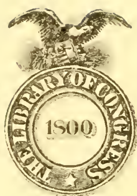

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THE

HUNDRED BOSTON ORATORS

APPOINTED BY THE

MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES AND OTHER PUBLIC BODIES,

FROM 1770 TO 1852;

COMPRISING

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS,

ILLUSTRATING THE

PRINCIPLES AND PROGRESS OF OUR REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.

BY JAMES SPEAR LORING.

"I would have these orations collected and printed in volumes, and then write the history of the last forty-five years in commentaries upon them." JOHN ADAMS, in 1816.

"The precious spark of liberty had been kindled and was preserved by the Puritans alone; * * * and it was to this sect that the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution." DAVID HUME.

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A WORD TO THE READER.

The editor, after a careful research, pursued with an intense devotion during a period of nearly four years, presents this volume to the public, and here takes occasion to dedicate its pages to the glorious memory of Samuel Adams, John Hancock and Thomas Cushing, a noble triumvirate, and among the foremost of the great promoters of the American Revolution. Aspiring to no higher claim than that of editor, he remarks, in addition to what has been stated at the close of the introduction on the Boston Massacre, — of which event Daniel Webster emphasizes, "from that moment we may date the severance of the British empire," — that he has embodied a great mass of materials in relation to our own political and national history, after poring over valuable manuscripts, newspapers printed for more than a hundred years past, every variety of periodicals, pamphlets, and a multitude of other authorities essential to the completion of his design. The editor has generally been careful to cite authorities; but sometimes through inadvertence, sometimes for the reason that writers have adopted the language and statements of others as original, he has not

designated authorities. A great disparity in the sketches of the orators will be observed. In the gathering of materials, the editor has mostly been thrown on his own resources. While, by interviews with parties interested, a great body of original matter has been obtained in relation to a large number of the orators, very meagre materials only, like a monumental inscription, could be gathered in regard to others; and this is an apology for what may, at the first blush, appear an act of injustice to some of the most worthy politicians in the catalogue; — but there runs through the volume such frequent allusions to the same person, that they partially atone for the scanty materials of a separate article. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the editor, many errors appear in the work; but, to adopt the language of Cotton Mather, "it seems the hands of Briareus and the eyes of Argus will not prevent them."

BOSTON, *March* 5, 1852.

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THE

HUNDRED BOSTON ORATORS.

To the sages who spoke,
  To the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed,
  Strike the harp-strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed
  Remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent
  Hallow the story.
O'er the bones of the bold
  Be that story long told,
And on Fame's golden tablets
  Their triumphs enrolled,
Who on Freedom's green hills
  Freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised
  That gave light to the world.

Sprague.

"THE origin of our national independence may be traced to the native fervid sense of freedom," says Tudor, "which our ancestors brought with them, and fostered in the forests of America, and which, with pious care, they taught their offspring never to forego;" and it was not until the expiration of one century and a half that the colonists inflexibly resolved to govern themselves, uncontrolled by the mother country. Innumerable tendencies accelerated this determination. The noble wife of the elder Adams, in writing to Mrs. Cranch, remarked, with laudable pride:—"Amongst those who voted against receiving an explanatory charter, in the Massachusetts, stands the name of our venerable grandfather Quincy, accompanied with only one other, to his immortal honor." By vesting the governor with the veto power, opposing an elected speaker of the house, and forbidding them to adjourn at their own option more than two days, King George the First

inflicted a fatal wound on the dominant power of Old England over New England, and showed himself unworthy an aspiration of holy George Herbert, in the days of the Mayflower Pilgrims,—

> "Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand!"

It is evident, however, that Madam Adams was mistaken regarding the minority. On turning to the records of the council, we find there were four who voted in the negative; and the records of the house exhibit the names of thirty-two who negatived also the acceptance of this oppressive charter. As it will gratify the descendants of this honored minority to know this fact of their ancestors, we have carefully transcribed their names. The record is dated Jan. 15, 1725: Isaiah Tay, William Clark, Esq., Ezekiel Lewis, Thomas Cushing, Boston; John Wadsworth, Milton; John Quincy, Esq., Braintree; John Torrey, Weymouth; Capt. Thomas Loring, Hingham; John Brown, Mendon; Edward White, Brookline; John Sanders, Haverhill; John Hobson, Rowley; Benjamin Barker, Andover; Joseph Hale, Boxford; Samuel Tenney, Bradford; Capt. William Rogers, Wenham; Joseph Davis, Amesbury; Richard Ward, Newton; John Rice, Sudbury; Capt. Samuel Bullard, Sherburne; Joseph Wilder, Lancaster; Capt. Edward Goddard, Framingham; John Blanchard, Billerica; Daniel Pierce, Woburn; Jonathan Sargent, Malden; Samuel Chamberlain, Chelmsford; Thomas Bryant, Scituate; Nathaniel Southworth, Middleboro'; Isaac Cushman, Plympton; Elisha Bisby, Pembroke; Edward Shove, Dighton; William Stone, Norton. There were forty-eight in the affirmative.

According to Pemberton's Massachusetts Chronicle,—a manuscript of great value, in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society,—in an article regarding the odious Writs of Assistance to the officers of the customs, it is stated that the power of the Court of Exchequer had never been exercised by the Superior Court, for a period of about sixty years after the act of this province investing them with such power had been in force. The writ, which was the first instance of their exercising that power now granted, was never requested; or, if solicited, was constantly denied for this long course of years, until Charles Paxton, Esq., the Commissioner of the Revenue, applied for it in 1754. It was granted by the court in 1756, *sub silentio*, and continued until the demise of George the Second.

The first clarion notes that aroused to independence were sounded by the patriotic James Otis, in the February term of 1761, of the Superior Court, in the council-chamber of the town-house, where he delivered an eloquent argument in opposition to the arbitrary Writs of Assistance. The elder Adams said that Otis "burst forth as with a flame of fire, and every man was made ready to take arms against it." The name of Liberty-tree owes its origin to a popular gathering under its branches, Aug. 14, 1765, expressive of indignation at revenue oppressions. The event, however, which most effectually inflamed popular wrath, was that of the fifth of March, 1770, when five citizens were killed in King-street by regulars of the standing army. The people were resolved to assert their rights, though rivers of blood rolled down that street. The patriotic Lathrop, of the Second Church, delivered a warm sermon on the Sabbath after the event; and in another, in 1778, said, "The inhabitants of these States must have been justified by the impartial world, had they resolved, from that moment, never to suffer one in the livery of George the Third to walk this ground."

The immediate origin of the massacre was an attack of a mob on the sentinel who was stationed before the custom-house at the corner of Royal Exchange Lane, where the king's treasure was deposited. The regular loaded his gun, and retreated up the steps as far as he could, and often shouted for protection. A corporal and six privates of the main guard, stationed near the head of King-street, directly opposite the door on the south side of the town-house, were sent to his relief, who, after being grossly insulted and attacked, fired upon the crowd. Three men were instantly killed, five men were dangerously wounded, and several slightly injured.

The most exciting causes which urged to a decided disaffection in the people of Boston towards the mother country may be traced to the circumstances related in the narrative of the town, published shortly after the massacre. While the town was surrounded by British ships of war, two regiments landed, Oct. 1, 1768, and took possession of it; and, to support these, two other regiments arrived, some time after, from Ireland, one of which landed at Castle Island, and the other in the town. They were forced upon the people contrary to the spirit of the Magna Charta,—contrary to the very letter of the bill of rights, in which it is declared that the raising or keeping a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be

with the consent of Parliament, is against law,—and without the desire of the civil magistrates, to aid whom was the pretence for sending the troops hither. The conduct of this military force in Boston was highly aggravating. Gov. Bernard, without consulting the Council, having given up the state-house to the troops at their landing, they took possession of the chambers where the representatives of the province and the courts of law held their meetings, and (except the council-chamber) of all other parts of that house, in which they continued a considerable time, to the great annoyance of those courts while they sat, and of the merchants and gentlemen of the town, who had always used its lower floor as their exchange. They had a right so to do, as the property of it was in the town; but they were deprived of that right by mere power. The governor, soon after, by every stratagem, and by every method but a forcible entry, endeavored to obtain possession of the manufactory house, to make a barrack of it for the troops; and for that purpose caused it to be besieged by the troops, and the people in it to be used with severity, which created universal uneasiness, arising from the apprehension that the troops, under the influence of such a man, would be employed to effect the most dangerous purposes; but, failing of that, other houses were procured, in which, contrary to act of Parliament, he caused the troops to be quartered. After their quarters were settled, the main guard was posted at one of the said houses, directly opposite the state-house, and not twelve yards distant, where the General Court and all the law courts were held, with two field-pieces pointed to the state-house. This situation of the main guard and field-pieces seemed to indicate an attack upon the constitution, and a defiance of the law, and to be intended to affront the legislative and executive authority of the province.

When the Superior Court met at the state-house, Nov. 1, 1769, a motion was made by James Otis, Esq., one of the bar, that the court would adjourn to Faneuil Hall, not only as the stench occasioned by the regulars in the representatives' chamber may prove infectious, but as it was derogatory to the honor of the court to administer justice at the mouths of cannon and the points of bayonets.

In a new liberty song at this period, it was sung,—tune "Rule Britannia,"—

"No haughty Bernard, swoln with pride,
Shall e'er fair Freedom's sons subdue;

> The rights old Britain — old Britain once denied,
>   We bravely purchased in the new.
> Guard, Americans! Americans, guard your land!
> And spurn a tyrant's iron band!"

A particular relation of the occasion of the event which occurred on the massacre thus appears in the narrative already gleaned. It was probably from the hand of James Bowdoin, chairman of the town's committee. "A difference having happened near Mr. Gray's ropewalk, between a soldier and a man belonging to it, the soldier challenged the ropemakers to a boxing match. The challenge was accepted by one of them, and the soldier worsted. He ran to the barrack in the neighborhood, and returned with several of his companions. The fray was renewed, and the soldiers were driven off. They soon returned, with recruits, and were again worsted. This happened several times, till at length a considerable body of soldiers was collected, and they also were driven off, the ropemakers having been joined by their brethren of the contiguous ropewalks. By this time, Mr. Gray, being alarmed, interposed, and, with the assistance of some gentlemen, prevented any further disturbance. To satisfy the soldiers, and punish the man who had been the occasion of the first difference, and as an example to the rest, he turned him out of his service, and waited on Col. Dalrymple, the commanding officer of the troops, and with him concerted measures for preventing further mischief. Though this affair ended thus, it made a strong impression on the minds of the soldiers in general, who thought the honor of the regiment concerned to revenge those repeated repulses. For this purpose, they seem to have formed a combination to commit some outrage upon the inhabitants of the town indiscriminately; and this was to be done on the evening of the fifth of March, or soon after." Appended to this relation of the town, are the depositions of ninety-six witnesses, clearly unfolding the circumstances of the massacre. The minute evidence in the case advanced at the trials of the regulars involved in this event is, moreover, of greater importance than the town depositions, and a perpetual evidence of the blighting curse of standing armies.

The most interesting statement that we find of this memorable massacre, yet conflicting with that of the town, is gathered from the work of a British author, entitled "The History of the American War,

etc., by C. Stedman," who served under Sir William Howe, which is as follows:

"On the evening of the fifth of March, the same day on which the British minister, Lord North, moved his resolutions in the House of Commons for discontinuing the American duties, a quarrel arose at Boston between two or three young men of the town and as many soldiers, at or near their barracks. From words, they proceeded to blows; and the soldiers, having vanquished their opponents, were seen pursuing them through the streets. The alarm to the populace was given by ringing the bells of the churches, and the people of the town, assembling in great numbers at the custom-house, began to crowd around the sentinel who was posted there, and not only insulted him, but threatened his life. Captain Preston, the officer on duty for the day, who had by this time received information of the tumult, proceeded immediately to the main guard, and hearing that the sentinel placed at the custom-house might be in danger, sent a party, under the command of a sergeant, to protect the one and secure the other; and, from greater precaution, soon afterwards followed, and took command of the party himself. He endeavored to prevail upon the people to disperse, but in vain. The mob soon became more riotous, not only reviling the soldiers with abusive language, but throwing stones at them, and whatever else came in their way. One of the soldiers received a blow from something that was thrown, and levelled his musket; the officer, stretching out his arm to prevent the soldier from firing, was struck with a club, and the musket was discharged. The attack from the mob became more violent, and the rest of the soldiers, following the example of their comrades, discharged their pieces singly and in a scattered manner, by which four of the populace were killed, and several others wounded. They were intimidated, and for a moment fled; but, soon afterwards collecting, took their station in an adjoining street. The drums beat to arms, the rest of the troops were assembled, and the whole town was in the utmost confusion. A town-meeting was held, and a deputation was sent to the governor, requesting him to remove the troops from the town. The governor called together the Council, and the Council giving it as their opinion that the removal of the troops from the town would be for his majesty's service, the commanding officer promised to comply with their advice. Capt. Preston surrendered himself for trial, and the soldiers under his command at the custom-house were taken into

custody; the mob dispersed, and the following day the troops were removed to Castle William.

In the Diary of John Adams, it is recorded as follows: — "The evening of the fifth of March I spent at Mr. Henderson Inches' house, at the south end of Boston, in company with a club, with whom I had been associated for several years. About nine o'clock we were alarmed with the ringing of bells, and supposing it to be the signal of fire, we snatched our hats and cloaks, broke up the club, and went out to assist in quenching the fire, or aiding our friends who might be in danger. In the street we were informed that the British soldiers had fired on the inhabitants, killed some and wounded others, near the town-house. A crowd of people were flowing down the street to the scene of action. When we arrived, we saw nothing but some field-pieces before the south door of the town-house, and some engineers and grenadiers drawn up to protect them. Mrs. Adams was then in circumstances to make me apprehensive of the effect of the surprise upon her, who was alone, excepting her maids and a boy, in the house. Having, therefore, surveyed round the house, and seeing all quiet, I walked down Boylston-alley, into Brattle-square, where a company or two of regular soldiers were drawn up in front of Dr. Cooper's old church, with their muskets shouldered, and their bayonets all fixed. I had no other way to proceed but along the whole front, in a very narrow space which they had left for foot-passengers. Pursuing my way without taking the least notice of them, or they of me, any more than if they had been marble statues, I went directly home to Cole-lane."

We will relate particulars of the town-meeting. The excited Bostonians, overwhelmed with indignation at the outrage of the British regulars, on the very next day, as with one tread, repaired to the Cradle of Liberty. The town record of that day states that the selectmen not being present, and the inhabitants being informed that they were at the council-chamber, it was voted that Mr. William Greenleaf be desired to proceed there, and acquaint the selectmen that the inhabitants desire and expect their attendance at the hall. The town-clerk, William Cooper, presided at this meeting in the interim. The selectmen forthwith attended, and it was voted that constable Lindsey George Wallace wait on Rev. Dr. Cooper, and acquaint him that the inhabitants desire him to open the meeting with prayer. Hon. Thomas Cushing was chosen moderator, by hand vote.

The first object of this democratic assembly, in defiance of British control, was to listen to relations of the people respecting the massacre of last night; and, that the same might be recorded by the town-clerk, they were requested to give written statements. The persons that appeared to give information relative to the conduct of the soldiers being many, it was inconvenient to receive them all at that meeting, and William Greenleaf, William Whitwell and Samuel Whitwell, were appointed to take the depositions offered regarding the conduct of the regulars.

The statements of four persons at this meeting are on the town records in substance as follows: — "Mr. John S. Copley related that Mr. Pelham and his wife, and some persons of Mr. Samuel Winthrop's family, heard a soldier say, after the firing on the last night, that the devil might give quarters—he should give them none." Here we will cease a moment to relate further testimony, in order to make allusions to John Singleton Copley, who was the most eminent painter of his day in Boston, a pupil of Smibert, and memorable for his portraits of Hancock and Warren, and for the paintings of the death of Chatham, and the siege of Gibraltar. The associations that twine around his name are of peculiar interest to the people of Boston, where he was born, in 1738. The Mr. Pelham to whom he alludes is supposed to have been one Peter Pelham, a writing and dancing master, whose wife Mary was the widow of Richard Copley, a tobacconist, his probable father. Mr. Copley married a daughter of Richard Clarke, one of the consignees of the tea destroyed in 1773, by whom his son John S., born in Boston, May 21, 1772, known as Lord Lyndhurst, became Lord Chancellor of England. Gardiner Greene, the late millionaire, of Boston, married his daughter Elizabeth. He was one of the addressers to Gov. Hutchinson in 1774, and departed for London in June of that year, where he died, September 25, 1815. Copley's Pasture extended down Beacon, from Walnut street to the water, and over Chestnut and Mount Vernon streets. His residence was on the present location of David Sears' mansion.

We will now return to the town-meeting. The next relation was that of John Scott, who reported that a lad of Mr. Pierpont had said at Mr. Chardon's, that a soldier was heard to say his officer had acquainted them that if they went abroad at night, they should go armed and in companies. Mr. Pierpont stated that before the firing

on the last night, he had disarmed a soldier who had struck down one of the inhabitants. Mr. Pool Spear related that last week he heard one Kilson, a soldier of O'Hara's company, say that he did not know what the inhabitants were after, for they had broken the windows of an officer, one Nathaniel Rogers, but they had a scheme which would soon put a stop to our procedure; that parties of soldiers were ordered with pistols in their pockets, and to fire upon those who should assault said house again; and that ten pounds sterling was to be given as a reward for their killing one of those persons, and fifty pounds sterling for a prisoner.

