



Commemorative  
of  
John Albion Andrew.

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*Zweckmühen*



DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY,

BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1868,

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

HON. JOHN ALBION ANDREW, LL.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

WITH PROCEEDINGS AND APPENDIX.

BY THE REV. ELIAS <sup>✓</sup>NASON, M. A.,

MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

4 B. 2  
"Insigne mæstis præsidium reis  
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiæ!"

Horace, lib. ii. car. i.

BOSTON: 

NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

M. DCCC. LXVIII.

563  
1867

We recognized in Gov. Andrew all that is most excellent in the traits usually attributed to New England, blended with a breadth of thought, a largeness of aim, and an absence of every thing like provincial or sectarian prejudice, that raised him to the full height of the American ideal, and will make his name honored wherever the history of our country shall be read, as an illustrious and classic example of the noblest phase of the American character.—JOHN JAY, at New York, Nov. 11, 1867.



## PROCEEDINGS.

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At a special meeting of the Directors of the NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, held at their rooms in Bromfield Street on the 30th of October, 1867, the death of the President, the Hon. JOHN A. ANDREW, LL.D., having been announced, it was ordered that a special meeting of the Society be called on Friday, at noon, to make arrangements for attending his funeral. It was also ordered that Dr. WINSLOW LEWIS and the Rev. EDMUND F. SLAFTER be a committee to present resolutions to the Society, expressive of their great loss, and their sympathy with his bereaved family.

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A special meeting of the Society was held, agreeably to the order of the Directors, at twelve o'clock, on Friday, the 1st of November, 1867. The Vice-President, the Hon. GEORGE B. UPTON, on taking the chair, made appropriate and touching remarks.

Dr. WINSLOW LEWIS, after a few brief words, offered the following resolutions:—

*Resolved,* That in the loss of our honored and beloved President, the Hon. JOHN ALBION ANDREW, our Society has been deprived of one whose labors for us, as well as for so many associations, — literary, benevolent, and patriotic, — have shed an enduring lustre on his memory.

*Resolved,* That death has stilled a heart which ever beat warmly for the best interests of his fellow-man; has hushed an eloquence which stirred the depths of his admiring auditors, and which was ever ready to sustain the cause of justice, patriotism, and truth.

*Resolved,* That this city, this Commonwealth, these United States, have been called to part from one whose excellences and great characteristics had rendered him eminently conspicuous to all, and which would have elevated him to the still more exalted stations of public life.

*Resolved,* That, while rendering this tribute to his memory as a public-spirited citizen, we fondly recall his private virtues, his amenity of manner, his kindness to all, his warmth of feeling, his Christian life, his genial face, which was a benediction.

*Resolved,* That these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our late President, with the assurance of our deep sympathies in this great bereavement, and with our prayers that the God of the widow and of the fatherless may ever be with and sustain them.

On the passage of the resolutions, interesting and impressive remarks were made by the Hon. WILLIAM WHITING, Col. ALBERT H. HOYT, and CHARLES W. TUTTLE, Esq.

On motion of JOHN H. SHEPPARD, Esq., —

*Resolved*, That the Society attend the funeral ceremonies on Saturday, the 2d inst.; and that Col. A. D. Hodges, Mr. Frederick Kidder, Hon. William Whiting, Mr. John W. Candler, and Edward S. Rand, jun., Esq., be a committee to make suitable arrangements.

On motion of the Rev. EDMUND F. SLAFTER, —

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, with full powers to make arrangements for an Address before the Society, commemorative of the life and character of our late President, the Hon. JOHN A. ANDREW.

The following gentlemen were appointed, — the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the Hon. George B. Upton, Dr. Wiuslow Lewis, the Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, William B. Towne, Esq., and Col. Albert H. Hoyt.

SOCIETY'S ROOMS, 17 BROMFIELD STREET,  
BOSTON, Dec. 12, 1867.

The Rev. ELIAS NASON, M.A.

*Reverend and dear Sir*, — The undersigned have the honor, in behalf of the NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, to request you to deliver a Discourse before the Society, commemorative of the

life and character of its late President, Ex-Gov. JOHN A. ANDREW, LL.D., early in April next, or at such time as shall be most convenient and agreeable to yourself.

We remain, dear sir, most respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

GEORGE B. UPTON.

WINSLOW LEWIS.

EDMUND F. SLAFTER.

WILLIAM B. TOWNE.

ALBERT HARRISON HOYT.

NORTH BILLERICA, MASS., 17th December, 1867.

*Gentlemen,* — I have the honor to receive your communication of Saturday last, extending to me an invitation to deliver a Discourse before the New-England Historic-Genealogical Society in commemoration of the life and character of its late illustrious President, Ex-Gov. JOHN A. ANDREW, LL.D. It would have been far more gratifying to me had some person better qualified to do justice to the distinguished merits of our late associate been selected to address you; yet, not wishing to decline any task that a Society from which I have received so many marks of courtesy has the pleasure to assign to me, I will most cheerfully attempt to comply with your request, and will hold myself in readiness to deliver a commemorative Discourse at such time and place as you may be pleased to designate.

With sentiments of very great respect,

I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

ELIAS NASON.

HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

HON. GEORGE B. UPTON.

WINSLOW LEWIS, M.D.

REV. EDMUND F. SLAFTER.

WILLIAM B. TOWNE, ESQ.

COL. ALBERT HARRISON HOYT

This Discourse was delivered in Horticultural Hall, Tremont Street, Boston, on the afternoon of the 2d of April, 1868, in the presence of about seven hundred persons, being members of the Society and their invited guests.

Prayer was offered, and a benediction pronounced, by the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.





# DISCOURSE.

BY REV. ELIAS NASON, M.A.



## DISCOURSE.

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MR. PRESIDENT, ASSOCIATES,  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, —

WITH pensive and profound emotion I come once more to shed with you the tributary tear, and cast a chaplet of praise upon the grave of the illustrious dead.

In the midst of bright and buoyant life, in the full tide of manhood and of beauty, encircled by admiring friends, enjoying the golden opinions of the good, and rising to loftier reaches of thought and broader fields of action, the late beloved President of this Society has been cut down by the inexorable reaper; and our hearts are made to realize anew the touching sentiment of those elegiac lines, which he, as well as Wolfe and Webster, so prophetically pronounced:—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

But, though his form sleeps peacefully in the silent mansion where “the wicked cease from troubling;”

his enkindling spirit, as an angelic warden, whispering gentle words of love, and singing sweet, inspiring notes of hope and gladness, lives amongst us still. It lives to bless the prisoner pining in his cell; to brighten the eye of the widow and the fatherless whose strong support was stricken down defending Freedom's flag at Gettysburg or Spottsylvania; it lives in the heart of the scarred and veteran warrior who remembers, in the gloaming, words that stirred him in the hour of peril like the notes of martial trumpet; it lives in the minds of myriads of freedmen now exulting in the cheering beams of civil liberty; it lives in every bounding pulse of this old Commonwealth; and in her heart of hearts it must still live, so long as men shall delight in the power of intellect, or be charmed by deeds of humanity, or weep over scenes of misfortune and woe.

It is the laudable aim and purpose of this Society to garner up the memorials and records of such illustrious men, and to preserve them in its archives for the instruction and comfort of coming generations; and I therefore indulge the hope, Mr. President and gentlemen, that you will accord to me your indulgent sympathy while I shall attempt to rehearse the story, portray the character, and unfold, as far as possible, the secret of the success, of the remarkable man whose life and character we are now assembled to commemorate.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW was descended from a respectable Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and was of the fifth generation from Robert and Grace Andrew, who settled in Rowley Village — now Boxford, Mass. — about the middle of the seventeenth century. Mr. John Andrew, the grandfather of the governor, removed from Salem, Mass., near the close of the Revolutionary War, to a frontier settlement at a place on the left bank of the Presumpscot River, originally named from the home of its first settlers, New Marblehead, but subsequently Windham ;\* and lived in a house which stood near the fort from which the celebrated Indian chief Poland, the last of the Rocomeca tribe, whose daring exploits have been so graphically described by Mr. Charles P. Ilsley in his story of “The Scout,” was shot, May 24, 1756.

