovereign of the universe, by the most awful adjurations which the heart of man can conceive or his tongue utter, to deliver us from "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion." And reason good; for while a rebellion against tyranny — a rebellion designed, after prostrating arbitrary power, to establish free government on the basis of justice and truth — is an enterprise on which good men and angels may look with complacency, an unprovoked rebellion of ambitious men against a beneficent government, for the purpose — the avowed purpose — of establishing, extending, and perpetuating any form of injustice and wrong, is an imitation on earth of that first foul revolt of "the Infernal Serpent," against which the Supreme Majesty of heaven sent forth the armed myriads of his angels, and clothed the right arm of his Son with the three-bolted thunders of omnipotence.

Lord Bacon, in "the true marshalling of the sovereign degrees of honor," assigns the first place to "the *Conditores Imperiorum*, founders of States and Commonwealths"; and, truly, to build up from the discordant elements of our nature the passions, the interests, and the opinions of the individual man, the rivalries of family, clan, and tribe, the influences of climate and geographical position, the accidents of peace and war accumulated for ages, — to build up from these oftentimes warring elements a well-compacted, prosperous, and powerful State, if it were to be accomplished by one effort or in one generation would require a more than mortal skill. To contribute in some notable degree to this, the greatest work of man, by wise and patriotic counsel in peace and loyal heroism in war, is as high as human merit can well rise, and far more than to any of those to whom Bacon assigns this highest place of honor, whose names can hardly be repeated without a wondering smile, —Romulus, Cyrus, Cæsar, Othman, Ismael, — is it due to our Washington as the founder of the American Union. But if to achieve or help to achieve this greatest work of man's wisdom and virtue gives title to a place among the chief benefactors, rightful heirs of the benedictions, of mankind, by equal reason shall the bold bad men who seek to undo the noble work, *Eversores Imperiorum*, destroyers of States, who for base and selfish ends rebel against beneficent governments, seek to overturn wise constitutions, to lay powerful republican Unions at the foot of foreign thrones, to bring on civil and foreign war, anarchy at home, dictation abroad, desolation, ruin, — by equal reason, I say, yes, a thousand-fold stronger, shall they inherit the execrations of the ages.

But to hide the deformity of the crime under the cloak of that sophistry which strives to make the worse appear the better reason, we are told by the leaders of the Rebellion that in our complex system of government the separate States are "sovereigns," and that the central power is only an "agency," established by these sovereigns to manage certain little affairs, — such, forsooth, as Peace, War, Army, Navy, Finance, Territory, and Relations with the Native Tribes, which they could not so conveniently administer themselves. It happens, unfortunately for this theory, that the Federal Constitution (which has been adopted by the people of every State of the Union as much as their own State constitutions have been adopted, and is declared to be paramount to them) nowhere recognizes the States as "sovereigns," — in fact, that, by their names, it does not recognize them at all; while the authority established by that instrument is recognized, in its text, not as an "agency," but as "the Government of the United States." By that Constitution, moreover, which purports in its preamble to be ordained and established by "the people of the United States," it is expressly provided, that "the members of the State legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support the Constitution." Now it is a common thing, under all governments, for an agent to be bound by oath to be faithful to his sovereign; but I never heard before of sovereigns being bound by oath to be faithful to their agency.

Certainly I do not deny that the separate States are clothed with sovereign powers for the administration of local affairs. It is one of the most beautiful features of our mixed system of government; but it is equally true, that, in adopting the Federal Constitution, the States abdicated, by express renunciation, all the most important functions of national sovereignty, and, by one comprehensive self-denying clause, gave up all right to contravene the Constitution of the United States. Specifically, and by enumeration, they renounced all the most important prerogatives of independent States for peace and for war, — the right to keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, or to engage in war unless actually invaded; to enter into compact with another State or a foreign power; to lay any duty on tonnage, or any impost on exports or imports, without the consent of Congress; to enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; to grant letters of marque or reprisal, and to emit bills of credit, — while all these powers and many others are expressly vested in the general government. To ascribe to political communities, thus limited in their jurisdiction, — who cannot even establish a post-office on their own soil, — the character of independent sovereignty, and to reduce a national organization, clothed with all the transcendent powers of government, to the name and condition of an "agency" of the States, proves nothing but that the logic of secession is on a par with its loyalty and patriotism.

O, but "the reserved rights"! And what of the reserved rights? The tenth amendment of the Constitution, supposed to provide for "reserved rights," is constantly misquoted. By that amendment, "the *powers* not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The "powers" reserved must of course be such as could have been, but were not delegated to the United States, — could have been, but were not prohibited to the States; but to speak of the *right* of an *individual* State to secede, as a *power* that could have been, though it was not delegated to the *United States*, is simple nonsense.

But waiving this obvious absurdity, can it need a serious argument to prove that there can be no State right to enter into a new confederation reserved under a Constitution which expressly prohibits a State to "enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation," or any "agreement or compact with another State or a foreign power"? To say that the State may, by enacting the preliminary farce of secession, acquire the right to do the prohibited things, — to say, for instance, that though the States in forming the Constitution delegated to the United States, and prohibited to themselves, the power of declaring war, there was by implication reserved to each State the right of seceding and then declaring war; that, though they expressly prohibited to the States and delegated to the United States the entire treaty-making power, they reserved by implication (for an express reservation is not pretended) to the individual States, to Florida, for instance, the right to secede, and then to make a treaty with Spain retroceding that Spanish colony, and thus surrendering to a foreign power the key to the Gulf of Mexico, — to maintain propositions like these, with whatever affected seriousness it is done, appears to me egregious trifling.

Pardon me, my friends, for dwelling on these wretched sophistries. But it is these which conducted the armed hosts of rebellion to your doors on the terrible and glorious days of July, and which have brought upon the whole land the scourge of an aggressive and wicked war, — a war which can have no other termination compatible with the permanent safety and welfare of the country but the complete destruction of the military power of the enemy. I have, on other occasions, attempted to show that to yield to his demands and acknowledge his independence, thus resolving the Union at once into two hostile governments, with a certainty of further disintegration, would annihilate the strength and the influence of the country as a member of the family of nations; afford to foreign powers the opportunity and the temptation for humiliating and disastrous interference in our affairs; wrest from the Middle and Western States some of their great natural outlets to the sea and of their most important lines of internal communication; deprive the commerce and navigation of the country of two thirds of our sea-coast and of the fortresses which protect it: not only so, but would enable each individual State, — some of them with a white population equal to a good-sized Northern county, — or rather the dominant party in each State, to cede its territory, its harbors, its fortresses, the mouths of its rivers, to any foreign power. It cannot be that the people of the loyal States — that twenty-two millions of brave and prosperous freemen — will, for the temptation of a brief truce in an eternal border-war, consent to this hideous national suicide.

Do not think that I exaggerate the consequences of yielding to the demands of the leaders of the Rebellion. I understate them. They require of us, not only all the sacrifices I have named, not only the cession to them, a foreign and hostile power, of all the territory of the United States at present occupied by the Rebel forces, but the abandonment to them of the vast regions we have rescued from their grasp, — of Maryland, of a part of Eastern Virginia and the whole of Western Virginia; the sea-coast of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri; Arkansas, and the larger portion of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, — in most of which, with the exception of lawless guerillas, there is not a Rebel in arms, in all of which the great majority of the people are loyal to the Union. We must give back, too, the helpless colored population, thousands of whom are perilling their lives in the ranks of our armies, to a bondage rendered tenfold more bitter by the momentary enjoyment of freedom. Finally, we must surrender every man in the Southern country, white or black, who has moved a finger or spoken a word for the restoration of the Union, to a reign of terror as remorseless as that of Robespierre, which has been the chief instrument by which the Rebellion has been organized and sustained, and which has already filled the prisons of the South with noble men, whose only crime is that they are not the worst of criminals. The South is full of such men. I do not believe there has been a day since the election of President Lincoln, when, if an ordinance of secession could have been fairly submitted, after a free discussion, to the mass of the people in any single Southern State, a majority of ballots would have been given in its favor. No, not in South Carolina. It is not possible that the majority of the people, even of that State, if permitted, without fear or favor, to give a ballot on the question, would have abandoned a leader like Petigru, and all the memories of the Gadsdens, the Rutledges, and the Cotesworth Pinckneys of the Revolutionary and Constitutional age to follow the agitators of the present day.

Nor must we be deterred from the vigorous prosecution of the war by the suggestion, continually thrown out by the Rebels and those who sympathize with them, that, however it might have been at an earlier stage, there has been engendered by the operations of the war a state of exasperation and bitterness, which, independent of all reference to the original nature of the matters in controversy, will forever prevent the restoration of the Union, and the return of harmony between the two great sections of the country. This opinion I take to be entirely without foundation.

No man can deplore more than I do the miseries of every kind unavoidably incident to war. Who could stand on this spot and call to mind the scenes of the first days of July with any other feeling? A sad foreboding of what would ensue, if war should break out between North and South, has haunted me through life, and led me, perhaps too long, to tread in the path of hopeless compromise, in the fond endeavor to conciliate those who were predetermined not to be conciliated. But it is not true, as is pretended by the Rebels and their sympathizers, that the war has been carried on by the United States without entire regard to those temperaments which are enjoined by the law of nations, by our modern civilization, and by the spirit of Christianity. It would be quite easy to point out, in the recent military history of the leading European powers, acts of violence and cruelty, in the prosecution of their wars, to which no parallel can be found among us. In fact, when we consider the peculiar bitterness with which civil wars are almost invariably waged, we may justly boast of the manner in which the United States have carried on the contest. It is of course impossible to prevent the lawless acts of stragglers and deserters, or the occasional unwarrantable proceedings of subordinates on distant stations; but I do not believe there is, in all history, the record of a civil war of such gigantic dimensions where so little has been done in the spirit of vindictiveness as in this war, by the Government and commanders of the United States; and this notwithstanding the provocation given by the Rebel Government by assuming the responsibility of wretches like Quantrell, refusing quarter to colored troops, and scourging and selling into slavery free colored men from the North who fall into their hands, by covering the sea with pirates, refusing a just exchange of prisoners, while they crowd their armies with paroled prisoners not exchanged, and starving prisoners of war to death.

In the next place, if there are any present who believe, that, in addition to the effect of the military operations of the war, the confiscation acts and emancipation proclamations have embittered the Rebels beyond the possibility of reconciliation, I would request them to reflect that the tone of the Rebel leaders and Rebel press was just as bitter in the first months of the war, nay, before a gun was fired, as it is now. There were speeches made in Congress in the very last session before the outbreak of the Rebellion, so ferocious as to show that their authors were under the influence of a real frenzy. At the present day, if there is any discrimination made by the Confederate press in the affected scorn, hatred, and contumely with which every shade of opinion and sentiment in the loyal States is treated, the bitterest contempt is bestowed upon those at the North who still speak the language of compromise, and who condemn those measures of the administration which are alleged to have rendered the return of peace hopeless.

No, my friends, that gracious Providence which overrules all things for the best, "from seeming evil still educing good," has so constituted our natures, that the violent excitement of the passions in one direction is generally followed by a reaction in an opposite direction, and the sooner for the violence. If it were not so, if injuries inflicted and retaliated of necessity led to new retaliations, with forever accumulating compound interest of revenge, then the world, thousands of years ago, would have been turned into an earthly hell, and the nations of the earth would have been resolved into clans of furies and demons, each forever warring with his neighbor. But it is not so; all history teaches a different lesson. The Wars of the Roses in England lasted an entire generation, from the battle of St. Albans in 1455 to that of Bosworth Field in 1485. Speaking of the former, Hume says: "This was the first blood spilt in that fatal quarrel, which was not finished in less than a course of thirty years; which was signalized by twelve pitched battles; which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty; is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood; and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England. The strong attachments which, at that time, men of the same kindred bore to each other, and the vindictive spirit which was considered a point of honor, rendered the great families implacable in their resentments, and widened every moment the breach between the parties." Such was the state of things in England under which an entire generation grew up; but when Henry VII., in whom the titles of the two houses were united, went up to London after the Battle of Bosworth Field, to mount the throne, he was everywhere received with joyous acclamations, "as one ordained and sent from heaven to put an end to the dissensions" which had so long afflicted the country.

The great Rebellion in England of the seventeenth century, after long and angry premonitions, may be said to have begun with the calling of the Long Parliament in 1640, and to have ended with the return of Charles II. in 1660, — twenty years of discord, conflict, and civil war; of confiscation, plunder, havoc; a proud hereditary peerage trampled in the dust; a national church overturned, its clergy beggared, its most eminent prelate put to death; a military despotism established on the ruins of a monarchy which had subsisted seven hundred years, and the legitimate sovereign brought to the block; the great families which adhered to the king proscribed, impoverished, ruined; prisoners of war — a fate worse than starvation in Libby — sold to slavery in the West Indies; in a word, everything that can embitter and madden contending factions. Such was the state of things for twenty years; and yet, by no gentle transition, but suddenly, and "when the restoration of affairs appeared most hopeless," the son of the beheaded sovereign was brought back to his father's blood-stained throne, with such "unexpressible and universal joy" as led the merry monarch to exclaim "he doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody who did not protest he had ever wished for his return." "In this wonderful manner," says Clarendon, "and with this incredible expedition, did God put an end to a rebellion that had raged near twenty years, and had been carried on with all the horrid circumstances of murder, devastation, and parricide, that fire and sword, in the hands of the most wicked men in the world" (it is a royalist that is speaking) "could be instruments of, almost to the desolation of two kingdoms, and the exceeding defacing and deforming of the third. . . . . By these remarkable steps did the merciful hand of God, in this short space of time, not only bind up and heal all those wounds, but even made the scar as undiscernible as, in respect of the deepness, was possible, which was a glorious addition to the deliverance."

In Germany, the wars of the Reformation and of Charles V. in the sixteenth century, the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, the Seven Years' War in the eighteenth century, not to speak of other less celebrated contests, entailed upon that country all the miseries of intestine strife for more than three centuries. At the close of the last-named war, — which was the shortest of all and waged in the most civilized age, — "an officer," says Archenholz, "rode through seven villages in Hesse, and found in them but one human being." More than three hundred principalities, comprehended in the Empire, fermented with the fierce passions of proud and petty States; at the commencement of this period the castles of robber counts frowned upon every hill-top; a dreadful secret tribunal, whose seat no one knew, whose power none could escape, froze the hearts of men with terror throughout the land; religious hatred mingled its bitter poison in the seething caldron of provincial animosity: but of all these deadly enmities between the States of Germany scarcely the memory remains. There are controversies in that country, at the present day, but they grow mainly out of the rivalry of the two leading powers. There is no country in the world in which the sentiment of national brotherhood is stronger.

In Italy, on the breaking up of the Roman Empire, society might be said to be resolved into its original elements, — into hostile atoms, whose only movement was that of mutual repulsion. Ruthless barbarians had destroyed the old organizations, and covered the land with a merciless feudalism. As the new civilization grew up, under the wing of the

Church, the noble families and the walled towns fell madly into conflict with each other; the secular feud of Pope and Emperor scourged the land; province against province, city against city, street against street, waged remorseless war with each other from father to son, till Dante was able to fill his imaginary hell with the real demons of Italian history. So ferocious had the factions become, that the great poet-exile himself, the glory of his native city and of his native language, was, by a decree of the municipality, condemned to be burned alive if found in the city of Florence. But these deadly feuds and hatreds yielded to political influences, as the hostile cities were grouped into States under stable governments; the lingering traditions of the ancient animosities gradually died away, and now Tuscan and Lombard, Sardinian and Neapolitan, as if to shame the degenerate sons of America, are joining in one cry for a united Italy.

In France, not to go back to the civil wars of the League in the sixteenth century and of the Fronde in the seventeenth; not to speak of the dreadful scenes throughout the kingdom which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes; we have, in the great revolution which commenced at the close of the last century, seen the bloodhounds of civil strife let loose as rarely before in the history of the world. The reign of terror established at Paris stretched its bloody Briarean arms to every city and village in the land; and if the most deadly feuds which ever divided a people had the power to cause permanent alienation and hatred, this surely was the occasion. But far otherwise the fact. In seven years from the fall of Robespierre, the strong arm of the youthful conqueror brought order out of this chaos of crime and woe; Jacobins whose hands were scarcely cleansed from the best blood of France met the returning emigrants, whose estates they had confiscated and whose kindred they had dragged to the guillotine, in the Imperial antechambers; and when, after another turn of the wheel of fortune, Louis XVIII. was restored to his throne, he took the regicide Fouché, who had voted for his brother's death, to his cabinet and confidence.

The people of loyal America will never ask you, sir, to take to your confidence or admit again to a share in the government the hard-hearted men whose cruel lust of power has brought this desolating war upon the land, but there is no personal bitterness felt even against them. They may live, if they can bear to live after wantonly causing the death of so many thousands of their fellow-men; they may live in safe obscurity beneath the shelter of the government they have sought to overthrow, or they may fly to the protection of the governments of Europe, — some of them are already there, seeking, happily in vain, to obtain the aid of foreign powers in furtherance of their own treason. There let them stay. The humblest dead soldier, that lies cold and stiff in his grave before us, is an object of envy beneath the clods that cover him, in comparison with the living man, I care not with what trumpery credentials he may be furnished, who is willing to grovel at the foot of a foreign throne for assistance in compassing the ruin of his country.

But the hour is coming and now is, when the power of the leaders of the Rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal war for the wretched pretexts by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as one People, — a substantial community of origin, language, belief, and law (the four great ties that hold the societies of men together); common national and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geographical features of the country; the mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate, and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products, while the wonder-working arm of the engineer has levelled the mountain-walls which separate the East and West, compelling your own Alleghanies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot-wheels of traffic and travel, — these bonds of union are of perennial force and energy, while the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious, and transient. The heart of the People, North and South, is for the Union. Indications, too plain to be mistaken, announce the fact, both in the East and the West of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and Arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. When its rifled cannon shall begin to roar, the hosts of treasonable sophistry — the mad delusions of the day — will fly like the Rebel army through the passes of yonder mountain. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag again floating upon their capitols, and they sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity, and happiness which they enjoyed under a government whose power was felt only in its blessings.

And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remoter States, let me again, as we part, invoke your benediction on these honored graves. You feel, though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country, that the men of the East and the men of the West, the men of nineteen sister States, stood side by side, on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side, till a clarion, louder than that which marshalled them to the combat, shall awake their slumbers. God bless the Union; — it is dearer to us for the blood of brave men which has been shed in its defence. The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and, while he gave up his own life, assured by his forethought and self-sacrifice the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks in after-times the wondering ploughman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; Seminary Ridge, the Peach-Orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous, — no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten. "The whole earth," said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens, who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian War, — "the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men." All time, he might have added, is the millennium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States, their officers and men, to the warmest thanks and the richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr-heroes, that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country there will be no brighter page than that which relates THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

AID TO EAST TENNESSEE.*

Fellow-Citizens: —

We have come together for the grateful purpose of tendering a most cordial welcome to our honored guest, Colonel N. G. Taylor of East Tennessee; and the pleasing duty has devolved upon me of introducing him to the Union-loving men of Boston, assembled in Faneuil Hall. I bid him a hearty welcome in your name. To introduce him, however, is wholly superfluous. Many of you have already heard him, and, as a matter of course, you desire to hear him again; all of you have heard of him, and, as a matter of course, you wish to hear from him. It is therefore as unnecessary as it would be unbecoming, in his presence, to dwell upon his titles to your respectful attention; but, in addition to all his personal claims upon our sympathy, you will "hear him for his cause," — the cause, not simply of the Union, to which we are all devoted, but of faithful Union men, who, from the outbreak of the Rebellion, have stood in the post of danger, on whom the storm of war first broke, and on whom, from that day to this, it has beat with its wildest fury. At this distance from the seat of war, we hear only the far-off roar of the tempest; but all its waves and billows have gone over the devoted region for which our honored guest comes to plead.

And a more interesting region, or one better entitled to our most active sympathy, is not to be found within the limits of the United States. Forming a part of the noble State of Tennessee, it is, in many respects, a State of itself, and not a small one either. It consists of the broad valley of the magnificent river which traverses it from northeast to southwest, three hundred miles in length, and with a varying width of from fifty to seventy-five miles; and of the slopes of the mountains (which separate it on the north from Kentucky, on the southwest from Middle Tennessee, and on the southeast from North Carolina and Georgia), a beautiful valley, between beautiful enclosing hills, fertile, many of them, to their summits; sparkling with a hundred tributaries to the noble stream which forms its principal feature.

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* Remarks at a meeting in Faneuil Hall, 10th February, 1864.

That river, fellow-citizens, is, in some respects, one of the most remarkable on the continent. Its northern affluents rise in the State of Virginia, but, as if to read a lesson of Union in the very face of the soil, — as if to prop the fabric of the Union by the eternal buttresses of the hills, — instead of flowing to the Atlantic, like the other rivers of Virginia, it gathers up the waters of its tributary streams, — Clinch and Holston and French Broad, — and, connecting Virginia and the Carolinas with East Tennessee, flows southward down to the northwestern corner of Georgia. There, after kissing the feet of the glorious hills of Chattanooga, instead of flowing to the Gulf, — its seeming natural direction, — it coquets with Northern Alabama, breaks into the Muscle Shoals, plants Decatur at their head, and Florence at their feet, and then, sweeping back to its native North, traverses the entire width of Tennessee a second time, — seemingly running up hill, for while it is flowing northward, the Mississippi, parallel to it, and at no great distance, is rolling its floods southward, — enters the State of Kentucky, and empties at last into the Ohio, fifty miles above its junction with the Mississippi, — thus binding seven States in its silver circuit, and connecting them all with the great central basin of the continent. The soil of Eastern Tennessee is rich, the mountains are filled with coal and almost every variety of ore; their slopes bubble with mineral springs; the climate is temperate and healthful; the territory mainly divided into farms of a moderate size, for the most part tilled by frugal, industrious men, who own the soil which yields them its well-earned abundance. In no part of the State are there so few slaves; in none is there a more substantial population; in no part of the South is the slave interest so feeble. East Tennessee greatly resembles the lower ranges and fertile valleys of Switzerland, and it has been often called the American Switzerland. It is divided into thirty counties, and its population does not, I think, fall short of three hundred thousand souls. My friend, Colonel Taylor, nods assent.