A committee of fifteen was appointed to inform Lieut. Gov. Hutchinson that it is the unanimous opinion of this meeting that the inhabitants and soldiers can no longer dwell together in safety; that nothing can restore the peace of the town, and prevent blood and carnage, but the immediate removal of the troops. The hall was crowded to excess, and adjourned to the Old South, to meet in the afternoon. Originally, Faneuil Hall could accommodate one thousand persons only. It was built of brick, two stories in height, and measured one hundred feet by forty. The offices of the town were established there, of the naval office, and of the notary public; and underneath was the market-house, used for that purpose until Aug. 26, 1826, on the erection of the splendid Quincy Market-house.

We will digress here to exhibit the prejudiced and slanderous opinion of the character of the Coopers, advanced in the London Political Register for 1780:—"William Cooper was formerly town-clerk of Boston, and is one of the great knaves and most inveterate rebels in New England. He is a very hot-headed man, and constantly urged the most violent measures. He was prompted secretly by his brother, the Rev. Samuel Cooper, who, though a minister of peace, and to all outward appearance a meek and heavenly man, yet was one of the chief instruments in stirring up the people to take arms. Hancock, and many leaders of the rebellion, were his parishioners. When the Boston rioters made their concerted attack on the custom-house to plunder the money-chest, March, 1770, the bell of this reverend rogue's church was the signal which summoned them to the assault." This pastor of Brattle-street church, ever noted as the silver-tongued orator, was of such remarkable popularity, that the aisles of the church would be thronged with eager listeners, and he was a favorite of royalists and rebels. William Cooper had rendered himself specially obnoxious to

the royalists by his Journal of Occurrences from the time of the arrival of the regulars to the year 1770, published in the Boston Gazette.

The following effusion, characterizing the Boston clergy of 1770, ascribed to John Fenno, keeper of the granary, and to Joseph Green, has long been famous. It was probably written by more than one hand: —

The Mather race will ne'er disgrace
  Their ancient pedigree,
And Charles Old Brick,[1] if well or sick,
  Will cry for Liberty.
There 's puffing Pemb,[2] who does contemn
  All Liberty's noble sons ;
And Andrew Sly,[3] who oft draws nigh
  To Tommy Skin and Bones.[4]
In Brattle Street we seldom meet
  With silver-tongued Sam,[5]
Who gently glides between both sides,
  And thus escapes a jam.
Little Hopper,[6] when he thinks proper,
  In Liberty's cause is bold ;
And John Old North,[7] though little worth,
  Won't sacrifice to gold.
Penuel Puff[8] is hearty enough,
  And so is Simeon Howard ;
And Long Lane Teague[9] will join the league,
  He never was a coward.
Trout's[10] Sunday aim is to reclaim
  Those that in sin are sunk ;
When Monday comes he stills them rum,
  And gets them woful drunk.
There 's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
  A man of stately parts ;
He visits folk to crack his jokes,
  Which never mend their hearts.
With strutting gait, and wig so great,
  He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what 's like it,
  To every one he meets.

We will further quote the Political Register, for the allusions to the moderator of this meeting: — "Among the rebels in Massachu-

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[1] Chauncy. [2] Pemberton. [3] Eliot. [4] Gov. Hutchinson. [5] Cooper. [6] Stillman. [7] Lathrop. [8] Bowen. [9] Moorhead. [10] Troutbec.

setts there are many jealousies. The staunch republicans have placed John Hancock and Tommy Cushing at the head of their state,—the first as governor, the second as lieutenant-governor,—chosen since the rebellion commenced. Bowdoin, who had been at the head of their affairs for these last five years, as president of the Council, was a candidate for the governorship in opposition to Hancock, but lost it by a great majority; he was then offered the place of lieutenant-governor, but refused it on a pretence of ill health; that place was then offered to Warren, of Plymouth, who also declined it: at length, that the place might not go a-begging any longer, they offered it to Cushing, who they were sure would not refuse it." We have praise enough for Thomas Cushing, to say of him, in the language of John Adams in 1765, that he was "steady and constant, busy in the interest of liberty and the opposition, famed for secrecy and his talent in procuring intelligence;" indeed, he was the chief operator in the under current of liberty.

We gather from Tudor's Life of James Otis this graphic statement of the meeting of the Council:—"The lieutenant-governor Hutchinson convened the Council: a town-meeting was held March 6, and adjourned to the Old South Church, because Faneuil Hall could contain only a part of the multitude that assembled. The British soldiers were all kept in readiness at their quarters, and all the militia of the town were called out. Every brow was anxious, every heart resolute. A vote of the town was passed that 'it should be evacuated by the soldiers, at all hazards.' A committee was appointed to wait on the lieutenant-governor, to make this demand. Samuel Adams was the chairman of this committee, and discharged its duties with an ability commensurate to the occasion. Colonel Dalrymple was by the side of Hutchinson, who, at the head of the Council, received the delegation. He at first denied that he had the power to grant the request. Adams plainly, in few words, proved to him that he had the power by the charter. Hutchinson then consulted with Dalrymple in a whisper, the result of which was an offer to remove one of the regiments. At this critical moment, Adams showed the most noble presence of mind. The military and civil officers were in reality abashed before this plain committee of a democratic assembly. They knew the imminent danger that impended; the very air was filled with the breathings of compressed indignation. They shrunk, fortunately shrunk, from all the arrogance which they had hitherto maintained.

Their reliance on a standing army faltered before the undaunted, irresistible resolution of free unarmed citizens; and when the orator, seeming not to represent, but to personify, the universal feeling and opinion, with unhesitating promptness and dignified firmness replied, 'If the lieutenant-governor or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two; and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town by all the regular troops will satisfy the public mind, or preserve the peace of this province,' the desired effect was produced. The commanding officer pledged his honor that the troops should leave the town, and it was immediately evacuated." It is related that when Lord North was informed of this remarkable instance of the dignified energy of the town's chairman, he called the regulars Samuel Adams' two regiments, in a tone of contempt. Hutchinson, who was of a cowardly spirit of ambition, had declared publicly that he had no authority over the king's troops; that the military force had no separate command, and he could do nothing without Dalrymple; moreover, Brigadier Ruggles, the commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts troops, was under the command of a British ensign for an entire campaign.

Samuel Adams was one of the most remarkable men of the Revolution, and we cannot resist the pleasure of citing the opinion of his character from the hand of Thomas Jefferson, the clearest and best compressed conception of this dauntless patriot ever written:—"I can say that he was truly a great man,—wise in council, fertile in resources, immovable in his purposes,—and had, I think, a greater share than any other member in advising and directing our measures in the northern war. As a speaker, he could not be compared with his living colleague and namesake, whose deep conceptions, nervous style, and undaunted firmness, made him truly our bulwark in debate. But Mr. Samuel Adams, although not of fluent elocution, was so rigorously logical, so clear in his views, abundant in good sense, and master always of his subject, that he commanded the most profound attention whenever he rose in an assembly by which the froth of declamation was heard with sovereign contempt."

Samuel Adams was emphatically the man of the people; and the editor, who has had conversation with his namesake, the ancient town-crier, now ninety-two years of age and with clear memory, was informed that Adams once remarked to him,—"We, the people, are like hens laying eggs; when they hatch, you must take care of the

chickens. You are a young man, Samuel, and as you grow old, you must abide by our proceedings." At another time, our political patriarch observed to him,—"It is often stated that I am at the head of the Revolution, whereas a few of us merely lead the way as the people follow, and we can go no further than we are backed up by them; for, if we attempt to advance any further, we make no progress, and may lose our labor in defeat." Samuel Adams was ever at the head of Boston deputations before the Revolution, and conducted the correspondence with patriots in remote places; or, to adopt the language of the venerable town-crier, "Samuel Adams did the writing, and John Hancock paid the postage."

In order to effect a more clear apprehension of the indignation of the Bostonians at this appalling crisis, and in justice to Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson, who descends to a relation of full particulars of the immediate occurrences succeeding the massacre, in his History of Massachusetts Bay, we glean at large his statements; and the reader, in observing discrepancies between his relation and that of the revolutionists, will bear in mind that Hutchinson was a minion of the throne, desirous to assert British control. He writes in the third person, stating that two or three of the men who had seen the action ran to the lieutenant-governor's house, which was about half a mile distant in Garden-court, near North-square, and begged for God's sake he would go to King-street, where, they feared, a general action would come on between the troops and the inhabitants. "He went immediately, and, to satisfy the people, called for Capt. Preston, and inquired why he fired upon the inhabitants without the direction of a civil magistrate. The noise was so great that his answer could not be understood, and some, who were apprehensive of the lieutenant-governor's danger, from the general confusion, called out, 'The town-house! the town-house!' and, with irresistible violence, he was forced up by the crowd into the council-chamber. There, demand was immediately made of him to order the troops to withdraw from the town-house to their barracks. He refused to comply; and, calling from the balcony to the great body of the people which remained in the street, he expressed his great concern at the unhappy event, assured them he would do everything in his power in order to a full and impartial inquiry, that the law might have its course, and advised them to go peaceably to their several homes. Upon this, there was a cry, 'Home! home!' and a great part separated and went home. He then

signified his opinion to Lieut. Col. Carr, that if the companies in arms were ordered to their barracks, the streets would be cleared and the town in quiet for that night. Upon their retiring, the rest of the inhabitants, except those of the council-chamber, retired also."

The elegant mansion of Gov. Hutchinson stood on Garden-court, adjoining that of Sir Henry Franklyn, in the rear of which was a beautiful garden extending to Hanover and on Fleet street. It was erected of brick, painted in stone color. The capital of a Corinthian pilaster, of which there were six worked into the wall of this edifice, is deposited in the Historical Library. The crown of Britain surmounted each window. The hall of entrance displayed a spacious arch, from the roof of which a dimly-lighted lamp gave a rich twilight view. The finely carved and gilded arch, in massy magnificence, was most tastefully ornamented with busts and statues, says Mrs. Child, in the Rebels, who visited the structure when it was occupied by William Little, Esq. The light streamed full on the soul-beaming countenance of Cicero, and playfully flickered on the brow of Tulliola, the tenderness of whose diminutive appellation delightfully associates the father with the orator, and blends intellectual vigor with the best affections of the heart. The panelling of the parlor was of the dark richly-shaded mahogany of St. Domingo, and elaborately ornamented. The busts of George III. and his queen were in front of a splendid mirror, with bronze lamps on each side, covered with transparencies of the destruction of the Spanish Armada and the other battle-ships before the rock of Gibraltar. Around the room were arches surmounted with the arms of England. The library was hung with canvas tapestry, emblazoning the coronation of George II., interspersed with the royal arms. The portraits of Anne and the Georges hung in massive frames of antique splendor, and the crowded shelves of books were surmounted with busts of the house of Stuart. In the centre of the apartment stood a table of polished oak. In the year 1832, this building was demolished for modern changes.

Lieut. Col. Dalrymple, at the desire of the lieutenant-governor, came to the council-chamber, while several justices were examining persons who were present at the transactions of the evening. From the evidence of several, it was apparent that the justices would commit Capt. Preston, if taken. Several hours passed before he could be found, and the people suspected that he would not run the hazard of a trial; but, at length, he surrendered himself to a warrant for appre-

hending him, and having been examined, was committed to prison. The next morning, the soldiers who were upon guard surrendered also, and were committed. This was not sufficient to satisfy the people, and early in the forenoon they were in motion again. The lieutenant-governor caused his Council to be summoned, and desired the two lieutenant-colonels of the regiments to be present. The selectmen of Boston were waiting the lieutenant-governor's coming to Council, and being admitted, made their representation that, from the contentions arising from the troops quartered in Boston, and, above all, from the tragedy of the last night, the minds of the inhabitants were exceedingly disturbed; that they would presently be assembled in a town-meeting; and that, unless the troops should be removed, the most terrible consequences were to be expected. The justices, also, of Boston and several of the neighboring towns, had assembled, and desired to signify their opinion that it would not be possible to keep the people under restraint, if the troops remained in town. The lieutenant-governor acquainted both the selectmen and the justices that he had no authority to alter the place of destination of the king's troops; that he expected the commanding officers of the two regiments, and would let them know the applications which had been made. Presently after their coming, a large committee from the town-meeting presented an address or message to the lieutenant-governor, declaring it to be the unanimous opinion of the meeting that nothing can rationally be expected to restore the peace of the town, "and prevent blood and carnage," but the withdrawal of the troops. The committee withdrew into another room, to wait for an answer. Some of the Council urged the necessity of complying with the people's demand. The lieutenant-governor thereupon declared that he would upon no consideration whatever give orders for their removal. Lieut. Col. Dalrymple then signified that, as the 29th regiment had originally been designed to be placed at the Castle, and was now peculiarly obnoxious to the town, he was content that it should be removed to the Castle until the general's pleasure should be known. Gen. Gage was commander-in-chief of the British forces in America. The committee was informed of this offer, and the lieutenant-governor rose from the Council, intending to receive no further application upon the subject; but the Council prayed that he would meet them again in the afternoon, and Col. Dalrymple desiring it also, he complied. Before the Council met again, it had been intimated to them that the "desire" of the governor and Council to the

commanding officer (Maj. Gen. Wm. Keppel was colonel of the British regiments at Boston and at the Castle) to remove the troops, would cause him to do it, though he should receive no authoritative "order." As soon as they met, a committee from the town-meeting attended, with a second message, to acquaint the lieutenant-governor that it was the unanimous voice of the people assembled, consisting, as they said, of near three thousand persons, that nothing less than a total and immediate removal of the troops would satisfy them. Here Hutchinson adds, in a note, at the end of this page, as follows: — "The chairman of the committee, in conversation with Lieut. Col. Dalrymple, said to him, that if he could remove the 29th regiment, he could remove the 14th also, and it was at his peril to refuse it. This was a strong expression of that determined spirit which animated all future measures."

The Council, continues Hutchinson, who were divided in the forenoon, were now unanimous; and each of them, separately, declared his opinion, and gave his reason for it; and one or more of them observed to the lieutenant-governor that he would not be able to justify a refusal to comply with the unanimous advice of the Council, and that all the consequences would be chargeable upon him alone. The secretary of the province, Andrew Oliver, Esq., who thought differently in the morning, the two lieutenant-colonels, and the commander of one of his majesty's ships then upon the station, who were all present in Council, concurred in the necessity of his complying. He had signified his own opinion that, at all events, the governor and Council should avoid interfering in the destination of the troops, and leave it to the commanding officer; but when he considered that, by the charter, the Council was constituted for advice and assistance to him,—that he had called them together for that purpose,—that his standing out alone would probably bring on a general convulsion, which the unanimity of the king's servants might have prevented,—he consented to signify his desire, founded upon the unanimous opinion and advice of the Council, that the troops might be removed to the barracks in the Castle; at the same time disclaiming all authority to order their removal.

Some of the officers of the regiments appeared, the next day, to be greatly dissatisfied with being compelled by the people to leave the town so disgracefully. Expresses were sent away immediately to the general. The jealousy that the general would forbid the removal caused

further measures to force the troops from the town before there could be sufficient time for his answer. Roxbury, the next town to Boston, assembled, and sent a committee of their principal inhabitants with an address to the lieutenant-governor, praying him to interpose, and to order the immediate removal of the troops; but he refused to concern himself any further in the affair. As the time approached when a return might be expected from New York, it was thought fit to have another meeting of the town of Boston, and a committee was appointed further to apply to the lieutenant-governor to order the troops out of town; Mr. Adams, their prolocutor, pressing the matter with great vehemence, and intimating that, in case of refusal, the rage of the people would vent itself against the lieutenant-governor in particular. He gave a peremptory refusal, and expressed his resentment at the menace. The committee then applied to the commanding officer, and the same day, March 10, the 29th regiment, and the next morning the 14th, were removed to the Castle. This success, concludes Hutchinson, gave greater assurances than ever that, by firmness, the great object, exemption from all exterior power, civil or military, would finally be obtained. Checks and temporary interruptions might happen, but they would be surmounted, and the progress of liberty would recommence.

The time for holding the Superior Court for Suffolk was the next week after the tragical action in King-street. Although bills were found by the grand jury, yet the court, says Hutchinson, considering the disordered state of the town, had thought fit to continue the trials to the next term, when the minds of people would be more free from prejudice, and a dispassionate, impartial jury might be expected, after there had been sufficient time for the people to cool.

A considerable number of the most active persons in all public measures of the town having dined together, relates Hutchinson, went in a body from table to the Superior Court, then sitting, with Samuel Adams at their head, and, in behalf of the town, pressed the bringing on the trial at the same term with so much spirit, that the judges did not think it advisable to abide by their own order, but appointed a day for the trials, and adjourned the court for that purpose. But even this irregularity the lieutenant-governor thought it best not to notice in a public message; and for the grand point, the relation between the Parliament and the colonies, he had determined to avoid any dispute with the assembly, unless he should be forced into

it. Therefore, after acquainting them that he should transmit the remonstrance to be laid before the king, and attempting a vindication of his own character from their charges against it, he dissolved the assembly,— the time, by charter, for a new assembly approaching.