On the death of Mr. John Andrew, who was killed by the accidental discharge of his musket, in 1791, the family returned to Salem, where Jonathan, born on the 10th of September, 1782, was educated in the public schools, and where he subsequently became a trader. His health, however, failing, he made a visit to his brother-in-law, John Chute, Esq., of Windham ; and finally determined to purchase a house (for he

\* So named from Windham, England; and incorporated in 1762. It is in Cumberland County, Me., and fourteen miles north-west of Portland. Population, 3,380. The Presumpscot River has ten falls in this town.

said the cage must be provided ere the bird is caught), and settle near the home and the grave of his father.

On coming into possession of his dwelling, — a commodious cottage of one story, still standing on a gentle eminence at South Windham, and about one hundred rods from the Presumpscot River, — Mr. Andrew met with a little incident, which in its result filled his new home with gladness, and materially affected the destiny of this Commonwealth.

Stopping one day at the tavern on the margin of Long Pond, in what is now the town of Naples, he learned that a young woman, who had been teaching a school in the romantic town of Fryeburg, had fallen from her horse, and was, in consequence, detained as an invalid at the inn.

Miss Nancy Green Pierce, the young lady referred to, was the daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Sally (Farnsworth)\* Pierce, who were born, one in Groton,

\* Deacon Isaac Farnsworth of Groton married Anna Green, Dec. 4, 1744, and had issue : —

Anna, born Jan. 23, 1716.

Isaac, born Jan. 14, 1748.

Elizabeth, born May 24, 1750.

Olive, born June 19, 1753.

SALLY, born April 12, 1755, at Pepperell.

Molly, born Nov. 28, 1758.

John, born Jan. 19, 1765.

Samuel, born Sept. 29, 1767.

*Vide History of Groton, by Caleb Butler, Esq.*

the other in Pepperrell, Mass., and were connected with the family of Ex-President Franklin Pierce of Hillsborough, N.H. She had large, beaming blue eyes, a light and delicate complexion, and was of medium stature. She was well educated, prepossessing in her manners, quick in her perceptions, of fine colloquial powers, with a voice so soft, so sweet,

“The listener held his breath to hear.”

Mr. Andrew, now some thirty-five years of age, was captivated by her charms. He pointed to his vacant house; then made a fair proposal, which she graciously accepted; and in July, 1817, they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Nathan Church, at the house of the bride's maternal uncle, Dr. Samuel Farnsworth, an eminent physician of the neighboring town of Bridgeton.

This union was most felicitous; and I think it may with truth be said, there never was a happier New-England home than that of Mr. Jonathan Andrew. Clear-headed, keen, observant, though somewhat inclined to taciturnity, consistent, liberal, industrious, temperate, he managed his store and farm with judicious skill and fair success; while his excellent wife, by her admirable domestic arrangements, her literary and musical accomplishments, her conversational ability, brightened by the serene and the sweetest temper in the world, rendered that

humble house and home the appropriate nursery of such as Heaven, indulgent to our sorrows, sends at intervals to sway mankind towards virtue by the regal power of love.

Of such parents, intelligent, liberal, loving, pious, prudent, our late honored President, on the thirty-first day of May, 1818, was born. In such a well-ordered, happy Christian home, he started on the royal road to learning. *Et per virtutem ad gloriam.*

His primal teacher was his mother. From her gentle lips he early learned to read the New-England Primer and the Bible; and then was sent in company with his younger brother to the public school, where, in his sixth brief summer, he had come to read fluently the fine specimens of literature in Mr. Lindley Murray's English Reader, and to spell the words in Webster's Spelling-Book with promptitude and accuracy. He was then the smallest\* and the lowest member of the class; and when, at the examination of the school one day, the class was called upon to read before the late Dr. John Waterman of the committee, he heard them patiently, till, coming to the little chubby urchin at the foot, he said, "Now,

\* When ten months old, he weighed but ten pounds; and hardly began to attain to a sound and vigorous growth until the age of sixteen or seventeen years. At the age of forty, he weighed about two hundred pounds; and his height was five feet six inches. His solid Napoleonic form gave the impression that he was of greater stature.



boys, shut your books, and take your seats." — "One more to read," the teacher cries; when, re-opening his book, and hearing him, the doctor exclaims, "Though last, this boy is not the least."

As the school was a mile distant, and not always wisely taught, Mr. Andrew, who knew full well that an education is the noblest patrimony a father can bestow upon his offspring, erected, the ensuing year, a small building on his own estate, in order that his children might enjoy the benefit of private tuition immediately beneath his eye. Here young Albion,\* under the faithful instruction of Miss Almira P. Baker, now of Newburyport, and Miss Sibyl Ann Farnsworth, was initiated into the mysteries of Warren Colburn's Arithmetic, then just published, and the wearisome technicalities of Murray's Grammar; from which he sprang with rare delight to revel in the rich repast presented him in the admirable selections of Mr. Caleb Bingham's "Columbian Orator," and the Rev. John Pierpont's "American First-class Book."

For the wild, athletic sports of boyhood, — running, leaping, boating, gunning, — he had little inclination. His mind, from infancy, was bent toward learning. His loadstar, his divinity, was a book. Seated on the counter of his father's store, or by the margin

\* He received the name Albion from his mother's brother, Albion K. Pierce, — a young man of remarkable promise, who died in college.

of the gliding stream, or underneath the fir-trees near his father's dwelling, his eye was ever fastened as by magic spell upon the instructive page.

"Come P'ape succhia i fiori,  
Succhia i detti de' migliori."

He read and sang the hymn-book through and through, committing many of the finest hymns to memory. He perused and reperused his mother's well-worn copy of Cowper's "Task," and whatever devotional or historical works her scanty library afforded.

He was well read in history, one of his earliest teachers informs me, when a mere lad; and it was no small task to answer his questions satisfactorily.

He not only read with avidity whatever he could find, but he remembered and digested what he read; assimilating it with his own original trains of thought in such a manner as to be able to reproduce it to the astonishment of his teachers.

His father\* was a deacon of the church at Windham; his mother, as I have said, a woman of superior intellectual ability: and clergymen visiting that town always found a warm and hearty welcome to the hospitalities of the family. For this the Andrew Place was known in Cumberland County as "The Minister's Hotel;" and many a time were the vener-

\* See brief genealogy in Appendix.

able divines of that region startled, and sometimes even discomfited in argument, by the fresh and fearless utterances, by the dialectic skill, of the curly-headed schoolboy, whose merry twinkling eye bespoke the secret joy he felt in trying to measure lances with his reverend seniors.\*

In the autumn of 1828, young Andrew, then in his eleventh year, began the study of the Latin language under Mr. Barzillai Cushman, Principal of the Academy at Portland, with the design of making preparation for college.

The ensuing summer he spent at home, assisting his father, who had just been appointed postmaster; reading the papers, and the antislavery addresses which were then just beginning to sound the alarm-peal of universal freedom; and reciting lessons in the Latin Reader to Dr. S. W. Baker, then living in the Andrew family.

Subsequently, he was a pupil in the Academy at North Yarmouth, under Mr. Sherman: and, while there, he resided in the same family with the melancholy and gentle poet, Grenville Mellen; by whose elegant discourse the fertile fancy of young Andrew must

\* A lady, who knew him well, describes him at this time "as a bright, cheerful, amiable, and affectionate boy; strictly honorable, and often a peacemaker among the other boys in their school-day quarrels; and, though full of fun and mirth, very considerate and tender of the rights and feelings of others."

have been quickened, and some fresh inspiration breathed into his ingenuous soul.

He began the study of the French language, in the summer of 1830 or 1831, under the tuition of the Rev. Thomas T. Stone, the popular Preceptor of the Academy at Bridgeton; and read with a peculiar zest, in the original, the laughable "Adventures of Gil Blas," by the inimitable Alain René Le Sage, the Cervantes of France.

Returning home, he spent the winter of 1831-32 beneath the paternal roof, now saddened by the illness of his mother, whose remains, in early spring, he followed to the grave.\* He keenly realized the bitterness of this bereavement; for, by the inspiration of her refined and gentle spirit, he had already learned to reverence the invisible and eternal Ruler, the unslumbering

"God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the rainbow and the ocean;"

and to listen thoughtfully to his high behest, that we consecrate our talent to the service of our suffering fellow-men. Her words, her love, her benedictions, were the noblest heritage of her noble son.

\* A gentleman, in a letter dated South Windham, Me., March 26, 1868, says, "Gov. Andrew made a practice of visiting his mother's grave once a year. His last visit was in August, 1867. Her remains are buried in a cemetery in the school district in which her son was born."