But this grand valley, with the hills that enclose it, possesses an interest for us far beyond that which attaches to their geographical features, merely as such. It is one of the most important links in that chain of valley and mountain which traverses the entire North American continent, from northeast to southwest, separating the streams which flow into the Atlantic from those which seek the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. Forcing its way down into the heart of the region whose alluvial plains are devoted to the culture of tobacco, cotton, rice, and sugar, by slave-labor, this ridge of highlands, with the valleys embosomed in them, from the time you leave the State of Pennsylvania, begins to assume the highest political importance in reference to the present stupendous struggle. Extending to the southwest as far as Northern Alabama, this noble mountain tract, with the valleys enclosed in its parallel and transverse ridges, is, by the character of its climate, soil, and natural productions, the natural ally of the North. Here, if nowhere else, we may truly say, with the German poet,

> "Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit; der Hauch der Grüfte
> Steigt nicht hinauf in die reinen Lüfte."

That means

> On the mountains is Freedom; the breath of the vales
> Rises not up to the pure mountain gales.

Overrun, it may be, by the armed forces of the Rebellion, all the sympathies and attachments of this region are with the loyal States. While the aristocracy of the southeastern counties of that State were chanting "My Maryland," the farmers of the western counties (in Cumberland

Valley) shouted back, "No, it's our Maryland." Western Virginia, a portion of the same grand chain of mountain and valley, is as loyal as Massachusetts. Then comes Western North Carolina, and still more Eastern Tennessee, the home of our honored guest, and of as true-hearted, loyal, Union-loving a population as there is on the continent. As far down as Northern Alabama the mountain district is filled with Union sentiment. It was with the greatest difficulty that it was engineered into secession. As to East Tennessee, when an election was ordered by the disloyal governor of Tennessee, in that dark winter of February, 1861, to see if the State was willing to hold a convention for the purpose of seceding, there were 7,500 votes for the convention, and 34,000 — nearly five to one — against it. This circumstance, when the treason of the cotton-growing States was consummated, marked out East Tennessee for the peculiar vengeance of the leaders of the Rebellion. I will not anticipate what will be so much better set forth by our honored guest. It is enough to say, that, in addition to all the sufferings of regular warfare, the Union-loving inhabitants of East Tennessee have been the victims of lawless outrages and cruelties, of which the narrative curdles the blood.

Leaving all further detail to him, I will only recall to your recollection the letter of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin (at that time the Rebel Secretary of War) of the 25th November, 1861. It will be remembered that, at this period of the war, the Government had been unable to send any aid to the loyal men of East Tennessee. It was before the glorious days of Grant at Chattanooga and Burnside at Knoxville. Thrown upon their own resources, they naturally sought to save themselves from being overrun, by destroying the bridges on the chief lines of communication. One would suppose that, under the usurped rule of men who professed to go to war for self-government and State rights, the people of Eastern Tennessee, if for any reason they thought fit to do so, had a right to burn their own bridges without asking leave of the Rebel cabal at Richmond. But Mr. Jefferson Davis, a Mississippi planter, and Mr. J. P. Benjamin, a lawyer of New Orleans, thought otherwise. They not only denied the right of the farmers of East Tennessee to burn their own bridges, but they undertook to outlaw the great majority of the population of that region, five to one faithful Union men, denouncing them as traitors, because they refused to commit treason. To show you how the friends and neighbors of our honored guest have been treated, let me read you that letter of the New Orleans lawyer, who was under oath himself to support the Constitution of the United States.

War Department, Richmond, Nov. 25, 1861.

Colonel W. B. Wood: — Sir, — Your report of the 20th instant is received, and I now proceed to give you the desired instruction in relation to the prisoners of war taken by you among the *traitors* of East Tennessee.

First. All such as can be identified as having been engaged in bridge-burning are to be tried summarily by *drum-head court-martial*, and, if found guilty, *executed on the spot, by hanging. It would be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burnt bridges.*

Second. All such as have not been so engaged are to be treated as prisoners of war, and sent, with an armed guard, to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, there to be kept imprisoned at the depot selected by the government for prisoners of war.

Whenever you can discover that arms are concentrated by these traitors, you will send out detachments, search for and seize the arms. *In no case is one of the men known to have been up in arms against the government to be released on any pledge or oath of allegiance.* The time for such measures is past. They are all to be held as prisoners of war, AND HELD IN JAIL TILL THE END OF THE WAR. Such as come in voluntarily, take the oath of allegiance, and surrender their arms, are alone to be treated with leniency.

Your vigilant execution of these orders is earnestly urged by the government.

Your obedient servant,
J. P. Benjamin, *Secretary of War.*

Colonel W. B. Wood, Knoxville, Tenn.

P. S. — Judge Patterson (Andy Johnson's son-in-law), Colonel Pickens,* and other ringleaders of the same class, must be sent at once to Tuscaloosa to jail, as prisoners of war.

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* Colonel Pickens died in the Confederate prison at Tuscaloosa.

Such was the atrocious letter of the Rebel Secretary of War; such the treatment to which the Union men of East Tennessee have been subjected.

But I am encroaching on the time that belongs to our honored guest. I will only add, fellow-citizens, that our brethren of East Tennessee are fighting our battles as well as their own, on their blood-stained soil. It is our cause as much as theirs in which they have suffered the most cruel persecution; and however largely, however promptly your relief may be extended to them, it will come too late, I fear, to rescue some of them from the horrors of starvation. This must not be. If the Union means anything, it means not merely political connection and commercial intercourse, but to bear each other's burdens, and to share each other's sacrifices; it means active sympathy and mutual love.

THE NAVY IN THE WAR.*

GENTLEMEN: —

I PERFORM a very grateful duty in rising, on your behalf, to tender a most respectful and cordial welcome to the honored guests of the evening, the members of the Naval Committee and of other committees of the House of Representatives, and other distinguished gentlemen who have accompanied them. They come to us, some of them, from distant parts of the country, with the strongest titles to our hospitable attentions. The circumstance that our own worthy fellow-citizen, and one of our immediate representatives (Mr. Rice), has the honor to be its chairman, forms a sort of personal connection between the Naval Committee and the city of Boston; while the vast importance of the branch of the public service referred to its action is a sufficient warrant that it must be composed of gentlemen of recognized intelligence, capacity, and high position in the House and in the country. As such we rejoice in the opportunity of paying our respects personally to them and the gentlemen accompanying them, regretting only that the brevity of their visit prevents our cultivating their acquaintance as we could wish, and doing the honors of the city at greater leisure and to better advantage. They will, however, have stayed long enough, brief as their visit is, to discover that the branch of the public service committed to them is in high favor with Bostonians, and has been at least as far back as when the keel of Old Ironsides was laid down in Hartt's shipyard.

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* Remarks in the chair at the complimentary dinner to the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, at the Revere House in Boston, 12th March, 1864.

Essentially a commercial and navigating people, largely concerned from time immemorial in the deep-water fisheries, occupying a primitive coast, and a bold, rocky shore, filled with noble bays and harbors, the inhabitants of this part of the country have always been familiar with maritime adventure and with the naval prowess of which it is the school.

It may truly be said of a considerable portion of our population, as much as of any other people in the world, that

> "Their march is on the mountain wave,
> Their home is on the deep."

Even before the Revolution, and when the commerce of the Colonies was subject to the restrictions of the colonial system, our people pursued with great eagerness every branch of navigating enterprise which the laws of the mother country permitted. Our harbors were a favorite recruiting-ground for the Royal Navy, and impressment often came in aid of volunteering. The moment the colonial restrictions were removed by the establishment of Independence, our people launched into a course of maritime adventure which knew no limits but those of the terraqueous globe. They penetrated the Baltic, and even looked into Archangel; they opened a trade with India and China, hitherto and long after monopolized in Europe by great chartered companies; they doubled Cape Horn, collected sandal-wood from the Sandwich Islands and sea-otter skins from the Northwest Coast, to be exchanged at Canton for teas, silks, and earthen-ware. These enterprises required something more than the skill of the tradesman. If the early life of our lately deceased and honored townsman, Mr. William Sturgis, were recorded, it would exhibit traits of daring that would do credit to any officer in our naval service. Our intelligent commanders in those distant seas combined the explorer with the shipmaster. Admiral Vancouver, though expressly bound on a voyage of discovery in the Pacific, passed the mouth of the Columbia River more than once without perceiving its existence, as the old Spanish navigators had also failed to do. Captain Gray, of this town, in the ship Columbia, had previously entered the river and given it the name of his own vessel. He kindly piloted Admiral Vancouver into it; and when the controversy afterwards arose between England and the United States as to their respective claims upon the coast, the British Government founded their pretensions, in part, on Admiral Vancouver's *discovery*. Mr. Webster used to mention, by way of showing the familiarity of a portion of our population with these remote seas, that he was once arguing a case before a jury in Nantucket, which turned, to some extent, upon the precise localities of the harbor of Honolulu. By way of strengthening the evidence which had been submitted on that point, he requested such of the jury as happened to be acquainted with the spot to rise in their seats. Five of the jury, if I recollect aright, responded to the call.

But, gentlemen, it is not exclusively nor mainly these commercial associations which have led our people to cherish a navy. They have felt that those great natural powers,—the world-surrounding ocean, its shores and its depths, its harbors and its boundless pathways, the winds that sweep its surface, the currents which obey their impulse, the living tribes which swarm upon its shoals or wallow in its abysses, were intended by a Gracious Providence to rank high among the materials of that greatest creation of the wisdom of man, a civilized Commonwealth. They have deduced from all history, ancient and modern, they have inherited with the primal traditions of the mother country, the vital truth, that for territory situated on the seaboard, naval skill and strength are the indispensable condition of national independence, safety, and power; a truth, by the way, enough of itself to show the madness of the South in attempting to sever her connection with a great naval power, with the inevitable effect, if she could succeed in the suicidal attempt, of placing her own coasts, harbors, and the mouths of her rivers at the mercy of every foreign power able to keep a few war steamers at sea. The patriots of the Revolution, South as well as North, saw this. Mr. Edward Rutledge told his fellow-citizens of South Carolina that "they had no other resource, in time of danger, than the naval force of our Northern friends." It has been so from the dawn of history. It was a navy which enabled a little city of Greece to beat back the barbarous hordes of the East. It was a navy which enabled Carthage so long to dispute the progress of the Romans to universal dominion. It was a navy — nay, it was one naval battle — which gave Augustus the Empire of the world; a navy which carried the Northmen from the polar circle to the coasts of France, to Sicily, and Constantinople; and which made Venice and Genoa, alternately, the mistresses of the Mediterranean and the Levant, and, through them, of the commerce of the East. It was their navies which, in the dawn of the modern political system of Europe, put it in the power of Spain and little Portugal to divide between them, like the two halves of an orange, no small part of the newly discovered world. It was her naval strength which prevented England from being crushed in the Titanic struggle with Spain in the sixteenth century; by which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, she laid the foundation of her vast colonial empire on this continent, in India, and Australia; and by which, even now, she belts the globe with the sovereign girdle of her dependencies.

But why cite ancient or foreign examples? In the infancy of our little navy, under the guidance of the veteran Preble, it broke the power of one of the Barbary Regencies, and led the way to the abolition of the shameful tribute, by which the great states of Christendom had so long purchased peace from those contemptible pirates. I saw him on the quarter-deck of the Constitution the day before she sailed (I, a lad of nine years), and never did my eye rest on a nobler figure of a man. An expression of mingled gentleness, dignity, and courage sat upon his brow, which produced, even on the mind of a child, an impression which, after sixty years, is as fresh as yesterday. In the war of 1812, our navy, still in its infancy, with its half-dozen "fir frigates," as they were scornfully termed by the British minister (they happened to be built of the best of seasoned live-oak), boldly entered the lists with the mistress of the seas, and bore away the palm from many a gallant encounter. Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, Rogers, Downes, McDonough, Perry, Stewart, — what naval service is adorned with brighter names! From this time forward America takes her stand as one of the great naval powers of the earth.

The outbreak of the Rebellion, however, found our navy on a peace establishment; far below the wants of the country, even in time of peace, — many of the vessels old and useless, nearly all sailing ships, few war steamers, no ironclads, the force greatly scattered, two hundred and seven seamen only in all the navy-yards of the United States to protect the government property; and ordnance and ordnance stores in sad proportion to the number and quality of the vessels. With these wretchedly inadequate means, a Herculean task was to be performed. Active naval co-operation was to be afforded to the army, wherever the localities permitted; strong fortresses were to be battered down; the Mississippi opened, and kept open, and a seacoast of vast extent held in strict blockade. The line of seacoast blockaded, according to the measurements of the Coast Survey, is 3,549 statute miles; the number of ports and harbors to be watched, one hundred and eighty-nine, with much of the coast double; 3,615 miles on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and 2,000 miles of sound, inlet, bay, and river in the Atlantic States were to be guarded by our gunboats. This was the work to be done, — *this is the work that has been done!* The force afloat has risen from forty-two vessels, in commission in March, 1861, to 588 vessels; the number of seamen from 760 to 34,000; while the ordnance has been augmented from less than 3,000 pieces of all patterns (many of them antiquated, and in the present state of warfare useless) to nearly twice that number, mostly of the recent improved constructions, many of portentous calibre and range. Every ship-yard, public and private, has been taxed to its utmost capacity; every furnace in the country has been kept at white heat, night and day, and an amount of work has been performed, on the coast and rivers, and a series of results achieved, without a parallel, as I believe, when the disadvantages are considered under which the navy labored at the commencement, in naval history. Let Norfolk, Hatteras, Roanoke Island, Port Royal, Pensacola, the Rio Grande, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, Island No. 10, Memphis, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, the shattered fragments of Sumter, Fort Jackson, and Fort St. Philip, the city of New Orleans, the Atlanta demolished by five shot from the Weehawken, 1,045 vessels captured from the enemy up to the 1st of November, and from seventy to eighty since added, the closure of every port save one (and that guarded by twenty vessels) on this immense line of coast, bear witness to the activity and efficiency of this arm of the service. I need not, of course, disclaim any thought of undervaluing what has been done by our noble armies and their gallant commanders, who have borne their full share in many of these achievements, but I am sure that they, one and all, will do justice to the efficient co-operation of the navy.

And then, that marvellous creation of the genius and skill of Ericsson,— the wonder of the age, the turreted monitor. If there is an incident in the history of the war, which more than any other deserves to be referred to a direct interposition of an overruling Providence, it is the arrival of the heaven-directed little vessel at Fortress Monroe, after her rough, uncomfortable voyage from New York, on the evening of the 8th of March, 1862, at the close of a day of havoc, — I had almost said, of terror. The mind recoils from the contemplation of the state of things which would have existed had the ravages of the Merrimac been renewed on the morning of the 9th. But the avenger was at hand. After an all but sleepless voyage from New York of fifty-six hours, in a vessel whose construction, whose strange enginery, whose armament, whose capacity for offensive or defensive service were all untried, the gallant Worden, at sunrise the next morning, bore calmly down to the encounter with his gigantic adversary, amidst the wrecks of his yesterday's devastations (the topmasts of the sunken Cumberland peering mournfully above the waters, the Congress burned to the water's edge, the Minnesota marked out as the next victim, helplessly aground), went round and round him, to use the graphic language of an eyewitness, "as a cooper goes round a cask," and drove him, crippled and discomfited, back to his harbor, never more to leave it till he went up, self-destroyed, in fragments, to the sky. When the noble young commander of the Monitor dropped upon the floor of his pilot-house, stunned, lacerated, blackened, and bleeding, with scarce a vestige of humanity in his manly countenance, he had inaugurated a new era in naval warfare! When the iron-clads and monitors now in course of construction are completed, we shall have, upon our coasts and in our harbors, a defensive force which will relieve us from all possibility of foreign aggression.

But this torpid, inefficient, fossil navy don't catch the Alabama. No, nor did torpid, inefficient, lazy Nelson, in command of the fleet with which he fought the battle of the Nile, catch Napoleon, with a force in ships of war and transports of more than four hundred vessels, shadowing the sea for miles, though he chased him, or rather thought he chased him, round the Mediterranean from the 19th of May till the 1st of August, as the cat chases her tail, — Napoleon stopping, by way of episode, to capture Malta, on the way, — and on the 22d of June actually crossing the track of Nelson a few hours before. Neither was he caught by the English, Russian, and Turkish fleets (the English still commanded by Nelson), when, the following year, he returned by a voyage of six or seven weeks from Egypt to France, passing a week with his relations at Ajaccio, by the way. Neither was he caught in 1815, on his passage from Elba, though the English knew he was plotting his escape, and a French cruiser hailed him on the way, and hearing his corvette was from Elba, inquired how the Emperor was, who answered in person that he "was perfectly well." The Mediterranean is but a millpond compared with the seas over which the Alabama roams; and whenever the pirate is hard pressed he slips into a *neutral* port. It, of course, must be by mere chance if he is ever captured.

The fact mentioned by you, sir (Mr. Rice), in a very judicious speech in the House of Representatives, the other day, strikingly illustrates the difficulty of finding any single vessel at sea, even when there is not the slightest wish or motive to elude search. You stated, if I recollect rightly, that you had been informed by a shipmaster, that he had left port with more than four hundred vessels, which had been windbound, and were now starting on their different voyages, and before nightfall there was not one of them in sight.

But, gentlemen, I am consuming your time unreasonably. We all rejoice to believe that the interests of the navy are in the hands of an intelligent and efficient committee. The immediate errand of your visit is understood to be to examine sites for a new establishment, adapted to the construction and repair of iron-clad and steam vessels of war. It is, I believe, a pressing want of the service. A revolution has taken place in naval warfare, and new arrangements, establishments, and appliances are required to meet it. I regret that it has not been in your power, for want of time, to extend your visit to Newport, where you would have found in the Naval Academy — I speak from personal observation, as a member of the last Board of Visitors — an institution which deserves all the favor of the government. I was assured by the Prince de Joinville, in a letter written by him last summer, that his high expectations were more than fulfilled, in the education which his son had received in the United States Naval Academy. A very intelligent gentleman, a captain in the Royal Navy, to whom I gave a letter of introduction, the week before the last, to my friend Captain Fairfax, the Commandant of Midshipmen at Newport, told me, on his return to Boston, that he had found the organization and administration of the school alike admirable, and that they had nothing upon the same scale in the British service. I commend this excellent institution to the protection of the committee, and the liberal support of the government.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.*

The Mayor (Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Jr.) proposed the second regular sentiment, to which he called on Mr. Everett to respond. The toast was: —

Russia and the United States. As their territorial possessions together embrace the entire circuit of the globe, may the governments and peoples of the two countries ever be connected by the strongest ties of mutual friendship and good-will.

Mr. Everett responded as follows: —

I obey your call, Mr. Mayor, with great cheerfulness, and I respond with all my heart to the toast which you have offered to the company. It is by no means an ordinary festival which has brought us together at this time, but, as you have justly stated, an occasion of unusual public significance and interest. I feel myself under obligations to Admiral Lessoffsky and the gentlemen of his suite and fleet, for a reason in some measure personal to myself. I had occasion, about a twelvemonth since, as a member of the Board of Visitors of the United States Naval Academy at Newport, in some remarks which I addressed to the officers and pupils of the institution, at the close of the examination, to speak of the importance of making provision for the instruction of our naval officers, not only in those scientific and technical branches and military exercises which belong to the profession, but of those broader studies which pertain to a finished education; and I gave as a reason for this observation that the naval officer was often called upon to appear as the representative of his government in foreign countries. What more pleasing confirmation of the justice of this remark could I desire than the agreeable impression which has been made upon our whole community by the visit of our distinguished guests? Why, sir, a regular diplomatic agent, an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, may be received and treated with the utmost courtesy; he may discharge his duties with the greatest fidelity to his own government, frankly and honorably toward the government to which he is accredited, but, after exchanging assurances of his highest consideration with the minister of foreign affairs every fortnight for a year, he will have done less to bring the people of the two countries together than has been done by our amiable and distinguished guests in a week.

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* Remarks at the complimentary banquet given by the City Council of Boston to Rear-Admiral Lessoffsky and the officers of the Russian fleet, at the Revere House, June 7, 1864.

It has been the pleasing duty of the Trustees of the Public Library to do the honors of that institution to many distinguished visitors, foreign and native; among the former to the youthful heir to the British crown, whose gracious affability and extreme propriety of conduct in a difficult position drew to himself a full share of that respect and good-will which the people of America cherish, in a degree scarcely less than her subjects, toward his royal mother,—and to the highly accomplished and intelligent prince who stands in so near a relation to the throne of France; but it is no flattery to say that the library has never, within my knowledge, been visited by persons who have exhibited a more enlightened and intelligent curiosity as to the nature, condition, and workings of such an institution than our respected guests.