The trials of the soldiers implicated in the massacre occurred on the October term of that year. The evidence against the four persons tried for firing from the custom-house being only that of a French boy, the jury acquitted them without leaving the bar. It was proved that the boy was at a remote part of the town the whole time that he swore he was at the custom-house and in King-street. The court ordered that he should be committed and prosecuted for wilful perjury; and, by his own confession, he was convicted.

Captain Preston had been well advised to retain two gentlemen of the law, says Hutchinson,—Josiah Quincy and John Adams,—who were strongly attached to the cause of liberty, and to stick at no reasonable fees for that purpose; and this measure proved of great service to him. He was also well informed of the characters of the jury, and challenged such as were most likely to be under bias. Three or four witnesses swore that he ordered his men to fire; but their evidence was encountered by that of several other witnesses, who stood next to him, and were conversing with him at a different place from that which the witnesses for the crown swore he was in; and the judges, in summing up the evidence to the jury, were unanimous in their opinion that he did not order his men to fire; but if he did, they were of opinion that, from the evidence of many other witnesses, the assault both upon the officer and men, while upon duty, was so violent, that the homicide could not amount even to manslaughter, but must be considered as excusable homicide. The jury soon agreed upon a verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner, being discharged, retired to the Castle, and remained there until he sailed for England, where he was pensioned. A few days after the trials, while the court continued to sit, an incendiary paper was posted in the night upon the door of the town-house, complaining of the court for cheating the people with a show of justice, and calling upon them to rise and free the world from such domestic tyrants. We refer to the printed trials for the results in the other cases.

In order to repel the insinuation of Hutchinson regarding abundant fees, we will give the relation of John Adams on this point. After stating that he accepted a single guinea as a retaining fee, Mr. Adams

states:—"From first to last, I never said a word about fees, in any of those cases; and I should have said nothing about them here, if calumnies and insinuations had not been propagated, that I was tempted by great fees and enormous sums of money. Before or after the trial, Preston sent me ten guineas, and at the trial of the soldiers afterwards, eight guineas more, which were all the fees I ever received, or were offered to me; and I should not have said anything on the subject to my clients, if they had never offered me anything. This was all the pecuniary reward I ever had for fourteen or fifteen days' labor in the most exhausting and fatiguing causes I ever tried, for hazarding a popularity very general and very hardly earned, and for incurring a clamor of popular suspicions and prejudices, which are not yet worn out, and never will be forgotten as long as the history of this period is read." And, on another occasion, Mr. Adams further remarked:—"I have reason to remember that fatal night. The part I took in defence of Capt. Preston and the soldiers procured me anxiety and obloquy enough. It was, however, one of the most gallant, generous, manly and disinterested actions of my whole life, and one of the best pieces of service I ever rendered my country. Judgment of death against those soldiers would have been as foul a stain upon this country as the executions of the Quakers or witches anciently. As the evidence was, the verdict of the jury was exactly right. This, however, is no reason why the town should not call the action of that night a massacre; nor is it any argument in favor of the governor or minister who caused them to be sent here. But it is the strongest of proofs of the danger of standing armies."

The Boston Athenæum overlooks the cemetery where were deposited the remains of our fellow-citizens martyred in the cause of liberty, March 5, 1770. Here repose the ashes of Hancock and Cushing, the latter of whom was lieutenant-governor during the administration of the former. Though Sumner speaks of "Hancock's broken column," the idea is merely poetical, for no monument has ever been erected over his remains. It is stated in the Boston News Letter that four of the victims were conveyed on hearses, and buried on the eighth of March, in one vault, in the Middle Burying Ground. The funeral consisted of an immense number of persons in ranks of six, followed by a long train of carriages belonging to the principal gentry of the town, at which time the bells of Boston and adjoining towns were tolled. It is supposed that a greater number of people of Boston and

vicinity attended this funeral than were ever congregated on this continent on any occasion. In this procession emblematical banners were displayed. The following effusion appeared in Fleet's Post, March 12, 1770:

> "With fire enwrapt, surcharged with sudden death,
> Lo, the poised tube convolves its fatal breath!
> The flying ball, with heaven-directed force,
> Rids the free spirit of its fallen corse.
> Well-fated shades! let no unmanly tear
> From pity's eye distain your honored bier.
> Lost to their view, surviving friends may mourn,
> Yet o'er thy pile celestial flames shall burn.
> Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
> Dear to your country, shall your fame extend;
> While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
> How Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell."

On the fourteenth of March, Patrick Carr, who died of the wound received in the massacre, was buried from Faneuil Hall, in the same grave in which the other victims were deposited.

The poet who wrote the effusion above quoted predicts that the lettered stone shall tell the tale of the martyred sons of liberty; but no stone appears on the spot where they were buried. Indeed, if any stone were ever erected over their remains, it may have been destroyed by the British regulars, or removed in making repairs on the ground. Let the prediction be realized by the erection of a beautiful marble monument on the site to the memory of this event, which, with the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, insured our independence.

Our venerable native citizen of Boston, the Hon. Thomas Handyside Perkins, probably the only survivor who has any remembrance of the Boston massacre, stated to the editor of this work, at an interview with him on Jan. 3, 1851, that at that period he was five years of age, and asleep at home on the evening of its occurrence. His father, James Perkins, a wine-merchant, resided in King-street, on the present location of Tappan's stone building, opposite Mackerel-lane, now Kilby-street. On the next day, his father's man-servant, being desirous that he should witness the effects of this occurrence, imprudently, as Mr. Perkins remarked, went with him to the Royal Exchange Tavern, located on the opposite side of the custom-house, now the site of the Messrs. Gilberts, brokers, kept by Mr. Stone. Alexander Cruikshank testified that when he was at the head of

Royal Exchange-lane, he stopped at Stone's tavern, and the people were abusing the sentinel, and showed him the dead body of Crispus Attucks, one of the victims. He then pointed to him the frozen blood in the gutter, opposite the Exchange Tavern, and proceeded with him to the residence of Tuthill Hubbard, on Cornhill, a short distance from the north side of Queen-street, where lay the dead body of another of the victims; and this is the whole of his recollection of the tragical event, which has never been effaced from his mind. Colonel Perkins is unable to state which of the victims he saw at Mr. Hubbard's residence; but, as Joseph Hinckley testified, according to the trial, that, after the regulars had fired, he assisted in the removal of Samuel Gray, who had fallen, to the apothecary's shop of Dr. John Loring, which was adjoining or very near Mr. Hubbard's dwelling, and could not find admittance, as it was closed,—doubtless, that was the name of the other victim whose remains were exhibited to his youthful eye.

In order to a further elucidation of this matter, we have recurred to the papers of the day, by which it appears that Gray was killed on the spot, as the ball entered his head and broke the skull. He was a ropemaker, and, on the day of interment, his body was conveyed from the residence of Benjamin Gray, his brother, on the south side of the Exchange Tavern. Now, Col. Perkins is either mistaken regarding the house where he saw the pale corpse, or else it was removed from Mr. Hubbard's dwelling on the next day. James Caldwell, also killed on the spot by two balls entering his breast, was mate of Captain Morton's vessel, and his body was removed from the captain's residence in Cole-lane on the day of interment. Crispus Attucks being a stranger, his remains were conveyed from Faneuil Hall. He was killed by two balls entering his breast, and was a native of Framingham; and Samuel, a son of widow Mary Maverick, a promising youth of seventeen years, an apprentice to Mr. Greenwood, a joiner, was wounded by a ball that entered his abdomen and escaped through his back, which caused his death, and his remains were removed from his mother's house on the day of interment. Patrick Carr, who died a few days after, of a ball that entered near his hip and went out at his side, was in the employ of one Mr. Field, leather-breeches maker in Queen-street, and aged about thirty years. Among other matters in the warrant for the annual town-meeting of Boston, March 12, 1770, is the following clause:—"Whether the town will take any

measures that a public monument may be erected on the spot where the late tragical scene was acted, as a memento to posterity of that horrid massacre, and the destructive consequences of military troops being quartered in a well-regulated city." We notice, on turning to the records, that no action was taken on this point; but the town voted their thanks to the towns of Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown and Watertown, for their kind concern in this deplorable event. As the precise location of this scene will ever be a point of great interest to Bostonians, we gather, from the deposition of Samuel Drowne, that it occurred between Crooked, now Wilson's lane, and Royal Exchange-lane. He states that he was standing on the steps of the Exchange Tavern, being the next house to the custom-house; and soon after saw Captain Preston, whom he well knew, with a number of soldiers drawn near the west corner of the custom-house, and heard Preston say, "Damn your bloods! why don't you fire?" after which they fired.

At a town-meeting, Boston, March 19, 1771, Hon. Thomas Cushing moderator, the committee appointed to consider of some suitable method to perpetuate the memory of the horrid massacre perpetrated on the evening of the fifth of March, 1770, by a party of soldiers of the 29th regiment, reported as their opinion that, for the present, the town make choice of a proper person to deliver an oration at such time as may be judged most convenient, to commemorate the barbarous murder of five of our fellow-citizens on that fatal day, and to impress upon our minds the ruinous tendency of standing armies in free cities, and the necessity of such noble exertions, in all future times, as the inhabitants of the town then made, whereby the designs of the conspirators against the public liberty may be still frustrated; and the committee, in order to complete the plan of some standing monument of military tyranny, begged leave to be indulged with further time. Their report being accepted, it was voted unanimously that the town will now come to the choice of an orator. A committee was then appointed; Samuel Hunt and James Lovell were nominated as candidates to deliver the oration. The inhabitants then voted, and the latter was elected. A committee was appointed to wait on James Lovell, and invite his acceptance.

In regard to the location of the site where the victims of the Boston massacre were deposited, the editor has the evidence of the venerable Col. Joseph May, a warden of King's Chapel, possessing great integrity and a tenacious memory, stated previous to his decease in 1841,

and who witnessed their interment, being then ten years of age, and a scholar in the public Latin school. Pointing to the spot which is the site of a tomb once owned by the city, in the rear of the tomb of Deacon Richard Checkley, an apothecary, Col. May stated that was the place where he saw them interred. A beautiful larch-tree flourishes at the side of the city tomb, which is opposite Montgomery-place. When, during the mayoralty of Jonathan Chapman, an iron fence was erected on the Granary cemetery, in the month of June, 1840, an excavation was made over this spot, for the erection of this city tomb, human bones, and a skull with a bullet-hole perforated through it, were discovered, which probably were remains of these victims; and we have the evidence of the late Martin Smith, sexton of King's Chapel church, that he assisted in throwing the skull and other bones into the earth near the larch-tree.

When General Warren gave an oration on the massacre, March 5th, 1772, James Allen, one of the Boston poets, commemorated the event in verse, at his request; and John Adams states in his diary, probably in allusion to this poem, that James Otis reads to large circles of the common people Allen's oration on the beauties of liberty, and recommends it as an excellent production. Allen thus apostrophised King George, in these prophetic terms:

> "In vain shall Britain lift her suppliant eye,
> An alienated offspring feels no filial tie.
> Her tears in vain shall bathe the soldiers' feet, —
> Remember, ingrate, Boston's crimsoned street!
> Whole hecatombs of lives the deed shall pay,
> And purge the murders of that guilty day."

May the sons of Boston be sure that a centennial oration, commemorative of the Boston massacre, be pronounced by the most eminent and eloquent orator of the day!

One of the most popular celebrations in Boston, previous to the massacre, was that of the Gunpowder Plot, which, according to Dr. Charles Chauncy, in a letter to Dr. Stiles, dated May 23d, 1768, was to that day commemorated; and was in especial memorable to him, as his ancestor was at Westminster school, adjoining the parliament house, pursuing his studies, when the plot was discovered. The latest date of its celebration in Boston, of which we find the most particular account, was on Monday, Nov. 6th, 1769, when the guns at the Castle

and at the batteries in town were fired, and a pageantry exhibited, elevated on a stage, carried in derision through the streets, and followed by crowds of people, with ludicrous effigies of the Pope and others, which, when they reached Copp's Hill, were committed to the flames. One of the regulars was flogged by one of the party, for attempting to detain the procession, as it passed the main guard stationed at the door of the state-house. On a lantern was a description of the Pope in 1769; on another was inscribed "Love and Unity. The American whig. Confusion to the tories; and a total banishment to bribery and corruption." And on the right side was this profane acrostic, below a caricature of John Mein, the royalist editor of the Chronicle, and warm opponent of the people:

"Insulting wretch! we 'll him expose, —
O'er the whole world his deeds disclose.
Hell now gapes wide to take him in;
Now he is ripe; O, lump of sin!
Mean is the man, — M**n is his name;
Enough he 's spread his hellish fame.
Infernal furies hurl his soul
Nine million times from pole to pole."

"Wilkes and Liberty" was inscribed on another lantern, over highly inflammatory verses. We find no allusion to this celebration after 1774.

When the evening of the first anniversary of the massacre arrived, an address was delivered at the Manufactory House, by Dr. Thomas Young. This building was selected for the occasion, because the first opposition to the British regulars, October, 1768, was made there, when one Elisha Brown, having possession of the building, which was located at the corner of Hamilton-place, as a tenant under the province, refused admission to the military. The high sheriff was sent by Gov. Bernard, for admission; and, on a third attempt, he found an open window, and entered that; upon which the people gathered about him, and made him prisoner. This outrage occurred just after the arrival of the regulars. We transcribe the particulars of this public demonstration, from the Boston News Letter of March 7th and 14th: The bells of the churches were tolled from twelve o'clock at noon until one. An oration was delivered in the evening, by Dr. Young, at the hall of the Manufactory, a building originally designed for encouraging manufactories, and employing the poor. The oration, it is said, con-

tained a brief account of the massacre; of the imputations of treason and rebellion, with which the tools of power endeavored to brand the inhabitants; and a descant upon the nature of treasons, with some threats of the British ministry to take away the Massachusetts charter. In the evening there was a very striking exhibition at the house of Mr. Paul Revere, fronting the old North-square, so called. At one of the chamber windows was the appearance of the ghost of Christopher Snider, with one of his fingers in the wound, endeavoring to stop the blood issuing therefrom; near him his friends weeping; at a small distance, a monumental pyramid, with his name on the top, and the names of those killed on the fifth of March round the base; underneath, the following lines:

> "Snider's pale ghost fresh bleeding stands,
> And vengeance for his death demands."

In the next window were represented the soldiers drawn up, firing at the people assembled before them, — the dead on the ground, and the wounded falling, with the blood running in streams from their wounds, — over which was written, "FOUL PLAY." In the third window, was the figure of a woman, representing AMERICA, sitting on the stump of a tree, with a staff in her hand, and the cap of liberty on the top thereof; one foot on the head of a grenadier, lying prostrate, grasping a serpent; her finger pointing to the tragedy.

Another authority states that the bells of Boston tolled from nine to ten o'clock in the evening, and they were muffled.

The allusion, in Dr. Young's oration, to the threats of Great Britain, and the imputations of treason, forcibly remind one of the firmness with which the Massachusetts colonists resisted every device to decoy and divert, most artfully attempted by the minions of the throne. The eloquence of bribery fell powerless. Lord Paramount urged, in the Revolutionary play, written by the author of the American Chronicles of the Times, published in 1776, — "Don't you know there 's such sweet music in the shaking of the treasury keys, that they will instantly lock the most babbling patriot's tongue? transform a tory into a whig, and a whig into a tory? make a superannuated old miser dance, and an old cynic philosopher smile? How many thousand times has your tongue danced at Westminster Hall to the sound of such music!"

The bold daring of the times was thus forcibly expressed, in an old almanac, printed during the contest:

> "Let tyrants rage, and sycophants exclaim;
> Let tories grumble, parasites defame,
> And all the herd of trembling despots roar,
> And plot revenge; dependence is no more.
> 'T is independence that we will maintain,
> And Britain's tyrant shall no longer reign.
> Britain, adieu! we seek your aid no more;
> Nor call you Mother, as we did before."

We know little of Dr. Thomas Young. He was a member of the Committee of Correspondence in 1772. He was a talented writer in papers of the day, and in the Royal American Magazine, on medical, political, and religious subjects. He was one of the tea-party in 1773; but a groundless tradition exists, that he was the person who filled his pockets with the detestable herb, which being discovered when he was on the way home from the ships, some one cut off the skirts of his coat, and threw away the tea. The old crier witnessed this scene, but cannot state who committed the act. John Adams writes of him as his physician. He was an army surgeon in 1776.

In the Life and Times of General Thomas Lamb, of Revolutionary fame, are highly spirited letters from Dr. Young, in one of which he says, that "Lord North endeavors to still the rising rage of his countrymen, by assuring them that no other province will, in the least, countenance the rebellious Bostonians." And, in allusion to a town-meeting at Faneuil Hall, Dr. Young says, it "was conducted with a freedom and energy becoming the orators of ancient Rome." We descendants of the patriot fathers have no conception of their perils, and are prompted by emotions of veneration, at their decided tone, amid the glare of royal bayonets. In Edes and Gill's North American Almanac, printed in 1770, we find what is termed "A New Song, now much in vogue in North America," which entwines this rebel passage:

> "All ages shall speak with amaze and applause
> Of the courage we 'll show in support of our laws.
> To die we don't fear, but to serve we disdain;
> We had better not be, than not freemen remain.
> In freedom we 're born, and in freedom we 'll live;
> Our purses are ready, —
> Steady, friends, steady;
> Not as slaves, but as freemen, our money we 'll give."