In the ensuing summer, he commenced anew the study of the classics under the tuition of the Rev. Reuben Nason,\* the faithful and experienced Preceptor of the Academy at Gorham Corner: and here he continued, reading Sallust, Cicero's Orations, the whole of Virgil, something of Horace, Jacob's Greek Reader, and the Greek Testament, until the spring of 1834; when he entered, in his sixteenth year, the freshman-class in Bowdoin College, one term in advance.

His deportment under Mr. Nason was invariably commendable; and although his fondness for miscellaneous reading, and for disputation, prevented him from attaining to any prominent rank in the studies specially prescribed, he nevertheless had here few equals in the art of declamation (so lamentably neglected in our schools and colleges at the present day), and perhaps none at all in point of information really useful, and of original and independent thought.

By some, it has been said that the late distinguished President of this Society sprang, as Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, into intellectual pre-eminence at a bound; and that with him, at least, the

\* He was the son of Mr. John and Mrs. Rebecca (Perkins) Nason; and was born in Dover, N.H., April 7, 1779; H. C. 1802. He married, first, Apphia, daughter of the Hon. Josiah Thatcher of Gorham; second, Martha, youngest daughter of Mr. James Coffin of Saco. He died of disease of the heart, at Clarkson, N.Y., Jan. 25, 1835.

child was not, as Wordsworth says, "the father of the man."

It is indeed most true of him, as of Byron, that he awoke one morning, and discovered that he was famous; but it is also true, that, by the law of slow and steady growth, his mind was from earliest infancy progressively and harmoniously trained and developed—*crescens in eundo*—for the execution of those gigantic labors which he came in later life so admirably to perform. Like the elegant T. Pomponius Atticus, he had in early boyhood a distinct articulation and a pleasant voice. "Erat autem in puero, præter docilitatem, summa suavitas oris ac vocis."

He put his early teachers to the blush by his persistence for the why and wherefore and the reason of the things they taught him. According to the Rev. Mr. Stone, "he was a decided politician" at the age of twelve; and, two years later, he delivered, before a large assembly in the church at Windham, an eloquent extemporaneous address on Temperance; and, long ere he assumed the *toga virilis*, was accustomed to discuss fearlessly and sensibly with his seniors the leading questions—such as the United-States Bank, the tariff, anti-masonry, and anti-slavery—which then agitated the public mind.

While many of his companions were trundling hoop, or tossing ball, or flying kite, the future governor of this Commonwealth was attacking with

might and main the political opinions of his teachers, or, like young Marcus Tullius Cicero at Arpinum, defending fearlessly his own.

On entering college, he took rooms with Mr. Ammi R. Bradbury; and came by degrees under the fostering influence of the accomplished philosopher and poet, Thomas Cogswell Upham, and the eloquent scholar and gifted son of song, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose names were even at that period known to fame.

Though not ambitious to attain pre-eminence in the recitation-room, young Andrew did most earnestly aspire to the more honorable distinction of becoming an independent thinker, a ready writer, and an accomplished orator: and to this end he bent his energies; reading history, biography, poetry; discussing philanthropic and religious questions constantly; and, like Webster and Everett in their collegiate days, writing articles in prose and poetry for the periodical press. His first printed poetical production, so far as I am able to discover, appeared in "The Juvenile Reformer," published at Portland, Me., by Mr. D. C. Colesworthy, now of this city. It evinces alike his skill in numbers and his loving heart.

Observing his taste and talent in this direction, the Athenian Society of Bowdoin College appointed him to deliver the poem on its anniversary in 1836; and



to his facile pen his class was indebted for its closing song, which trips away in his favorite iambic measure thus: —

“ When shall our voices tune again  
 In merry laugh and song  
 By Androsoggin’s winding shores  
 And Brunswick’s pines among ? ”

On the fourth of July, in 1837, he delivered an oration in the church at Brunswick; and his theme, “ Antislavery,” — a word then contraband among the “ powers and principalities,” — most clearly indicates the course his mind was taking in those lowering political times, and his fearlessness in the advocacy of human right. “ Ready wit, good nature, fair scholarship, an easy style of speaking,” one of his classmates writes, “ were his general college characteristics.” — “ I remember him as a social, genial, warm-hearted lad,” writes another of his classmates, “ but remarkable for no special quality, unless it were his love of debate, and as being entirely devoid of any foolish diffidence.”

At his graduation he received the usual diploma, — nothing more.

Thus many a mind quick with imperial thought, which our collegiate “ lead and line ” can never rightly fathom, comes forth, uncrowned with academic honors, to win the palm by its own intrinsic force, and to teach the world that those whose



memories it holds most dear are made of sterner stuff than academic "sheepskin," and soar unaided by the waxen wings of college "parts," or patronage.

"Well, J. O. F.," wrote young Andrew in the album of a classmate as he left his *alma mater*, "all I have to say by way of advice is, Do well to yourself, and the world will act as kindly to you as you deserve; at least, so I have always found it myself. Quit yourself well, and others will follow suit. Endeavor to make others around you happy, and happiness will be yours:"\* which seems to be a kind of forecast of his own remarkable career. In the autumn of 1837, the Andrew family removed from Windham to Boxford, the home of their ancestors in Massachusetts; and John Albion entered, through the assistance of his friend, Mr. Cyrus Woodman, the office

\* He wrote *impromptu*, in the album of another classmate, —

"The road to honor, —  
Strait and narrow as the way to heaven.

"Soon shall we take each other's hand,  
And speak the sad 'Good-by!'  
And we may roam o'er sea and land,  
Far from our college-band  
Of warmest, purest, truest friends:  
But all shall meet  
Where never ends communion sweet,  
And pleasures high;  
Where friends ne'er part,  
Nor say 'Good-by!'"

J. A. ANDREW, of the Senior Class,  
Bowdoin College, A.D. 1836.

of the late Henry H. Fuller, Esq., as a student at law.

Mr. Fuller was a staunch conservative of the old *régime*, even in his manners and his dress; but keenly observant and learned withal; genial, affable, and as original, I might almost say, as his ill-fated kinswoman, Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli.

His peculiar mental characteristics captivated the ingenuous heart of Andrew, and exercised a potent influence over his fine intellect, now rapidly developing itself, through the freshness of unsullied affections, into princely strength and beauty.

It may be possible that dissimilarity in mental organization quickens thought, just as the opposite poles of the magnetic batteries engender fire; and that the most perfect friendship is cemented only where one party brings in somewhat to atone for the deficiency of the other, and thus makes out the complement of the golden circle.

But, be this a psychological law or not, it is, nevertheless, most certain that a warm and intimate companionship soon sprang up between the veteran counsellor and his enthusiastic pupil, so that the soul of the one was gradually transfused into the soul of the other; and what the college compeer of the illustrious Edward Everett had garnered in the classic shades of Harvard, or in the rich domain of jurisprudence, or in the refined and intellectual society in

which he moved, became the heritage of John Albion Andrew. It was beautiful to see the open, free, and unrestrained intercourse between the loving master and the loved disciple, and to know that that loved disciple's heart-strings clung in grateful admiration to the noble mentor who initiated him into the marvels and mysteries of his profession. You might most truly say of them, as Thomas Parnell of the hermit and the angel, —

“Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound;  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.”

Mr. Andrew had his lodgings, at this time, at the house of Mrs. Ann Blodget; sleeping, as did the celebrated Charles, Lord Camden, when a youth, in an attic, which was nearly opposite the Athenæum, in Howard Street.

He applied himself with vigor to his legal studies; making, as he could, delightful excursions into the refreshing fields of history and poetry; listening occasionally to the original speculations of Orestes A. Brownson, to the glowing exhortations of the Rev. Edward T. Taylor,\* to the eloquence of Dr. William Ellery Channing; and cherishing in the interior king-

\* Gov. Andrew entertained the warmest regard for “Father Taylor” through life, and often addressed the sailors at his chapel in words of moving eloquence and pathos. When asked to assist at the funeral offices of his distinguished friend and helper, the veteran chaplain said, “I cannot do it: I can do nothing but cry.”

dom of his uncontaminated soul the grand reformatory principles of freedom for all, — fraternity, peace, “good will to man.”