Such are the fruits of a wise system of naval education, the education which has given to Russia such names as Golovnin, Krusenstern, Lütke, Kotzebue, and Bellingshausen,—names which I mention quite as much for the benefit of our own government and people, as out of compliment to our honored guests. It is but about twenty years since our solitary naval school was established, and it has by no means attained the expansion required even by the ordinary wants of the service. On the other hand, I find in a work of authority published several years ago, that there were supported, under the minister of the marine in Russia, nine naval schools of all kinds for the education of officers, seamen, pilots, and engineers, in the Baltic and Black Seas, with an aggregate of more than two hundred and fifty teachers and more than two thousand five hundred pupils. You must, however, Admiral, make some allowance for our youth. It is but a few years — fifty at the outside — since the United States claimed a place among the considerable naval powers; but it is more than one hundred and fifty years since that most extraordinary personage, Peter the Great, under the humble name of Peter Baas (Boss Peter), wrought with his own hands in the ship-yards of Saardam.

As you have truly remarked, sir, Russia was one of the first powers to hold out the hand of fellowship to us on our appearance in the family of nations. Chief Justice Dana of this State was sent as minister to Russia in 1780, and John Quincy Adams, then a lad of fourteen, was appointed by Congress his private secretary, — the youngest person perhaps ever appointed to such an office in this country. A pretty strong team that, Mr. Mayor, Chief Justice Dana and John Quincy Adams, and there are grandsons of those distinguished personages in the hall, who show that the breed has not degenerated. Mr. Harris, the British minister, afterwards Lord Malmesbury, succeeded in preventing the immediate recognition of Mr. Dana by the Empress Catherine, but the moment it could be done without offence to Great Britain, that is, as soon as the treaty of 1783 was concluded, she recognized the infant Republic with cordiality. From that time to this, the best understanding has existed between the two governments. During the war of 1812 with England, Russia tendered her mediation between the two countries. It was not accepted by Great Britain; but the proposal resulted in a direct negotiation and the conclusion of the treaty of Ghent. For the whole period of our existence as a nation, the intercourse between the two governments has been most friendly. Never but in a single instance, and that more than forty years ago, has there been a difference of opinion leading to a discussion between them, and that yielded to an exchange of notes between Mr. Poletica and Mr. Adams.

When the late Emperor Nicholas resolved upon introducing railroads into his dominions, he sent a commission to this country to examine our public works of that description. This examination resulted in the engagement of Major Whistler (the engineer of our Western Railroad) to superintend the construction of the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow. On occasion of the visit of the Emperor to London in 1844, I had the honor of being presented to him. A more magnificent figure of a man I never beheld; it was the youthful Hercules and Apollo moulded into one, and most like General Scott thirty years ago, before age had laid its burden on his noble form. The Emperor spoke of Major Whistler in terms of the highest commendation. He said he was perfectly satisfied with him in all respects; and hoped he should be able to retain him in Russia. On the premature and lamented decease of Major Whistler, another American engineer, Major Brown of the Erie Railroad, was engaged by the Imperial government to complete the road to Moscow.

In the last great struggle in which Russia was involved, the sympathies of the people of the United States were, I think, generally with her. The causes of the Crimean war were obscure; and what we understood of them, to wit, a wish to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, did not appeal very strongly to American feeling. We had no quarrel with the Turks, but they were not objects of popular sympathy. It was known, besides, to well-informed persons, that the prime minister of England, Lord Aberdeen (one of the purest, wisest, and most honorable men that ever governed England), believed that the war might have been, and consequently ought to have been, avoided. His colleague, Sir James Graham, expressed the same opinion. The war was brought about by the same agencies, wielded in part by the same hands, which have been equally busy in the attempt to bring about a war between the United States and Great Britain. I need not tell you that the duties of an honest neutrality were faithfully performed by our government.

Both of the belligerent parties procured from this country, in the way of open trade, those supplies which the law of nations allows the neutral to furnish the belligerent; and in the solitary instance in which an attempt was supposed to be making to build a ship of war for the Russian government, the remonstrances of Great Britain against this breach of neutrality were promptly and effectually listened to by the government of the United States.

But it is during our own tremendous struggle that Russia has shown herself the wise, the firm, and the consistent friend of our country. Her Emperor and his enlightened counsellors saw, what France and England were slow to comprehend, that the rupture of the American Union would be an event as much to be deprecated by them, nay, by the slaveholding States themselves, as by our own constitutional government. Never, I suppose, in the history of the civilized world, has there been an attempted revolution, in which — after the frenzy of the hour is passed — success would be felt to be so signal a calamity by the revolting party itself, as it would inevitably prove to our rebellious States, and so entirely prejudicial to the best interests of the civilized world. This, however, was clearly seen from the outset by the government of the Emperor of Russia. That government alone, of the three leading powers of Europe, perceived, with prompt discernment, that the disintegration of the Union would be disastrous to all parties, — a calamity to the family of nations unrelieved by a single benefit. In that remarkable letter of Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, dated 10th July, 1861, and addressed to the Russian envoy in this country, to be communicated to the Secretary of State, he uses this memorable language: "In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and of their interests, perhaps even because of their diversity, Providence seems to urge the United States to draw closer the traditional bond, as *the basis* and *very condition* of their political existence. In any event, the sacrifices they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are not to be compared with those which dissolution would bring after it. United, they perfect themselves; separated from each other, they are paralyzed." And again, in the same remarkable despatch, Prince Gortschakoff, speaking in the name of the Emperor of Russia, says: "The American Union is not merely, in our eyes, an element essential to the universal political equilibrium; it constitutes besides a nation, to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other."

Words of sagacity and wisdom, as well as of friendship and peace! The Emperor of Russia tells the American States, and tells them truly, that the Union is the very condition of their political existence; that united they perfect themselves, that separated from each other they are paralyzed. Such, in the opinion of this impartial observer, is the Union. Does not the slightest reflection justify the remark? Take first the case of the States in rebellion. What would the doctrine of secession, if established, do for them? It would more than "paralyze," it would destroy, their political existence. It would place the territory of the Confederacy, and all its relations with foreign powers, at the mercy of each and every individual — it might be disaffected — State. Texas, Louisiana, Florida, recent acquisitions, all of them, from foreign powers, might each and all set up for themselves; might fly off to France or Spain. Party spirit, domestic intrigue, foreign gold, the turn of a popular election, the will of a dominant faction, might, on this doctrine, carry any one of them off to-morrow. In the mean time, by the doctrine of secession, the entire Confederacy, considered as a whole, cuts itself off from a great naval power of which it formed an integral part; places its coasts, its ports, the mouths of its rivers, at the mercy of every maritime power, and this too at a moment when it defiantly announces that it has established itself upon a corner-stone which is daily rejected more and more by the public sentiment of the civilized world.

But if the States in rebellion are guilty of this suicidal frenzy, scarcely less at war with an enlightened self-interest is the course which their sympathizers in the leading maritime states of Europe have endeavored to force upon the governments. What, for instance, would be more against the interest of England — the country which it most concerns to enforce the duties of neutrals — to establish the doctrine that, in all her future wars, and all future rebellions against her central government, her antagonist — it may be Canada, or Ireland, or Oude, or China, or New Zealand; it may be a power that has not a seaport or a mile of coast — may put in requisition every ship-yard and every foundry in the neutral states, provided only the paltry sham is observed of having the ships which are to prey on her commerce built and equipped by one contractor, and the armament furnished and sent abroad by another, to be taken on board at a foreign port. Is that a doctrine likely to benefit England in particular, or the commercial world in general? or is it rather a device by which private cupidity is enabled to break down the barriers which for two centuries the law of nations has been throwing round the rights and duties of belligerents and of neutrals?

Again, after the Spanish colonies of this continent had asserted their independence of Spain, England importuned the United States to co-operate with her in preventing France from interfering to recolonize them; and when the United States yielded to her solicitations, Lord Brougham declared in the British Parliament that "no event had ever diffused greater joy, exultation, and gratitude over all the freemen of Europe than the language held with respect to Spanish America in the message of President Monroe to Congress." The secretary and biographer (Mr. Stapylton) of the British Minister labors to prove that the ground taken by the government of the United States on this occasion was suggested by that Minister (Mr. George Canning); and Sir James Mackintosh said: "I have already observed its coincidence with the declarations of England, which, indeed, is perfect, if allowance be made for the deeper, or at least more immediate interest, in the independence of South America, which near neighborhood gives to the United States. This coincidence of the two great English commonwealths (for so I delight to call them, — and I heartily pray that they may be forever united in the cause of justice and liberty) cannot be contemplated without the utmost pleasure by every enlightened citizen of the earth." What has England gained by a departure from this policy, and by acquiescing in the reduction of Mexico to the condition of an Austrian colony under the protection of France? How much better, with a view to her own traditionary policy, if she could have perceived, with the Emperor of Russia, that the perpetuity of the American Union is an element essential to the universal political equilibrium!

How much better for her own interests, if France could have perceived the same great truth! It has been the policy of France, almost invariably pursued, from the very dawn of our national existence, to promote the growth and prosperity of the United States, as a counterpoise in the West of the maritime power of England. This was alike the policy of the old *régime* and the new *régime.* For this Louis XVI. gave us arms, navies, and munitions of war; for this the first Napoleon gave us Louisiana for a song; and of all the errors in policy which his successor could possibly commit, none can be imagined more at variance with the traditions and interests of France than to do anything which will weaken the United States. Regarding our Union, in the words of Prince Gortschakoff, as an element essential in the universal equilibrium, it would be just as wise in France to strip the plates from her iron-clads, and leave their hulks to rot at Brest and Toulon, as to assist in breaking up the American Union into a group of small and fragmentary States, exhausting each other in eternal border wars, and compelled, from that cause, to abdicate their position as a great maritime power. So just and wise was the remark of Prince Gortschakoff, that the American Union is an element essential to the *universal* political equilibrium.

Before I conclude, Mr. Mayor, let me make a remark which had almost escaped me. When our respected guests were at New York last year, receiving the attentions of the commercial metropolis, that portion of the English press which thinks the day lost when it has not found something to abuse, or some person to vilify in the United States, was profoundly grieved at the honors paid to Russian officers, — "it showed such a want of sympathy for the poor oppressed Poles on the part of the pretended friends of liberty!" Censorious people, Mr. Mayor, ought to have good memories. I am old enough to remember the acclamations of joy which burst forth in England when the armies of the First Napoleon, or rather wretched fragments of his armies, were driven from Russia. There was a thrill of popular excitement which has never since been equalled. From every roaring cannon, from every pealing organ, from every human tongue, throughout the British Empire, arose one jubilant chorus of triumph. Well, sir, Alison tells us that for that terrible campaign Poland furnished Napoleon 85,000 men. A fourth part, certainly a fifth part, of that army over whose calamitous defeat all England was in raptures was composed of Poles. They fondly hoped that the Emperor of the French was going to restore their independence, and the bravest of their sons dyed the snows of Russia with their blood. We were then fifty-one years nearer the partition of Poland by Russia, Austria, and Prussia than we are now, and the memory of that transaction was proportionally fresher in the minds of men. In 1813 it did not lead England to reject the alliance with Russia; and if, since that period, she has entered into the most intimate relations, political or personal, with those three powers, I trust we may be forgiven, half a century later, for following their example.

Sir, the Emperor Alexander II. is not only wise and prudent, but he is a kind-hearted and benevolent prince. By his autocratic word he has performed the most magnificent act of practical philanthropy ever achieved by man or government. That he and his brother sovereigns, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, will attempt to undo the work of Catherine the Second, Frederick the Great, and Maria Theresa, by restoring the ancient Kingdom of Poland, nobody, I presume, expects or desires. If they did, it would simply be the restoration of the worst government in Christendom. That he will do all in his power to improve the condition, promote the welfare, and elevate the character of his Polish subjects, may, I think, safely be anticipated of a sovereign, who, by the word of his mouth and from the impulses of his generous heart, has spoken twenty-two millions of serfs into freemen and citizens.

I respond, therefore, Mr. Mayor, to your toast, with cordiality and emphasis. I recognize in the Russian Government a long-tried, steady, and consistent friend; and I contemplate with patriotic pride this kindly tie, which, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, from the Rocky Mountains to Icy Cape, and from Icy Cape to Kamschatka, from Kamschatka to Altai, from Altai to Ural, from Ural to Archangel and the utmost North, traversing the entire breadth of America, of Asia, and Europe (soon to be circled by the electric wire), already unites the two great governments and peoples by the golden chain of friendship and peace. Never, never, may the links be parted!

Mr. Everett closed with the following sentiment:—

The Navy of Russia, and a cordial welcome to its gallant and accomplished officers.

JOSIAH QUINCY.*

Mr. Everett, in rising to second the resolutions of Dr. Ellis, said:—

I have been requested, Mr. President, by the Standing Committee, to second the resolutions offered by Dr. Ellis, and I do it with the greatest pleasure, although his carefully prepared, just, and eloquent analysis of President Quincy's character, and your own pertinent, feeling, and most impressive address have left me little to say. An opportunity will, perhaps, be afforded me next week of paying a tribute to his memory in another place, but I must ask your indulgence for a few moments at this time, to give utterance to the feelings which we all share, and which have been so eloquently expressed by the gentlemen who have preceded me.

You have, Mr. President, justly intimated the reasons for which President Quincy's decease should be noticed in the most respectful manner within these walls. He became a member of our Society in early life, and was considerably our senior associate. He took a lively interest in the Society, and missed no opportunity of promoting its welfare,—attending its meetings occasionally, down to the last months of his protracted life. Besides this, he co-operated with the Society in its appropriate labors, enriching the literature of the country with a series of historical works of high and recognized value,—two of them prepared at the instance of the Society. Still more, sir, it may be truly said, that he not only wrote history, but made it, in the sphere (and that a most diversified and elevated sphere) in which he moved,—

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* Remarks at a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 14th July, 1864.

exhibiting through life those marked qualities which, by sympathy, infuse moral strength into a community, and animate other men to the efforts by which individuals and nations obtain an honorable place in the annals of mankind.

I have said, sir, that President Quincy's historical works had a high recognized value, and most certainly if his vigorous intellect, methodical studies, his untiring industry, and his great facility of labor had borne no other fruit, the series of his historical publications would have given him (though not a man of letters by profession) a most respectable place among American authors. With the exception of Congressional speeches and occasional essays on the topics of the day, his first work of considerable compass was prompted at once by filial affection and patriotic duty, — I mean the memoir of his honored father, — one of the most distinguished of those, referred to by you, sir, who prepared the minds of their countrymen for the Revolution. He had the kindness to afford me an opportunity of perusing it in manuscript. It was appropriately published in 1825, at the close of the first half-century. It contained the journals and copies of some of the letters of the lamented subject of the memoir, especially those written during his short visit to England in 1774–75 (the last year of his life), and I can truly say that there is no volume which, to the present day, I read with equal interest for the events of that memorable year, as contemplated by an eyewitness — and such an eyewitness! — in England. He had the inestimable privilege of hearing the two speeches made by Lord Chatham, on the 20th of January, 1775, — declared by his son, William Pitt, "to be surely the two finest speeches ever made, unless by himself." Of these speeches Mr. Quincy made a full report from memory, and a few notes he was able to take at the time. It is, in some parts, evidently a more accurate report than that published by Dodsley, in 1779, after Lord Chatham's death, from notes by Hugh Boyd. Portions of Mr. Quincy's report were published in Gordon's letters on the Revolution, — Mr. Quincy's papers having been placed in his hands while composing that work. The last entry in Mr.

Quincy's journal is: "Had great satisfaction in reading my report of the debates in the House of Lords to one or two friends who heard them. They thought them exceedingly correct, and were amazed at the blunders, omissions, and misrepresentations of the printed accounts." President Quincy's memoir of his father also contains the journal of a visit made by him to Charleston, S. C., in 1773, and which is of extreme interest. This youthful patriot, as you have stated, sir, died on the return voyage from Europe, and within sight of the granite cliffs of New England, young in years alone, mature in wisdom, patriotism, and public service. When we reflect that he was taken from the country at the age of thirty-one, we cannot suppress the thought that a gracious compensation was designed by Providence in prolonging the years of the son to thrice that duration.

The History of the University is next in order of time, as it is the most voluminous and elaborate of President Quincy's works. It was suggested by the duty, which devolved upon him, on the memorable occasion of the second centennial anniversary of the institution. It was obviously, on the part of the President, a work at once of affection and duty. It embodies all those portions of the records of the University which throw light on its general history; on its feeble but hopeful beginnings; its gradual development in the succeeding generations and in the last century; its rapid expansion in the present century. It exhibits the noble steadiness with which Old Harvard has maintained itself through the storms of two centuries, and its reactive influence on the public opinion of the country. Especial pains were taken by President Quincy to do justice to the characters of the distinguished benefactors and patrons of the College, from the ever-memorable Harvard to the present day. These, and other pertinent and kindred topics, are treated in his History in appropriate detail, according to their respective interest and importance, in a clear and vigorous, and, when the topic admitted, eloquent style of idiomatic English; the whole forming a repository which, next to the original records themselves, will constitute the standard authority for the history of the institution, till its prosperous growth, as we may hope, through two more centuries, shall require other volumes and other dutiful pens to record its multiplied benefactors, its extended usefulness, and ever-growing honors.

President Quincy's next historical work of considerable compass, in the order of publication, was the History of the Town and City of Boston. Like the History of the University, this work grew out of an anniversary discourse, viz. that which he delivered at the second centennial anniversary of the city. Suspended during his presidency at Cambridge, its preparation was resumed immediately upon his resignation of that high trust. This History, like that of the College, was truly a labor of love. The family of President Quincy had been identified with Boston from the foundation. His ancestor came over with John Cotton; and the position of his descendants had been maintained in honor and influence, through all the succeeding generations. His father had taken an active part in all the memorable occurrences which had turned the eyes of the civilized world on Boston, after the passage of the Stamp Act. The President himself, born and bred in Boston, had represented her in the State Legislature and in Congress; and in the infancy of the new civic organization he had served her at the head of its municipality for six years. Thus was he eminently a Bostonian of the Bostonians. The chief part of the work is naturally devoted to an account of the writer's administration, and of the series of measures relative to its public buildings, its markets, the eleemosynary establishments, the fire department, the schools, and other municipal interests in which the public spirit, the executive ability and moral courage displayed by Mayor Quincy cannot fail to awaken at once the admiration and gratitude of the citizens of Boston.

In 1845 appeared the revised edition of Grahame's History of the United States. It was published under the superintendence of a committee of the Historical Society, consisting of President Quincy and two or three other respected members. The first volume of this work contained a memoir of

James Grahame, prepared in compliance with a resolution of the Society by Mr. Quincy, and embodying all that is personally known of a writer who cherished a warm and consistent affection for this country, and did more than any other foreigner to extend the knowledge of it abroad.

In 1847, and being then at the advanced age of seventy-five, Mr. Quincy, at the request of the late Mr. R. G. Shaw, prepared for publication the journals of their kinsmen, Major Samuel Shaw, with a memoir of his life. This most excellent gentleman not only served with great credit through the whole Revolutionary War, receiving at its close an emphatic testimonial from Washington, but he sailed in the vessel which opened the trade to China, as the agent of an association of capitalists formed for that purpose, and was appointed last American Consul to Canton, under the old Confederation, and afterwards by President Washington. President Quincy's memoir is a highly interesting contribution to the history both of the Revolution and of American commerce; a just tribute to the memory of a man of sterling merit, and well worthy the pen of the distinguished writer.

The year 1848 was signalized by the death of John Quincy Adams, at the post of duty and in the capital of the United States. He was the distant relative, the neighbor, the contemporary, the confidential friend, of Mr. Quincy, and, at the request of our Society, the duty of paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious departed devolved on him. He readily accepted the trust, and instead of confining himself within the limits of a memoir of the ordinary length, he drew up a volume of more than four hundred pages, embracing a comprehensive history of the life and services of Mr. Adams. The work did not make its appearance till the year 1858, and when the venerable author was now in his eighty-seventh year. I recollect no other instance in this country of so large a work from a person so far stricken in years; but I perceive in it no abatement of intellectual power. In a modest prefatory note, it is stated to be the object of the writer to narrate the political life of Mr. Adams, from his published works, from authentic unpublished materials, and personal acquaintance; and in this way to make him the expositor of his own motives, principles, and character, in the spirit neither of criticism nor eulogy. This difficult and delicate task was performed by the venerable author with signal success; and with this, the series of his elaborate historical efforts closes. I need not say that, with his other occasional literary labors, several of which — such as the History of the Boston Athenæum, which I ought to have included in the series — were of a nature to require no little time and research in their preparation. They form what would, in almost any case, be considered the life-work of an industrious man. But till his retirement from the Presidency of Harvard, at the age of seventy-three, Mr. Quincy's literary labors must have been all prepared in the brief intervals of leisure allowed by engrossing official duties and cares. While, therefore, they would have given him an enviable reputation, had he been exclusively or even mainly a man of letters, it must be remembered that in his case the writer was overshadowed by the active relations — political, judicial, municipal, and academic — in which he stood to his day and generation. On these I need not attempt to dwell; but when we consider that Mr. Quincy was for years, and with a brilliant reputation both for business and debate, the representative of Boston, both in the State Legislature and in Congress, — an acknowledged leader of the political party to which he belonged; that as a judge, his term of office, though short, was signalized by a most memorable decision relative to the law of libel; that as Mayor of Boston for six years, — an office assumed under all the difficulties of the transition state to which Dr. Ellis has alluded, — his administration was distinguished for the most important improvements and reforms; and lastly that, with great acceptance and public favor, he presided over the oldest literary institution in the country, bringing to the arduous and responsible station a variety of qualifications, administrative and literary, intellectual and moral, rarely if ever combined in one man, and most certainly never surpassed; and that, having in an advanced but vigorous age became *emeritus* in this long and honorable career, instead of indulging in the repose conceded to the decline of life, he continued for twenty years, by word and deed, to perform all the duties of an active patriot, vigilant for the public weal, jealous for the public honor, and full of courage and confidence in the darkest hours of the present tremendous struggle, adding finally to all his other titles of respect and honor the authority which length of years attended with virtue and wisdom can alone confer,—we must all feel, we do all feel, as we gather round the grave of President Quincy, that we have lost our FIRST CITIZEN.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT QUINCY.*

Mr. President and Fellow-Students:—

The event to which you have so feelingly alluded, and which, notwithstanding its consolations, casts a shade over our academic festivities,—the event which has removed him, who filled for so many years the place of our senior alumnus,—a place which has now devolved on the venerable Mr. Thatcher of the class of 1793, whose interesting letter was read to us last year,—the event, which leaves me the senior ex-President of the university, makes it my duty, for that reason, to attempt a response to your call. I perform the duty with melancholy satisfaction; although after what was so well said by Hon. Mr. Winthrop and Rev. Dr. Ellis at the Historical Society, after the beautiful tribute contained in the resolutions of the Faculty, after the extremely appropriate effort of Mr. Bixby of the graduating class, and your own elegant and classical Latin eulogy in the pulpit, I feel that but little remains for me. Let me only for a few moments, and in the simplest language, attempt to give utterance to the sentiment which predominates in all our hearts. We have at length, in his venerable and venerated old age, been called, by a wise Providence, to a final separation from one whose attendance has for so long a time seemed one of the necessary conditions of this annual gathering; who permitted neither the natural burden of years, nor the casual infirmity which aggravated it, to deprive us of his presence; at whose appearance crowded assemblies rose in deferential homage as one man, on whose words they hung with emotion and delight. We have at length lost him, who stands second to no other name in the long list of those who have served our Alma Mater with fidelity and zeal, with the pen and with the tongue, by wise counsel and energetic action, with the firm discipline which loves though it chastens; with the parental tenderness which sorrows where it cannot save, and the cordial sympathy which rejoiced, with a father's joy, in every germ of youthful promise which it is able to commit to the hopes and the service of the country.