The earliest orations were delivered in the Old Brick Church, on the site of Cornhill-square, or at the Old South Church, and attended by immense crowds of people. Originally, a small stage was erected in the northern section of the church, on which were exhibited the survivors wounded at the massacre, and a contribution was taken for their benefit. These patriotic orations are a protective shield to our constitution, as they illustrate the principles of civil liberty.

The honored successor of Washington to the presidency of this glorious Union, when writing to Dr. Morse in allusion to the memorable orations on the massacre, and those succeeding on the national independence, from the peace of 1783 down to the year 1816, thus emphasizes: — "These orations were read, I had almost said, by everybody that could read, and scarcely ever with dry eyes. They have now been continued for forty-five years. Will you read them all? They were not long continued in their original design; but other gentlemen, with other views, had influence enough to obtain a change from 'standing armies' to 'feelings which produced the Revolution.' Of these forty-five orations, I have read as many as I have seen. They have varied with all the changes of our politics. They have been made the engine of bringing forward to public notice young gentlemen of promising genius, whose connections and sentiments were tolerable to the prevailing opinions of the moment. There is juvenile ingenuity in all that I have read. There are few men of consequence among us who did not commence their career by an oration on the fifth of March. I have read these orations with a mixture of pleasure and pity. Young gentlemen of genius describing scenes they never saw, and descanting on feelings they never felt,—and which great pains had been taken they never should feel. When will these orations end? And when will they cease to be monuments of the fluctuations of public opinion, and general feeling, in Boston, Massachusetts, and the United States? They are infinitely more indicative of the feelings of the moment than of the feelings that produced the Revolution." And, in the conclusion of this letter, he remarks, "If I could be fifty years younger, and had nothing better to do, I would have these orations collected and printed in volumes, and then write the history of the last forty-five years in commentaries upon them." The conception of this work was matured, and the materials mostly gathered, in relation to every one of the orators introduced, before the editor ever read or was aware of the paragraph last quoted

from the venerable Adams the elder. An entire collection of the orations noticed in this book, and published in a connected form, would prove a valuable acquisition to the history and literature of our country. Our plan differs materially from that suggested by the great Nestor of this republic. We exhibit striking specimens from some of the best of those performances, with opinions respecting their character, and present a statement of the lives of their authors, interspersed with political, historical, and literary reminiscences, unfolding a period of eighty years.

Our plan extends, moreover, to the orators of the Massachusetts Cincinnati, the Washington Benevolent, and the Democratic Washington Societies; the eulogists on the deceased presidents, on Warren, on Lafayette and Marshall, and almost every other political occasion in the great head-quarters of the Revolution, — our own noble Boston! — tending to establish the permanence of republican institutions. While we mainly concur with President Adams in opinion regarding the merits of those which he had examined, we venture to assert that a large portion of these productions indicate an ability and patriotic spirit that would honor the heads and the hearts of the most eminent politicians of any age or nation; and we should view the period when such orations would cease as a strong indication of the decline of this great exemplar of all nations.

A large portion of the materials for this production were gathered from the libraries of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the Gore Library at Cambridge, of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, of the State Library, of the Boston Library, and of the Boston Athenæum; to the librarians of which institutions the editor renders his grateful acknowledgments for the ready facility extended during the research for information. The editor is more especially indebted to the Massachusetts Historical Society for the generous permission of access to valuable unpublished manuscripts in their possession, from which passages are embodied in this work, greatly enhancing its value. Moreover, the editor renders his grateful thanks to Rev. Joseph Barlow Felt, the courteous librarian of this institution, and author of an Ecclesiastical History of New England, and to Lucius Manlius Sargent, Esq., whose experience in historical research ranks them with the most profound antiquarians in our country; to Samuel G. Drake, Esq., the chronicler of Indian History; and to Dr. John C. Warren, for the free use of the Revolutionary manuscript

journal of Dr. John Warren, his patriotic father. The editor will never forget the courtesy of gentlemen of the leading professions, in rendering information essential to the accuracy of this work, the catalogue of whose names would fill a chapter; and to recount the mass of facts furnished would embrace a large appendix.

JAMES LOVELL.

APRIL 2, 1771. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

As the father and son were remarkable men, and effected much in moulding the intellects of the principal actors of the Revolution, we will exhibit first the scanty materials regarding the father. Master John Lovell was the eldest son of John Lovell, who married Priscilla Gardiner, June 16th, 1709; and was born at Boston, June 16th, 1710. He entered the public Latin school in 1717; graduated at Harvard College in 1728; became usher of the Latin school in 1729, until he was appointed principal in 1734; which station he occupied until April 19th, 1775, when the school was dispersed by the siege of the town, and consequent occupation of the royalists. Mr. Lovell married Abigail Green, Sept., 1734. He was an excellent critic, and one of the best classical scholars of his day. Though a severe teacher, yet he was remarkably humorous, and an agreeable companion. It is worthy of record, that he delivered the first published address in Faneuil Hall, March 14th, 1742, at the annual meeting of the town, occasioned by the death of Peter Faneuil, Esq., the noble donor of the hall to the town of Boston. In the peroration of Mr. Lovell's funeral oration, he said: "May this hall be ever sacred to the interests of truth, of justice, of loyalty, of honor, of liberty. May no private views, nor party broils, ever enter these walls." Heaven, in mercy, however, otherwise decreed, and to the permanence of republican institutions. When the royal troops evacuated Boston, there was left unremoved, at the residence of Master Lovell, adjoining the public

Latin school in School-street, the coach of General Gage, whose head-quarters were at the Province House, together with a phaeton and harness entire. Moreover, a chariot of the governor was taken out of the dock on Long Wharf, greatly defaced. He was a warm advocate for the crown, and embarked with the British troops for Halifax, when they evacuated the town, March 14th, 1776. We find no particulars of his history at Halifax, where he died in 1778. In the gallery of paintings at Harvard College is his portrait, taken by Nathaniel, son of John Smybert, who came to this country in 1728, in company with Bishop Berkeley. Judge Cranch once remarked, "I remember that one of his first portraits was the picture of his old master Lovell, drawn while the terrific impressions of the pedagogue were yet vibrating upon his nerves. I found it so perfect a likeness of my old neighbor, that I did not wonder when my young friend told me that a sudden, undesigned glance at it, had often made him shudder."

Master Lovell was a contributor to the Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis, etc., published in 1761. The numbers 2, 25, 26, and 27, are ascribed to his hand. The following is the twenty-seventh article in the Pietas:

"While Halley views the heavens with curious eyes,
And notes the changes in the stormy skies, —
What constellations 'bode descending rains,
Swell the proud streams, and fertilize the plains, —
What call the zephyrs forth, with favoring breeze
To waft Britannia's fleets o'er subject seas; —
In different orbits how the planets run,
Reflecting rays they borrow from the sun; —
Sudden, a distant prospect charms his sight, —
Venus encircled in the source of light!
Wonders to come his ravished thought unfold,
And thus the Heaven-instructed bard foretold
What glorious scenes, to ages past unknown,
Shall in one summer's rolling months be shown.
Auspicious omens yon bright regions wear;
Events responsive in the earth appear.
A golden Phœbus decks the rising morn, —
Such, glorious George! thy youthful brows adorn;
Nor sparkles Venus on the ethereal plain,
Brighter than Charlotte, midst the virgin train.
The illustrious pair conjoined in nuptial ties,
Britannia shines a rival to the skies!"

Master Lovell was author, also, of "The Seasons, an Interlocutory Exercise at the South Latin School," spoken at the annual visitation, June 26, 1765, by Daniel Jones and Jonathan Williams Austin, in which the latter exclaims:

> "Happy the man, when age has spread
> Its hoary honors on his head,
> Whose mind, on looking back, surveys
> A fruitful life and well-spent days.
> As on the verge of both he stands,
> Both worlds, at once, his view commands:
> Sees earth unwished for, wished for skies, —
> Contented lives, and joyful dies."

The British troops ascribed their repulse at the battle of Bunker Hill to the following circumstance: Directly after they had landed, it was discovered that most of the cannon-balls which had been brought over were too large for the pieces, and that it was necessary to send them back, and obtain a fresh supply. "This wretched blunder of over-sized balls," says Gen. Howe, "arose from the dotage of an officer of rank in the ordnance department, who spends all his time with the schoolmaster's daughter." It seems that Col. Cleveland, who, "though no Samson, must have his Delilah," was enamored of the beautiful daughter of old Master Lovell, and in order to win favor with the damsel, had given her younger brother an appointment in the ordnance, for which he was not qualified; and Dr. Jeffries confirmed this relation. This error, to whatever cause it might have been owing, created delay, and somewhat diminished the effect of the British fire during the first two attacks. A tradition exists that during the battle suddenly the fire of the British artillery ceases. Gen. Howe, in consternation, demands the reason. "The balls are too large." "Fatal error!" says Howe; "what delusion drives Col. Cleveland to pass all his time with the schoolmaster's daughter, instead of minding his business? Pour in grape!" The forthcoming allusion to this affair appears in a song ascribed to a British soldier, written after the battle:

> "Our conductor, he got broke
> For his misconduct, sure, sir;
> The shot he sent for twelve-pound guns,
> Were made for twenty-four, sir.
> There 's some in Boston pleased to say,
> As we the field were taking,

We went to kill their countrymen
  While they their hay were making.
For such stout whigs I never saw, —
  To hang them all, I 'd rather,
For making hay with musket-balls
  And buck-shot mixed together."

We will now exhibit the outline of the history of Master James Lovell, who was born at Boston, Oct. 31, 1737; entered the public Latin school in 1744, and graduated at Harvard College in 1756. He became the usher of this school in 1757, which station he filled until April 19, 1775, when the school was suspended by the war. He was also master of the North Grammar, now the Eliot school. The Latin school was revived, Nov. 8, 1776. He married, at Trinity Church, Mary, daughter of Alexander Middleton, a native of Scotland, Nov. 24, 1760.

On the morning before the town committee had reached his residence, to invite him to deliver an oration on the massacre, his father took occasion, at the breakfast-table, according to the tradition, to advise him not to accept the appointment, as his inexperience in public matters was not equal to the effort; nor could he expect, if he were, that the undertaking would result in any public benefit, or personal advantage to himself. "Besides, my son," said the old gentleman, "there is a consideration in this matter, above all others: there is danger in the attempt, — your life will be in jeopardy." "Is that the case, father?" said Lovell; "then my mind is decided; my resolution is fixed, that I will attempt it at every hazard!" Whether or not this relation be fact, it was perfectly characteristic of the man. The people assembled at Faneuil Hall to listen to the young orator, when the throng being too great, the audience forthwith adjourned to the Old South Church, and after a fervent prayer by the Rev. Dr. Chauncy, an oration was pronounced by James Lovell, that received "the universal acceptance of the audience;" after which, the thanks of the town were voted him, and a committee appointed to request a copy for the press. He remarked, in this performance, that "the design of this ceremony was decent, wise, and honorable. Make the bloody fifth of March the era of the resurrection of your birthrights, which have been murdered by the very strength that nursed them in their infancy." And towards the close of the oration, he remarks: "Having declared myself an American son of liberty, of true

charter principles, — having shown the critical and dangerous situation of our birthrights, and the true course for speedy redress, — I shall take the freedom to recommend with boldness one previous step. Let us show we understand the true value of what we are claiming."

Mr. Lovell was an excellent scholar, and of famous reputation; but detraction, ever seeking to wound those most esteemed, frowned its odious visage upon him. John Adams says, in his diary, under date of January 7, 1766: "Samuel Waterhouse, of the customs, the most notorious scribbler, satirist, and libeller, in the service of the conspirators against the liberties of America, made a most malicious, ungenerous attack upon James Lovell, Jr., the usher of the grammar school, as others had attacked him about idleness, and familiar spirits, and zanyship, and expectancy of a deputation."

The residence of James Lovell, during the Revolution, was on the estate where Chapman Hall is now located, and his family witnessed on the house-top the burning of Charlestown during the battle of Bunker Hill. While Mr. Lovell was imprisoned in the Boston jail, in Queen-street, in consequence of General Howe having discovered a prohibited correspondence, proving his adherence to the Revolutionary cause, his devoted wife was daily accustomed to convey his food to the prison door. They had eight sons, and one daughter, Mary, who was married to Mark Pickard, a merchant of Boston, whose daughter was the wife of Rev. Henry Ware, of Harvard College. After the Revolution, Mr. Lovell resided in Hutchinson-street, located on Sturgis-place.

After the battle of Bunker Hill, thirty-one captives were imprisoned in Boston jail, among whom was Mr. Lovell, who wrote a pathetic letter to Washington, dated Provost's Prison, Boston, Nov. 19, 1775, in which he said: "Your excellency is already informed that the powers of the military government established in this town have been wantonly and cruelly exercised against me, from the 29th of June last. I have in vain repeatedly solicited to be brought to some kind of trial for my pretended crimes. In answer to a petition of that sort, presented on the 16th of October, I am directed, by Col. Balfour, aid-de-camp to Gen. Howe, to seek the release of *Col. Skene and his son*, as the sole means of my enlargement.

"This proposition appears to me extremely disgraceful to the party from which it comes; and a compliance with it pregnant with dangerous consequences to my fellow-citizens. But, while my own spirit

prompts me to reject it directly with the keenest disdain, the importunity of my distressed wife, and the advice of some whom I esteem, have checked me down to a consent to give your excellency this information. I have the fullest confidence in your wisdom, and I shall be perfectly resigned to your determination, whatever it may be. I must not, however, omit to say, that should you condescend to stigmatize the proceeding of my enemies by letter, the correction might work some change in favor of myself, or at least of my family; which must, I think, perish through want of fuel and provisions, in the approaching winter, if they continue to be deprived of my assistance."

Master Lovell addressed another letter, Dec. 6, 1775, to General Washington, in which he remarked: "Charged with being a spy, and giving intelligence to the rebels, I have been suffering the pains and indignities of imprisonment from the 29th of June last, without any sort of trial. Capt. Balfour, aid-de-camp to Gen. Howe, some time ago directed Mrs. Lovell to tell me, from the commander-in-chief, that I must obtain the exchange of Col. Skene and his son, as the only condition of my enlargement; and I have waited weeks in a vain hope of being enabled to write with more precision to your excellency. I have no argument but of a private nature to make use of, upon this occasion; and it is addressed to your excellency's humanity, which I am well satisfied will attend the decision of your wisdom. I myself am reduced to such a risk of life, and my family to such miseries, by my imprisonment, as to make both objects of compassion to all who are not learnedly barbarous and cruel."

Washington wrote to Hancock, in a letter dated Jan. 30, 1776: "I shall, in obedience to the order of Congress, though interdicted by Gen. Howe, propose an exchange of Col. Skene for Mr. Lovell and his family; and shall be happy to have an opportunity of putting this deserving man, who has shown his fidelity and regard to his country to be too great for persecution and cruelty to overcome, in any post agreeable to his wishes and inclinations." Here is a tribute to Lovell from the immortal Washington, of greater value than the most renowned heraldry.

Mr. Lovell was detained in prison, regardless of the intercession of Washington, until the British army evacuated the town, when he was conveyed to Halifax, where he was kept in close confinement. Thus, while the father was at Halifax an honored follower of the crown, the son was degraded for an adherence to the eagle. His family were pro-

tected by the respected Dr. Joseph Gardner, in whose dwelling they resided, — located on Marlboro'-street, — until his return from captivity. Mr. Lovell happened to be doomed to the same prison in which the famous Col. Ethan Allen was confined, with several other Americans. Allen had been a wanderer during his captivity, having been first sent from Montreal to England in irons, and then transported back to Halifax, by way of Ireland and North Carolina. Mr. Lovell was finally exchanged for Gov. Skene, of Ticonderoga, on Nov. 1776, and arrived in Boston on the 30th day, by way of New York. The hardships of imprisonment rather impaired his intellect, though its power was never dethroned. There was a deep rancor against Mr. Lovell, when in Boston jail, for having publicly repeated, in his oration on the massacre, what the royalists had taught him by experience, "that slaves envy the freedom of others, and take malicious pleasure in contributing to destroy it;" —being a citation from Blackstone. And another matter that excited prejudice was the getting possession of a note written to one going to Point Shirley, which Gen. Howe had intercepted. Consequently he was closely locked up, and debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, though he declared his innocence of any forbidden correspondence.

In Dec. 1776, James Lovell was elected to the Continental Congress, for his native state. On the third of May, 1778, Mr. Lovell wrote to Arthur Lee as follows: "In the month of October, 1775, I used the freedom of writing to you from Boston prison, by a Mr. William Powell, who had also in charge some papers to enable you to stigmatize the mean cruelties of Gage, who was then exulting in his command; but the papers which I afterwards sent you from Halifax jail, by an amiable lady, afforded proofs of scientific barbarity in Howe, which tended to obliterate the memory of what I had endured under his predecessor. I had the imagination, at that time, of pursuing those men personally to Europe; but when I heard my countrymen had wisely declared independence, I felt myself instantly repaid for all my losses and bodily injuries. I will not endeavor to constrain you to believe that I am governed, at this day, by feelings and motives of the most laudable patriotism. I am not anxious to disavow a degree of the spirit of retaliation, which our enemies seem to have been industrious to excite in us. It would be false affectation of universal benevolence to say I lament the present disgrace of Britain.

Whether she mends upon it or not, I must rejoice at it, though upon different principles."