At the close of his novitiate, he entered into partnership with his esteemed and erudite instructor, and commenced upon the practice of the law. Electing as his “specialty” that line of legal labor which pertains to the rights of landlord and of tenant, accepting cases intricate and hopeless, with little or no regard to personal emolument, and throwing the combined forces of his intellectual and almost volcanic emotional nature into them, he began slowly to break up through that adamantine crust which here so often holds the legal aspirant in abeyance for weary years, and to be acknowledged as a rising and a positive power at the Boston bar.

He was known among his companions, at this period, as a light-hearted, independent, social, affectionate, and golden-tempered young reformer; sincere, truthful, temperate, devoid alike of personal pride or *mauvaise honte*, and always ready for a sharp discussion or a merry song. He was too objective in his cast of thought to climb the giddy heights of transcendentalism; too catholic to contend for this or that dividing line of crape or lawn or font or crucifix in the King’s highway to the “Celestial City:” and the only fear he had was this, — that

some poor unfortunate one amongst you might be wronged.

“ *Temer si dee di quelle cose  
Ch’ anno potenza di far altrui male.*”

DANTE, *Inf.* c. 11.

He had neither means nor inclination for the play-house; his principal amusement consisting then, as to the end of life, in riding through the beautiful environs of this city, relating brilliant anecdotes, singing merry songs, national ballads, or religious hymns. Many of those present can doubtless well remember with what a comical twinkle in the eye he used to troll forth, in a clear and flexible barytone voice, the amusing ditty of “The Straw Bonnet:” —

“ *A buxom young damsel a stage-coach was passing  
Near the court of St. James with a bonnet of straw.*”

Or the late Mr. Charles G. Eastman’s admirable serio-comic song: —

“ *The farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay;  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away.  
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,  
On her grandfather’s knee was catching flies.*”

V. DUYCKINCK’S *Cyc. Am. Lit.*, ii. 694.

Or how, rising in the rapture of devotion, he would chant in sweetest notes, his eye brightening just as if he caught the echoes of the joyous tongues of the

responding angels, the soul-moving strophes of his favorite lyric : —

“Ye glittering orbs that roll above  
 In golden splendor, power, and love,  
 Your silent language ne'er can tell  
 The glories of IMMANUEL!

Tall mountains that becloud the skies,  
 And all the hills that round you rise,  
 While time endures, ye ne'er can tell  
 The glories of IMMANUEL!”

In the memorable Presidential campaign of 1840, he, still adhering to the conservative political principles of his father, advocated in many effective public addresses the election of Gen. William Henry Harrison, of “North Bend,” to the supreme Executive chair; and, on a certain occasion, wrote *impromptu* one of the most stirring songs of that somewhat musical contest. The occasion was this: At a meeting of a political club in Cambridge, the chairman called on Mr. Andrew for a song. He modestly declined, but said, if he could obtain a pencil, he would try and write a verse or two for him. A pencil was procured; when he wrote out upon a sheet of paper on his knee seven thrilling stanzas, which the company sang as rapturously as their fathers at an earlier day the grand old national hymn of “Adams and Liberty” from the glowing pen of Robert Treat Paine, Esq., and which rang as a clarion peal through the Harrisonian assemblies of that day: —

“The trump of Fame in storied song  
The patriot's deeds shall tell,  
And Freedom's voice the strain prolong,  
The gladsome chorus swell.

The gladsome chorus swell, my boys,  
The gladsome chorus swell :  
We'll join to-night the merry song,  
The gladsome chorus swell.

The hero, who long years ago  
Once wore the warrior's mail,  
Now comes to beat the yeoman's foe,  
The farmer with his flail.

The farmer with his flail, my boys,  
The farmer with his flail :  
They'll get a right good thrashing yet  
From the farmer with his flail.”

In 1844, Mr. Andrew delivered an eloquent oration before the Athenian Society of Bowdoin College. Having closed his connection with Mr. Fuller in the autumn of 1846, he entered into the law-office of Mr. Theophilus P. Chandler at the commencement of the following year ; and, by untiring devotion to his profession, continued to extend his practice and to gain position as an able and successful advocate. Though now in full sympathy with the progressive party, he was too deeply engrossed with his professional labors to assume any very prominent political position. He was, however, by thought and study, ripening for conflicts yet to come.



In 1848, his keen, prophetic eye foresaw the inability of the Whig party to meet the exigency of the country; and he openly allied himself to the rising political organization, with which he ever continued in the liveliest and most cordial sympathy.

On Christmas Eve, December, 1848, he was married to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Eliza Jones,\* only daughter of Mr. Charles and Eliza (Jones) Hersey of Hingham, whom he had first seen sustaining a part in a tableau at an antislavery fair in this city.

From this period he resided chiefly, during the summer months, in that ancient, sea-board town, which is pre-eminent alike for its picturesque scenery, its historical associations, and the intelligence and culture of its people; and here, in the bosom of his family, or in social intercourse with his friends and neighbors,—the Rev. Joshua Young, in whose church and Sunday school he labored lovingly;

\* Charles Hersey of Hingham, son of Laban and Celia (Barnes) Hersey, was born May 23, 1794. He was a lineal descendant of William Hersey, one of the early settlers of Hingham. Eliza C. Jones, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Loring) Jones, was born in Hull, 1798. Her ancestors, also, were among the early settlers of Hingham. Charles Hersey and Eliza C. Jones were married in August, 1823. Children: 1. Eliza Jones, born Sept. 15, 1824; married to John A. Andrew, Dec. 24, 1848. 2. Mary Winsor, born Sept. 2, 1826; died July 1, 1836. 3. Thomas Jones, born February, 1836; died May 8, 1868. Mrs. Eliza C. Hersey died May 3, 1858, aged fifty-nine years. Charles Hersey died Nov. 16, 1858, aged sixty-four years.



the learned naturalist, Thomas T. Bouvé, Esq.; the Hon. Solomon Lincoln, the elegant and accurate historian of the town,—or in drives along the shady lanes, or by the waving fields of grain, or over the pebbly shore of the resounding sea, singing some merry song for very gladsomeness, and beating time upon his knee while moving on, our late lamented President passed many of the sweetest and serenest hours of his mature and busy life. Hingham was to him Les Champs Élysées,—its verdant meadows, sunny slopes, and winding vales, the home of his affections, and his warm heart's terrestrial paradise.\*

By his unflinching opposition to the Fugitive-slave Law, in 1850, Mr. Andrew came more distinctly into the eye of the public as a persistent advocate of

\* His attachment to this town is beautifully exhibited in an *impromptu* address to the citizens assembled in front of his house on the evening of Sept. 3, 1860, wherein he says, "How dear to my heart are these fields, these hills, these spreading trees, this verdant grass, this sounding shore before you, where now for fourteen years, through summer heat, and sometimes through winter storms, I have trod your streets, rambled through your woods, sauntered by your shores, sat by your firesides, and felt the warm pressure of your hands; sometimes teaching your children in the Sunday school, sometimes speaking to my fellow-citizens! . . . Here too, dear friends, I have found the home of my heart. It was into one of your families that I entered, and joined myself in holy bonds of domestic love to one of the daughters of your town. Here, too, I have first known a parent's joys and a parent's sorrows."

The story of the Rev. Peter Hobart's resistance to the magistracy of Boston (*vide* Mr. Lincoln's History of Hingham) is effectively told in this address.

antislavery measures: and by his powerful arguments, in 1854, in defence of the parties indicted for the rescue of Anthony Burns; on behalf of the British consul, against the charge of violating the laws of neutrality during the Crimean War; and for a writ of *habeas corpus*, testing the legality of the imprisonment of the free-State officers at Topeka, 1856,—he made a still higher and nobler record at the bar.

In the autumn of the following year, the Sixth Ward of this city sent him to the lower body of the General Court. In reference to his special course of legal practice, he was here appointed Chairman of the Committee on Matters of Probate and Chancery; and he girded himself at once to meet great issues which were expected to arise in that legislative department.

He took his seat, as the young and eloquent Antoine Barnave in the old French National Assembly, totally unused to parliamentary debate; but, after two or three discussions, came to be acknowledged as the fearless and intrepid leader of the Republican party.

His task was arduous. The leader in the opposition, Mr. Caleb Cushing, was an astute lawyer; a veteran legislator and diplomat: master of the arts of logic, rhetoric, and parliamentary practice; cool, keen, calculating, and perfectly collected.