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* Remarks in Harvard Hall on Commencement day, 20th July, 1864.

President Quincy, it may not be known to my younger hearers, came to the head of the University under some disadvantages, which do but reflect added credit upon his administration. He had already passed the meridian of life and reached an age when few men, I imagine, of his antecedent pursuits and entire strangers to the academic career, would have ventured te assume its grave responsibilities. He came to take the place of one who, at an age not greater than his own, had been stricken down by disease, but who had left a place in the public estimation, and in the hearts of all who had been educated under him, which was not easily to be filled. At the same time the institution was in one respect in a condition that required the unwelcome agency of the reformer. Entering upon the office under these circumstances, the strength of will, moral courage, and administrative talent of President Quincy on the one hand, on the other hand his dignified urbanity of manner, his unsuspected and even-handed justice, which in the long run commands the respect even of its victims, his liberality to the meritorious in straitened circumstances, and the genuine kindness of heart, which tempered all his sterner qualities, won for him the confidence of his associates, and the respect and affection of the ingenuous pupil. It is true, I cannot speak, on this subject, from direct experience, either as a student under him, or as his colleague in the Academic Faculty. But those who stood in both relations to him have, in the resolutions of the Faculty adopted since his decease, borne the strongest and most cordial testimony to the traits of character which alike commanded their confidence and won their attachment. I was myself, during the whole term of his Presidency, a member of the Board of Overseers, and as a member of the Visiting Committee I attended the twelve exhibitions which took place while I was governor. He did me the honor to confer with me on several occasions of interest and importance, and few persons not members of the Academic Faculty are better able to do justice to the conscientious fidelity, ability, and singleness of purpose with which President Quincy discharged the multifarious duties of the office.

I need not, fellow-students, tell you how much the institution grew and prospered under his administration. Its progress, in most respects, eminently rapid under President Kirkland, had been somewhat checked toward the close of his administration by the embarrassment of the finances (a normal condition one might almost infer, Mr. President, from your remarks), caused by a too liberal expenditure for meritorious objects and the cessation of the State grant. Under President Quincy, and with the co-operation of his able associates in the corporation, — Dr. Bowditch, Judge Story, Chief Justice Shaw, Mr. Francis Gray, the relative of our large-hearted benefactor, Mr. William Gray, and the skilful financiers to whom the academic treasury was successively confided, — this evil was remedied, and from the commencement of President Quincy's administration the University entered upon a career of extraordinary prosperity. The professorial chairs were multiplied, and filled, without exception, by men of eminent ability; the professional schools rose greatly in importance; new college edifices were built; liberal endowments made; and the last great and most desirable result — the ripe fruit of this good seed and generous culture — was witnessed in a great elevation of the standard of scholarship, in every department of literature and science. Of course all this is not to be ascribed to the direct personal agency of Mr. Quincy. To say this, would be an act of injustice toward worthy predecessors who in time past had not only laid solid foundations of improvement, but built upon them, especially the honored and beloved Kirkland; toward a liberal-minded community and bountiful patrons, who responded in generous sympathy to the calls of the institution; toward learned and accomplished associates in the Faculty, by whose co-operation in their appropriate spheres these improvements were in due proportion effected. But no one needs to be told that to the head of such an institution as Harvard, in the degree in which he inspires the confidence and commands the active sympathy of his associates and the community, is justly due a full share of the main result effected under his control and guidance. It is one of the great merits of President Quincy's administration that he drew around him a corps of teachers, in the professional schools and in all the departments of the College proper, which would have done honor to any university in Christendom. A glance at the list, either of the living or the deceased, will amply bear out this remark.

But it was not alone in the general management of the institution, as he received it from his predecessor, that the activity and skill of President Quincy were displayed. Three very capital branches or establishments in the university were, the one of them founded, and the two others greatly augmented and enriched, during his term of office. The Law School, in the first period of its existence, for want of an adequate endowment and an appropriate building, did not rise to an importance commensurate with the distinguished ability and high reputation of the gentlemen who presided in it, — Chief Justice Parker and Professor Stearns. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Quincy entered upon the Presidency, when provision was made by the venerable Nathan Dane for a new professorship, to which Mr. Justice Story was promptly elected. Mr. Ashmun, at the same time, was appointed to the Royall Professorship. The erection of Dane Hall, to which Mr. Dane had liberally contributed, soon commenced; a noble Law Library was rapidly collected; and, on the decease of Mr. Ashmun, Professor Greenleaf succeeded to his place. By these measures, all adopted under the advisement and active superintendence of the President, this department of the University was immediately raised to the position which it has ever since maintained, at the head of the law schools of the country. Mr. Quincy's own professional studies, and his long participation in political and public life, led him to take a deep interest in its prosperity, as a school at once of jurisprudence and statesmanship, and to watch over it with an ever-vigilant and fostering care, which a President of different training and antecedents could not have been expected to bestow.

The erection of Gore Hall, for the accommodation of the library, is another of the measures for which the University is indebted to President Quincy. Mr. Gore's most liberal bequest was made in President Kirkland's time, and was prompted, as I happen to know, in a great degree by the friendship which existed between him and the testator. It was made, however, to the general fund of the College, and without specific appropriation. President Quincy, like his enlightened and beloved predecessor, had always felt deeply the vital importance of a great library to a first-class university. More than forty years ago I attended a meeting, called at his house in Boston, to attempt some concerted action on the subject. It was one that he never lost sight of, and he embraced the first opportunity of employing a considerable portion of Mr. Gore's bequest in the erection of the spacious building which bears his name. This gave a powerful impulse to the efforts for the augmentation of the library of Harvard, which the liberal donations of her grateful children in later years have so nobly enriched, the most important of which, that of Mr. Gray, you have just commemorated.

But the Observatory is the department which, more than any other, may be said to date from President Quincy's administration. Some steps toward such an establishment had been taken as far back as 1805, when the Hon. John Lowell, father of my friend Mr. Lowell, of the present corporation, and now at the table, conferred on the subject with Delambre, at Paris. President Kirkland, in 1815, and again in 1823, revived the project. John Quincy Adams gave it the advantage of his eloquent word and liberal deed, but it failed to obtain a local habitation at Harvard till President Quincy's administration. In 1838 he effected the removal of the late lamented Mr. Bond to Cambridge, and his establishment in a temporary Observatory within the College grounds. His modest labors found hearty co-operation on the part of the Academic Faculty and the students. The President watched them with a sympathy inspired alike by interest in the science, and life-long friendship for the consummate observer. But the premises were limited, the resources small; the instruments few, and not of the highest character; the operations valuable, principally synchronous magnetic observations, on the plan of Professor Gauss, but not of a nature to attract public notice, and on a great scale. At length, the comet of 1843 blazed across the sky; it did not "from its horrid hair shake pestilence and war," nor "perplex" the merchant princes of State Street (always open-handed friends of Harvard) with "fear of change"; but it did bring home to the public mind the want at our oldest University of ampler means of observing, interpreting, and recording the celestial phenomena. President Quincy threw himself with characteristic energy and ardor into the work; he went up and down State Street to procure the requisite means; the Observatory building was erected; a fund for the purchase of superior instruments, and especially for our magnificent equatorial, was raised; and young Mr. Phillips's splendid endowment of $100,000 secured under the special influence of Mr. Quincy, his relative. His active interest was not withdrawn on his retirement from the Presidency. To the close of his life he was a member of the Visiting Committee; and, more than fulfilling the intention of his noble father, he turned his contingent bequest, of which the condition had failed, into a generous donation of $10,000, for a publishing fund.

Fellow-students, Dane Hall, Gore Hall, and the Observatory are standing, but the venerable head of the University, under whom they came into existence, is no more. If there be at first a shade of sadness in the thought that these material structures, and the institutions to which they are dedicated, abide, while not only the craftsmen by whom they were reared, but the bountiful who endowed, the learned who taught, the wise, the energetic, the faithful who governed, have passed away, let a second and higher thought remind us that it is only through and by the prudent counsel, the faithful labors, and the fervent zeal of the wise and good, that building and institution possess their stability. They are the life-work of their founders on earth, who have gone up to a higher sphere of action. A saddening thought did I call it, sir, that the work, material or intellectual, should seem to outlive the workman? Far otherwise; I read in this apparent paradox the assurance of our immortal nature. I will never believe that these walls of brick and stone, and these secular trees that we have planted to shade them, that these scientific treasures that we have gathered into our cabinets, these mute symbols of thought on the shelves of our libraries, — works of human hands and human wit, — I will never believe that these shall endure for ages, and that nothing is left us of the Kirklands, the Feltons, and the Quincys, of the generous patrons, the learned teachers, the faithful heads, but the poor dust over which we shed our tears and build our monuments.

No, no; these walls, the most substantial of them, will crumble; the arts and sciences we now fondly teach, save in the eternal truths which lie at their foundation, will yield to new discoveries, and larger inductions, and keener analysis, and grander generalizations. The languages we speak, like those of Greece and Rome, will die away from the lips of men; but those whom we justly revered and honored and loved on earth, — the brave, the wise, the good, — whose living spirit and gracious sway gave all their vitality to these dead elements and conventional forms, shall not only enjoy an earthly immortality in the gratitude of after ages, but are even now, as we humbly trust, looking down benignantly on the scene of their labors.

THE DUTY OF SUPPORTING THE GOVERNMENT.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS: —

I HAVE never addressed you under a deeper sense of responsibility than at the present time. The country is rent by civil war: but the political contest in which we are engaged at home is fraught with greater danger; or rather, in my judgment, it depends very much upon the result of this political contest whether the civil war shall be brought to a successful and honorable close, or whether all the treasure which has been expended, and all the precious blood which has been shed, shall have been worse than wasted. In a letter, which I had occasion to address to a convention in Illinois a twelvemonth and more ago, I remarked that the elections, then about to be held, would throw light on the question, how far it is possible for a free government, constituted in its legislative and executive branches by popular choice, expressed in frequently recurring elections, to prosecute, for any considerable length of time, a war which entails heavy burdens on the community. If such a government is habitually torn by parties which paralyze the administrative powers of the State, and in time of war embarrass its movements, and thus encourage the enemy, one of two results will follow, — it will eventually sink in the struggle with the nearest compact despotism; or the people, tired and wasted by faction, will resign themselves to a despotic central government. The result of the impending election will go far to decide the question whether, in consequence of our party dissensions, it is necessary for twenty-two millions of freemen to succumb in a struggle with less than half that amount of a mixed free and slave population, waging an unprovoked and treasonable war; whether it is possible for any administration to bear up under the mountain load of a gigantic contest, while every person belonging to it, and every prominent individual actively supporting it, throughout the length and breadth of the land, is the object of the fiercest detraction, and the common enemy is daily encouraged by the assurances of a hundred vigorous presses, and a thousand eloquent platforms, that they have to do with a feeble, incompetent, corrupt antagonist. The political contest now waging at the North is, in my opinion, a greater evil than the loss of many pitched battles. Were we moving with one heart and one mind, it would be worth fleets and armies to the cause. If we are defeated in this mighty struggle, my friends, we shall have been defeated by ourselves. General Grant observes, in a letter of the 16th of August, that "all we want now, to insure an early restoration of the Union, is *a determined unity of sentiment* at the North."

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* Address delivered in Faneuil Hall, 19th October, 1864.

The unanimity displayed by the loyal States, when the treason, meditated for a generation, was consummated at Sumter, seemed to promise such a "unity of sentiment" while the war should last. It was, however, perhaps asking too much of poor human nature to expect that the party arrived at power should, on achieving its first national success, renounce the fruits of victory; or that the defeated party, claiming, almost from time immemorial, a monopoly of office, should forego the chance of recovering its ascendency, afforded by the burdens and the miscarriages of the war, and if you please, by the errors of the administration in conducting it. Eighteen months ago, I thought, I hoped, that this Presidential election might possibly be tided over without a party struggle, and I did all in my power to promote that end. But conflicting opinions, interests, and passions have prevailed. The contest exists; the parties are arrayed against each other; and the question presents itself to all good citizens, especially to those who are unpledged by their political antecedents with which party they shall act. The two parties are the Republican, which has nominated Mr. Lincoln for re-election; and the Democratic party, which, disorganized at the last election, has to some extent reorganized itself upon the Chicago platform, and nominated General McClellan. At the Presidential election of 1860 there was a third party, and I hope I may be allowed to call it a patriotic party, which aimed to occupy a position of mediating influence between the extremes, and thus avert the shock which there was too much reason to fear might result from the triumph of either. Some members of this third party, for whom I cherish a warm personal regard, have joined the Democracy in the present canvass. Others, of whom I am one, have not been able to see the line of duty in that direction, and, for reasons which I shall now proceed to state fairly and plainly, with as little allusion as may be to the candidates in nomination, with each of whom my relations are those of sincere esteem and respectful friendship.

A personal friend, from whom I have the misfortune to differ politically, said to me the other day, there ought to be a change of administration, because this administration had shown that it was alike unable to carry on the war or make peace. Let us see if this is so. The war of course is the great, the dominant interest, and all public questions must be solved with reference to it. The loyal people of the Union, with great approach to unanimity, regard it as a most causeless and wicked war, forced upon the country in resistance to a gigantic treason, and in defence of the greatest political blessing ever vouchsafed to mankind,—a free, prosperous, and powerful nationality. All political measures and combinations must be referred to this test, how they will affect the most vigorous prosecution of the war, with a view to the earliest possible restoration of an honorable and lasting peace. The first thing to be done, therefore, in deciding our duty in the present canvass, is to inquire whether the war has thus far been conducted in such a manner, and with such results, as to require a change of administration. I find, then, that, though sprung like a mine upon the government in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, it has, making due allowance for the vicissitudes of all human things, and especially of war, been conducted for three years and a half, by land and by sea, with wonderful vigor and success. The border States, including Maryland, Western Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana, have been either successfully rescued, defended, or recovered from the rebels. The entire sea-coast, 3,550 miles in extent, has been and is held in strict blockade; and all but one of nearly two hundred ports, inlets, and mouths of rivers effectually closed. The most important inland position in the lower South, after a campaign of astonishing brilliancy, has been occupied, and "the gate of the Southwest" shut. The great artery of life and power, from the interior of the continent to the Gulf of Mexico, again beats with loyal pulsations, thanks to those marvellous operations at Forts Jackson and St. Philip, at Vicksburg and New Orleans. Those strong fortresses at the mouth of the Mississippi, the three powerful forts at the entrance of Mobile Bay, Fort Pickens on Santa Rosa, Pensacola, the Tortugas, Key West, Pulaski, Port Royal, Sumter, the fortresses on the coast of North Carolina with one exception, Norfolk, and Fortress Monroe, are all in our possession or in ruins. With the fall of Richmond and the more effectual closure of Cape Fear River, the military power of the Rebellion will be crushed. Partisan forces and bands of guerillas will appear in different places, in the great extent of territory recovered to the Union, as long as its inhabitants will allow that lawless species of warfare to be kept up; but all semblance of an organized military power, acting under political authority, will have passed away. To produce these results, vast armies have been raised; a *matériel* of war of unexampled magnitude has been created; protracted marches into the enemy's country have been skilfully and successfully made; the terrors of vertical suns and malarious swamps fearlessly braved by troops from the North and West; sieges of strongholds deemed impregnable pushed to a successful result; powerful fleets extemporized, upon the sea-board and the great rivers, of novel construction, armature, and armament; two of the three pirates fitted out in a neutral country to prey upon our merchant ships and whalemen safe, — the one at New Bedford, and the other at the bottom of the British Channel; and deeds of heroism and skill achieved which will form an era in naval warfare, and live on the page of history to the end of time. Dupont, Worden, Porter, Rogers, Winslow, Farragut,—what country, what naval service, can boast of brighter names? At this moment the number of our seamen afloat exceeds that of England by one fourth; and we have, built or in progress of construction, a fleet of iron-clads which, for all the purposes of defensive warfare, may bid defiance to any navy in Europe.

Results like these bear ample testimony to the manner in which the two great arms of the service — the army and navy — have been administered. With respect to the treasury, a great debt has necessarily been accumulated; but thus far it is mostly due to ourselves, and the interest will be paid at home. The credit of the Government is good; loans are readily taken by the people and by capitalists abroad; the country not only submits to taxation, but calls for it; and if any complaint has been made of the manner in which the treasury has been administered, it is that taxation was not earlier resorted to, — the fault, not of the department, but of Congress, which, however, probably accomplished the difficult task of arranging the tariff of duties as promptly as could be expected. Let me advise any one who takes a desponding view of the finances of the country to study the admirable pamphlet of Mr. David A. Wells, of Troy, entitled "Our Burden and Our Strength."

Lastly, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and embarrassment, the foreign relations of the country have been conducted at Washington, London, and Paris with such ability, moderation, firmness, and good sense, that a friendly understanding with the great powers has been preserved, and hostile intervention averted, despite the arts of the rebel emissaries, the sinister influence of party struggles in foreign countries, the greed of blockade-runners and speculators in cotton loans, and the cupidity of wretches willing to plunge two kindred nations into a murderous war for the sake of the paltry gains of their ship-yards.

That in carrying on these vast operations, diplomatic, fiscal, military, and naval, on either element, at home and abroad, in which of necessity so many subordinates are employed, and responsibility so much divided, nothing has been left undone that ought to have been done, and nothing done that ought not to have been done, would be too much to expect of men or governments. Errors in both kinds, we are bound to believe, have been committed. Journals, that daily comment with unsparing severity on every member of the administration, tell us that the liberty of the press is gone. Orators, who denounce every measure of the administration with the utmost vehemence, assure us that the liberty of speech has departed. Intercourse with the enemy, scarcely disguised, is kept up from Baltimore; the public mails to Europe (witness the shameful disclosures made by Mr. Lindsay in the British Parliament) are laden with treasonable correspondence; hundreds of persons walk the streets of New York, well known to the Government to be plotting the ruin of the country, and meet at their hotels in the evening, and agree that the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* is trampled under foot; the drafts necessary to recruit our armies are resisted with all the dread accompaniments of mob violence, —pillage, murder, and fire; and when a few persons suspected, often guilty, of overt acts of treason are arrested, and sent to a fortress, the country rings with a clamor against dungeons and bastiles. These accusations refute themselves. They are the dangerous arts with which party seeks to make "political capital" out of the exigencies, the dangers, and the sufferings of the country.

No administration is safe from this domestic warfare, which, even in time of peace, makes it all but impossible to administer the Government with energy and success. Even in the war of the Revolution, the civil and military administration of General Washington was assailed by the generals and members of Congress associated in Conway's cabal, in terms not unlike those in which Mr. Lincoln's administration is now denounced. As President of the United States, General Washington was spoken of, as he himself pathetically said, in language fit to be applied to "a pickpocket or common defaulter." The administration of his patriotic successor broke down under the same party warfare. But the debt was repaid with interest, by the opposition to Messrs. Jefferson and Madison. Though led by honest and patriotic men, so undiscriminating and occasionally so unjust and prejudicial to the public interest was it, that, on the return of peace in 1815, the party disappeared from the arena of politics, never to return. Scarcely had the President, John Quincy Adams, been inaugurated, when it was declared, by a person afterwards a Democratic Vice-President of the United States, that his "administration" (composed or supported as it was by Clay, Webster, Sergeant, Rush, Southard, Barbour, Wirt, John Davis, and their patriotic associates) "should be pulled down, though as pure as the angels of heaven." For my own part, when I consider how much has been done, and, in the main, how well, what difficulties have been surmounted, what dangers averted, what successes achieved in three and a half years of the war, which found us worse than unprepared, and for which the enemy had long been making open and secret preparation, compared with what was effected in the first years of the wars of the French Revolution, waged as they were on the part of the allies by long-established military governments, with veteran armies, powerful navies, and all the experience and traditions of former contests, I own I deem the contrast greatly in our favor. When I go further, and meditate on the history of the civil wars in Greece and in Rome, in the Italian republics, in France, in England, and the Spanish American States, and then consider that there has not a drop of blood been shed except on the battle-field, nay, not a dollar confiscated in the tremendous contest, except by legal process, or in the case of persons in arms against the country, I own I am shocked at hearing the Government daily denounced as tyrannical, despotic, and corrupt.