It is a singular coincidence to this remark, that the editor, while writing in the book-store of Drake the antiquarian, had his attention directed to a passage in Boswell's Johnson, which Mr. Drake held in his hand at the moment, where Johnson, in conversing with Miss Seward, says, April 15th, 1778, "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American." Miss Seward, looking at him with mild and steady astonishment, said, "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those we have injured."

We find in the London Political Register for 1780 the following severe remarks on the character of Mr. Lovell, because of his republican course: "In the pockets of Warren, the rebel commander, killed at Bunker Hill, were found letters from James Lovell, a rebel spy, stating the number and disposition of the troops in Boston, with a variety of other information. The spy, instead of being sentenced to the gallows and executed, was only taken up and detained in custody; and when our army was at New York, he was discharged, at the request of some of the rebel chiefs. The deputy commissary of prisoners saw him safely on board the cartel ship, and laid in for him the best provisions the place could supply. Lovell, instead of being grateful for this, the instant he landed in the rebel territory, wrote the commissary a most abusive letter; and, by this infamous behavior, having arrived at the summit of villany, was, in the opinion of the rebels of Massachusetts, deemed a fit person to represent them in Congress; accordingly, as soon as he set his foot in Boston, he was chosen one of their delegates to Congress. The rebel spies and prisoners taken by our troops have been always treated with a lenity nearly akin to folly; the rebels never imputed it to our humanity, but to our timidity and dread of them."

The Political Register quotes a passage from an intercepted letter of Mr. Lovell, dated Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 1780, addressed to Mr. Gerry, in which he said: "Is it not time to pay a visit to Massachusetts? Does my wife look as if she wanted a toothless, grayheaded, sciatic husband near her? I am more benefit to her at a distance than in conjunction, as the almanac has it."

In 1784 Mr. Lovell was appointed receiver of Continental taxes, and during the confederacy of 1788 and '89 he was the collector for

the port of Boston. He was the naval officer of Boston from 1790 until his decease, at Windham, Maine, July 14, 1814.

Mr. Lovell published several tracts. In 1760 he delivered an oration in Latin, to the memory of the venerable Henry Flint, who was fifty-five years a tutor of Harvard College. In 1808, Propagation of Truth, or Tyranny Anatomized; Sketches of Man as He is, connected with the Past and Present Mode of Education; A Letter to the President of the United States, supposed by the writer to be fitted specially for the Age and Courage of the Young Federal Republicans of Boston, and also to be calculated generally to promote the comfort of all gray-headed as well as green-headed free citizens everywhere: dated, July 4, 1805.

DR. BENJAMIN CHURCH.

MARCH 5, 1773. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

Dr. Benjamin Church was a son of Deacon Benjamin Church, of Mather Byles' church, in Boston; and was born at Newport, R. I., Aug. 24, 1734. He entered the Latin school in 1745, and graduated at Harvard College in 1754. He was a student in the London Medical College, and walked the hospitals, daily visiting all the wards. He married Miss Hannah Hill, of Ross, in Herefordshire, a sister of his early friend, a young student in London. He returned to Boston, and had Benjamin, who married a lady of London, and became a surgeon in the British army; James Miller, born 1759; Sarah, born 1761, who married Benjamin Weld, a tory refugee; Hannah, born 1764, who married William Kirkby, a merchant of London, and had sixteen children. It is to a descendant of this branch that the editor is indebted for information.

Dr. Church was the surgeon who examined the body of Crispus Attucks, killed by the British soldiers in the massacre of 1770; and his deposition is printed in the narrative of the town. He was the

first Grand Master of the Rising Sun Lodge, instituted in 1772. Dr. Church pronounced the oration on the massacre, at the Old South; and so vast was the throng of people to hear it, that the orator, and John Hancock, the moderator of this adjourned town-meeting, were obliged to be taken in at a window. It was received "with universal applause," and directly after its delivery the people unanimously requested a copy for the press. Dr. Eliot says of it, that "it is certainly one of the very best of the Boston orations." He had genius and taste, and was an excellent writer in poetry and prose, consisting mostly of essays of a witty and philological nature, which are scattered in newspapers and publications almost obsolete.

On the evening after the delivery of this oration, the lantern exhibition appeared from Mrs. Clapham's balcony, in King-street; and in one of the chamber windows was inscribed the following impassioned effusion:

> "Canst thou, spectator, view this crimsoned scene,
> And not reflect what these sad portraits mean?
> Or can thy slaughtered brethren's guiltless gore
> Revenge, in vain, from year to year implore?
> Ask not where Preston or his butchers are!
> But ask, who brought those bloody villains here?
> Never for instruments forsake the cause,
> Nor spare the wretch who would subvert the laws!
> That ruthless fiend, who, for a trifling hire,
> Would murder scores, or set a town on fire,
> Compared with him who would a land enslave,
> Appears an inconsiderable knave.
> And shall the first adorn the fatal tree,
> While, pampered and caressed, the last goes free?
> Forbid it, thou whose eye no bribe can blind,
> Nor fear can influence, nor favor bind!
> Thy justice drove one murderer to despair;
> And shall a number live in riot here?
> Live and appear to glory in the crimes
> Which hand destruction down to future times?
> Yes, ye shall live! but live like branded Cain,
> In daily dread of being nightly slain;
> And when the anxious scene on earth is o'er,
> Your names shall stink till time shall be no more!"

We cannot restrain the desire to present the peroration of the oration so much applauded: "By Heaven, they die! Thus nature spoke, and the swollen heart leaped to execute the dreadful purpose. Dire was the interval of rage,—fierce was the conflict of the soul. In

that important hour, did not the stalking ghosts of our stern forefathers point us to bloody deeds of vengeance? Did not the consideration of our expiring liberties impel us to remorseless havoc? But, hark! the guardian God of New England issues his awful mandate, — Peace, be still! Hushed was the bursting war; the lowering tempest frowned its rage away. Confidence in that God, beneath whose wing we shelter all our cares, — that blessed confidence released the dastard, the cowering prey; with haughty scorn we refused to become their executioners, and nobly gave them to the wrath of Heaven. But words can poorly paint the horrid scene. Defenceless, prostrate, bleeding countrymen, — the piercing, agonizing groans, — the mingled moan of weeping relatives and friends, — these best can speak, to rouse the luke-warm into noble zeal, — to fire the zealous into manly rage against the foul oppression of quartering troops in populous cities in times of peace."

There is but one sentence in this admired production that could be construed in the least degree to indicate the fear that this vigorous mind would ever forsake the cause of injured humanity, wherein he says, "The constitution of England I revere to a degree of idolatry." This, however, is directly qualified, for he continues, "but my attachment is to the common weal. The magistrate will ever command my respect by the integrity and wisdom of his administrations."

Dr. Church was a Boston representative, a member of the Provincial Congress in 1774, and physician-general to the patriot army in that year.

About the year 1768, Dr. Church erected an elegant mansion at Raynham, on the side of Nippahonsit pond, "allured, perhaps," says Dr. Allen, "by the pleasures of fishing." Probably it was thus that he created a pecuniary embarrassment, which led to his defection from the cause of his country. A letter written in cipher, to his brother in Boston, was intrusted by him to a young woman, with whom he was said to be living in crime. The mysterious letter was found upon her; but, the doctor having opportunity to speak to her, it was only by the force of threats that the name of the writer was extorted from her. It was for some time difficult to find any person capable of deciphering Dr. Church's letter, but at length it was effected by Rev. Dr. Samuel West, of New Bedford. When Washington charged him with his baseness, he never attempted to vindicate himself.

Washington stated, in a letter to Hancock, dated Cambridge, Oct. 5,

1775: "I have now a painful, though a necessary duty to perform, respecting Dr. Church, director-general of the hospital. About a week ago, Mr. Secretary Ward, of Providence, sent up to me one Wainwood, an inhabitant of Newport, with a letter directed to Major Cane, in Boston, in characters; which, he said, had been left with Wainwood some time ago, by a woman who was kept by Dr. Church. She had before pressed Wainwood to take her to Capt. Wallace, at Newport, Mr. Dudley the collector, or George Rowe, which he declined. She then gave him a letter, with a strict charge to deliver it to either of those gentlemen. He, suspecting some improper correspondence, kept the letter, and after some time opened it; but, not being able to read it, laid it up, where it remained until he received an obscure letter from the woman, expressing an anxiety after the original letter. He then communicated the whole matter to Mr. Ward, who sent him up with the papers to me. I immediately secured the woman; but for a long time she was proof against every threat and persuasion to discover the author. However, at length she was brought to a confession, and named Dr. Church. I then immediately secured him, and all his papers. Upon his first examination, he readily acknowledged the letter; said it was designed for his brother Fleming, and when deciphered would be found to contain nothing criminal. He acknowledged his never having communicated the correspondence to any person here, but the girl, and made many protestations of the purity of his intentions. Having found a person capable of deciphering the letter, I, in the mean time, had all his papers searched, but found nothing criminal among them. But it appeared, on inquiry, that a confidant had been among the papers before my messenger arrived."

We select this passage from Dr. Church's intercepted letter: "For the sake of the miserable convulsed empire, repeal the acts, or Britain is undone. This advice is the result of warm affection to my king and the realm. Remember, I never deceived you."

He was convicted by court-martial, Oct. 3, 1775, of which Washington was president, "of holding a criminal correspondence with the enemy." He was imprisoned at Cambridge. On Oct. 27, he was called to the bar of the House of Representatives, and examined. His defence before the house, printed in the Historical Collections, was a specimen of brilliant talents and great ingenuity. That the letter was designed for his brother, but, not being sent, he had communicated no

intelligence: that there was nothing in the letter but notorious facts: that his exaggerations of the American force could only be designed to favor the cause of liberty: and that the object was purely patriotic. "Confirmed," said he, "in assured innocence, I stand prepared for your keenest searchings. The warmest bosom here does not flame with a brighter zeal for the security, happiness, and liberties, of America." He was expelled from the house; and the Continental Congress afterwards resolved that he should be confined in jail in Connecticut, and "debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper." He was afterwards allowed to occasionally ride out, under a trusty guard. Madam Adams, in alluding to the treachery of Dr. Church, remarked at that time: "You may as well hope to bind up a hungry tiger with a cobweb, as to hold such debauched patriots in the visionary chains of decency, or to charm them with the intellectual beauty of truth and reason." His residence, in Boston, was at the south corner of Avon-place. Dr. Thatcher says, "There were not a few among the most respectable and intelligent in the community who expressed strong doubts of a criminal design in his conduct." Our readers, however, need only to examine the statement of Paul Revere, in the succeeding paragraphs, to have their minds satisfied of his treacherous conduct. It appears in a letter to Rev. Dr. John Eliot, corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, dated Boston, Jan. 1, 1798: "In the fall of 1774, and winter of 1775, I was one of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed ourselves into a committee, for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers, and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the tories. We held our meetings at the Green Dragon Tavern. We were so careful that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met, every person swore upon the Bible that they would not discover any of our transactions, but to Hancock, Adams, Drs. Warren, Church, and one or two more. About November, when things began to grow serious, a gentleman who had connections with the tory party, but was a whig at heart, acquainted me that our meetings were discovered, and mentioned the identical words that were spoken among us the night before. We did not then distrust Dr. Church, but supposed it must be some one among us. We removed to another place, which we thought was more secure; but here we found that all our transactions were communicated to Gov. Gage. This came to me through the then secretary, Flucker. He told it to the gentleman mentioned

above. It was then a common opinion that there was a traitor in the Provincial Congress, and that Gage was possessed of all their secrets. Dr. Church appeared to be a high son of liberty. He frequented all the places where they met; was encouraged by all the leaders of the sons of liberty; and it appeared he was respected by them, though I knew that Dr. Warren had not the greatest respect for him. Though it was known that some of the liberty songs which he composed were parodized by him in favor of the British, yet none dare charge him with it. I was a constant and critical observer of him, and I must say that I never thought him a man of principle, and I doubted much, in my own mind, whether he was a real whig. I knew that he kept company with a Capt. Price, a half-pay British officer; and that he frequently dined with him and Robinson, one of the commissioners. I know that one of his intimate acquaintance asked him why he was so often with Robinson and Price. His answer was, that he kept company with them on purpose to find out their plans. The day after the battle of Lexington, I met him in Cambridge, when he shew me some blood on his stocking, which, he said, spirted on him from a man who was killed near him, as he was urging the militia on. I well remember that I argued with myself, if a man will risk his life in a cause, he must be a friend to that cause; and I never suspected him after, till he was charged with being a traitor.

"The same day, I met Dr. Warren. He was president of the Committee of Safety. He engaged me as a messenger to do the out-of-doors business for the committee, which gave me an opportunity of being frequently with them. The Friday evening after, about sunset, I was sitting with some or near all that committee, in their room, which was at Mr. Hastings' house, in Cambridge. Dr. Church, all at once, started up. 'Dr. Warren,' said he, 'I am determined to go into Boston to-morrow.' It set them all a staring. Dr. Warren replied, 'Are you serious, Dr. Church? They will hang you, if they catch you in Boston.' He replied, 'I am serious, and am determined to go, at all adventures.' After a considerable conversation, Dr. Warren said, 'If you are determined, let us make some business for you.' They agreed that he should go to get medicine for their and our wounded officers. He went the next morning, and I think he came back on Sunday evening. After he had told the committee how things were, I took him aside, and inquired particularly how they treated him. He said, that 'as soon as he got to their lines, on

Boston Neck, they made him a prisoner, and carried him to Gen. Gage, where he was examined; and then he was sent to Gould's barracks, and was not suffered to go home but once. After he was taken up for holding a correspondence with the British, I came across Dea. Caleb Davis. We entered into conversation about him. He told me that the morning Church went into Boston, he (Davis) received a billet for Gen. Gage; — (he then did not know that Church was in town.) When he got to the general's house, he was told the general could not be spoke with, — that he was in private with a gentleman; that he waited near half an hour, when Gen. Gage and Dr. Church came out of a room, discoursing together like persons who had been long acquainted. He appeared to be quite surprised at seeing Dea. Davis there; that he (Church) went where he pleased, while in Boston, only a Major Caine, one of Gage's tools, went with him. I was told by another person, whom I could depend upon, that he saw Church go into Gen. Gage's house at the above time; that he got out of the chaise and went up the steps more like a man that was acquainted than a prisoner.

"Some time after, — perhaps a year or two, — I fell in company with a gentleman who studied with Church. In discoursing about him, I related what I have mentioned above. He said he did not doubt that he was in the interest of the British, and that it was he who informed Gen. Gage; that he knew for certain that, a short time before the Battle of Lexington, — for he then lived with him, and took care of his business and books, — he had no money by him, and was much drove for money; that, all at once, he had several hundred new British guineas; and that he thought at the time where they came from."

When released from his imprisonment in Norwich jail, Conn., May, 1776, he set sail from Boston for London, — some say for the West Indies; and, according to a family tradition, the vessel was wrecked near the Boston Light-house, and all on board perished. Our principal authorities state, however, that after he left Boston he was never heard from. His family was pensioned by the crown.

We cannot conclude this article before introducing an incident. Col. Revere was the first President of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association, and a copper-plate engraver. In the year 1768, the Legislature of Massachusetts voted to send a circular letter to the several Provinces, on the alarming state of this country, and inviting a convention to oppose a taxation without the consent of the

representatives of the people. The king directed Governor Bernard to demand that the said vote be rescinded and obliterated. A vote was passed, June 30, 1768, not to conform to it, seventeen members only voting in favor of it, and ninety-two in the negative. The seventeen members were stigmatized with the name of Rescinders, and treated with contempt. Paul Revere engraved a caricature, entitled "A Warm Place — Hell." The delineation was a pair of monstrous open jaws, resembling those of a shark, with flames issuing; and Satan, with a large pitchfork, driving the seventeen Rescinders into the flames, exclaiming, "Now I've got you! A fine haul, by Jove!" As a reluctance is shown by the foremost man at entering, who is supposed to represent the Hon. Timothy Ruggles, afterward a brigadier-general of Worcester county, another devil is drawn, with a fork, flying towards him, and crying out, "Push on, Tim!" Over the upper jaw is seen, in the back-ground, the cupola of the Province-house, with the Indian and bow and arrow, the arms of the Province, where was the residence of the governor. When Revere was engaged in executing this caricature, Dr. Benj. Church came into his office, and seeing what he was about, took a pen and wrote the following lines as an accompaniment:

"On, brave Rescinders! to yon yawning cell, —
Seventeen such miscreants sure will startle hell.
There puny villains, damned for petty sin,
On such distinguished scoundrels gaze and grin;
The outdone Devil will resign his sway, —
He never curst his millions in a day."

"Instead of subject colonies," remarks Daniel Webster, "England now beholds on these shores a mighty rival, rich, powerful, intelligent, like herself. And may these countries be forever friendly rivals. May their power and greatness, sustaining themselves, be always directed to the promotion of the peace, the prosperity, the enlightenment, and the liberty of mankind; and, if it be their united destiny, in the course of human events, that they be called upon, in the cause of humanity and in the cause of freedom, to stand against a world in arms, they are of a race and of a blood to meet that crisis, without shrinking from danger, and without quailing in the presence of earthly power."

JOSEPH WARREN, M. D.