The champions met, and crossed their lances on the question of granting the use of the hall to the Antislavery Society, at the very commencement of the session; and we may well imagine, that when the Democratic chieftain, somewhat chafed by the impetuosity of his young antagonist, said, a few days afterwards, "It is necessary to jump pretty quick to get the floor after a gentleman who moves the previous question, after first making a speech upon the merits of the question," — we may well, I say, imagine that he looked down upon his inexperienced opponent somewhat as Sir Robert Walpole looked on William Pitt when he first confronted him with a new style of eloquence in the British Parliament.

But the leading disputants came into closer and sharper collision as they met upon the successive questions of that stormy session; and when, moved by the glowing eloquence of the young barrister, the House, in February, decided on the removal of Judge Edward Greeley Loring (by address), as holding two offices incompatible with each other, it was most clearly evident that the distinguished statesman of Newburyport (if I may again avail myself of his own language) "had not jumped quite quick enough to get the floor."

Mr. Andrew's speech at the closing hour of this memorable session abounds in passages of touching pathos, tenderness, and beauty; and, like the rain-

bow bending over troubled waters, points away to skies serenely blue, when storms are over.

In the autumn of 1859, he most intrepidly reasserted his principles by procuring counsel for the defence of the heroic and uncompromising Capt. John Brown: and when, in the presence of ridicule, scorn, and contumely (whose scathing blasts held some stout hearts in sympathy with him at bay), our late undaunted President took the chair at the celebrated meeting, held in Tremont Temple, for the relief of John Brown's suffering family, Nov. 18, 1859, and said, "There is an irresistible conflict between freedom and slavery," and then made the fearless declaration, that whether the enterprise at Harper's Ferry were wise or foolish, right or wrong, "John Brown himself is right," the heart of this great Commonwealth quivered at the sentiment, and then, rebounding to the right, exclaimed, "Master, go on; and we will follow thee to the last gasp with truth and loyalty."

Appointed delegate to the Chicago Convention, May, 1860, Mr. Andrew threw the whole weight of his influence in favor of Mr. Lincoln, who received the nomination. The irrepressible conflict between freedom and oppression was approaching. The President had proved false to his momentous trust, and the smouldering fires of sedition were beginning to break forth.

Free speech, free labor, free suffrage, free men, or the domination of the slave-power, was the question: the declaration of independence, our blood-bought constitutional liberty, the salvation of a government which we and our fathers had regarded as the best beneath the broad canopy of heaven; or the bands of our national strength and beauty rent asunder, the Corinthian capitals of our imposing temple of freedom crashing down, and the wild blasts of anarchy howling over the desolation,—this was the momentous issue. Those who bent the ear attentively could catch the far-off mutterings of the thunder-peal, could discern faint flashes of the quick cross-lightning gleaming athwart the impending storm.

To the sons of Massachusetts the question now came up, Whose sure and steady hand shall lead our ancient Commonwealth, with unsullied flag, triumphant through the coming tempest?

The response from city, town, and distant hamlet, reverberating from the hill-tops on the western border to the rock-bound ocean on the east, was, "JOHN ALBION ANDREW,"\* the intrepid Boston lawyer, who had dared in face of most defiant power to stand like an anvil to the convictions of an honest heart; the eloquent and rising advocate, who, in the face of the

\* He was elected by a majority of 39,445 over the three other candidates.

wealth, fashion, and pride of this ancient city, had dared for more than twenty years to clasp the blistered hand of the plain day-laborer in his own, to defend the cause of the penniless widow, and to take the orphan child the busy world went tramping over on his knee, and bless it; the learned counsellor, who out of the friendliness of his great loving heart sat down, when Sunday came, to study God's holy word with little children in the parish church, sang over their sweet hymns with glistening eye, and wept as mothers weep when any little flower was folded for the Silent Land; the able jurist, who, though he had the heart of a lion, had still the warm tear of a mother for the prisoner in his dark abode, for the poor bondman toiling hopelessly beneath the broiling suns of the South; the immaculate statesman, whom bribes could not buy, nor threats intimidate, — JOHN ALBION ANDREW, God-sent minister for the crisis and the occasion!

On the fifth day of January, 1861, Massachusetts inaugurated him as her twenty-first governor from the adoption of the Constitution; and she never did a nobler nor a wiser thing.

Did he meet the expectations and the emergency? His prophetic eye saw war. He prepared the "overcoats and the muskets." — none too quick or liberally. Soon the black flag of rebellion fluttered at the mast; the thunder-cloud came rolling on.

You all remember it. The rebel fires were flaming on the heights of Arlington; the telegraphic wires were cut; the railway track was torn up; the President was pent up as in a prison at the capital, — treason within, treason without; and strong hearts failing.

The solid framework of this republican government was shaking as the giant oak before the Alpine thunder-gust. Was Gov. Andrew ready for the impending peril?

By his quick combinations, his executive energy, his enkindling enthusiasm, this Commonwealth was brought to a war-basis, and the immortal Sixth Regiment was moved with almost inconceivable celerity to the scene of action; and when Baltimore had been baptized with Massachusetts blood, and this regiment stood at the doors of the capital, the administration breathed again. And is it not because this great war-governor foresaw and met that peril at the front that four million slaves are free to-day, and that we exult in a country saved?

This was but his initial step. When the mortal combat deepened, when the minds of millions were confounded by the audacity of the Rebellion, our undaunted Governor, as a lion shaking the locks of his strength, rose up majestically to the occasion.

By message after message of electric power to the General Court; by soul-stirring and patriotic



addresses to the people; by words of cordial sympathy and support to the President of the United States; by the rapid enrolment and equipment of volunteers; by earnest conference with the loyal governors; by sage counsel in camp; by quick decision in cabinet; by administrative activity seldom or never equalled,—officering troops, furnishing the munitions of war,\* organizing colored regiments,† caring for wounded soldiers, inspiring hope, repelling insolence,—he held this Commonwealth in her true position; and so breathed his own unquenchable fire into the breasts of our brave men, that, as they met the surging myriads on the ensanguined field, they fought as if John Albion Andrew stood immediately at their side, cheering, praising, and sustaining them.

But, in the midst of these almost superhuman labors for the maintenance of a patriotic and loyal position for his State in this great war, he devoted himself to the advancement of education, literature, science, religion; to the encouragement of industrial and commercial enterprise; to the improvement of

\* He made a memorable address before the<sup>†</sup> loyal governors assembled at Altoona, Penn., Sept. 24, 1862, in which he urged with great ability more vigorous action in the conduct of the war.

† After the Government determined to form negro regiments, Gov. Andrew organized the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, which was the first recruited under State authority; although one was already in service in South Carolina, and another in Kansas.



the charitable and correctional institutions of the Commonwealth, — moving from point to point with such astonishing celerity, that he seemed to be almost ubiquitous: now examining a normal school at Framingham; now addressing a camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard;\* now inspecting the excavations at the Hoosac Tunnel; now delivering an oration at the centennial celebration of a town; now speaking to the farmers at an agricultural fair; now exhorting the sons of ocean at a prayer-meeting in a seamen's chapel; now counselling a graduating class of medical students; † now electrifying the alumni of a university by his patriotic fervor; anon listening to the recital of some poor woman's wrongs, or talking to a company of colored people in a church, or helping some unfortunate debtor out of trouble, or delivering an oration on the 4th of July to the inmates of yonder penitentiary, and causing himself to be locked up with a felon in his cell that he might experience what incarceration is, and thus extend a brother's sympathy, and so somehow fulfil that touching word, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me." You know these labors: I will not recount them. They throw some gentle radiance

\* Aug. 10, 1862.

† He delivered an admirable address to the graduating-class of the Medical School in the University at Cambridge, on Wednesday, March 9, 1864. It was published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, 1864.

over the atrocities of war ; they send some assuasive notes of music out over the great moaning ocean of our common sorrow.

But it were long to trace him through the bright *lustrum* of his gubernatorial career. It must be left to the historic pen ; and beautiful as the inscription on the temple Chebar's holy prophet saw will be the record. It will be the history of Massachusetts in her day of glory ; it will be the history of your own patriotic hearts.

On retiring from the executive chair of the State, Mr. Andrew resumed the practice of the law, and came immediately into the front line of his profession.

He was elected President of this Society on the third day of January, 1866 ; and on the fourth day of the same month, 1867, delivered before you a most eloquent and pertinent anniversary address.