In this state of things, the question which I have to ask myself, as a person owing allegiance to neither of the contending parties, but owing to my country a duty which transcends all personal regards and considerations of private friendship, is, whether, at this critical juncture, when, though as we all hope the agony of the struggle is passed, it may yet be necessary to make vigorous preparation for the possibility of another campaign, is it wise or safe, by a political revolution, to paralyze an administration by which the war thus far has been conducted in the manner I have described, — to encourage the enemy to hold out with the prospect of the cessation of hostilities, and greatly to augment, in this way, the danger of another campaign, to be entered upon under much increased disadvantage, and thus incur the risk of a settlement which will render vain this mighty expense of treasure and blood? To this question I can return but one answer, — an emphatic negative.

By the peculiarity of our Constitution, the result of the election will be known early in November, while the change of administration (if one should take place) will be delayed till March. For four months the government of the country, as far as measures which divide public opinion are concerned, will be in abeyance, nominally in the hands of persons defeated in an appeal to the people, — the source of all power, — while those who, after a warmly contested election, are to succeed them (an election in which all the real and all the imaginary points of difference between the parties have been stated in the strongest terms, and everything has been said which human wit can conceive or human speech utter, to convince Mr. Davis and his associates that one party is incompetent to conduct the war, and the other disposed to give up the attempt) must remain for four months wholly without the power of giving a new direction to affairs. In other words, a general paralysis must ensue. The outgoing administration must be powerless under the stigma of public opinion, while the incoming administration will have no means of entering on the measures which it deems necessary for the salvation of the country.

Now, all wars require at least a season's forecast, especially at the close of the autumn. The very doubt whether we are to have a new campaign will so encourage the enemy as to make a new campaign necessary, for which they will have made all possible preparations, while we have made none It will be impossible for the outgoing administration to recruit the army after the accession to power of a party who denounce the draft as unconstitutional, and who leave it even doubtful whether another campaign will be undertaken. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle?" doubtful whether he hears the clarion rallying to the charge, the bugle hurrying the retreat, or the echo of the mournful blast which saluted Major Anderson's tattered flag as it went down at Sumter. If this administration is overturned, between 150,000 and 200,000 colored troops, inured or physically adapted to a warm climate, and now rendering most important service in the trenches and in the forts, as well as in the front of the battle, must be disbanded; and this serious deduction made from our armies, without any preparation beforehand to fill the gap by 200,000 extra white soldiers. At this moment 25,000 hammers (I speak without exaggeration) are at work in our navy-yards, and every forge and furnace in the country is at white-heat on our iron-clads and gunboats, and the ordnance which is to arm them. In the uncertainty of peace or war, can an administration which has been repudiated by the people, and partly on the very ground of profuse and injudicious expenditure on the navy, continue this enormous expense, with no assurance whether it will be needed? It must be remembered, too, that, in addition to the uncertainty necessarily arising from a change of administration, every art will be employed by our astute foe to induce us, by fallacious utterances in their journals, to abandon all preparations to continue the war. This game is already actively played with a view to influence the pending election.

Under these circumstances, I own that it seems to me little short of fatuity to endeavor to throw the administrative powers of the Government into abeyance. How often have we not, on a change of ministry in England, even in time of peace, seen a delay of a week or two, in forming a new government, deprecated as dangerous to the country! Would it not have been thought a proof of returning insanity on the part of George III., in the crisis of the great struggle with Napoleon, and while the Tower guns were roaring for Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, as ours have been for the victories of Farragut and Sherman at Mobile and Atlanta, if he had formed and announced a new government in November, not to take effect till March following; leaving the incumbents of office for four months under the virtual impeachment of dismissal, while their designated successors were unable to act in their place? I dare not give my vote to throw every branch of the public service into this perilous condition. It cannot fail to have effects the most humiliating and disastrous.

But if a change of administration is to take place, we must ask ourselves who are to succeed them. When we look to the antecedents of the Democratic party, who, it is claimed, are alone capable either of carrying on the war or restoring peace, the political friends with whom it has ever been my pride to act will surely find no reason why we should aid in restoring them to power. We have ever claimed to be faithful disciples in the school of the illustrious statesman of New England, whose life was one long warfare with the modern Democracy, and who in turn was the object of its persistent, unrelenting, and, I am sorry to be obliged to add, personal hostility. I say this from no unkind feeling; but when I hear the lofty eulogies on his character, and witness the eagerness with which any phrase thought to favor their cause is caught up from Mr. Webster's writings by our Democratic friends, with whom I am told, as "Webster Whigs," we ought to co-operate, I cannot forget that there never was a moment when he could have been chosen to an office by a Democratic constituency, or appointed to an office by a Democratic executive. In the very scene which the artist has delineated on the canvas before you, in that very Titanic debate in which he smote the argument of the great nullifier as with the club of Hercules, not one Democratic voice responded to his; no, not from that New England whose good name he defended against the bitterest calumnies, in a strain of eloquence which will live till our language shall cease from the lips of men.

Such being the case, there is surely nothing which should predispose "the friends of Mr. Webster," merely as such, to obey the call to co-operate in restoring that party to power. Nor am I aware of anything in the recent political history of the country which should incline them beforehand to do so. It has been my good fortune to have some most valued friends in that party; men whom, notwithstanding political differences, I have respected and loved: I have such still. There is, however, a great difference between the Democracy of the present day and that of the ancient school. The patriotic instincts of the latter habitually got the better of their anti-national theories. Mr. Jefferson had the moral courage, as President of the United States, to cast to the winds, in the acquisition of Louisiana, the great principle of constitutional politics with which he had succeeded, three years before, in overturning the administration of his predecessor. Nor less do I honor Mr. Madison for his indignant protest against the glosses which the nullifiers put upon the Resolutions of 1798. As for General Jackson, though there were some measures of his administration which I greatly disapproved, I have said twenty times, since the war began, that I only wished we had the hero of New Orleans back again. What a scene it would have been to witness the flash of his eye, and to hear the thunder of his voice, when he heard of the attack on Sumter! When the nullification frenzy was at its height in South Carolina, the Union men in Charleston sent a deputation to Washington to inform the President that they were daily threatened with an outbreak, and did not consider their lives safe. Scarcely waiting to hear the words uttered, the General sprang to his feet, and, with a voice and a look of almost superhuman energy, exclaimed: "The lives of Union men not safe while Andrew Jackson is President! Go back to Charleston, and tell the nullifiers that if a hair on the head of a Union man is harmed, that moment I order General Coffee to march on Carolina with 50,000 Tennessee volunteers; and if that does not settle the business, tell them" (he added with an attestation I shall not repeat) "that I will take the field myself with 50,000 more."

To such Democracy as this we should all be willing to confide the destinies of the country. But the principles of the Democratic party, as understood by many of great influence among its leaders at the present day, are not such, in my judgment, as should warrant us in doing so in a crisis like this: the very reverse. Unduly leaning toward what Washington called "the monster of State sovereignty," and still avowing its sympathy with some of the most dangerous doctrines of the Secession school, there is too much reason to think that one wing of the party at the present day, while nominally professing an attachment to the Union, understands nothing but a dual confederacy, with a Customs Union on the plan of the German *Zollverein*, and an impossible alliance offensive and defensive abroad, — a chimerical project of Mr. Calhoun, with all the defects and none of the advantages of the old Confederation.

If we look to those features of the modern Democratic policy more or less connected with the present state of affairs, we shall surely find no reason for intrusting that party with the Government at a moment like this. The Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of '98 and '99, notwithstanding the protest of Mr. Madison, were the arsenal from which the most dangerous weapons of nullification and secession have been and are drawn. One of their leading principles was embodied in the resolutions of the Democratic Convention in Massachusetts last year. The first open and successful revolt against the authority of the Federal Government, — the expulsion of the Indians from Georgia, — attended as it was with the violation of the faith of seventeen treaties, and followed by a most iniquitous partition of their lands by a land lottery, was a Democratic measure. So was the Seminole war, in which the United States expended 100,000,000 dollars to create a new slave State, and enable Georgia to recover a few hundred fugitive slaves. Notwithstanding our just complaints against the Mexican Government, the great political advantages of the acquisition of the Mexican provinces, and the blessings which might have redounded to the cause of universal humanity by the extension of the Anglo-Saxon civilization into those vast half-desert and ill-governed regions, the manner in which the Texan annexation was effected and the Mexican war commenced, caused those measures to be opposed by every Whig member of Congress. Mr. Webster, particularly, was unsparing in his denunciations, and this at the time of their inception, and before Texas had repaid the two hundred millions she had cost the United States by the blackest ingratitude and treachery.

But the most disastrous measures of the modern Democracy, connected also directly with the present state of the country, were the repeal of the Missouri restriction (which for thirty-four years had been accepted, both by the South and the North, as a satisfactory adjustment of the territorial controversy), and the acts both of fraud and violence employed to force slavery upon the people of Kansas. Talleyrand was accustomed to say that the invasion of Spain was worse than a crime: it was a fault. The Kansas policy of the two last administrations was both, — wrong in principle, and ruinous in effect. The fountains of the great deep, partially stilled by the legislation of 1850, were again broken up by a tempest of sectional agitation. I need not dwell on the immediate and powerful agency of these measures in causing the present state of things, nor comment on the strange inconsequence of again bringing the Democratic party into power, prostrated as it was by the odium of these very measures, under the idea that they alone can rescue the country from the distressful condition into which they had so directly contributed to plunge it.

But it is said that a change of administration is necessary because Mr. Lincoln cannot bring the war to an honorable close. He insists upon a condition, — the abandonment of slavery, — to which it is said that the people of the South will never agree, and which interposes an insuperable obstacle to pacification. But I find no foundation in fact for this assertion. Some of the last utterances, even of Mr. Jefferson Davis, authorize a very different conclusion. "We are not," says he, "fighting for slavery. It never was an essential element in the controversy. You have already emancipated nearly two million of our slaves; and, if you will take care of them, you may emancipate the rest. I had a few when the war began. I was of some use to them: they were of none to me." This language of the head of the Confederate Government, uttered in the presence of his Secretary of State, who confirmed it by the figures, showing the accuracy of Mr. Davis's calculation, certainly negatives the idea, that to insist on the abandonment of slavery is to throw an insuperable obstacle in the way of peace. On the other hand, the really insuperable obstacle, according to Mr. Davis, is insisted upon by General McClellan as resolutely as by Mr. Lincoln. The General, in his letter of acceptance, very properly says: "The re-establishment of the Union, in all its integrity, is, and must continue to be, the condition of any settlement. . . . . The Union must be preserved *at all hazards*"; and this idea is repeated in the same letter in several forms. Now it is well known that the Confederate Government has on all occasions avowed its unutterable determination to insist on separation and independence. Mr. Davis, on the occasion just referred to, said: "The war must go on till the last man in this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battles, unless you acknowledge our right of self-government. We are not fighting for slavery: we are fighting for independence; and that or extermination we *will* have." If any reliance is to be placed on Mr. Davis's opinions, it is the "Union at all hazards," not the "abandonment of slavery," that is the insuperable bar to negotiation. It is said that Mr. Lincoln's policy threatens the subjugation of the South,—a measure not possible, and, if possible, barbarous and unchristian. I am not aware that Mr. Lincoln has ever made such a threat; or, if he has used language that sounds like it, I presume that it was intended to go no further than the prostration of the political and military power of the rebels. Between that and the acknowledgment of their independence, there is, of course, no middle term. He certainly has not used language stronger than General McClellan, who, in a memorandum addressed to the President on the 4th of August, 1861, stated very justly, that "the object of the present war differs from those in which nations are usually engaged, namely, in this, that the purpose of an ordinary war is to conquer a peace, and make a treaty on advantageous terms. In this contest it has become necessary *to crush a population sufficiently numerous, intelligent, and warlike to constitute a nation.* We have not only to defeat their armed and organized forces in the field, but to display such an overwhelming strength as will convince our antagonists, and especially those of the governing class, of the utter impossibility of resistance. . . . . The contest began with a class: now it is with the people. Our military successes alone can restore the former issue."

This change of issue from a *class*, to a *people* who are to be "crushed," is ascribed by General McClellan to the reverse at Bull Run. It was therefore, of course, not produced by the Emancipation Proclamation, which did not appear for more than a twelvemonth afterwards. This disposes of the objection to Mr. Lincoln's policy, so often urged and so much insisted upon, that by changing the issue he had united the South.

This alleged inconsistency of the policy now pursued, with that in which the war commenced, is one of the gravest charges against the administration. It is, however, an inconsistency of a kind which probably never fails to occur in protracted wars, and when such tremendous forces, political, military, and moral, are called into action. There are signal examples in our own history well worthy our meditation at the present time. In October, 1774, the Continental Congress adopted a petition "to the king's most excellent majesty." Richard Henry Lee, John Adams, and Patrick Henry were of the committee who drafted it. It commenced, "Most gracious sovereign"; and, after setting forth and commenting upon the grievances of the Colonies, it declared: "These sentiments are extorted from hearts that would much more willingly bleed in your Majesty's service"; and it closed in the following strain: "That your Majesty may enjoy every felicity through a long and glorious reign over loyal and happy subjects, and that your descendants may inherit your prosperity and dominions till time shall be no more, is, and always will be, our sincere and fervent prayer." About a year and a half pass away, and, in pursuance of a resolution moved by the same Richard Henry Lee, and on the report of a committee of which John Adams was a member, Congress, after reciting, in the most indignant language, substantially the same grievances which were set forth in the petition to the king, and asserting "that a prince, whose character is thus marked by every act that can define a *tyrant*, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people," renounced their allegiance to the British Crown, and declared the independence of the United States. In 1755, a young Virginian volunteer solicited, through the British governor, a commission in the Royal army, in the war waged for the purpose of driving the French from the American continent. As late as 1774, the same individual, with undiminished feelings of loyalty, writing to an officer in General Gage's army in Boston, who had been his comrade in the old French war, said: "I think I can announce as a fact, that it is not the wish nor the interest of Massachusetts or any other government on this continent to set up for independence." On the 15th of the following June, this same volunteer Virginia colonel, George Washington, accepted the appointment of "Commander-in-Chief of the armies, raised or to be raised for the defence of the liberties of America"; and on this very day, this blessed 19th of October, 1781, the united French and American armies, by the capitulation of Yorktown, put the seal to the independence of the United States. No doubt the Congress of 1776, and especially such leaders as Washington, Adams, and Lee, were accused of inconsistency, not merely by the Tory journals at New York, but by the tardier members (for many such there were) of their own body. By the English historians even of the present day, Dr. Franklin is charged with duplicity for having assured Lord Chatham in January, 1775, that the Colonies did not aspire to independence. A like inconsistency undoubtedly exists between the policy of the Administration, when it came into office, and which was expressed in the Resolution of July, 1861, and that which has been forced upon the country by eighteen months' experience of a desolating war. The real inconsistency in governments and men, especially in new countries, is that which seals its ears to the solemn teachings of Providence; which allows the march of events to work no change in our opinions or policy; and, if I may compare great things with small, thinks to extinguish a conflagration which is wrapping a city in flames with the same bucket of water that would have quenched it when first kindled in a basket of shavings.

But let us see to what this inconsistency amounts, — this alleged change of plan, on the part of the administration, in conducting the war, which, it is maintained, now makes an honorable pacification impossible. What are the facts?

Slavery had been the subject of an imbittered sectional agitation between North and South for more than a generation. The acquisition of the Mexican territories, and the resulting questions relative to their incorporation into the Union, greatly increased its violence. Allayed for two or three years by the legislation of 1850, it was rekindled by the transactions in Kansas; till, on the election of President Lincoln exclusively by the votes of the non-slaveholding States, South Carolina passed the ill-starred ordinance of Secession. She alleged, as the sole reason for the fatal step, the non-execution of the fugitive-slave law by the Northern States. That gloomy winter of 1860 – 61 was passed in vain attempts to avert the catastrophe by measures of conciliation with respect to slavery. This was the exclusive subject of consideration and debate in the national legislature and the Peace Congress, the engrossing topic of the journals, the political meetings, and the social circle, throughout the country. When the attack was made on Sumter, there was not a man of reflection in the United States, North or South, who denied or doubted that, either as motive, pretext, or rallying cry, slavery was the cause of the war.

And now, fellow-citizens, mark an attempted fraud on public opinion, of signal audacity. The success of the Rebellion was mainly dependent on its prompt recognition by foreign powers and their hostile intervention. To bring about this result, to deprive the Government of the United States of the sympathy of the civilized world, and to authorize the nations, on the plea of humanity, to interfere on the part of the victims of an oppressive and tyrannical government, recourse was had to a systematic deception, of which the boldness was equalled only by the meanness. In face of the notorious facts just stated, the capitals of Europe swarmed with emissaries, some of them clothed with official pretensions, who declared, in all the circles to which they found admission, that slavery had nothing to do with the struggle; that it was a revolution against an oppressive government (which they had always controlled themselves); that the Constitution of the United States protected slavery, and was more tolerant of the African slave-trade than that of the Confederacy; and that, if the great powers would recognize and befriend the Confederate States, they would gradually ameliorate, and finally abolish, slavery; and this, too, although these or other agents were secretly instructed by no means to commit their government against the African slave-trade, and although Mr. Vice-President Stephens had declared that his new republic was to be founded on the corner-stone of slavery!

I was advised at the time, and from the best informed source, of the activity with which these intrigues were pushed. The crafty insinuations to which I have alluded took effect. A considerable portion of the foreign press, extensively subsidized, as we learn from the intercepted correspondence of Mr. Benjamin, gave them currency; persons in the highest official position credited them. Nay, more, — perceiving that the Government of the United States (not yet availing itself of the rights which the law of nations accords to belligerents, and willing still that the rebellious States should return to their allegiance, without paying the penalty of their madness and folly) had not only made no demonstration against slavery, but disclaimed the wish to do so, — even the antislavery sentiment of Europe was so strangely misled as to withhold its sympathy from the North in a contest which, as I have just said, in every stage, from its inception, and throughout its progress, had been exclusively caused by slavery either as motive or pretext.

A course so suicidal, and so fraught with peril on the part of the United States, was viewed with astonishment by our friends in Europe. In the month of February, 1862, I received a letter from a person of very high position and influence on the Continent, in which he wrote: "What we cannot well comprehend, is the hesitation of your Government on the subject of slavery. It is with this question, as with the other great problems of modern society. When they are forced upon us by circumstances, we must make up our minds to meet and resolve them. . . . . We cannot, in Europe, comprehend your hesitations, which will but end in aggravating the difficulty. You will never get through this war without boldly attacking slavery; and it is for the interest of all concerned to do it as soon as possible." There were few persons abroad who had any adequate conception of the difficulties with which the subject was environed.

While this state of things existed in Europe, and the danger of hostile intervention was constantly increasing, the Government of the United States, patient to the last, still carried on the war with strict adherence to the principles of the Resolution of July, 1861. It was perfectly well understood, that, by the terms of this resolution, non-interference with slavery was intended. There never was a moment, from the first gun fired at Sumter, till the appearance of the Proclamation of the 1st of January, 1863, when the States of rebellion might not have resumed their allegiance on the basis of that resolution. But not the slightest intimation was ever given in any manifesto of the Confederate Government, by any journal supposed to express its views, or by any prominent individual in its confidence, that this condition would be agreed to, or any condition except the severance of the Union. On the contrary, the firm purpose of the leaders of the Rebellion, to accept no terms short of the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy was declared on every occasion and in every form.

Thus, then, a desolating war was waged for eighteen months against the constitutional Government of the country, at a cost of a thousand millions of treasure and a hundred thousand lives. On the part of the United States, the object of the war was declared to be to restore the authority of the Government throughout the Union. On the part of the Confederates, it was notoriously waged, after thirty years of agitation, for the sake of causing a rupture of the States, and establishing a new slaveholding confederacy. While the non-interference with slavery, the cause or pretext of the war, by the Government of the United States, produced not the slightest effect in the way of conciliating the rebels, whom it left in the undisturbed possession of what they regard as a chief source of strength in carrying on the war, it was rapidly losing us the sympathy of Europe, where their emissaries did not scruple to adduce this very non-interference as a proof that "slavery had nothing to do with the contest." Without gaining anything by forbearance at home, we were allowing the tide of public opinion to run against us abroad, and materially increasing the danger of hostile intervention, on the professed grounds that it was required by the interests of humanity, and that slavery had nothing to do with the struggle.

It was under these circumstances that the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, felt himself warranted in drawing this new weapon from the armory of the public law. Considering that slavery, either as motive or pretext, had caused the war; that it strengthened the rebels with the physical power of 600,000 able-bodied men, inhabitants of the South, and owing allegiance to the United States; that besides the employment of one half of this number in direct military service in forts, field-works, and general camp labor, it released an equal number of white men from agricultural labor and other domestic employments at home, thus increasing to that extent the force of their armies, while in many cases the slaves themselves were actually armed, and accompanied their masters to the field; considering further, that it had been shown, by the experience of eighteen months' war, that the apprehension of a servile insurrection, so generally entertained, was groundless; considering that the continued forbearance of the United States towards slavery was weakening us in that public opinion which is the ultimate ruling power in the civilized world, and in various ways aiding and strengthening the cause of the Rebellion abroad, — the Government of the United States, warranted by clear principles of the law of nations, and in the exercise of the undoubted right of a belligerent in a just war, declared by the President's proclamation of 22d September, 1862, that, after the first day of January next ensuing, the slaves in States then in rebellion should be free, and that compensation should be made to loyal citizens.