MARCH 5, 1772. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

The name of Warren appears on the Roll of Battle Abbey, as being of those engaged in the Battle of Hastings, under William the Conqueror, Oct. 14, 1066. It appears also in Doomsday Book, published in 1081. William de Warrene, the first of the name according to Duncan's Dukes of Normandy, related to Duke William on the side of his mother, who was niece to the Duchess Gouner, took his name from the fief of Varenne, or Warrene, in the district of St. Aub-in-le-Cauf. Warrene received from the Conqueror two hundred and ninety-eight manors, and in 1073 he was adjoined to Richard de Bienfaite as Grand Justiciary of England. He was created Earl of Surrey, by William Rufus, in 1089, and died shortly afterwards. He was buried in the Abbey of Lewes, in Sussex, which he had founded.

The ancestry of General Joseph Warren has long been a subject of doubtful speculation, as it could not be traced to the ancient families either of Plymouth or Watertown. After careful research, we believe it traceable to the public records of Boston. Doubtless the ancestor of this family was Peter Warren, a mariner, who, according to Suffolk Deeds, purchased an estate of Theodore Atkinson, of Boston, March 8, 1659, "situated on the south side of Boston, next the water-side, opposite and against Dorchester Neck." This was a part of ancient Mattapan, now South Boston. On his decease, he gave his dwelling-house and land to his widow Esther, for and during her natural life, in case she continue a widow, and not otherwise. In case she happen to marry again, the estate should revert to his son Joseph; or, at her decease, if a widow, he bequeathed the same to him. He married three times, and died at Boston, Nov. 15, 1704, aged 76 years. His will is in Suffolk Probate. His son Joseph, according to Suffolk Deeds, conveyed, April 15, 1714, this estate to Henry Hill, distiller, for eighty pounds, with the reserve, that his widowed mother Esther should have a life occupancy, and profits and benefits of the same. It was located in Boston, at the south part of the town, and bounded southerly at the front by Essex-street, fifty-seven feet; westerly by the land of

Isaac Goose, eighty-one feet; northerly by the land of Henry Cole, thirty-one feet; easterly by the land of Whitman, eighty-four feet; — with the buildings, wells, water-courses, &c. A distillery has long been located on this estate, bounded by South-street, and is improved by William E. French. This was doubtless the ancestral residence. We find no conveyance of real estate to Peter Warren at any other period.

Sarah, the first wife of Peter Warren, was admitted to the Old South Church, by dismission, May 22, 1670. His second wife, Hannah, was received in the same church, by dismission also, April 30, 1675; and his third wife, Esther, was admitted to that church, also by dismission, Oct. 11, 1687.

The baptisms of the children are on the records of the Old South Church, and correspond with the births on the records of Boston, as follows: Peter Warren married Sarah, a daughter of Robert Tucker, of Dorchester, Aug. 1, 1660, by whom he had John, born Sept. 8, 1661; Joseph, born Feb. 19, 1662; Benjamin, born July 25, 1665; Elizabeth, born Jan. 4, 1667; Robert, born Dec. 14, 1670; Ebenezer, born Feb. 11, 1672; Peter, born April 20, 1676; Hannah, by his wife Hannah, born May 19, 1680; Mary, born Nov. 24, 1683; Robert, born Dec. 24, 1684.

Joseph, the second son of Peter, who, according to Suffolk Deeds, was a housewright, married Deborah, a daughter of Samuel Williams, of Roxbury, where he settled, and had eight children; among whom was Joseph, born Feb. 2, 1696. He died at Roxbury, July 13, 1729, aged 66; and this corresponds with the Boston record of his birth. His will was proved August 1st of that date.

Joseph, Jr., son of Joseph of Roxbury, married Mary, daughter of Dr. Samuel Stevens, of that town, May 29, 1740. He is named, on Suffolk Probate, as "gentleman." He was a respectable farmer, and was the first person who cultivated an apple, with a fine blush on one side, famous as the Warren Russet. The Boston News-Letter thus relates the tale of his decease, in a note dated Roxbury, Oct. 25, 1755:

"On Wednesday last a sorrowful accident happened here. As Mr. Joseph Warren, of this town, was gathering apples from a tree, standing upon a ladder at a considerable distance from the ground, he fell from thence, broke his neck, and expired in a few moments. He was esteemed a man of good understanding, industrious, upright, honest, and faithful, — a serious, exemplary Christian, a useful member of

society. He was generally respected amongst us, and his death is universally lamented."

Joseph, 3d, a son of Joseph, Jr., was born at Roxbury, June 11, 1741. He graduated at Harvard College, 1759, and was a public-school teacher at Roxbury, in 1760. The old mansion in which he was born has been demolished, and an exact model of it, made partly of the original materials, is retained in the family of Dr. Brown, who married a daughter of Dr. John Warren. A painting of the estate is in the family of Dr. John C. Warren. An elegant stone building has been erected on the location. The inscriptions herewith are chiseled on the front side of the second story of the edifice; that on the right hand is as follows:

"On this spot stood the house erected in 1720 by Joseph Warren, of Boston, remarkable for being the birthplace of General Joseph Warren, his grandson, who was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775." The inscription on the left hand is as follows: "John Warren, a distinguished physician and anatomist, was also born here. The original mansion being in ruins, this house was built by John C. Warren, M. D., in 1846, son of the last named, as a permanent memorial of the spot." The estate is in Warren-street, on Warren-place, opposite St. James'-street.

Warren was ever remarkable for fearless intrepidity. When at college, some of his classmates were engaged in a merriment which they knew Warren would not approve, and adopted a plan to prevent his attendance. They fastened the door of the apartment, which was in the upper story of a college building. Warren, finding that he could not get in at the door, and perceiving that there was an open window, determined to effect his entrance by that way, from the roof. He accordingly ascended the stairs to the top of the building, and, getting out upon the roof, let himself down to the eaves, and thence, by the aid of a spout, to a level with the open window, through which he leaped into the midst of the conspirators. The spout, which was of wood, was so much decayed by time, that it fell to the ground as Warren relaxed his hold upon it. His classmates, hearing the crash, rushed to the window, and when they perceived the cause, loudly congratulated him upon the escape. He coolly remarked that the spout had retained its position just long enough to serve his purpose; and, without further notice of the accident, proceeded to remonstrate with

them on the mischief they intended to perpetrate, which had the desired effect.

In the period of the Revolution a gallows was erected on the Neck, near Roxbury, for the public execution of criminals. One day, when he was passing the spot, he met three British officers, one of whom called to him, saying, "Go on, Warren; you will soon come to the gallows!" It was very evident they meant to insult him, as they burst into a loud laugh as soon as it was uttered. Warren was not a man to submit to an insult from any one, least of all from them. He immediately turned back, walked up to them, and calmly requested to know which of them had thus addressed him. Not one of them had the courage to avow his insolence. Finding he could obtain no answer, he at last left them, ashamed of themselves and each other, but pleased to escape so easily. This is related on the authority of Dr. John C. Warren.

Gen. Warren resided several years in Boston, on the location of the present American House, nearly opposite Elm-street. Wired skulls, from his anatomical room, were discovered, in excavating the earth, about the year 1835. He was a member of Rev. Dr. Cooper's church, in Brattle-street, and his pew was located opposite the old southern door, in the body of the house, which he selected for the prevention of disturbance, when abruptly called on for medical aid.

The late Governor Eustis, who was, in 1774, a student of medicine under Warren, relates that, in returning to his dwelling, he passed several British officers in Queen-street, among whom was Col. Wolcott, who subsequently became notorious for a paltry insult, in addressing General Washington as "Mr. Washington," in a letter on the subject of prisoners; and, as the friends of Warren were then constantly expecting that some attempt would be made to seize him by the regulars, Eustis stated the circumstance, and advised him not to leave the house. Warren replied, "I have a visit to make to a lady in Cornhill, this evening, and I will go at once; come with me." He then put his pistols in his pocket, and they went out. They passed several British officers, without molestation from them. It was ascertained, the next day, that they were watching for two pieces of cannon which had been removed by some Bostonians, of which a relation is given in the outline of John Hancock. Warren, having his spirit fretted, one day, by some of the taunts frequently uttered by British officers, exclaimed, "These fellows say we won't fight. By heavens!

I hope I shall die up to my knees in blood!" This was spoken but a few weeks before the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Gen. Warren married Elizabeth, a daughter of the late Dr. Richard Hooton, of Boston, Sept. 6, 1764. Their children were Joseph, who graduated at Harvard College, in 1786,—died single in 1790; Richard, who died at twenty-one years of age; Elizabeth, who was the wife of Gen. Arnold Welles; and Mary, wife of Judge Newcomb, of Greenfield, who died Feb. 7, 1826. Their son Joseph Warren Newcomb, counsellor at Springfield, has two children, the last living descendants. The three younger children of Gen. Warren were for a period under the care of Miss Mercy Scollay, of Boston, a lady to whom he was betrothed for a second wife. His wife died April 29, 1773, aged twenty-six years. This impressive tribute to the virtues of his lamented partner appeared in the Boston Gazette of that year:

"If fading lilies, when they droop and die,
Robbed of each charm that pleased the gazing eye,
With sad regret the grieving mind inspire,
What, then, when virtue's brightest lamps expire?
Ethereal spirits see the systems right,
But mortal minds demand a clearer sight.
In spite of reason's philosophic art,
A tear must fall to indicate the heart.
Could reason's force disarm the tyrant foe,
Or calm the mind that feels the fatal blow,
No clouded thought had discomposed the mind
Of him whom Heaven ordained her dearest friend.
Good sense and modesty with virtue crowned
A sober mind, when fortune smiled or frowned;
So keen a feeling for a friend distressed,
She could not bear to see a worm oppressed.
These virtues fallen enhance the scene of woe,
Swell the big drops that scarce confinement know,
And force them down in copious showers to flow.
But know, thou tyrant Death, thy force is spent,—
Thine arm is weakened, and thy bow unbent.
Secured from insults of your guilty train
Of marshalled slaves, inflict disease and pain,
She rides triumphant on the aërial course,
To land at pleasure's inexhausted source;
Celestial Genii line the heavenly way,
And guard her passage to the realms of day."

Gen. Warren, in the year 1766, addressed the following letter to the Rev. Edmund Dana, a graduate of Harvard College in 1759, who

became the Rector of Wroxeter, Salop, in England, where he died in 1823, and was a brother of Judge Francis Dana. This letter passed into the care of his grandson, Thomas Oatley, Esq., of Bishton Hall, Salop, and has recently been brought to this country by Edmund Trowbridge Hastings, Esq., a relative of the Dana family. It is a precious relic, as presenting a view of the state of feeling in New England in relation to the odious Stamp Act.

"*Boston, New England, March* 19, 1766.

"DEAR SIR:—I have not had the pleasure of a line from you since you left this country. I wrote to you soon after I knew of your arrival in England, and I have not at any time been negligent in inquiring concerning you, whenever an opportunity presented. I have, with great satisfaction, heard of that agreeable life which you lead amidst all the gayeties and diversions of that jovial city, London; but I received a peculiar pleasure from the intelligence which I have lately had of your happy marriage with a lady of noble birth, and every accomplishment, both natural and acquired. Accept the sincerest wishes of your long absent (but I hope not forgotten) friend, that you may long enjoy, with your charming consort, that unequalled happiness which must arise from an union of persons so amiable.

"Perhaps it may not be disagreeable at this time to hear something of the present state of your native country. Never has there been a time, since the first settlement of America, in which the people had so much reason to be alarmed, as the present. The whole continent is inflamed to the highest degree. I believe this country may be esteemed as truly loyal in their principles as any in the universe; but the strange project of levying a stamp duty, and of depriving the people of the privilege of trials by juries, has roused their jealousy and resentment. They can conceive of no liberty where they have lost the power of taxing themselves, and where all controversies between the crown and the people are to be determined by the opinion of one dependent; and they think that slavery is not only the greatest misfortune, but that it is also the greatest crime (if there is a possibility of escaping it). You are sensible that the inhabitants of this country have ever been zealous lovers of their civil and religious liberties. For the enjoyment of these, they fought battles, left a pleasant and populous country, and exposed themselves to all the dangers and hardships in this new world; and their laudable attachment to freedom has hith-

erto been transmitted to their posterity. Moreover, in all new countries (and especially in this, which was settled by private adventurers), there is a more equal division of property amongst the people; in consequence of which, their influence and authority must be nearly equal, and every man will think himself deeply interested in the support of public liberty. Freedom and equality is the state of nature; but slavery is the most unnatural and violent state that can be conceived of, and its approach must be gradual and imperceptible. In many old countries, where, in a long course of years, some particular families have been able to acquire a very large share of property, from which must arise a kind of aristocracy, — that is, the power and authority of some persons or families is exercised in proportion to the decrease of the independence and property of the people in general; — had America been prepared in this manner for the Stamp Act, it might perhaps have met with a more favorable reception; but it is absurd to attempt to impose so cruel a yoke on a people who are so near to the state of original equality, and who look upon their liberties not merely as arbitrary grants, but as their unalienable, eternal rights, purchased by the blood and treasure of their ancestors, — which liberties, though granted and received as acts of favor, could not, without manifest injustice, have been refused, and cannot now, or at any time hereafter, be revoked. Certainly, if the connection was rightly understood, Great Britain would be convinced that, without laying arbitrary taxes upon her colonies, she may and does reap such advantages as ought to satisfy her. Indeed, it amazes the more judicious people on this side the water, that the late minister was so unacquainted with the state of America, and the manners and circumstances of the people; or, if he was acquainted, it still surprises them to find a man, in his high station, so ignorant of nature, and of the operations of the human mind, as madly to provoke the resentment of millions of men who would esteem death, with all its tortures, preferable to slavery. Most certainly, in whatever light the Stamp Act is viewed, an uncommon want of policy is discoverable. If the real and only motive of the minister was to raise money from the colonies, that method should undoubtedly have been adopted which was least grievous to the people. Instead of this, the most unpopular that could be imagined is chosen. If there was any jealousy of the colonies, and the minister designed by this act more effectually to secure their dependence on Great Britain, the jealousy was first groundless. But if it had been founded on good reasons, could anything have been worse calculated to answer this purpose? Could not

the minister have found out, either from history or from his own observation, that the strength of any country depended on its being united within itself? Has he not, by this act, brought about what the most zealous colonist never could have expected? The colonies, until now, were ever at variance, and foolishly jealous of each other. They are now, by the refined policy of Mr. George Grenville, united for their common defence against what they believe to be oppression; nor will they soon forget the weight which this close union gives them. The impossibility of accounting in any other way for the imposition of the stamp duty has induced some to imagine that the minister designed by this act to force the colonies into a rebellion, and from thence to take occasion to treat them with severity, and, by military power, reduce them to servitude. But this supposes such a monstrous degree of wickedness, that charity forbids us to conclude him guilty of so black a villany. But, admitting this to have been his aim (as it is known that tyrannical ministers have at some time embraced even this hellish measure to accomplish their cursed designs), should he not have considered that every power in Europe looks with envy on the colonies which Great Britain enjoys in America? Could he suppose that the powerful and politic France would be restrained by treaties, when so fair an opportunity offered for the recovery of their ancient possessions? At least, was he so ignorant of nature as not to know that when the rage of the people is raised by oppression to such a height as to break out in rebellion, any new alliance would be preferred to the miseries which a conquered country must necessarily expect to suffer? And would no power in Europe take advantage of such an occasion? And, above all, did he not know that his royal, benevolent master, when he discovered his views, would detest and punish him? But whatever was proposed by the Stamp Act, of this I am certain, that the regard which the colonies still bear to His Majesty arises more from an exalted idea of His Majesty's integrity and goodness of heart than from any prudent conduct of his late minister.

"I have written, sir, much more than I intended when I first sat down, but I hope you will pardon my prolixity upon so important a subject.

"I am, sir, your most sincere friend and humble servant,

"JOSEPH WARREN.

"To Mr. EDMUND DANA.

"P. S. I hope for the favor of a line from you, the first opportunity."

Gen. Warren published three highly spirited articles, in the Boston Gazette, originated by the exercise of the arbitrary powers of Gov. Bernard, in negativing councillors elected by the representatives; and further, for severe censures on leading members of the house, unjustly expressed in letters addressed to Lord Shelburne, the king's minister of state, who, in reply, unequivocally sanctioned his measures, and also expressed displeasure that the house should object to the lieutenant-governor, who was not a member of the council, taking a seat in that body. In the first of these articles, Warren's quotation from Rochester excited the ire of Bernard, who sent a message to the house, and another to the council, declaring the article libellous, and calling it to their serious consideration. The council pronounced it an insolent and licentious attack, and that the author deserved punishment. The house expressed a different opinion, and that the liberty of the press is a great bulwark of the liberty of the people. There were fifty-six in the affirmative, to eighteen in the negative. It was introduced to the grand jury, who would not find a bill of indictment. As these are all of the political newspaper productions of Warren that we have discovered, and as they are strongly characteristic of his energy of character, they are here presented entire. Bradford, in his History of Massachusetts, not appearing to be aware that Warren was the author, remarks of the first communication, that it was "a very scurrilous piece." Pemberton, Dorr, and Rees, in the Cyclopedia, ascribe them to him. Hutchinson alludes to it as "a most abusive piece against the governor."

From Boston Gazette, Feb. 29, 1768.