On the third day of April, of the same year, he made his elaborate argument on "The Errors of Prohibition : " and, in the summer following, visited, in company with his friend Mr. Cyrus Woodman, the British Provinces ; spent several days in the ancient city of Halifax, where he enjoyed the hospitalities of Sir William F. Williams, the hero of Kars ; and, returning, passed over the beautiful hills and dales of the old French Acadie, rendered ever memorable by Longfellow in the fascinating pages of his "Evangeline."

Lingering a few days in New Brunswick, he arrived at Portland on the 5th of August, greatly delighted and refreshed by the excursion. He drove from Portland out to the home of his boyhood; cast a wreath of flowers, and shed tears of tender affection, upon the grave of his beloved mother; and returned to this city.

He continued his labors of love and mercy till the 30th of October, when God his Father spoke. The folds of heaven parted, the shining angel came, the "silver cord" was loosed, the "golden bowl" was broken; and John Albion Andrew walked beneath the morning beams of immortality.

The first strong point that strikes us in the character of our late President is this: he had beneath his genial flow of wit and cheerfulness a most profound regard and reverence for God. With eagle eye he watched his stately goings in the uprising and the downfall of the nations, and especially his wonder-working ways with this vast empire of the West; with gladsome heart he gazed upon the splendor of his love, unfolded in the marvels of this material creation; and, when momentous questions were at stake, his word invariably was, "We ought to obey God rather than men."

He loved the study of the Bible, and to its sacred pages made his ultimate appeal. His letters, messages, proclamations, are all spangled over as the

heavens, "thick inlaid with patens of bright gold," with scriptural quotation and allusion. His Thanksgiving proclamation of 1861 rings like the beat of Miriam's timbrel over the dark sea.\* It braced the public heart for action.

He early connected himself with the Church of the Disciples, in Boston,† and proved himself a living, loving, working member to the end. When others left, he clung the closer to it; holding rightly, that the proper way to convince men of error is to stay *among*, instead of going *from* them: and hence he once made the memorable declaration, "Brethren, I do not believe in the principle of come-outism. I am not a come-outer; I am a *stay-inner*:" and in he nobly staid, till God removed him to that fold where earth's poor distinctions fade beneath the beams of the effulgent day.

Like Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Andrew had a great, warm, loving heart. Profoundest tides of sympathy for human sorrow went ever beating through its secret chambers. You saw it gushing up spontaneously when he telegraphed the Mayor of Baltimore, on the nineteenth day of April, 1861, to let the

\* "To me," says the Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, "it was like an army with banners; it was like a trumpet of resurrection: it brought a new host into the field."—*Uide* his speech at the Union League Club, New York, Nov. 11, 1867.

† Sept. 30, 1841, he became a member of this church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D.

bodies of the Massachusetts soldiers be tenderly sent to him by express.\* You saw it overflowing charmingly in his love of little children; in his solicitude for the proper treatment of the insane, the blind, and the idiotic; in his bitter grief for the sufferings of our heroic soldiers; in his bending, as the great, good God above him, to the humblest person, black or white, that had a tale of woe to tell. "What is the matter here?" said he one day, in coming late into the council-chamber. "What is the trouble now?" A poor woman, with her children, had come in, and stood with tears, imploring the liberation of her husband, who had been incarcerated for abusing her. "But three of us remain," observed a councillor; "and nothing can be done." The Governor, after listening patiently to her story, as if the fate of empires were involved, said, smiling through the tear-drops, "I take the responsibility. Set the husband free!"

It was this glowing sympathy for the unfortunate that led him to contend so earnestly for the abolishment of the death-penalty, and to toil so manfully to break the fetters of the bondman.

It would most certainly have warped his judg-

\* The telegram was in these words: "I pray you to let the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, be laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by the Commonwealth."

ment, and weakened his executive authority, had he not at the same time possessed the very keenest sense of justice, and a soul firm as the granite rock that stays the surge of ocean, when the right was to be guarded. This will, I think, explain the reason why, from a strenuous advocate of peace, he came suddenly to throw himself with such tremendous energy into the exigencies of the war. The eternal principle of equity was trampled under foot; and then it was the very soul of clemency to appeal to solid shot.

As Shakspeare of King Henry V., you well may say of him,—

“ He hath a tear of pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity;  
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he’s *flint*.”

And this was the glory of his tender-heartedness, that, like the graceful vine, it clambered over, breathing its sweet aroma, and covering with its gentle folds, the rough and rugged seams of law.

Mr. Andrew was distinguished for republican simplicity. He lived without ostentation, and had but slender faith in forms and ceremonies.

Independent, yet not arrogant, he was open, frank, cordial, and accessible to the very humblest citizen.

“ Who were below him  
He used as creatures of another place.”

And when he said, in 1862, Aug. 10. — "I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world; but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was poor, or because he was black." the quick response of the vast audience was, "Those words are true."\*

He was an incorruptible patriot. The gold of Croesus could not buy, the honors of the Cæsars could not seduce him. His heart was wedded to his principles as the sheet-anchor to the rock; nor could the wildest storm that ever swept the waves of the political sea break up his moorings. For almost twenty years, he ran against the popular current with a party having no hope of immediate success; and the world well knows it was not plot nor counterplot, but the stern logic of events, combining with his eminent personal qualifications, that brought him into such a lofty position of influence and power.

\* "On his last visit to his native place, in August, 1867," says a gentleman of Gorham to me in a letter, dated March 25, 1868, "having looked over the old homestead and other places of interest to him, he returned through Gorham, where he took tea with my mother. He was then remarkably cheerful and affectionate, making many inquiries in regard to his mother, and giving repeated evidences of his strong attachment to old places and old friends. When my mother addressed him as 'Governor,' he begged her to call him 'Allion,' and said he was so glad to feel that he could throw off the restraints and conventionalities that were so frequently about him, and indulge in a familiarity which revived the memory of early days and cherished friends, and which made him feel like a boy again."



He loved his country with intense affection, based upon a broad philanthropy and an enlightened statesmanship: and no man ever toiled with mightier force than he to save it; no man rejoiced more heartily when redemption came. Incorruptible as John Hampden, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, no spot of political obliquity obscures the broad disk of his glory.

As a lawyer, he studied his cases with unsparing assiduity, arranged his arguments with consummate skill, and threw his whole soul, panting as a war-steed for the onset, into them. If he did not possess that masterly power of generalization which characterized Daniel Webster, or that affluence of language and of learning which rendered Rufus Choate pre-eminent, he had, nevertheless, a good knowledge of the law, and the power of identifying himself intensely with his client, which, together with a lucid order, and a kind of impetuous, and not unfrequently pathetic, fervor of speech, exercised remarkable influence over the minds both of the jury and the court. "But for the prestige of the name, I had as lief intrust a case to Mr. Andrew," said a prominent lawyer once to me, "as to Mr. Webster; for he studied more, and put more *soul* into his reasoning."

Mr. Andrew continued to improve unto the last; his most remarkable argument, perhaps, being on "The Errors of Prohibition," before the Joint Special



Committee of the General Court, in April, 1867; but from the main premises and conclusion of which, though ably and sincerely stated, I must here beg leave to express my unqualified dissent.

His judgment was clear: he seldom made mistakes, especially in respect to the character of men with whom he had to transact business. His memory was enriched with the finest passages of the great English poets, Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and Scott, which he repeated with most singular beauty and effect. His imagination, compact, glowing, creative, and constructive, loved to picture forth the consequences of a noble private, social, national life; and hence his public addresses, his ordinary conversation even, were instinct with inspiration, moving men most mightily, delighting as it moved them to a loftier resolve and to a higher course of action.

The style of Mr. Andrew is ornate and fervid, glowing even in his State papers with half-suppressed emotion. His first message to the Legislature, 1861, has the ring of a clarion summoning to the battlefield. His addresses to the troops, especially to the Sixth, Eighth, and Fifty-fourth Regiments on leaving for the war, his brief eulogy on the death of Mr. Lincoln, his words on the reception of the war-worn and bloody battle-flags, and in the oration at the consecration of the Ladd and Whitney monument, are instinct with true poetic fire, and with a glow of eloquence that

comes spontaneously from the man and the occasion, and constitutes what Webster has so well denominated "action,— noble, sublime, God-like action."

His memory was retentive, his imagination brilliant, his wit quick, keen, trenchant. On festive occasions, he was remarkably happy in his thought and diction; sometimes sending forth flashes like the weird streams of the aurora borealis; sometimes, as an orb of fire, emitting vivid sparks, and kindling into magnetic sympathy every heart in the assembly.