Such is the history of these proclamations. I am not pledged to their defence. My opinion of such a measure was informally asked in advance by a member of the Cabinet; and I expressed, in reply, a doubt of its policy, though I added that I had no doubt of its constitutionality. I did not regard it as a measure of great practical importance. I considered slavery as doomed, as Mr. Stephens warned his fellow-citizens it would be, by the operations of the war; and by what particular instrumentality, or in what precise form, provided it was constitutionally done, was of no great moment. I have no belief, however, that the measure has had the slightest effect in increasing the difficulty of pacification. The governing class, a small minority, will hold out for independence till their military power is crushed. When that is done, the masses will rise, and demand peace.

I will add, that it is very doubtful whether any act of the Government of the United States was necessary to liberate the slaves in a State which is in rebellion. There is much reason for the opinion, that, by the simple act of levying war against the United States, the relation of slavery was terminated, certainly so far as concerns the duty of the United States to recognize it, or to refrain from interfering with it. Not being founded on the law of nature, and resting solely on positive local law, and that not of the United States, as soon as it becomes either the motive or pretext of an unjust war against the Union, an efficient instrument in the hands of the rebels for carrying on the war, a source of military strength to the Rebellion, and of danger to the Government at home and abroad, with the additional certainty, that, in any event but its abandonment, it will continue, in all future time, to work these mischiefs, who can suppose it is the duty of the United States to continue to recognize it? To maintain this would be a contradiction in terms. It would be to recognize a right in a rebel master to employ his slave in acts of rebellion and treason, and the duty of the slave to aid and abet his master in the commission of the greatest crime known to the law. No such absurdity can be admitted; and any citizen of the United States, from the President down, who should, by any overt act, recognize the duty of a slave to obey a rebel master in a hostile operation, would himself be giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

While, therefore, I think nothing can be clearer than that the administration is, in its emancipation policy, in the exercise of an undoubted right on the clearest principles of the public law, I have no belief that, by adopting that policy, it has increased the difficulty of an honorable pacification. Conservative men of all parties have, with the best intentions, as it seems to me, acted under great misconceptions in this matter. The idea that the foundations of this Union rest on slavery, and that it is at all events, and under all circumstances, and to the end of time, to be cherished and preserved, is quite a recent idea. The fathers of the Republic knew nothing of it. They with one accord, South as well as North, regarded slavery as an evil forced upon the country in its colonial state, and temporarily tolerated. It was supposed to depend on the continued importation of slaves; and the framers of the Constitution of 1789 believed that, in providing for the prohibition of the African slave-trade after 1808, they had commenced the abolition of slavery. Mr. Webster says, and repeats the remark in his speech of the 7th of March, 1850, that the members of the Federal Convention "thought that slavery could not be continued in the country, if the importation of slaves were made to cease; and therefore they provided that, after a certain period, the importation might be prevented by an act of the new government." "It was then (April, 1776) the prevailing opinion," says Bancroft (VIII. 321), "especially in Virginia, that the total prohibition of the slave-trade would, at no very distant day, be followed by universal emancipation.

With the rapid extension of the culture of cotton, a different feeling began to prevail at the South, but by no means universally. In 1816, a manumission society in East Tennessee addressed their fellow-Christians throughout the United States in favor of the abolition of slavery. In 1823, in a very interesting conversation with Mr. Calhoun on the condition of the Cherokees, I expressed my regret that the great progress of that tribe in the arts of civilized life had been accompanied by the introduction of slavery. Mr. Calhoun spoke of it as a frequent incident of the early stages of social progress, and added, in his nervous, rapid way, "Scaffolding, sir, scaffolding: when the building is finished it will come away." In 1832, slavery was denounced in the Legislature of Virginia, after the massacre at Southampton, in language as uncompromising as was ever heard in this hall. A plan of emancipation was at that time reported by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the grandson of President Jefferson, and who has been, and is perhaps now, a member of Mr. Davis's cabinet; and it was defended by Mr. C. J. Faulkner, who holds, I believe, a command in the rebel army, in language like this: "So great and overshadowing are the evils of slavery, so sensibly are they felt by those who have traced the causes of our *national* decline, so perceptible is the poisonous operation of its principles in the varied and diversified interests of this Commonwealth, that all whose minds are not warped by prejudice and interest must admit that the disease has now assumed that mortal tendency, as to justify the application of any remedy which, under the great law of State necessity, we might consider advisable; yes, sir, if politic, the immediate removal of that whole class of our population." It may be enough to add, that it was admitted by Vice-President Stephens, in the spring of 1861, that views like these prevailed till within twenty years; that is, as late as 1840.

Who can suppose that, within twenty years, an entire revolution has taken place in public opinion, at the South, in reference to an interest which embraces but a small minority of the population? There are but fifteen or sixteen hundred thousand persons directly interested as slaveholders, allowing a family of five to every person of that class. It is abundantly shown by the books of Mr. Olmsted and other intelligent travellers, having the best means of observation, that there is no sympathy between the small proprietors, and still less "the poor whites" and the rich planters. The highland ridge that penetrates the entire Southwest almost to the Gulf of Mexico, and the valleys embosomed in it, are inhabited by an industrious population, who own but few slaves, and have no attachment to the institution of slavery. I have within a few days conversed with a most intelligent gentleman past the meridian of life, who, to avoid being forced into the trenches, succeeded a few weeks since in escaping from one of the Gulf States. He assured me that he had conversed with wealthy planters who were weary of sacrificing their sons to preserve their slaves; and it is within my personal knowledge, that many of the most enlightened citizens of the South regard slavery as an unmitigated evil. They did so even before it had wantonly involved them in the measureless calamities of war. Is it in human nature that the masses of the people should carry on a ruinous war forever, to gratify the pride, the temper, the ambition of a few political and military leaders, or the governing aristocracy to which they belong? Why then should we overturn the administration of our own Government in the crisis of the struggle, in order to bring in successors who will offer to those leaders new guaranties on the subject of slavery, with the assurance beforehand that the offer will be rejected?

Much is said about restoring "the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was"; and as far as I have been able to penetrate the real intentions of the Chicago Democracy, it is to make overtures of peace on that nominal basis, with new guaranties and compromises on the subject of slavery. Have those who favor such a policy well considered what the Union was, and the Constitution is, in this respect? A little impartial reflection on that subject will show that it is by no means at the North that the departure from its spirit, nay, its letter, has taken place. I do not refer to extreme opinions uttered by ardent men North and South, but to legislative acts and official measures of the General Government. While the Government of the United States is not chargeable with the smallest violation of the Constitution, or the slightest departure from the spirit of the Union (but very far the contrary in respect to slavery), both have been wholly disregarded and set at naught by the slaveholding interest. I have not time, at this late hour, to go into this discussion at length; but I will state a few propositions, which, as I think, defy refutation.

First, By the wise and good men of the South, as well as the North, who framed the Constitution, slavery, as I have already stated, was considered, and habitually declared, to be a social, political, and moral evil, forced upon us by the colonial government, of which it was both the interest and duty of the country to rid itself as soon as possible. For this reason, they would not allow the word "slave" to find a place in the Constitution, in order, as was urged by Mr. Madison, that they might not seem to recognize such a thing as property in man.

Secondly, It was universally believed at that time that slavery could only be kept up by the African slave-trade. Several of the States had already prohibited it; and the Constitution made provision for its final prohibition in twenty years, which actually took place.

Thirdly, Contemporaneously with the formation of the Constitution, slavery was, by the Ordinance of 1787, prohibited in all the territory then belonging to the United States, under circumstances that exclude the idea that any difference of policy would be pursued in territory hereafter to be acquired. This prohibition was accompanied by the clause for the extradition of fugitives held to labor, from which the word *slave* was carefully excluded.

Fourthly, As a compensation for allowing three fifths of the slaves to be added to the representative numbers (an arrangement which has almost always secured to the slaveholding States the control of the Government), it was provided that direct taxation should be assessed on the same principle.

Such is the "Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is," in the intendment of its framers. What have they since become? what are they now? Instead of a universally recognized temporary evil, intentionally placed in a train of extinction by the prohibition of the African slave-trade, a struggle commencing with the rapid extension of the cotton culture has been kept up for forty years to preserve, perpetuate, and extend slavery; and this struggle has culminated in a gigantic war, against that very constitution, and in order to effect that object by a rupture of the Union. Or, if we choose to consider the rupture of the Union as the *primary object*, then slavery is the pretext and rallying-cry made use of to effect it, while the new government proposed to be erected on the ruins of the "Union as it was" is declared to be built on the corner-stone of slavery.

Instead of confining slavery, with a view to its final extinction, to the States in which it existed in 1787, and wholly excluding it from the Territories (which was the design of the fathers of the Union as it was), nine new slave States have been admitted, with stipulations for four more to be added in Texas, in territory acquired by treaties conceded by Messrs. Jefferson and Madison to be in violation of "the Constitution as it is." A new compromise which excluded slavery from the Territories north of 36 deg. 30 min., and admitted it into all the Territories south of the line, in contravention of the design of the fathers of the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was, was repealed by the Democracy in 1854, while the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Constitution, into which the framers would not admit the *word*, carries, *proprio vigore*, the *thing* into all the territory of the United States.

Of direct taxation, which was to be the equivalent for the representation of the slaves, and which it was supposed, by the framers of the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is, would be the main support of the Government, fourteen millions only had been raised from the adoption of the Constitution up to 1861, while the hundreds of millions by which the public debt has been liquidated and the Government carried on — by which two foreign wars have been waged, and Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, and California paid for — have been raised by indirect taxation, and the public lands, five sixths of which have, at all times, accrued from the free States.

In the face of these facts, which prove that, before 1861, every principle with respect to slavery on which the Union was established and the Constitution framed has been violated, and every compromise disregarded, set at naught, defeated, reversed, till at length a civil war, such as the world has never witnessed before, is waged against the Union in further defiance and outrage of those principles, and in order to effect its utter overturn and destruction by force of arms, we are now called upon to overthrow the administration, and restore the Democracy, in the vain hope of bringing the men, who, for selfish and ambitious purposes, have waged the war, back to the Union, which they tell us they loathe, by new guaranties and further compromises.

Such are my views of the questions which the pending election presents to the people of the United States. They have decided the course which I have felt it my duty to take. If ever there was a time, when, laying aside all other feeling, especially every thought of party or self, it is our duty to look exclusively to our beloved and bleeding country, that time has come. I need not say to you, my friends, that no one, in a sphere of private influence, has labored harder than I to avert the catastrophe. Thinking that I saw, in the violent agitation which prevailed between the two sections of the country, the gathering of a storm but too likely to burst and desolate the land, I spared no pains to turn aside the peril. After the sectional warfare of opinion and feeling had reached a dangerous height, anxious, if possible, to bring a counteractive and conciliating influence into play, feeling that there was yet one golden chord of sympathy which ran throughout the land, in the hope of contributing something, however small, to preserve what remained, and restore what was lost of kind feeling between the two sections of the country, I devoted the greater part of my time, for three years, to the attempt to give new strength in the hearts of my countrymen,— to the last patriotic feeling, in which they seemed to beat in entire unison, — veneration and love for the name of Washington, and reverence for the place of his rest. With this object in view, I travelled thousands of miles, by night and by day, in midwinter and midsummer, speaking three, four, and five times a week, in feeble health, and under a heavy burden of domestic care and sorrow, and inculcating the priceless value of the Union, in precisely the same terms, from Maine to Georgia, and from New York to St. Louis.

In the spring of 1860, from the same motive, but with the extremest reluctance, I allowed my name to be placed on the Union ticket; and, in my letter of acceptance, I painted, in the strongest language I could command, the horrors of civil war, and the duty and necessity of reconciliation. Pursuing this policy to the last, I gave my humble support to all the healing measures which were brought forward in the winter of 1860 – 61. Every sentiment which I uttered on these occasions was received with approbation by the entire conservative press in the country, Whig and Democratic; and now, because I support the Government in a righteous war of self-defence, — a war marked, on the part of the enemy, with every character of treason to the Union, and of violence and cruelty to the Union men of the South, — I am daily taunted with inconsistency by writers and speakers who concurred with everything I wrote and said in favor of peace, and now think themselves defamed if any doubt is expressed of their sincerity in urging the prosecution of the war, till the Rebellion and "the people" waging it are "crushed."

But no, fellow-citizens, the contest could not be avoided. The political and military leaders of the South were determined to bring the controversy to the dread arbitrament of arms. Providence is putting our patriotism to this austere test to see if we have the manhood and virtue to sustain that grand nationality to which our fathers placed the seal of a crowning victory, at Yorktown, on the 19th of October, 1781. That it is our duty to do so, was the sentiment of every loyal heart when the blow was struck at Sumter, and the country, as one man, sprang to the defence of the Union. Need I remind you how, for the second time in our history, and on the twice consecrated 19th of April, the pathetic glory was reserved to Massachusetts, of shedding the first blood in the sacred cause? Never was a grander movement in the annals of our race, than when, trampling party in the dust, and forgetting all that divided opinion on measures or men, the citizens of the loyal States remembered only that the flag of that Union "which makes us one people" had been traitorously stricken down, and that ambitious men, marching through the bloody portals of rebellion, were striving to rend in sordid tatters the seamless garment which enfolds our beloved country.

The cause is as sacred now as then, and the dearer for the precious blood shed in its defence. We knew no party in '61: can we not again rise above it in '64? Shall we, in the face of the world, as the struggle is drawing to a close, paralyze the only arm which, by a constitutional necessity, can wield the power of the State? The eyes of the nations are upon us. I am well persuaded that we have not a sincere friend in the civilized world, who will not deplore the overthrow of the administration; and however parties, led by mistaken opinion, interest, or passion, may differ now, I am equally persuaded, that, in after-years, coming generations, South as well as North, nay, the South still more than the North, will recognize the justice of our cause, and that the South will date her own regeneration from our success in the struggle.

APPENDIX.

Three facts have been shown by the experience of the war which furnish an answer to all the serious objections to the emancipation policy of the Administration, and which demonstrate the unreasonableness of subverting it, in order that that policy may be reversed.

The *first* is, that there is no danger of a servile insurrection, in consequence of the civil war. The very heart of the South has been reached by our armies. It is of course unnecessary to say, that no inducements have been held out by their commanders to attempt such an insurrection; but the slaves themselves, as far as we are aware, have nowhere shown the slightest disposition to act over again the terrible scenes of Hayti. This fact at once furnishes an answer to the passionate declamations of the Southern press and the sympathizing press of Europe and the North, on the barbarity of the measure, and demonstrates the integrity with which the Government of the United States, on this most delicate subject, confines itself within the limits of Christian warfare.

Secondly, it had, even before the war, been proved by numerous examples, that the moment the slave was compensated for his labor, he worked with a fidelity and zeal before unknown. This was seen in the case of slaves allowed to purchase their freedom, — a very common practice at the South, and particularly in the memorable case of Macdonough's slaves at New Orleans. It was, on that occasion, fully proved, that even the remote prospect of freedom converted the slaves into laborers, as industrious and cheerful as those of any complexion and race. Since the war, new proofs of this truth have been furnished on the Atlantic coast, and still more on the Mississippi. Hundreds of plantations have been profitably cultivated by freedmen, under all the disadvantages of a provisional system, the danger of guerillas, the demands of the army, and the inexperience of employers. In some cases the slaves have been employed and paid by their former owners, and to the satisfaction of both parties. There is no reason to doubt, that, on the restoration of peace, the greater part of the freedmen would return to the planters by whom they were kindly treated, and who were willing to pay them fair wages. Mr. Davis says we have emancipated about 2,000,000 of slaves, and may have the rest if we will take care of them. But if the South, instead of pursuing this unprovoked and suicidal war, will wisely yield to the state of things which she has brought upon herself and upon the country, her laboring population, influenced by the same local attachments that bind their fellow-men to the place of their birth, will, when assured of freedom, kind treatment, and fair wages, prefer to live and to die on the spot where they were born. That no difficulties and embarrassments will present themselves, in so considerable a social change, is not to be expected; but neither history nor observation obliges us to regard these difficulties as insuperable. A few centuries ago, all the agricultural labor of Europe was performed by bondmen, and our British ancestors were bought and sold as slaves, in all the markets of the world. At the present day the emancipation of 22,000,000 of serfs in Russia is going on quietly and without the slightest convulsion of society.

Thirdly, if, as may be no doubt expected, the colored population of the South should be somewhat diminished by the events of this war; if the memory of recent hardships and sufferings, antagonisms of race, the pressure of political disabilities, or any other cause, should compel a portion of the freedmen permanently to leave their native States; if, as will probably be the case, especially should facilities for emigration be afforded, considerable numbers should go forth in search of a more eligible home in Liberia or elsewhere, — then it has been amply shown, by the experience of our armies, that the supposed inability of the white race to sustain a Southern climate is, in a great degree, imaginary. By observing proper sanitary precautions, our armies, notwithstanding necessary exposure in unhealthy localities, and the superadded causes of disease incident to camp life, have been remarkably free from disease. There is no reason to doubt that, with the return of a settled order of things, just in proportion as an opening is made by the withdrawal of any part of the colored population of the South, the tide of emigration will begin to flow from the North and from Europe, bringing with it an energy and an enterprise, a thrift and skill, a supply of machinery and capital, together with moral elements of progress, hitherto unknown in that naturally favored region. Why, then, revolutionize our own Government for the avowed purpose of arresting a policy by which Providence is so manifestly educing good from evil? Why seek, by unsolicited guaranties and humiliating compromises, to deprive the country, the civilized world, and humanity itself, of the great compensation for all the sacrifices and sufferings of a war into which slavery has plunged us?

THE SAILORS' HOME.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: —

SHARING with you the regret which I know you must all feel that we are not to have the pleasure of listening to his Excellency the Governor, whose voice is never heard without interest, I will nevertheless say, that, if there is any cause which could dispense with his advocacy, or that of any man, it is the cause which has brought us together this evening. Mr. Rice, both in his remarks at this time, and in the statement of the Managing Committee, has so fully unfolded the object of the Fair, as to leave me but little to say on that topic. He has told you that no person can be permanently admitted into the existing marine asylums and hospitals who has not been twenty years in the service. When we consider how rapidly the number of our seamen has increased since the war began, we shall perceive how many brave fellows, by this limitation alone, must be excluded from the benefit of those establishments. Since 1861, the number of our sailors has swelled from less than 8,000 to more than 50,000, which is the number at the present time; and when the ships now building are afloat, 10,000 or 15,000 more will be required to man them. From this it follows, that of the seamen now in the navy, taken at the lowest number, there are 42,800 that can't cross the threshold of a United States hospital, as permanent inmates, till the years 1881–2–3–4. How many of the Hearts of Oak now in the service, including, on the average, seven eighths of those who have fought the noble battles and achieved the splendid successes of the war, will have survived the conflicts that may yet await them, and the hardships and exposures of sixteen or eighteen additional years of service, and be available recipients of this tardy bounty of the existing establishments?

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* Remarks at the opening of the Fair for the Benefit of the Sailors' Home, in the Boston Theatre, 9th November, 1864.

Now do we consider what these men have done and are daily doing for us, - for the country? I am not one of those who make invidious comparisons between the two arms of the service. I would not rob the army of one leaf of its well-earned laurels, to give it to the navy. They have both — I will not say covered themselves with glory, that is but vulgar praise — they have done better, — they have done their duty, their whole duty to the country. They have done it separately and done it jointly. Each has its peculiar opportunities; its peculiar difficulties and perils; its peculiar merits. But when I think of Port Royal, of Hatteras Inlet, of Hampton Roads, and the little Monitor, of the brave fellows that stood to their guns in the Cumberland, under Lieutenant Morris, till the water rose to the main hatch, and nearly half of them went down in the sinking vessel, and of all the other noble exploits of the navy, on the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Mississippi, not forgetting that ever-memorable achievement on the 19th of June, in the British Channel, I must confess I think we owe them something more than has yet been done for them, — something more than sounding cheers and empty praise.

While the Brooklyn lay in the Navy Yard at Charlestown, I went on board her. She bore the brunt of the batteries of Fort Morgan, on that ever-memorable 5th of August. With the exception of those who went down in the Tecumseh, the killed and wounded of the Brooklyn greatly outnumbered, if I mistake not, those of any other ship in the fleet. I saw on her poop deck the stains of the blood of a marine, who stood within a few feet of her brave commander, Captain Alden, and was cut in two by a *ricochet* shot from Fort Morgan, which, at a second bound, dashed another poor fellow into the sea. Between decks I saw a hole, through whose jagged and splintered opening I could almost have crept myself. It was caused by a shell, which burst through the ship's side, lighted on the gun-deck, amidst a group of twenty or thirty officers and men, hissed and blazed for a terrible moment and exploded. Some of the fragments — cold and harmless now — are on one of the tables in this hall. It was, of course, the messenger of death to several within the range of the explosion, among others to a poor fellow already shot down on the upper deck, and brought below for safety. What a comfort it would have been to the survivors, if the officer nearest at hand had exclaimed to them: "Never mind, my lads, fight away, seventeen or eighteen years hence the country will do something comfortable for you!"