"Messrs. Edes & Gill,

"Please insert the following:

"May it please your ——. We have for a long time known your enmity to this province. We have had full proof of your cruelty to a loyal people. No age has perhaps furnished a more glaring instance of obstinate perseverance in the path of malice than is now exhibited in your ——. Could you have reaped any advantage from injuring this people, there would have been some excuse for the manifold abuses with which you have loaded them. But when a diabolical thirst for mischief is the alone motive of your conduct, you must not wonder if you are treated with open dislike; for it is impossible, how much soever we endeavor it, to feel any esteem for a man like you. Bad as the world may be, there is yet in every breast something which

points out the good man as an object worthy of respect, and marks the guileful, treacherous man-hater, for disgust and infamy.

"Nothing has ever been more intolerable than your insolence on a late occasion, when you had, by your jesuitical insinuations, induced a worthy minister of state to form a most unfavorable opinion of the province in general, and some of the most respectable inhabitants in particular. You had the effrontery to produce a letter from his lordship, as a proof of your success in calumniating us. Surely you must suppose we have lost all feeling, or you would not dare thus tauntingly to display the trophies of your slanders, and upbraidingly to make us sensible of the inexpressible misfortunes which you have brought upon us. But I refrain, lest a full representation of the hardships suffered by this too long insulted people should lead them to an unwarrantable revenge. We never can treat good and patriotic rulers with too great reverence. But it is certain that men totally abandoned to wickedness can never merit our regard, be their stations ever so high.

'If such men are by God appointed,
The devil may be the Lord's anointed.'

"A True Patriot."

From Boston Gazette, March 7, 1768.

"Messrs. Edes & Gill,

"Please to insert the following:

"My first performance has, by a strange kind of compliment, been by some applied to his excellency Gov. Bernard. It is not for me to account for the construction put upon it. Every man has a right to make his own remarks, and if he satisfies himself, he will not displease me. I will, however, inform the public that I have the most sacred regard to the characters of all good men, and would sooner cut my hand from my body than strike at the reputation of an honest member of the community. But there are circumstances, in which not justice alone, but humanity itself, obliges us to hold up the villain to view, and expose his guilt, to prevent his destroying the innocent. Whoever he is whose conscience tells him he is not the monster I have portraited, may rest assured I did not aim at him; but the person who knows the black picture exhibited to be his own, is welcome to take it to himself. The imputation of disaffection to the king and the government, brought against me by His Majesty's Council, I shall answer

only by a quotation from the paper which they have been pleased to censure, where I say, 'We can never treat good and patriotic rulers with too great reverence.' In which sentence I hope the honorable board will not say I have omitted to declare my sentiments of the duty which every good subject owes to his present majesty, and all worthy subordinate magistrates; and I flatter myself that the sentiments of the board coincide with mine. If they do not, I must dissent from them. Their charge of profaneness, I humbly apprehend, was occasioned by their forcing a sense upon the two last lines totally different from what I intended they should convey. My design was to compare wicked men, and especially wicked magistrates, to those enemies to mankind, the devils; and to intimate that the devils themselves might boast of divine authority to seduce and ruin mankind, with as much reason and justice as wicked rulers can pretend to derive from God, or from his word, a right to oppress, harass, and enslave their fellow-creatures. The beneficent Lord of the universe delights in viewing the happiness of all men. And so far as civil government is of divine institution, it was calculated for the greatest good of the whole community; and whenever it ceases to be of general advantage, it ceases to be of divine appointment, and the magistrates in such a community have no claim to that honor which the Divine Legislator has assigned to magistrates of his election. I hope the honorable board will not condemn a man for expressing his contempt for the odious doctrines of divine hereditary right in princes, and of passive obedience, which he thinks dishonorary to Almighty God, the common and impartial Father of the species, and ruinous both to kings and subjects; and which, if adhered to, would dethrone his present majesty, and destroy the British nation. The honorable board is humbly requested to examine whether the above is not the most natural and obvious sense of the quoted lines. Certainly, when I read them, I thought it the only sense; and I shall think myself very unhappy in my readers, should they generally put that construction upon them which the honorable board have been pleased to adopt.

"I shall, at all times, write my sentiments with freedom, and with decency too, — the rules of which I am not altogether unacquainted with. While the press is open, I shall publish whatever I think conducive to general emolument; when it is suppressed, I shall look upon my country as lost, and, with a steady fortitude, expect to feel the general shock. A TRUE PATRIOT."

From Boston Gazette, March 14, 1768.

"MESSRS. EDES & GILL,

"Please insert the following:

"With pleasure I hear the general voice of this people in favor of freedom; and it gives me solid satisfaction to find all orders of unplaced, independent men, firmly determined, as far as in them lies, to support their own rights and the liberty of the press. The honorable House of Representatives have showed themselves resolute in the cause of justice. The Grand Jurors have convinced us that no influence is able to overcome their attachment to their country, and our free constitution. They deserve honor. But this is one of those cases in which, by doing as they have done, they really merit praise; yet the path was so plain, that to have done otherwise would have rendered them —— indeed!

"While this people know their true interest, they will be able to distinguish their friends from their enemies; and, with uniform courage, will defend from tyrannic violence all those who generously offer themselves volunteers in the cause of truth and humanity. But if ever a mistaken complaisance leads them to sacrifice their privileges, or the well-meaning assertors of them, they will *deserve* bondage, and soon will find themselves in chains.

"Every society of men have a clear right to refute any unjust aspersions upon their characters, especially when they feel the ill effects of such aspersions; and, though they may not pursue the slanderer from motives of revenge, yet are obliged to detect him, that so he may be prevented from injuring them again. This province has been most barbarously traduced, and now groans under the weight of those misfortunes which have been thereby brought upon it. We have detected some of the authors; we will zealously endeavor to deprive them of the power of injuring us hereafter. We will strip the serpents of their stings, and consign to disgrace all those guileful betrayers of their country. There is but one way for men to avoid being set up as objects of general hate, which is — NOT TO DESERVE IT.

"A TRUE PATRIOT."

In the Diary of John Adams, it is stated that he was frequently solicited to attend the town-meetings, in 1768, after the British troops had arrived in Boston, and harangue there, which was constantly refused; and Dr. Warren the most frequently urged him to this, and

his reply to him always was, "That way madness lies." The symptoms of our great friend Otis, at that time, suggested to Warren a sufficient comment on those words, at which he always smiled, and said, "It was true."

Gen. Warren once said of John Adams, that he thought he was rather a cautious man, but he could not say he was ever a trimmer. When he spoke at all, he always spoke his sentiments.

Hutchinson remarks, in his history, under date of 1772, that "Mr. Adams had been pressed to pronounce the oration upon the Boston Massacre, but declined it; and Dr. Warren, whose popularity was increasing, undertook it. Though he gained no great applause for his oratorical abilities, yet the fervor, which is the most essential part of such compositions, could not fail of its effect upon the minds of the great concourse of people present." It was delivered in the Old South Church. We will select a passage from this performance, with one remark of wonder and admiration, — that he could have the courage to express such opinions in the presence of a British governor, amid the glare of royal bayonets. Here is reasoning of greater value than splendid declamation:

"I would ask whether the members of the British House of Commons are the democracy of this province? If they are, they are either the people of this province, or are elected by the people of this province to represent them, and have therefore a constitutional right to originate a bill for taxing them. It is most certain they are neither, and therefore nothing done by them can be said to be done by the democratic branch of our constitution. I would next ask, whether the lords, who compose the aristocratic branch of the legislature, are peers of America? I never heard it was, even in these extraordinary times, so much as pretended; and if they are not, certainly no act of theirs can be said to be the act of the aristocratic branch of our constitution. The power of the monarchic branch, we with pleasure acknowledge, resides in the king, who may act either in person or by his representative; and I freely confess that I can see no reason why a proclamation for raising money in America, issued by the king's sole authority, would not be equally consistent with our own constitution, and therefore equally binding upon us, with the late acts of the British Parliament for taxing us, — for it is plain, that, if there is any validity in those acts, it must arise altogether from the monarchical branch of the legislature. And I further think that it would be at least as equita-

ble; for I do not conceive it to be of the least importance to us by whom our property is taken away, so long as it is taken without our consent. And I am very much at a loss to know by what figure of rhetoric the inhabitants of this province can be called free subjects, when they are obliged to obey implicitly such laws as are made for them by men three thousand miles off, whom they know not, and whom they never have empowered to act for them; or how they can be said to have property, when a body of men, over whom they have not the least control, and who are not in any way accountable to them, shall oblige them to deliver up any part or the whole of their substance, without even asking their consent: and yet, whoever pretends that the late acts of the British Parliament for taxing America ought to be deemed binding upon us, must admit at once that we are absolute slaves, and have no property of our own, — or else that we may be freemen, and at the same time under a necessity of obeying the arbitrary commands of those over whom we have no control or influence; and that we may have property of our own which is entirely at the disposal of another. Such gross absurdities, I believe, will not be relished in this enlightened age; and it can be no matter of wonder that the people quickly perceived and seriously complained of the inroads which these acts must unavoidably make upon their liberty, and of the hazard to which their whole property is by them exposed, — for, if they may be taxed without their consent, even in the smallest trifle, they may also, without their consent, be deprived of anything they possess, although never so valuable — never so dear. Certainly it never entered the hearts of our ancestors, that, after so many dangers in this then desolate wilderness, their hard-earned property should be at the disposal of the British Parliament; and as it was soon found that this taxation could not be supported by reason and argument, it seemed necessary that one act of oppression should be enforced by another; and, therefore, contrary to our just rights as possessing — or, at least, having a just title to possess — all the liberties and immunities of British subjects, a standing army was established among us in a time of peace, and evidently for the purpose of effecting that which it was one principal design of the founders of the constitution to prevent, when they declared a standing army, in a time of peace, to be against law, — namely, for the enforcement of obedience to acts which, upon fair examination, appeared to be unjust and unconstitutional."

On the evening after the delivery of this effective oration, a lantern

of transparent paintings was exhibited on the balcony at Mrs. Clapham's, in King-street, well drawn by an ingenious young artist, representing in front the melancholy scene which occurred near that spot, over which was inscribed, "The Fatal Effects of a Standing Army in a Free City." At the east end was a representation of a monument, inscribed to the memory of those who were killed, with their names, etc.; at the west end was the figure of America, sitting in a mourning posture, and looking down on the spectators, with this label, "Behold my sons!" At a quarter after nine, the painting was taken in, and the bells tolled from that time until ten o'clock.

On the 21st of November, 1774, Gen. Warren addressed a highly patriotic letter to Josiah Quincy, from which we select this remarkable passage:

"It is the united voice of America to preserve their freedom, or lose their lives in defence of it. Their resolutions are not the effects of inconsiderate rashness, but the sound result of sober inquiry and deliberation. I am convinced that the true spirit of liberty was never so universally diffused through all ranks and orders of people, in any country on the face of the earth, as it now is through all North America."

When Warren pronounced his second oration on the Massacre, March 5, 1775, at the Old South Church, the Boston papers of the day merely stated that it was an elegant and spirited performance. The pulpit stairs and the pulpit itself were occupied by officers and soldiers of the garrison, who were doubtless stationed there to overawe the orator, and perhaps prevent him by force from proceeding. Warren, to avoid interruption and confusion, entered from the rear by the pulpit window; and, unmoved by the hostile military array that surrounded him and pressed upon his person, delivered the bold and thrilling oration, which was published, in which he said: "If pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will, undauntedly, press forward, until tyranny is trodden under foot, and you have fixed your adored goddess Liberty fast by Brunswick's side, on the American throne." The editor of this work has seen the original manuscript, which is in the care of Dr. John C. Warren, his nephew, and is written on white English laid folio post, in a handsome round hand, with but few interlineations, and is in a black paper cover. We know no relic, of ancient or modern date, tending to

inspire more thrilling sensations of veneration, than this fervent defence of freedom. The Rev. Dr. Homer, late of Newton, who was present at its delivery, states there was at least one silent, but not wholly insignificant, demonstration of feeling from the military. While the oration was in progress, a captain of the Royal Welsh Fusileers, who was seated on the pulpit stairs, held up one of his hands in view of Warren, with several pistol bullets on the open palm, and, with a vehement and fierce exclamation, endeavored to alarm the audience with the cry of fire. Warren observed the action, and, without discontinuing his discourse, dropped a white handkerchief upon the officer's hand; and William Cooper, the town-clerk, with a voice of thunder, appeased the tumult, which, being silenced, the exercises were concluded without much further disturbance.

We will now revert to the abusive statement of the royalists, regarding this celebration, published in Rivington's New York Gazetteer, March 16, 1775: "On Monday, the 5th instant, the Old South meeting-house being crowded with mobility and fame, the selectmen, with Adams, Church and Hancock, Cooper and others, assembled in the pulpit, which was covered with black; and we all sat gaping at one another, above an hour, expecting! At last, a single horse chair stopped at the apothecary's, opposite the meeting, from which descended the orator (Warren) of the day; and, entering the shop, was followed by a servant with a bundle, in which were the Ciceronian toga, etc.

"Having robed himself, he proceeded across the street to the meeting, and, being received into the pulpit, he was announced by one of his fraternity to be the person appointed to declaim on the occasion. He then put himself into a Demosthenian posture, with a white handkerchief in his right hand, and his left in his breeches,— began and ended without action. He was applauded by the mob, but groaned at by people of understanding. One of the pulpiteers (Adams) then got up and proposed the nomination of another to speak next year on the bloody massacre, — the first time that expression was made to the audience, — when some officers cried, O fie, fie! The gallerians, apprehending fire, bounded out of the windows, and swarmed down the gutters, like rats, into the street. The 43d regiment, returning accidentally from exercise, with drums beating, threw the whole body into the greatest consternation. There were neither pageantry, exhibitions, processions, or bells tolling, as usual, but the night was remarked for being the quietest these many months past."

We have seen an original letter of Gen. Warren, addressed to Dr. Benjamin Franklin, London, accompanied with a pamphlet, probably his oration delivered on the 5th of March, 1775, which he very modestly wishes was more deserving of his notice. We will quote the whole letter.

"*Boston, April* 3, 1775.

"SIR, — Although I have not the pleasure either of a personal or epistolary acquaintance with you, I have taken the liberty of sending you, by Mr. Dana, a pamphlet which I wish was more deserving of your notice. The ability and firmness with which you have defended the rights of mankind, and the liberties of this country in particular, have rendered you dear to all America. May you soon see your enemies deprived of the power of injuring you, and your friends in a situation to discover the grateful sense they have of your exertions in the cause of freedom.

"I am, sir, with the greatest esteem and respect,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"DOCTOR FRANKLIN. JOSEPH WARREN."

On the day after the Battle of Lexington, when the British troops reached West Cambridge, on their return from Concord, Warren was at this place, in attendance on the Committee of Safety. When the British regulars were near, he went out, in company with Gen. Heath, to repel them; and, on descending the elevated ground of Menotomy, in West Cambridge, toward the plain, the firing was brisk, and at this instant a musket-ball came so near the head of Warren as to strike the pin from the hair of his forelock, and took away one of the long, close, horizontal curls, which, according to the fashion of the times, he wore above the ears.

When Gov. Gage issued an extraordinary proclamation, on June 12, 1775, denouncing "the present unnatural rebellion," remarking, "In this exigency of complicated calamities, I avail myself of the last effort within the bounds of my duty to spare the effusion of blood, to offer,—and I do hereby offer in His Majesty's name,—offer and promise His Majesty's most gracious pardon to all persons who shall forthwith lay down their arms, and return to the duties of peaceable subjects; excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose offences are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment;" — the

Provincial Congress appointed a committee, on the next day, of which Joseph Warren,—a delegate from Boston, in 1774, elected its president, May 31, 1775,—was the chairman, to report on the subject, who prepared also a dignified proclamation, adopted by Congress on the day before its president was killed at Bunker Hill, recounting a statement of the oppressions inflicted on the people, and the treachery of Gov. Gage; extending "a full and free pardon to all persons who have fled to the town of Boston for refuge, and to all other public offenders against the rights and liberties of this country, of what kind or denomination soever, — excepting only from the benefit of such pardon, Thomas Gage, Samuel Graves; those councillors who were appointed by mandamus, and have not signified their resignation, namely, Jonathan Sewall, Charles Paxton, Benjamin Hallowell; and all the natives of America, not belonging to the navy or army, who went out with the regular troops on the 19th of April last, and were countenancing, aiding, and assisting them in the robberies and murders then committed, whose offences are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment: provided that they take the benefit hereof by a surrender of themselves," and subscribe a declaration of their readiness to support and abide by the decisions of Congress and of the State Legislature, within thirty days from date. It is probable that this was the last public act of Joseph Warren in the Provincial Congress.

The following noble passage from a letter of Dr. Warren to Arthur Lee, dated May, 1775, expresses a sentiment that should be inscribed on the Bunker Hill Monument, or on the base of a statue of his person, in old Faneuil Hall:

"God forbid that the nation should be so infatuated as to do anything further to irritate the colonies! If they should, the colonies will sooner throw themselves into the arms of any other power on earth, than ever consent to an accommodation with Great Britain. That patience, which I frequently told you would be at last exhausted, is no longer to be expected from us. Danger and war are become pleasing; and injured virtue is now armed to avenge herself."

"I verily believe," said Warren to Reed, in a letter of May 15, 1775, "that the night preceding the barbarous outrages committed by the soldiery at Lexington, Concord, etc., there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest between us and Great Britain."