" So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
 All kind of arguments, and question deep,  
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,  
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,  
 He had the dialect and different skill,  
 Catching all passions in his craft of will;  
 That he did in the general bosom reign  
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted."

But his pathos was perhaps his most extraordinary power. His soul was a fountain of love: he put that soul into his public speeches, into his State papers; and the heart of the people responded to its pulsations, beat for beat.

" Si vis me flere  
 Dolendum est primum ipse tibi."

He was the first to feel, and his own tear filled every eye in the assembly. It was the genuine old-

fashioned eloquence of the *heart*. His manner is most admirably described in these elegant words of Cicero :—

“ A principio statim, quod erat apud eum semper accuratum, expectatione dignus videbatur : non multa jactatio corporis, non inclinatio vocis, nulla inambulatio, non crebra suppositio pedis ; vehemens et interdum irata et plena justis doloris oratio ; multæ et cum gravitate facetiæ : quodque difficile est, idem et perornatus et perbrevis ” — *De Claris Oratoribus*, cap. 43.

As a governor, carrying the State of Massachusetts through the most fearful conflict of modern times ; making more than fourteen thousand military appointments ; raising, equipping, and sending into the service, nearly a hundred and sixty thousand men ; disbursing more than twenty-seven million dollars from the public treasury ; and maintaining our civil institutions and our financial credit,— he will ever command the respect and admiration of mankind. His final message to the Legislature exhibits the maturest statesmanship, marking with clearest vision the true course to be pursued in the reconstruction of the rebel States, and the restoration of tranquillity to the Union. He was accustomed, as Julius Cæsar, to read, write, and dictate at the same time ; and the intensity of his labors during the war is thought by many of his friends to have abbreviated his life.

On comparing him with previous distinguished chief magistrates of this Commonwealth, you will perceive in him a rare and curious combination of many of the peculiar excellences of them all. In addition to the prophetic wisdom of John Winthrop, to the tolerant spirit of the chivalrous Sir Henry Vane, to the fearlessness of John Endicott, to the piety of Jonathan Belcher, the warm, poetic temperament of William Shirley, he had the patriotic ardor of John Hancock, the executive ability of John Brooks, the plain, sterling common sense of George N. Briggs, the educational zeal of Edward Everett.

To my mind, however, he most resembled in his taste and temper, life and deeds, the incorruptible patriot Samuel Adams, the war leader of Massachusetts through the old Revolution.

Like Mr. Adams, he was simple in his style of living, and averse to personal display. Like him, he loved to study the manners and the customs of the old colonial days; like him, he had a pleasant humor and a sparkling wit; like him, he cultivated vocal music, and made the word of God his law. Both of these great men were earnest friends of popular education; both liberal in their benefactions to the poor.

Alike desultory and discursive in their studies, they still co-equally possessed a masterly power of concentration; and it were hard to tell, where both

were eloquent, which swayed with greater ease the mind of a vast popular assembly.

If the temper of Mr. Adams were more severe, the temper of Mr. Andrew was equally persistent; and, if the one made a point by logical acumen, the other reached it quicker by prophetic intuition. Divesting the halo which encircles the name of Adams of those warm tints which time has gradually blended with its beauty, I do not hesitate to declare that the aureola of Andrew beams with brighter lustre, since, while in eloquence, statesmanship, patriotism, and integrity, he is not eclipsed by the great Revolutionary civilian, in broad and liberal culture, in executive labor, and in Christian activity, he unquestionably excels him.

Both of them were of unconquerable honesty. Both performed exalted service for the country, — Adams in achieving, Andrew in perpetuating, liberty; and so their names must be intertwined together, and forever blaze upon the arc of triumph and the banderole of fame.

Now, gentlemen, what was the secret of Mr. Andrew's eminent success? I reply, that one important element in it may be traced to the influence of his extraordinary mother. "The future destiny of the child," observed Napoleon I., "is always the work of the mother."

She is that power behind the throne that moves

the wheels of empire : her gentle finger, as the rod of Hermes, touches secret springs that turn the moral enginery of the world. It is the mother's voice that rings in every patriot's trumpet-tongue for liberty ; it is her silent but invincible might that strikes in every blow.

“ In dignity of manner, mental cultivation, ease and fluency in speech,” says one who knew her well, “ the mother of Gov. Andrew forcibly reminded me of Lady Madison ;” and to her, “ no doubt, the son was largely indebted for prominent qualities which fitted him for the faithful discharge of the duties which were laid upon him in his subsequent life.”

It was that mother's sunny temper, cultivated taste, and genial piety, that fanned and fixed the “ glowing thought ” of her distinguished son.

Another element of his success was the grand, heroic determination, adopted in early life, to devote his energies, not to the selfish ends of personal ambition, but to the alleviation of the sorrows and sufferings of his fellow-men. In the development of the slumbering forces of his soul, he set a shining mark before him, and resolved to press with indomitable energy to attain it. Triumphant success crowned his persistent labor.

His golden temper was a power. One-half our strength we waste in fretfulness, then die of it at

last. He looked upon the brightest side of things, and made the wheels of life run smoothly through the crystal grooves of cheerfulness.

“What impels that locomotive engine?” said the celebrated Stevenson to the Dean of Westminster one day. “Steam, to be sure, sir.” — “No,” replied the great inventor: “it is the sunbeam God sent into the flowers.”

It was the sunshine God sent into Mr. Andrew's happy heart that bore him through the battle-march of life.

ITUR AD ASTRA LABORE ET AMORE, — “The steps to heaven are labor, love.”

By intense labor,\* though not exactly in the line of other men; by gigantic labor, often running on till evening met the morning; by that herculean labor which brings the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, — our late President brought himself steadily up to the front line of eminence as a lawyer, and carried Massachusetts so triumphantly through the late bloody war. You who toiled with him can bear me record, that this was one essential secret of his astonishing success.

Was this enough? No: one more element was needed to complete the rounded form of a resplendent life, to place the diadem of beauty on the

\* “He worked,” the Rev. Dr. Clarke observes, “like the great engine in the heart of the steamship.”



dying brow, and make the grave, men so much dread, a fair, love-lighted portal, opening to the magnificence of the upper temple. He accepted Christ, and followed him as his example.\* He shed something of his tenderness, something of the royal beauty of his love, upon the sorrows and misfortunes of our common lot.

Here, then, are the secrets of his greatness: maternal influence, high resolve, love, labor, Christianity, — modified, it is true, by many attending circumstances, unfolded by the fit occasion. But, mainly and most strikingly, maternal influence, noble aspiration, love, labor, Christianity, combining, made the man.

Mr. President and gentlemen, I should fail to do justice to him whose life and services we this day commemorate, did I not refer to his deep interest in the welfare and the progress of this Society.

To cherish the germs of patriotism by rescuing from oblivion the perishing memorials of the departed; to strengthen the ties of kindred by tracing the lineage of our ancestors; to garner up the fast-fading mementoes of the olden times, — the books, the implements of war, the costumes, the musical instruments which incited them to battle or softened the asperi-

\* "Never have I known a man," said Mr. Theophilus P. Chandler to me the other day (and he had known him intimately for nearly twenty years), "who lived so near the golden rule of Christ as Mr. Andrew."



ties of their hard life at home, — he believed would tend to deepen our love of country and of republican institutions, and to consolidate the whole framework of our social fabric.

He saw the prospective grandeur of the country looming up sublimely through the principles and blood of our fathers, and that more and more, as the wheels of empire rolled along, the minds of the millions would be directed to the historic records of our ancestors; and he therefore predicted a noble future for this institution. It came home to the bosoms and the life of the people, to the dearest interests of the nation; and therefore it commanded his respect and love.