Nor is it alone in these scenes of fire and blood that our noble sailors earn our gratitude. Admiral Collingwood (all things considered, the best officer in the British Navy) says there is greater danger in the blockading service "than in a battle once a week"; and he rebukes "the city politicians," as he calls them, "who cannot comprehend how a vessel can sail from one blockaded port to another, where the principal force is," which had however happened to himself. The service rendered by our squadrons, which have been held and still hold in strict blockade 3,500 miles of coast, are as important to the country, and require as much skill and conduct on the part of the officers, as much endurance on the part of the men, and are attended, Lord Collingwood tells us, with as much danger, as those of actual conflict. Does any one of our stay-at-home critics and editorial connoisseurs, who are constantly railing at the navy for not doing what they know to be impossibilities, does any one of them doubt this? Let him try his hand at it himself. Let him pass a week in the hold of one of the iron-clads blockading Charleston, in dog-days, the thermometer at 130°, between decks; or if he prefers a sailing vessel, let him go and turn out at midnight in a white squall to reef topsails, while the frozen canvas, as thick and as hard as a board, dashes on his face with every fitful gust, and the yard-arm describes an arc of 90 degrees with every roll of the ship. Let him try this awhile, and he will know a little what the blockading service really is.

O, but the prize money, that's the great compensation, the mighty cure-all for the hardships and dangers of the sailor's life. Let us see how the case stands with reference to prize money. If the prize is of less force than the captor (which of course will generally be the case with blockade-runners), the government takes half to begin with. Then come the fees of officials, the expenses of adjudication, evaporation out of the public stores, — whole bales of cotton and barrels of turpentine going up chimney or through the keyhole, — during the months, sometimes the years, that the property is under trial, and frauds in the final sale of prize cargoes. There are cases (my friend Mr. Dana won't think I allude to anything done in Boston) in which the expenses exceed the entire value of the prize, and the captor has to foot the bill of costs. When the dividend at length is made, ten to one the landsharks get poor Jack's share. What good does it do a sailor, at the end of his voyage, to have two or three hundred dollars in his pocket, either as wages or prize money? One out of ten perhaps is benefited; keeps his money for his family, if he has one, puts it in the savings bank, lays the foundation for a frugal competence on which, after a few more voyages, he can go back to his native village, and lead a comfortable life. A much greater number, by the time they are landed, fall into the clutches of the miscreants, who tempt them to excess, betray them into vice, cheat, plunder them, strip them of all they have, and compel them to ship for another voyage, or enlist again in the public service, as a refuge from starvation.

There are few things so reproachful to our modern civilization as what seems to be the necessary condition of our sailors, afloat and ashore. Here is a class of men among the most important in the country, — the direct agents for carrying on its foreign commerce; all important, indispensable for the public defence; but such is the state in which our social system leaves them, that Dr. Johnson said, a hundred years ago, "When you look down from the quarter deck on the space below, you see the utmost extremity of human misery." No doubt great improvements have been made since his time in the condition of our ships, public and private. The lash is forbidden; grog, the source of most of the evils in the sailor's life, is commuted for articles that nourish and comfort; and on shore our mariners' homes, and sailors' snug harbors and Bethels and seamen's aid societies and temperance boarding-houses, and here in Boston, Father Taylor, who is himself an institution, a walking Bethel, have done much to ameliorate its hardships. All honor to the kind-hearted men and women who give their time and labor to this work of truly Christian benevolence. But I fear there is still a great deal too much truth in what Dr. Johnson said. A man might about as well breathe the air of the Black Hole of Calcutta as that of a small vessel between decks. An ingenious essay was written, twenty-five or thirty years ago, by a person who met with a cruel death on board one of our sound steamers (Mr. Russell Jarvis), to prove that it is this pestiferous air, not the exposures and hardships of the service, which make the sailor grow old before his time, turn his skin into parchment, and fill his system with the seeds of typhus. With modern art appliances, and especially with the command of steam-power, the air might be nearly as pure in the hold of a vessel as it is on the broad ocean upon which it floats. Instead of this, when the sailor goes below, he enters an atmosphere exhaled from bilge-water and tar. His fare is too often coarse and indigestible, and in cold weather he has very inadequate means of keeping himself clean, or warm, or dry. This is apart from all extraordinary hardships and sufferings; it is the normal existence of the sailor, whose "home is on the deep";— a residence which, as far as health and comfort are concerned, figures to much greater advantage in Campbell's stirring lyric than in the hard reality of life.

As to the terrible casualties and hardships of the sailor's life, the wintry gale on a lee-shore, the encounter with an ice-berg, fire in the hold of a ship laden with combustible materials, a collision which sends one or both vessels to the bottom with hundreds of passengers, the sufferings of the surviving victims of these various disasters, exposed for days, sometimes weeks, crowded together, in open boats, without food or water, driven at last by hunger to extremities which it makes the flesh creep to think of, on these terrible calamities in the sailor's life, — of none too rare occurrence, — I forbear to dwell.

And now what reception awaits poor Jack, when, having lived through the hardships and escaped the dangers of his calling, he reaches land? Is he at last rewarded for his sufferings by the comforts of a virtuous fireside, and a happy, well-ordered, however humble, home? Sometimes he is. Perhaps for one in ten such a welcome is reserved, beneath a roof which he can call his own, or in some charitable retreat, public or private. Nine times out of ten the case is far different. The devils, whose name is legion, are lying in wait for him. If he arrives in a merchant ship, before the sails are furled, one of them, with a bottle of rum in his pocket, is on board. He lands, or is paid off from a man-of-war, and then it seems as if there was no eye to pity and no arm on earth to save him. He must have a night's lodging; he can't go to the Parker House or the Revere. Already heated with liquor, to which happily he has long been unaccustomed on shipboard, the evil spirits who have him in their clutches take care that he shall not find his way to a temperance boarding-house or the mariners' home, and he falls of necessity into the hands of a "landlord." Once there, his fate is sealed, — more liquor, often drugged, — consequent stupefaction, — plunder, — temptation in still more deadly forms, till, his money spent, his spirit broken, his health perhaps ruined for life, he is reduced in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, to the cruel necessity of embarking on another voyage, penniless, friendless, and desperate.

"His own fault," you cry; "why did n't he do better?" It is not wholly his own fault; it is partly yours; you furnished him no means, no encouragement to do better. Who takes any interest in poor Jack? O yes, when he comes home crowned with a glorious victory, like the brave boys of the Kearsarge, you make the heavens ring with your cheers of welcome, but what do you do systematically and effectually for the protection of the seaman against the frauds and cruelties I have described? Jack, you must remember, did n't have your advantages of moral education in early life. He was an orphan, or born to poverty from the cradle; or he had a cheerless home, and, after a world of hardship weighing heavily upon his young heart, he was driven to the sea for a living. Or he was a trifle wild and reckless; did n't live up to the deacon, his father's, standard of morality; was the plague, and yet the darling, of his mother; the despot, but the favorite, of the village boys; the torment and delight of the village girls; a wayward, mischievous, thoughtless, kind-hearted youth. He was regularly flogged by the schoolmaster both parts of the day, and twice on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, because the school did n't keep in the afternoon; till, one day, having clenched the master (who came off second-best in the struggle), while this agreeable operation was going on, and, the night after, having adopted rather an irregular method of preventing the Squire's favorite pear-tree from breaking down under the weight of its fruit, he found it advisable in the morning to run away and go to sea. He was froward, but not depraved; wild, but neither malignant nor desperate. He would not do a mean thing for the world. He needs restraint, — to be led by the rough road of wholesome discipline, but not to be trampled down into the mud of iniquity and despair. On shipboard he does nobly; it is n't a bad school. Removed from temptation; kept to constant and regular, not severe labor, under a kind commander; true as steel and brave as a lion in the hour of danger; with opportunities, as he sits listlessly on deck in his night watches, looking into the depths of the sky, to think of the father, the mother, the sister whom he left weeping over his waywardness, at home, there is no reason why he should not go back to be its comfort and prop, and return from each successive voyage to make the hearts of those he loves dance with joy. Many a homesick sigh mingles with the gale that bends the topmast; many a virtuous resolution responds to the harsh cry that calls the poor fellow, hardly turned in from his night-watch, drenched, frozen, stiff, and sore, from his hammock to the shrouds, in a wintry storm. But all his good resolutions are vain. The Devil's sentinel is on the watch for him when he lands. A wretch that picks his meat out of the poverty, disease, and suffering of the sailor lies in wait for him, carries a poison in his pocket with which he stupefies his senses till he gets him into his power, and then plunders him at leisure; strips him naked, and crowds him off to sea.

Do you ask why he does not at once go home? Home? In half the cases he never had a home. Half the time poor Jack was the orphan son of a widowed mother: —

> "Cold on Canadian hills or Mexic's plain,
> Perhaps that mother mourned *her* soldier slain;
> Wept o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave the sad presage of his future years, —
> The child of misery baptized in tears."

Why don't he go home? He had a home once; not a very happy one. He left it a wild, thoughtless boy. He has toiled in your service till his bones are pried out of their sockets with rheumatism; till his iron muscles are melted to an infant's softness by the scurvy; he has perilled his life for his country under Porter, and Farragut, and Winslow. His father and mother are at home in the churchyard; his brothers and sisters scattered to the four winds; he has no home. The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but poor Jack has not where to lay his head; and now, dear friends, brethren, sisters ever foremost in deeds of Christian charity, let me beseech you, for the love of Him whose words I have dared to use, — words over which eighteen centuries have wept tears of reverent sympathy, — let me adjure you by the love of Him, who though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, to help these noble women, by your bounty, to give poor Jack, what he most greatly needs, what he most rarely enjoys, — a virtuous, comfortable home.

RECEPTION OF CAPTAIN WINSLOW.[*]

Mr Mayor: —

I CONGRATULATE you on this most joyful occasion. I am sure the doors of Faneuil Hall were never opened to guests more cordially welcome than Captain Winslow, his officers, and men; and we heartily thank him for giving us the opportunity of being the first to pay him these personal honors. We claim precedence, however, only in point of time. Whatever port he may enter, wherever he may set foot on American soil, he and his brave brother-officers and men are sure to meet the same enthusiastic welcome. And you, men, if, in this changeful world, any of you should get a little hard up, just say "Kearsarge," and every hand and every heart will be open to you.

The annals of the war are crowded with incidents that fill the patriotic heart with gladness, but not one hailed with greater satisfaction than the exploit of Captain Winslow. It had in it all the qualities which the conscience approves, the patriotic heart honors, or which a loyal taste admires. A good judge of such things, Captain Worden, of the Monitor, said to me yesterday, "It was a *beautiful* battle." In the triumph of our armies in the field, the joy we feel is sobered by reflecting that our victories are gained over our countrymen, whose masses are controlled by ambitious leaders, wielding the power of a military reign of terror. There is not the least doubt that the great majority of the virtuous and substantial population of the South loathe the war and long for peace. But no regret mingles with our joy at the destruction of the Alabama. She was, by the definition of Semmes himself, a pirate; built, equipped, and prepared for armament, in a neutral country; her armament prepared in like manner, and by a paltry evasion of the law, sent out to be put on board abroad, all in equal defiance of the law of England and the law of nations. She was thus built by a wretch, — he deserves no milder name, — who was willing to imperil the peace of two kindred nations and of the civilized world, for the miserable gains of his ship-yard. Her crew were nearly all foreigners, without interest in the cause they served, engaging only for pay, stickling for wages, as Semmes tells us in his journal; and she was commanded by a traitor to his country, who, in violation not merely of his duty as a citizen, and of his oath as an officer, but of the generous instincts of his profession, was embarked in a contemptible warfare against unarmed merchantmen and whalers, with circumstances of treacherous barbarity, fit only for heathen savages; I allude to the burning of his prizes at night to decoy other vessels into his clutches. To meet this pirate, so built, manned, and commanded; to meet her in the British Channel, within sight of the shores of France, almost within sight of that of England, from which she went forth; to meet her equal-handed and with no superiority of force of the slightest account; there to inaugurate a new era in naval warfare; and in a short, sharp, decisive action, send the pirate to the bottom, — this was truly doing the Lord's work on the Lord's day. It is an incident in which there is absolutely nothing to abate our satisfaction and joy, — save our sorrow at the loss of one brave fellow mortally wounded, GOWAN, who survived but seven days. There were two others seriously wounded, — I believe they are present, — I hope they will step out, and let the audience pay them the honor they deserve.

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[*] Remarks at the public reception of Captain J. A. Winslow and the officers and seamen of the Kearsarge in Faneuil Hall, 10th November, 1864.

[Here the two men, JAMES MACBETH and JOHN W. DEMPSEY, each of whom lost an arm, and one of whom bore a battle flag, stepped to the front, and were enthusiastically cheered.]

In ancient times it was the custom, in the vast amphitheatres and circuses, where half a million of men could be seated, to lay the arena under water and there exhibit, — I cannot say mock-fights, for they were real combats of gladiators, sacrificing themselves for the amusement of their cruel masters. But what were these stupendous spectacles compared with this illustrious combat in the central waters of the civilized world, with emperors, kings, and nations for the spectators, and the honor and the cause of the country for the prize!

There is one other cause of regret, namely, that any one claiming the name of an English gentleman should humiliate himself to make his yacht a tender to the pirate, and rescue him from the power of his noble conqueror, and that English noblemen and gentlemen should be eager to crown with sham honors a person who, by the law of England and of every other civilized country, would have expiated his treason on the block. We are told by English journals, that the battery of the Alabama was fought by skilful gunners from the Royal practice-ship, the "Excellent." If it was so, Captain Winslow might well say, with St Paul, "and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way."

But in one thing I am disposed to call Captain Winslow to account. In some remarks made by him at Roxbury, the other day, he is reported as saying he was a "Southerner." Now I should like to be informed how he knows that. I think I can prove the contrary. I have looked into the Navy Register for 1864, published by authority, its accuracy never impeached, and I find Captain J. A. Winslow entered as "a citizen of Massachusetts." Don't the Secretary of the Navy know where the men in his employ belong? Sir, the doctrine of State rights is often pushed too far, but every State has a right to the good name of its citizens, and I am not going to give up my share of Captain Winslow. Then I 've heard that he entered the service on the recommendation of Daniel Webster. I hope that is the case. Mr. Webster did great things for the good of the country, but never one better than that. Mr. Webster was a man of comprehensive patriotism. He loved his whole country, East, West, North, and South; but as the midshipmen and cadets at West Point are appointed by the members of Congress, in rotation from their districts, I can 't believe Mr. Webster would have asked a warrant for a Southerner. And then the name, — who ever heard of any one by the name of Winslow being anything but a New-Englander? Why, sir, Captain Winslow is descended straight from Edward Winslow, the third name on the list of the signers of the Mayflower compact, Governor of Plymouth, first patentee of Green Harbor, which after passing through four or five generations of a distinguished posterity, came into the possession of Mr. Webster and now holds his ashes. Don't tell me about the descendant of such an ancestor being a Southerner.

Only one thing more, Mr. Mayor. We often hear that the characteristic qualities of an ancestor crop out, so to say, in a remote posterity. Edward Winslow was much confided in by Cromwell, and though not a naval officer, he had such aptitude for naval affairs, that Cromwell sent him, as one of the three advising commissioners that accompanied Admiral Penn (the father of our William Penn) to the West Indies in 1655. That expedition gave the island of Jamaica to England. No doubt Edward Winslow's counsels contributed to its success, and if he could only have taken with him such a ship as the Kearsarge, with a few eleven-inch Dahlgrens, with an officer like his great-great-grandson to command her, and a ship's company like that we have the happiness to welcome to Faneuil Hall, he would have made much shorter work of his conquest.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

In response to the toast, —

"*The President of the United States,* — Called for the second time to the most exalted office in the gift of the people, may he so administer the high trust as to receive the support of the whole country, and restore to the Union the blessings of a speedy, honorable, and lasting peace," —

Mr. Everett rose, and said: —

Mr. Chairman: I am highly complimented by being called upon to respond to the toast in honor of the President of the United States. Having already had an opportunity in Faneuil Hall of paying a grateful tribute of respect to Captain Winslow and his gallant associates, I shall leave this noble topic to the gentlemen who will follow me, and who are so well able to do it justice, and confine myself to the specific duty which you have assigned me. The toast is certainly one which I am sure will be welcomed by every gentleman at the table, whatever differences of political opinion may prevail here. You pay this mark of respect to the President, not as the successful candidate, after a severely contested election, but as the constitutional head of the government of the country, the Supreme Executive officer of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and the personal representative of the people in the family of nations. In the honors you pay to the President, you honor yourselves; it is a becoming mark of respect, on the part of a people, thus to recognize the object of the people's choice.

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* Remarks at the dinner to Captain Winslow and the officers of the Kearsarge, in the Revere House, 15th November, 1864.

This remark of respect is never withheld from the Head of the Government in England. Not only at home in Great Britain, but in the world-encompassing circuit of her dominions, wherever a festive entertainment is held, the health of the Queen is

> "In their flowing cups freshly remembered."

It would be unbecoming indeed, if honors cheerfully paid, irrespective of party, to an hereditary sovereign, were withheld from the chief magistrate of a great republic, elevated to that position by the choice of the people. The sovereign who rules by the right of birth has come into the world like the meanest of his subjects; but a civic act like that of this day-week, by which twenty-two millions of freemen, citizens of twenty-two States, associated in one great republican Union, established over a territory as vast as Europe, have assembled, on an appointed day, in their respective towns, cities, and villages, after an ardent canvass, with all the excitements of a civil war kindling throughout the country, and without tumult, violence, or the display of military force, have elected the constitutional head of the state, is a spectacle of moral sublimity not surpassed in the annals of the world!

Mr. Chairman, I do not agree with those who maintain that the idea of loyalty has no place in a republic. I regard it, on the contrary, as one of the elements of the patriotic sentiment, which surely ought to prevail with augmented force on the part of the citizens of a state where all government ultimately rests on popular choice. Loyalty, in fact, in its primitive meaning, is fealty to the law, and as such surely carries with it, as a necessary consequence, the duty of becoming respect, in their several degrees, to those who, on behalf of the people, make, administer, and execute the law. On any other principle, it would follow, that the marks of respect paid to a European king and queen were paid, not to the office, but to the person of the individual. Now, though at the present time the throne of England is filled by a sovereign lady, who, by all the womanly not less than all the queenly virtues, is also enthroned in the hearts of her subjects, Mr. Thackeray's lectures on the four Georges are too well remembered not to prove, either that loyalty is not a sentiment which mainly regards the person of the sovereign, or, if it is, that public sentiment in England during four successive reigns, — to go no further back, — must have been strangely misdirected.

But I would not have it inferred, from these remarks, that the President of the United States, in whose honor you have proposed the toast to which you have called me to respond, is entitled to this mark of respect only in his official capacity. Now that the struggle is past, I am sure that no liberal-minded person, however opposed to him politically (and you know, sir, that I belong to "the President's opposition") will be unwilling that, in performing the duty you have devolved upon me, I should say that I recognize in him a full measure of the qualities which entitle him to the personal respect of the people, who have just given him a proof of their confidence, not extended to any of his predecessors in this generation. It is no small proof of this that he has passed through the fiery ordeal of the recent canvass, and stood the storm of detraction from hundreds of vigorous and hostile presses, and had so little said against him (I speak now of personal qualities) which deserves even an answer. There is no one of his predecessors, not even Washington, of whom as many and as reproachful things have not been said, unless perhaps it be Mr. Monroe, who had the happiness to fall upon "the era of good feeling," and who was, in no one quality, either as a man or a President, superior to Mr. Lincoln. The President gave ample proof of his intellectual capacity, when he contested a seat in the Senate of the United States with Judge Douglas. When I sat in the Senate with Judge Douglas, I thought him, for business and debate, the equal of the ablest in that body; but his speeches in the senatorial canvass were in no respect superior to Mr. Lincoln's. I believe the President to be entirely conscientious in the discharge of his high trust; and that, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, he has administered the government with the deepest sense of responsibility to his country and his God. He is eminently kind-hearted. I am sure he spoke the truth, the other day, when he said that he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. He is one of the most laborious and indefatigable men in the country; and that he has been able to sustain himself under as great a load of care as was ever laid upon the head or the heart of a living man is in no small degree owing to the fact that the vindictive and angry passions form no part of his nature, and that a kindly and playful spirit mingles its sweetness with the austere cup of public duty.

It may seem hardly worth while to notice the descriptions which represent the President as a person of uncouth appearance and manners. But as Mr. Burke did not think it out of place, in the most magnificent discourse in the English language, to comment on the appearance, manners, and conversation of the exiled French princes, I will take the liberty to say that, on the only social occasion on which I ever had the honor to be in the President's company, namely, the commemoration of Gettysburg, he sat at table at the house of my friend David Wills, Esq., by the side of several distinguished persons, ladies and gentlemen, foreigners and Americans, among them the French Minister at Washington, since appointed French Ambassador at Madrid, and the Admiral of the French fleet, and that in gentlemanly appearance, manners, and conversation he was the peer of any man at the table.

The most important objection urged against Mr. Lincoln is that personally he lacks fixedness of purpose, and that his Cabinet and administration have wanted unity of counsel. I think I shall offend no candid opponent (I certainly am no partisan myself) if I remind you, that precisely the same charge, on the same grounds, might be brought against General Washington and his administration. Under circumstances vastly less embarrassing, he placed in his Cabinet, and kept there, as long as they could be induced to stay, the two political leaders (Jefferson and Hamilton) not merely of different wings of the same political connection, but the heads of two radically opposite parties. Mr. Monroe, though elected himself by an almost unanimous vote, allowed his Cabinet to contain three rival candidates for the succession, who differed radically on almost every public question. It rarely happens in popular government that any other course is practicable in difficult times. In England, where the theory and practice of parliamentary government have been maturing for ages, there has seldom been a cabinet in which the same dissidence has not existed. It does at the present time in the cabinet of Lord Palmerston.