At the time of his decease, he was preparing a paper to read before you on the chivalrous expedition of Sir William Pepperrell to Louisburg,\* in the study of which he was profoundly interested; since it

\* The fortifications of Louisburg, called from its strength the *Dunkirk of America*, cost the French thirty millions of livres; and the town was deemed impregnable. Gen. William Pepperrell with about four thousand New-England troops, in concert with the naval forces under Commodore Peter Warren, invested the town early in May, 1745, and, after a siege of between six and seven weeks, reduced it to capitulation. Seventy-six cannon and mortars, besides other property to an immense amount, fell into the hands of the victors. Our loss was but one hundred and thirty killed; while that of the French was upwards of three hundred. The capture of Louisburg filled Europe with astonishment, and America with joy. — *Vide Usher Parsons's Life of Sir William Pepperrell, Bart.*, p. 97.

seemed to him one of the most remarkable events in our colonial history, that a few undisciplined New-England troops should so easily reduce a fortress upon which millions of money had been expended, and which was held by numbers and by reputed skill so far superior to our own.\*

\* As another instance of Gov. Andrew's historical taste, it may be mentioned that he was engaged on another paper, whose subject was the origin and antiquity of a musical instrument, called from the Latin *spina* (quills), the SPINET, which he intended to read before this Society. Like the harpsichord, which was derived from it, the spinet consisted of strings, case, sounding-board, keys, jacks, and a bridge. It was originally called *la harpe couchée*, and its history is involved in great obscurity. In a letter to a friend, dated Nov. 10, 1866, Gov. Andrew says, "I take especial interest in it, because it is the first instrument of music I ever heard in my life; and I clearly remember, when about six years old, one pleasant morning, calling with my father and mother at Mr. Anderson's, and seeing N., now Mrs. W., in a white muslin gown, and hearing her play a tune on the spinet."

He also made the observation, that though, since this, he had been present at the concerts of many distinguished musical performers, both vocal and instrumental, such was the impression made upon his childish ears and heart, that he had never heard any music since so delightful and affecting as that. The tune then played was Burns's "Bonnie Doon." The instrument itself, which had long been an heirloom in the family of one of his friends, is said to bear this inscription, "THOMAS HITCHCOCK, LONDINI FECIT, A.D. 1390."

Gov. Andrew had entered into the work of discovering and giving the history of the spinet with his characteristic zeal and enthusiasm, having engaged the services of several eminent German and Italian scholars in aid of his researches, and hoping to assert and defend the disputed antiquity of this once-popular instrument, out of which came the harpsichord, and thence the piano-forte, and around which some of his earliest and sweetest associations were entwined.

His plans for the enlargement and increased efficiency of this Society are clearly sketched in his admirable address to you on Jan. 2, 1867: and, had he lived, he doubtless would have lent his strenuous aid to carry them into full effect; for he loved this organization, and fondly hoped to give it, when the pressure in his business should abate, more of his personal attention.

His work is done, — magnificently done. And I rejoice with you, that a gentleman of large experience, liberal views, and eminent standing in this Commonwealth, has consented to accept this executive chair, and that on you, Mr. President, devolves the sacred trust of carrying into effect the plans which our late President so happily suggested; and, on behalf of the members of the Society, I pledge to you our most cordial co-operation and support.

And now, gentlemen, as we singly or together beat anew the engrossing fields of historic literature, I feel assured we shall not fail to let the glowing light that shines from Gov. Andrew's character somewhat irradiate our devious pathway.

He was a grand impersonation of the advanced and progressive ideas of Massachusetts. In him we behold the spirit, power, aspiration, of the people; in him, the genius of our institutions; in him, the majesty of our laws, enthroned as God's eternal law with mercy. Hence we hold him in our hearts, and

cherish his virtues in the most sacred recesses of memory.

He has lived; and therefore it is given us by the light of his great life to make our own lives more bright and beautiful. To this end he was sent; and so his name will shine with perennial lustre.

His monument is embedded in the strong heart of humanity. It has a broad foundation, and it rises grandly by the "golden rule" of the celestial Architect. The earliest beams of morning will hasten to bathe it in glory; the last rays of evening will linger lovingly as they leave it; the golden urns of heaven will pour their soft light over it; and millions of freemen will crown it with garlands of praise.

APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

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### BRIEF GENEALOGY OF THE ANDREW FAMILY.

LIKE that of most other New-England families, the name has been variously written. Andrews, Andrew, Address, and Andross are found in the early records. Beginning with the third generation, the spelling has since been uniformly Andrew. Robert Andrews of Rowley Village, now Boxford, is the earliest ancestor in this country to which the family can be traced.

Robert Andrews of Ipswich, whose will was proved in 1644, does not mention any son Robert: but the proximity of residence, and similarity of several names in the second generation, suggest that they were kinsmen; but no absolute proof has as yet been found.

1. ROBERT ANDREWS of Rowley Village died May 29, 1668. His wife's name was Grace ——. In his will, he requests to be buried at Topsfield. His eldest son Thomas, unmarried, was to have the homestead and land bought of Zaccheus Gould; son Robert, unmarried, to have eight score aeres of land, extending from Pie Brook to Clay Pits, Falls Meadow, and Fishing-brook Meadow; John, under twenty-one years of age, to have the "Seller Lott;" JOSEPH, also unmarried, to have the land in Topsfield bought of John Wildes, sen. Daughters, — Mary, wife of Isaac Cummings; Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Simonds; Hannah, wife of John Peabody (from her is descended George Peabody, the celebrated banker of London). Daughters unmarried, and under twenty years of age, — Rebecca, Sarah, and Ruth.

2. JOSEPH, born 18th September, 1657; died about 1732. Settled in Topsfield. Removed to Salem about 1704, where he ever after resided. Married, first, Sarah Perley, Feb. 1, 1681; and had Joseph, John, Sarah, Hepzibah, Mary, Lydia. Married, second, Widow Abigail Walker, daughter of John Grafton, and grand-daughter of Joseph Grafton, who was a freeman, 1637: by her he had NATHANIEL, born Aug. 10, 1705; and Jonathan, born Aug. 12, 1708.
3. NATHANIEL, born 10th August, 1705; died 4th February, 1762. Married, Sept. 20, 1729, Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Higginson, grand-daughter of Hon. John, great-grand-daughter of Rev. John, great-great-grand-daughter of Rev. Francis, who was the first minister of Salem; who died there Aug. 6, 1630. He married, second, Widow Abigail Peete. His children, all by his first wife, were, 1. Nathaniel, born June 11, 1731; died March 28, 1731-2. 2. Mary, born April 5, 1733. 3. Joseph and Abigail (*gemini*), born Feb. 7, 1734; died in infancy. 5. Hannah, born May, 1735; died young. 6. Jonathan, born Feb. 6, 1737. 7. Joun, born Sept. 27, 1747. He left a considerable property, devised a sum to the poor of the parish, and provided that the poor indebted to his estate should not be "distressed."
4. JOUN, born Sept. 27, 1747. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Abraham and Elizabeth (Pickering) Watson of Salem. Elizabeth Pickering was daughter of William, grand-daughter of John, and great-grand-daughter of John Pickering, who was in Salem as early as 1637. John Andrew was a goldsmith and jeweller in Salem; kept at the "Sign of the Gold Cross" in 1769. He removed to Maine. His children were, 1. John. 2. William. 3. John. 4. Elizabeth. 5. Nathaniel. 6. Mary. 7. Hannah. 8. JONATHAN. 9. Pickering. 10. Anna. 11. Abraham. 12. Isaac Watson. 13. Josiah.
5. JONATHAN, born in Salem, 10th September, 1782; died 27th December, 1849. Removed to Maine early in life, where he married



- Nancy Green Pierce, who was born at Westmoreland, N.H., July 27, 1784; and died March 7, 1832. He was a man of few words, sound judgment, firm will, strict and conscientious in matters of business, modest, simple, and domestic in his habits, warm-hearted, and beneficent to the poor. He acquired a considerable property, paid the expenses of his son's education through all its stages, and gave him necessary aid even after he entered his profession in Boston. His children were, 1. JOHN ALBION, born May 31, 1818; died Oct. 30, 1867. 2. Isaac Watson, born Aug. 11, 1819. 3. Sarah Elizabeth, born Sept. 6, 1822. 4. Nancy Alfreda, born May 21, 1824. Isaac Watson Andrew married Eliza O. Peabody, has children, and resides on the ancestral estate in Boxford.
6. JOHN ALBION, born May 31, 1818; died Oct. 30, 1867. Married Eliza Jones, daughter of Mr. Charles and Eliza (Jones) Hersey of Hingham, Dec. 24, 1848; and had, 1. Charles Albion, born Oct. 28, 1849; who died Sept. 28, 1850. 2. John Forrester, born Nov. 26, 1850. 3. Elizabeth Loring, born July 29, 1852. 4. Edith, born April 5, 1854. 5. Henry Hersey, born April 28, 1858. Mr. Andrew's residence in Boston was at 110, Charles Street.



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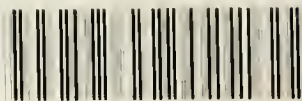








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