At any rate, our friends of the party opposed to Mr. Lincoln, at the late election, must exercise some charity toward him in this respect. It was made up of two wings entertaining diametrically opposite views of the policy which ought to be pursued in the present difficult crisis of affairs, and no little strategical skill was required to produce even a show of unity sufficient for the purposes of the election.

But I forbear. The election, in all but its formalities, is decided. It is due to both parties to say that they accept the result — the one its defeat and the other its victory — with moderation and equanimity. It is in this spirit alone that our common country can be carried through its great trial. The last hope of the hostile leaders is in our divisions. With sure indications of a cordial union on our part, "down their idle weapons will drop," or be wrested from their hands by the indignant and weary masses whom they have betrayed into this desolating war.

Let us then, Mr. Chairman, study the things that make for peace, in the first instance with each other, as the surest means of an honorable and a lasting peace with our deluded countrymen. It rejoiced my heart the other evening, at the opening of the Fair, to be followed on the platform by my life-long friend Winthrop, who filled the same place on the unsuccessful electoral ticket that I do in that which has prevailed, and whose admirable speech commanded the entire sympathy of the audience. A fair appeal has been made to the people, to which they have responded in terms not to be mistaken. Let the successful party continue to abstain from all unkindly exultation, and the defeated from all bitter partisan warfare. General Grant has declared that the late election is worth a pitched battle, not surely because it is a party triumph, but because it is the trumpet tone of the people's voice, affirming the immortal maxim of General Jackson, that the Union must and *shall* be preserved. Let our brave officers, seamen, and soldiers, on the land and on the sea, feel that they are striking, not for this or that man, for this or that party, but for the whole country; and when our gallant guests, who now honor us with their company, go forth again to other conflicts and other triumphs, let them go with the assurance that they carry with them the hearts of a United People.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTORAL COLLEGE OF 1864.*

Gentlemen of the Electoral College: —

I receive the resolution you have just been pleased to adopt as a new mark of your personal and official kindness, rendered doubly welcome by the venerable years so freshly and gracefully worn, and the life-long and meritorious services of our honored associate [Ex-Governor Lincoln] by whom it was offered. But the occasion is too serious for any further remarks personal to myself.

Assembled at this time in obedience to the will of the people of Massachusetts, signified by an almost unprecedented majority, we have completed, as far as this State is concerned, the august act of the 8th of November last. In connection with the electoral colleges of our sister States, we have this day given the final official utterance to the voice and will of the people of the United States, expressed in an election which, in many respects, has no example in the history of the world. Never before has been held an election throughout a territory like that which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, organized in twenty-three republican States associated in one federative republican Union, meeting on the same day, in their respective towns, cities, and villages throughout the land, —with such mighty issues at stake, — an election held after the agitations of a strenuous canvass, — amidst the feverous excitement and under the heavy burdens of war, and that a civil war, which has clothed almost every family in the country in mourning, — an election held under such circumstances, without the display of military force, without tumult or violence, without so much as a riot at the polls which has come to the knowledge of the public, and resulting in the re-election of the Chief Magistrate of this imperial democracy, — that I must own, in my judgment, stands without a parallel in history in affairs of this kind, at the height of the moral sublime.

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* Remarks in reply to a vote of thanks from the Massachusetts Electoral College, in the Senate Chamber, 7th December, 1864.

Nor is the sequel of this great civic act less grand and auspicious than its consummation. A contested election certainly does not often present a free country in the most favorable light. From the asperity of the canvass, one might have anticipated, at its close, that the successful party would break out into extravagant exultation, and the unsuccessful party give loud vent to the anger and bitterness of defeat.

But far otherwise; with rare exceptions on the part of individuals and presses, the victors have evinced a patriotic moderation, to which their opponents have responded by magnanimous acquiescence. We may therefore reasonably calculate on the efforts of good men, on all sides, to restore to our beloved and bleeding country the only thing that is now wanting to put an end to this fratricidal war, and bring about an honorable and a permanent peace, namely, an era of good feeling and "a determined unity of sentiment" on the part of the loyal States.

Nor do I despair of the success of these efforts. The state of the country now is very similar to what it was in the spring of 1861. We had then passed through a severely contested election, in which four different electoral tickets had struggled for the mastery. Public opinion was in fact more divided on that occasion than on this, and the result was proportionably less calculated to be satisfactory to the defeated parties. Notwithstanding this, at that fated signal-gun at Sumter, the people, forgetful of all party divisions, sprung as one man to the defence of the country. All felt that the war was forced upon us; that it could not be declined; all felt that an insult too intolerable to be borne was offered to the national honor; that the attempt to dismember the Union of half its territory, to give up the outlets of its inland seas and of the mighty rivers that drain its central basins, the fortresses that guard our shore and protect our coasting navigation, to give them up not merely to a usurping foreign power, but to half a dozen separately feeble States, likely to be recolonized at no distant day by the European governments to which they so lately belonged, — all reflecting men felt that this was a blow aimed at the national life which was to be warded off and repelled at all hazards and at every sacrifice. This was the sentiment of all good patriots of whatever party, and they rallied with one heart and as one man to the defence of the outraged flag and the imperilled Union.

But now came the great trial of popular government. In the conduct of a protracted war, difference of opinion as to men and measures was necessarily evolved. Such is ever the case even in times of profoundest peace. What wordy contests have we not, within the experience of some of us, had upon such questions as the Cumberland Road, internal improvements, the Bank of the United States, the Congress of Panama, the tariff, the distribution of the surplus revenue, — questions some of them so obsolete, that this generation hardly knows what they mean; and yet the mighty powers of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and their associates were mainly exhausted on these questions. Half the pages in the volumes of their speeches are filled with discussions, in which parliamentary talent is displayed in its highest forms, on subjects which, compared with the tremendous issues of the present day, are scarcely more interesting than the predictions of the weather in last year's almanac. If such subjects, in time of peace, can array the intelligent citizens of a free country in opposing parties, under the lead of the giant minds of the land, — if on issues like these Presidential candidates could be chosen and defeated, administrations formed and broken up, — what diversities of judgment, what violence of dissent, what vehemence of antagonism, what bitterness of party opposition, must not be called forth by the exigencies of a war like that in which we are now engaged, involving questions so difficult, interests so momentous, forces so gigantic!

In this condition of the country and of the public mind a Presidential election, such as I have described, had to be met; and I am free to express the opinion that the manner in which it has been met, conducted, and decided reflects as much credit on the community as any event in our history. The political storm which had been gathering blackness for a twelvemonth burst upon the land, and, unlike the storms in the natural world, which sometimes sweep forest and cornfield and the abodes of men before them, it has roared and passed by, and left not a trace behind.

The tumult of the elements is hushed; the air is still; and if the clouds are not wholly scattered, they are arched all over with the gracious bow of promise. The noble fabric of State stands as it stood before the election; not a timber in the framework strained, not a stone in the foundation loosened. The rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon the house, but it fell not, for it was founded on a rock; yes, upon the rock of ages; and there neither the arts of treason, the arms of rebellion, no, not the gates of hell itself, shall prevail against it.

Passing as the country has unscathed through this fearful ordeal, coming out of this marvellous election with the kindest feelings on the part of the triumphant majority toward the patriotic masses lately opposed to them, why should we not again, as one man, rally to the support of the government? There is now really but one question which divides those who hold, in good faith, that the military power of the Rebellion must be subdued, and the Union preserved at all hazards. I allude, of course, to the policy of emancipation; and will not our opposing friends who so warmly disapprove that policy, and who think it creates an insuperable obstacle to the restoration of the Union, reconsider that opinion, on perusal of the remarkable letter of the second officer of the Confederacy written on the 5th of November, three days before the election, — a private letter, but now published by himself; by far the most important utterance on this subject which has reached us from the South. In this letter Mr. Stephens (the ablest civilian in the Confederacy) assigns the reasons why he desired the election of General McClellan. In that event, he assumed that an armistice would take place, and a convention of the States be held.

If that body failed to come to an amicable agreement, to acknowledge the independence of the South, and "General McClellan should renew the war, with the avowed object of restoring the Union with the old Constitution and all its guaranties" [which by his letter of acceptance he was pledged to do], "at that moment," says Mr. Stephens, "or as soon as possible, our recognition abroad would come. The silent sympathy of England, France, and other European powers, at present with Lincoln, arises entirely from their *mania* on the subject of slavery." Here follows an omission in Mr. Stephens's letter, made as he himself intimates from public considerations. The passage omitted no doubt enforced the idea that if the North continued the war in order to restore the Constitution with guaranties of slavery, Europe would instantly recognize the Confederacy as an independent power. Mr: Stephens then proceeds as follows: "Lincoln had either to witness our recognition abroad, the moral power of which alone he saw would break down the war, or to make it an emancipation war. He chose the latter alternative, and the more readily, because it chimed in so accordantly with the feelings and views of his party. This, in my opinion, is the plain English of this whole matter, and just as soon as McClellan should renew the war to restore the Union and the old Constitution with slavery, would England, France, and the other European powers throw all the moral power and influence of their recognition on our side. I am not certain that they would not go further, rather than see the old Union restored, if it should become necessary; but it would not become necessary."

In these explicit terms, the second officer of the Rebel Government, speaking no doubt on the strength of communications from their agents abroad, and holding back what he deemed it not prudent to divulge, not only treats the emancipation policy of the President as a necessary military measure, but maintains that that alone had prevented the great powers of Europe from recognizing the independence of the South, and if necessary throwing their swords into the scale to secure its establishment! May we not reasonably hope, in view of such opinions and disclosures, from such a quarter, that this policy will cease to divide opinion at the North, and that we shall again, as in 1861, present an undivided front in defence of the integrity of the Union? Heavy, I know, is the burden, costly the sacrifice, grievous the trial imposed upon us by the war. Heaven is my witness that I would willingly have laid down the poor remnant of my life to avert it.

But it is plain that Providence has laid upon our generation the solemn duty of maintaining this august nationality, and we have now to choose between allowing the Union, like mediæval Germany and Italy, to be broken up into scores, I might say hundreds of petty States, involved in eternal border wars, wasting, desolating, and barbarizing each other, and ending at last in the establishment of half a dozen military despotisms, or maintaining, at whatever cost and by whatever sacrifice, this admirable framework of government, the rich legacy of our Fathers, the priceless heritage of our children, and which, till this cruel Rebellion had shown itself, the happiest device of human wisdom by which the home-bred blessings of local administration can be combined with the safety and power of a great empire.

Again thanking you, gentlemen, for the marks of kindness with which you have honored me, and congratulating you on the manner in which your duties have been performed, I bid you each and all an affectionate farewell.

THE RELIEF OF SAVANNAH.*

MR. MAYOR: —

AFTER the statements to which we have just listened from Colonel Allen, the eyewitness of the scenes he has described, I do not feel as if anything I could say was wanting to induce the citizens of Boston to respond promptly to his appeal. The condition of Savannah certainly makes an imperative appeal to our best feelings. It contains twenty thousand men, women, and children, suffering to a greater or less degree for clothing, fuel, and food. Their careworn looks, their haggard faces, their emaciated frames, as described by Colonel Allen, bear witness that they have long been in this condition. General Sherman having escaped into the city, and General Hardee having escaped out of it, the authority of the United States has been restored in this principal seaport of Georgia, and cheerfully accepted, nay, joyfully welcomed, by the main body of the inhabitants.

There can, I think, be no doubt of the last fact. At the great public meeting convened by the mayor, — a meeting of all classes of citizens, held in the Masonic Hall, the largest in the city, — after the address of the mayor, which has been generally copied into our papers, the resolutions, which have also been extensively inserted in our journals, were passed by acclamation, the allusions to the flag of the United States and to the home of the President being received with hearty cheers. Now this I consider one of the most remarkable and encouraging events of the war. It proves what I have always asserted, because I have always known, that there was a wide-spread Union sentiment at the South. There is not one of the Southern States, with the exception of South Carolina, — and I doubt even that, — in which, if the question had been thrown to a popular vote, after a full and free discussion for a year and three quarters, as was the case with the Constitution framed in 1787, the first blow of the Rebellion could ever have been struck. But long before the outbreak a system of political proscription and intimidation, enforced when necessary by acts of violence, had established a complete reign of terror; so that when the time came, the masses were "precipitated" by a few disappointed and ambitious political and military leaders into the Rebellion. Gladly would they have thrown off the yoke, but the means that placed it have riveted it on their necks. All history teaches how small a military power suffices to hold an unarmed population in subjection. With all their able-bodied men, of whatever opinion, forced into the army, and the pains and penalties of treason visited on every one who manifests, in word or deed, a wish for the restoration of the Union, it is not to be wondered at that an open expression of that sentiment has not taken place. Considering the vicissitudes of the war, and the possibility (as it may seem to them) that the Confederate yoke may again be placed upon their city, though we well know that that event will take place when the Savannah River runs up hill, I rather wonder that her citizens have even now taken the step they have. It is evidently a fair expression of the sentiment of the city. The meeting was called by the mayor, at the request of leading citizens; none of General Sherman's army, officers or men, were present; sentinels were placed at the door to keep the soldiers out, and none in fact were admitted. There have been other manifestations equally expressive of good-will between the people of Savannah and General Sherman's army. The best understanding exists between the military and local authorities; private property is respected; the officers of the army are gladly received as private boarders in the families of the citizens; and there is not probably in the United States, at this moment, a better governed or more quiet and orderly city than Savannah. These precious boons have been brought back to its citizens with the flag of the Union.

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* Remarks at a public meeting in Faneuil Hall in aid of the suffering people of Savannah, 9th January, 1865.

But something else must go with it. There is no store of food there. Their warehouses, their dwelling-houses, are empty of provisions and of the other necessaries of life; and there are twenty thousand men, women, and children who, in the interval that must necessarily elapse before trade can return to its accustomed channels, must be clothed and warmed and fed. It is our duty, as I know it will be our pleasure, to do our part in this benevolent work. They offer, it is true, to send the rice which General Sheridan has given them, and sell it at the enhanced price which it bears in our market, in payment for supplies of which they stand in sore need. But New York and Boston don't want their rice. Savannah wants our pork and beef and flour; and I say, in Heaven's name, let us send it to them without money and without price. By and by we will trade with them as we did in the good times before the curse of secession and rebellion came upon the land. By and by we will take the rice and the cotton, and give them our food and our fabrics in return.

No, sir, I had rather not be paid for the relief we send them. Our storehouses and granaries are full; our farmers never had a better year. Some branches of trade and manufactures are depressed, but others are more than usually active and profitable. The great West, big as she is, is hardly big enough to hold the wealth that is annually reaped from her fertile fields; and, as if the accustomed products of the soil were deemed insufficient by a bountiful Providence, the very clods of the earth throughout the Middle States "are pouring out rivers of oil," till King Petroleum bids fair to sway the markets of the world, as King Cotton did before his fibrous majesty was dethroned. In this state of things, sir, I don't want our great commercial cities — warm-hearted Boston and imperial New York — to go to chaffering with poor, war-stricken, starving Savannah for the food she needs for her famished citizens. No, sir, I should as soon have expected the fond father in the parable — that loveliest page in the sacred volume — to drive a bargain with his returning son for a meal of victuals out of the fatted calf. Let us offer it to them freely, not in the spirit of almsgiving, but as a pledge of fraternal feeling and an earnest of our disposition to resume all the kind offices of fellow-citizenship with our returning brethren.

Do you say they were lately our enemies? I am well convinced that the majority, the great majority, were so but nominally. But what if they were our enemies? "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," especially when he has laid down his arms, and submits himself to your power. And I hope we may never have to retaliate in any other way the cruelties of starvation practised upon our poor prisoners. Nothing so plainly shows the ruthless spirit of the leaders of the Rebellion as the manner in which our prisoners of war have been treated at some of their depots. The accounts of these cruelties have of course been contradicted; but I know them to be true, I know it from some of the living victims of these cruelties. A young officer exchanged from Libby — a person as well entitled to credit as any one, high or low, priest or layman, by whom his account has been or can be contradicted — assures me that the statements so frequently made of the cruel manner in which our prisoners were treated in that prison are not exaggerated. An officer recently escaped from Columbia informed a friend of mine, who repeated it to me last Saturday, that the allowance even to officers was a very small quantity of uncooked cob-meal daily, with a spoonful of sorghum syrup. The condition in which the returned prisoners came back to us — their wasted frames, their sunken eyes, their nerveless limbs — shows that it was the settled policy of the rebel leaders to send them home broken down body and mind, and unfit for service; in other words, to keep them out of the grave just long enough to be exchanged for a rebel prisoner, who will return better clothed and fed than he was at home, hale and hearty, and ready to take the field. That such is the case with some of the rebel prisoners at our depots I have had some opportunities to know personally. The prisoners at Fort Warren are as well housed and fed, as far as substantials are concerned, as nine tenths of the people of Massachusetts; that is, they have comfortable shelter, space for exercise, adequate clothing, and food, animal and vegetable, in abundance. I visited Camp Douglas near Chicago, at a time when eight thousand Confederate prisoners were confined there. They had twenty acres of ground for exercise and games in which they chose to indulge; they had comfortable barracks; I saw Western hams by the cart-load unloading into their storerooms, and I passed through their barracks just at the dinner hour. The tables certainly were not spread with damask table-cloths, nor set out with porcelain or cut glass; nor did I taste the food. But, judging from looks and smell, it was as wholesome and savory as ever I wish to see on my own table, and in quantity and quality was equal to that of the Union regiments that guarded the depot. A similar state of things, I was informed by an intimate friend of mine, an officer high in the public service, exists at Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. I have also heard from trustworthy sources similar accounts of the treatment of the prisoners at Fort Delaware.

Mr. Davis made it a complaint, in one of his messages, that Southern prisoners were confined at a place so far north as Fort Johnson. He did not appear to remember that Millen and Andersonville might be as trying to a Northern constitution in summer as Fort Johnson to a Southern constitution in winter; and it is a curious fact, officially ascertained, that the proportion of persons frozen to death is greater at the South than the North, in consequence of the more effectual precautions to resist the cold. I mention these facts the rather now, that, as an offset to the cruelty practised on our prisoners at the South, an attempt is making to persuade the sympathizing classes in Europe that Southern prisoners are made to suffer at the North.

Now, sir, I believe the best way in which we can retaliate upon the South for the cruel treatment of our prisoners is for us to continue to treat their prisoners with entire humanity and all reasonable kindness; and not only so, but to seize every opportunity like the present to go beyond this. Indeed, it is no more than our duty to treat the prisoner well. The law of nations requires it. The government that refuses or neglects it does not deserve the name of civilized. Even inability is no justification. If you are yourself so far exhausted that you cannot supply your prisoners with a sufficient quantity of wholesome food, you are bound, with or without exchange, to set them free. You have no more right to starve him than to poison him. It will, however, be borne in mind that, while the hard fare of our prisoners is defended by the Southern leaders on the ground that it is as good as that of their own soldiers, at the same time they maintain that their harvests are abundant and their armies well fed. There is no merit in treating a prisoner with common humanity: it is simply infamous and wicked to treat him otherwise. While we take no credit to ourselves that we do not starve our prisoners, let us show that we are glad of a chance to minister to the wants of our fellow-citizens of the South, when we are under no moral obligation to do so.

Under no moral obligation, did I say, sir? I am not quite so sure of that. Forty years ago we thought it our duty to relieve the starving Greeks. We sent ship-loads of provisions to them in charge of a worthy citizen (Dr. Howe) to make the distribution, and the memory of that kindly deed still dwells "on the isles that crown the Ægean deep." When the icy hand of famine smote the toiling millions of Ireland in 1847, the cry of their distress reached this hall, and returned with a generous response. When the want of employment, caused by the cessation of the supply of cotton, deprived the operatives of Lancashire of their daily bread, our friends of New York sent the George Griswold laden with provisions to their succor. The pirate Semmes showed what he was made of by burning the vessel on her return voyage. Not a twelvemonth has elapsed since the heart of our community was stirred to its depths by the patriotic eloquence of Colonel Taylor, setting forth the distresses of our brethren in East Tennessee. The relief extended by you in all these cases was not a mere gush of sentimental benevolence; it was, as you so considered it, the performance of a Christian duty, an act of obedience to the great law of love, which, paramount to the Constitution and the laws of the land, lays its sacred obligation on every rational creature, and makes us all brethren, dependent on each other, in the one great human family. And shall we shut out from this great family our brethren of Savannah, who, by the valor and conduct of our armies and the heroic skill of their noble leader, are again gathered, nothing loath, beneath the folds of the sacred flag? General Sherman, as kind as he is brave, who desires only to preserve by the gentle sway of gratitude and love what his unconquered sword has won, has himself said that "the timely relief of the suffering citizens of Savannah will be worth more to the Union cause than ten battles." For Heaven's sake, my friends, let us hasten to win these bloodless victories, saddened by no parent's bereavement, no widow's tears. While we subdue the armies which a merciless conscription of old and young drives to the field, and retain a cordon of iron and fire around the shores of persistent rebellion, from the moment a desire is manifested on the masses to acknowledge the authority of the government, let us hasten to extend to them the right-hand of Christian love to supply their wants and relieve their sufferings, and to mark their return to the Union by a return of the prosperity which, by the selfish and cruel ambition of their leaders, they have so long been strangers.

I most cheerfully second the resolution.

Shortly after the delivery of this address, Mr. Everett returned to his house under pressure of severe illness, which terminated his life on the ensuing Sunday, 15th January 1865.

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