This was one of Warren's last letters previous to the Battle of Bunker Hill. We have the evidence of Dr. John Jeffries, who was a surgeon in the British service, under Gen. Howe, at Boston, for stating that five days previous to the Battle of Bunker Hill the noble Warren had, with his accustomed fearlessness, ventured in a small canoe to Boston, that he might personally gather information of the designs of the British, and urged the surgeon to return and espouse the cause of liberty.

Gen. Warren, on the 16th of June, had a conversation with Elbridge Gerry, at Cambridge, with whom he slept all night, respecting the determination of Congress to take possession of Bunker's Hill. He said that for himself he had been opposed to it, but that the majority had decided upon it, and he would hazard his life to effect this. Mr. Gerry expressed, in strong terms, his disapprobation of the measure, as the situation was such that it would be in vain to attempt to hold it; adding, "But if it must be so, it is not worth while for you to be present. It will be madness for you to expose yourself, where your destruction will be almost inevitable." "I know it," he answered, "but I live within the sound of their cannon. How could I hear their roaring in so glorious a cause, and not be there!" Again Mr. Gerry remonstrated, and concluded with saying, "As surely as you go there, you will be slain." Warren replied, enthusiastically, "Dulce et decorum, est pro patria mori." — It is pleasant and honorable to die for one's country. — The next day his principles were sealed with his blood. Having spent the greater part of the night in public business at Watertown, he arrived at Cambridge at about five o'clock in the morning, and being unwell, threw himself on a bed. About noon he was informed of the state of preparation for battle at Charlestown. He directly arose, saying he was well again, and mounting a horse, rode to the place. He arrived at Breed's Hill a short time before the action. Col. Prescott, the brave, as Washington was afterwards in the habit of calling him, was then in command. He came up to Gen. Warren to extend it to him, and asked what were his orders. Gen. Warren told him he came not to command, but to learn; he had not received his commission. And having, as it is said, borrowed a musket and cartouch-box from a sergeant, who was retiring, he mingled in the thickest of the fight, animating and encouraging the men more by his example than it was possible to do in any other way.

The revolutionary play, previously alluded to, relates of Warren, "His nervous arm, like a giant refreshed with wine, hurled destruction where'er he came, breathing heroic ardor to adventurous deeds; and long time in even scale the battle hung." After Col. Prescott ordered a retreat, says Everett, it was not without the greatest reluctance that Warren quitted the redoubt; and he was slowly retreating from it, being still at a few rods distance only, when the British had full possession. His person, of course, was in imminent danger. At this critical moment, Maj. Small, whose life had been saved in a similar emergency by the intervention of Gen. Putnam, attempted to requite the service, by rendering one of a like character to Warren. Col. Swett relates, that Maj. Small called to Warren, for God's sake, to stop and save his life. He turned, and seemed to recognize him, but still continued on. Small ordered his men not to fire at him, and threw up the muskets with his sword. But in vain, — the fatal ball had sped! Eighty yards from the redoubt, Warren received a musket-ball through the head, which killed him instantly. Everett further relates, that Gen. Howe, though slightly wounded in the foot, passed the night upon the field of battle. The next morning, as he was resting, wrapped in his cloak, upon a mound of hay, word was brought to him that the body of Warren was found among the dead. It had been recognized by Gen. Winslow, then a youth. Howe refused, at first, to credit the intelligence. It was impossible that the president of Congress could have exposed his life in such an action. When assured of the fact, he declared that his death was an offset for the loss of five hundred men. Col. Swett relates that Dr. Jeffries was on the field, dressing the British wounded and the wounded American prisoners, with his usual humanity and skill. Gen. Howe inquired of him if he could identify Warren. He recollected that he had lost a finger-nail, and wore a false tooth; and the general was satisfied of its identity. The Cambridge N. E. Chronicle, of April 25, 1776, remarking on the identity of the remains of Gen. Warren, relates that, "though the body, which our savage enemies scarce privileged with earth enough to hide it from the birds of prey, was disfigured when taken up, yet was sufficiently known by two artificial teeth, which were set for him a short time before his glorious exit." Everett states Warren was buried at the place where he fell. Rev. Dr. Allen states of Warren: Just as the retreat commenced, a ball had struck him on the head, and "he died in the trenches"

The Hon. Needham Maynard, of Whitestown, N. Y., a native of Framingham, who states that he acted as Warren's aid in the battle, testified, on June 20, 1843, — then aged 88 years, — that on the night of the 16th of June, 1775, Col. Prescott was sent off with a detachment of men to break ground on Bunker Hill. It was found that Breed's was better, and so they laid the fort, and went back to work there. We were ordered out early in the morning. I was in Jonathan Brewer's regiment. We came there, at last, and found them at work. We found Col. Prescott there, and Col. Brewer. The balls were then flying about us very thick. At about eleven o'clock, Gen. Warren came on; and when Col. Brewer met him, he said, "General, if you have come to take the command, I am glad to see you." "No," said Warren, "I have come only as a volunteer. I did not come to take the command, but to act as a volunteer, in any station. Our perils are commencing, and I have come to take my part." "Well," they said to him, "do you mean to stay with us, general?" "Yes," said Warren, "I mean to stay;" and then the other officers insisted upon his taking the command. They said, We have no officer to lead, — that we ought to have some particular one for the orders to come from, — and they urged him to take the command; and he replied that he did not think it would be proper. Then Col. Brewer said, "We must have a head, and he ought to be a general. We are all colonels here, and one colonel is as good as another." Then he found Prescott was there, and Warren said, "If you will continue to act as a council, I will give you my views as commander; and if you approve them, they can go as commands." And they said that amounted to the same thing as if he was commander; and so he went on, when anything was done, giving the orders. Col. Maynard was not with Warren when he fell, having gone into the redoubt, and he was there detained by Prescott, who said to him, "Stop; I may want to send you, in a minute;" and then the new contest of their breaking into the redoubt began. Mr. Maynard gave an account of an interview between Washington and the officers, on Bunker Hill, subsequently, when Washington, alluding to Warren, said, "You lost your commander-in-chief." "Why," continued Mr. Maynard, "in that time, there was nobody so lamented;" and Col. Brewer went on to relate to Washington, how he lost sight of Warren as he was going towards the redoubt, and supposed that he was gone on ahead, and followed on with as much speed as he could, but found nothing of him. Then he thought he must have

been shot down by a dead shot, not many steps where they started from. They had started together from the place they had occupied during the battle, just on the other side of the gap, against the hay breastwork, only about one rod from the gap. "Warren had a dark eye, was a little under six feet in height, well formed, with a pleasant face, and a remarkable countenance."

Col. John Trumbull, of New York, who visited Col. John Small, at London, in 1786, received of him the relation herewith, which is too interesting to be kept out of view: At the moment when the troops succeeded in carrying the redoubt, and the Americans were in full retreat, Gen. Howe, who had been hurt by a spent bullet which bruised his ankle, was leaning upon my arm. He called suddenly to me, "Do you see that elegant young man who has just fallen? Do you know him?" I looked to the spot to which he pointed. "Good God!" he exclaimed; "I believe it is my friend Warren. Leave me, then, instantly — run — keep off the troops — save him, if possible." I flew to the spot. "My dear friend," I said to him, "I hope you are not badly hurt." He looked up, seemed to recollect, smiled, and died. A musket-ball had passed through the upper part of his head.

Dea. Samuel Lawrence, of Groton, the father of the Minister to the Court of St. James, who was a minute-man in the Battle of Bunker Hill, testified, in 1818, in relation to Gen. Warren, that, just before the battle commenced, Gen. Warren came to the redoubt. He had on a blue coat, white waistcoat, and I think a cocked hat,— but of this I am not certain. Col. Prescott advanced to him, said he was glad to see him, and hoped he would take the command. Gen. Warren replied, "No,— he came to see the action, but not to take command; that he was only a volunteer on that day." Afterwards I saw him when the ball struck him, and from that time until he expired. No British officer was within forty or fifty rods of him, from the time the ball struck him until I saw he was dead. This statement utterly refutes that of Col. Small, who says he spoke to Warren, as he looked at him and expired. Dr. John Warren, his brother, has related that, when the dead body of the general was discovered after the battle, his right hand was covered with blood, though there was no wound upon it, occurring as if he had raised his hand to the back of his head, on the right side, when the ball fractured his skull. What an affecting scene! A small piece of granite, on which is inscribed in gilt letters, "Here fell Warren, June 17, 1775," laid in the ground on Bunker

Hill, designates the spot where it is supposed he was killed. It is on Concord-street, nearly opposite the high-school.

The identical bullet by which Warren was said to be killed was exhibited to the audience, by Alexander H. Everett, on the delivery of an oration at Charlestown, June 17, 1836, in which he exclaimed, "This is the one, fellow-citizens, which I now hold in my hand! The cartridge-paper, which still partly covers it, is stained, as you see, with the hero's blood." This ball, enclosed in linen cartridge-paper, is deposited in the library of the New England Genealogical and Historical Society. If this be not the ball that entered his skull, it is highly probable that it was *one* of the balls that entered his body. We will present the affidavit which is declared by Rev. William Montague, pastor of Christ Church, Boston, from 1786 to '91: "I, William Montague, of Dedham, County of Norfolk, State of Massachusetts, clergyman, do certify to whom it may concern, that, in the year 1789 or 1790, I was in London, and became acquainted with Mr. Savage, formerly an officer of the customs for the port of Boston, and who left there when the royalists and royal troops evacuated that town in 1776. When in London, Mr. Savage gave me a leaden ball, which is now in my possession, with the following account of it, namely: 'On the morning of the 18th of June, 1775, after the battle of Bunker or Breed's Hill, I, with a number of other royalists and British officers, among whom was Gen. Burgoyne, went over from Boston to Charlestown, to view the battle-field. Among the fallen, we found the body of Dr. Joseph Warren, with whom I had been personally acquainted. When he fell, he fell across a rail. This ball I took from his body; and, as I never shall visit Boston again, I will give it to you to take to America, where it will be valuable as a relic of your Revolution.' His sword and belt, with some other articles, were taken by some of the officers present, and I believe brought to England.

"(Signed) WILLIAM MONTAGUE."

"NORFOLK SS.

"*Dedham, March* 5, 1833. The above-named William Montague appeared before me, and made oath to the above statement.

"(Signed) SHERMAN LELAND,
Justice of the Peace."

The Rev. Mr. Montague received the bullet of Arthur Savage, at the residence of Harrison Gray, formerly Treasurer of Massachusetts

Province; and Mr. Gray, in a letter dated London, 1792, addressed to Rev. Mr. Montague, alluding to the bullet supposed to have killed Gen. Warren, wrote: "I hope you will take good care to preserve that relic which was given you at my house, for in future time it will be a matter of interest to you rebels." This letter was found, by his son, Mr. William Henry Montague, among the papers of Rev. Mr. Montague, who was a frequent correspondent with Mr. Gray.

Letter from Hon. Judge Newcomb.

"*Greenfield, Mass., April* 14, 1843.

"WILLIAM H. MONTAGUE, Esq., Boston.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just seen, in the 'Boston Daily American' of the 8th inst., a note under your name, addressed to Edward Warren, Esq., junior editor of that paper, stating that you have deposited with him, till called for, the *ball* that put an end to the life of Gen. Joseph Warren. My object, in this communication, is to inquire whether you are willing or feel at liberty to part with that fatal piece of lead. My late wife, Mary, was the youngest and only surviving child of the late Gen. J. Warren. She died on Feb. 7, 1826, leaving an only child,—a son,—who bears the name of his grandfather, Joseph Warren. He is an attorney at law, and now lives at Springfield, in this State. He, with the exception of his two children, is the only descendant, in the direct line, of him who fell on Bunker Hill, by force of that ball. If consistent with your views of propriety, it would be grateful to his feelings, as well as my own, if some arrangement could be made by which the ball might be confided to his keeping, as *a family relic.* The interest I feel in the subject is my apology for intruding myself upon a stranger.

"I am, with much respect, your obed't serv't,

"RICHARD E. NEWCOMB.

"N. B. For any inquiries you may wish to make, I would refer you to Dr. John C. Warren and Dr. John B. Brown, Boston.

"R. E. N."

A British soldier, on his return to London, exhibited a Psalm-book to Rev. Dr. Samuel Wilton, of that city, stating that he took the volume from the pocket of Gen. Warren, after the battle of Bunker Hill. The clergyman, knowing that it would be a treasure to the Warren family, purchased the book of the soldier, and transmitted it to the

Rev. Dr. William Gordon, of Roxbury, the historian, with a request that it might be given to the nearest relative of the general. It was, therefore, given to his youngest brother, Dr. John Warren, of Boston, March 15, 1778. The title of the volume, which the editor has examined, is as follows: "The Boke of Psalmes, wherein are contained praires, meditations and thanksgivings to God, for his benefits toward his Church, translated faithfully according to the Hebrew. With brief and apt annotations in the margin. Printed at Geneva, by Rowland Hall. 1559." It is less than the 32mo. size. On the inside cover of this book is inscribed,— "Taken at ye Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, out of Dr. Warren's pocket." On the inside cover, at the end of the book, is written, "Thomas Knight,"— probably the regular who secured the book. Warren's signature was on a blank leaf, but it has been abstracted.

On the session of Congress after the decease of Warren, it was resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory in Boston, and that the eldest son should be educated at the national expense; and, in July, 1786, Congress resolved further,— that it should be recommended to the executive of Massachusetts Bay, to make provision for the maintenance and education of his three younger children; and that Congress would defray the expense, to the amount of the half-pay of a major-general, to commence at the time of his death, and continue till the youngest of the children should be of age. Yet, to this day, no monument or statue has been erected to his memory. If the statue of Brutus was placed among those of the gods, who were the preservers of Roman freedom, should not that of Warren fill a lofty niche in old Faneuil Hall,— that temple for the perpetuation of our birth-right as a nation of freemen? Mrs. Perez Morton, who gives a description of this world-renowned battle, in a poem,— Beacon Hill,— says of Warren:

"The prophetic poet's piercing eyes
Will guard the sod where wounded valor lies,
Till a victorious country's grateful claim
Shall bear his relics to eternal fame; —
And genius, rising o'er the rescued bier,
Wake every worth, and hallow every tear;
With all the light that eloquence can give,
Shine round his deeds, and bid their glory live."

THE GODLIKE WARREN.

From an Elegy, published July 3, 1775.

Sure, godlike Warren, on thy natal hour
Some star propitious shed its brightest power ;
By nature's hand with taste and genius formed,
Thy generous breast with every virtue warmed ;
Thy mind endued with sense, thy form with grace,
And all thy virtues pencilled in thy face.
Grave wisdom marked thee as his favorite child,
And on thy youth indulgent science smiled ;
Well pleased, she led thee to her sacred bower,
And to thy hands consigned her healing power.
Illustrious shade ! forgive our mingled woes,
Which not for thee, but for our country, flows.
We mourn her less — we mourn our hero gone ;
We mourn thy patriot soul, thy godlike virtue flown.

WARREN'S GHOST.

From the Public Ledger, November, 1775.

Let little tyrants, conscience gored,
  Their sable vigils keep ;
Bute on his downy pillow snored, —
  Thus greater tyrants sleep !
An hour ere day began to break,
  There Warren's spectre stood ;
The curtains shook, — it cried, " Awake ! "
  Awake ! — thou log of wood !
Thy veins hath apathy congealed,
  Unthawed by pity's tear ;
One spark a flinty heart may yield,
  Struck by the steel of fear !
For know, that head so proud of crest,
  Sunk on the cygnet's plume,
May for an eminence be dressed,
  To meet a Strafford's doom !
Or, crouched in abject, careworn plight,
  Beneath its sorrows low,
Its bread by day, its rest by night,
  To Bourbon's bounty owe.
Speak, minion, which of Stuart's race
  Could match thy cruel work ?
Go, read where Strafford was in place, —
  A Jeffries, and a Kirk.

Then, foiling history's modern page,
  Skilled in her ancient lore,
Tell if Bejanus in his age —
  If Borgia could do more?
Tyrant! dismiss your rebel clans, —
  The impious task forbear,
Nor let that blood imbrue thine hands
  Which brought a sceptre there.
That liberty you would invade
  Gave George his only right;
Thus in their sons our sires are paid,
  Whilst you for slavery fight.
Shall not for thee, sunk deep in hell,
  Grim Satan forge his tongs,
And fiends, who guard his inmost cell,
  Twine scorpions round their throngs?
But, hark! I hear the ill-omened cock, —
  The Gallic Sun shall rise;
Lo! commerce founders on a rock,
  The British Lion dies!
Bute felt the dream, — fetched many a shriek,
  And, though the ghost is gone,
Starts from his bed, — still hears it speak, —
  A cold, damp sweat comes on.
With that, like Gloster in his tent,
  He throws him on the ground,
And by these words, seems to repent,
  "Boston! bind up thy wound!
Just Heaven, give back the blood that 's spilt
  Bostonians' lives restore!"
He wakes, — and to atone his guilt,
  Bids Gage go slaughter more.

ACROSTIC ON WARREN.

Cambridge Almanac for 1776.

Just as Joseph took his flight
Onward to the realms of light,
Satan hurled his hellish darts, —
Evil spirits play their parts.
Percy, Burgoyne, Howe, and Gage,
Hove about infernal rage.
Warren stept beyond their path,
Awed by none, nor feared their wrath
Ran his race to joy and rest,—
Rose 'mongst the royal blest;
Entered in the rolls of fame,—
North and devil miss their aim.

JOHN HANCOCK.

MARCH 5, 1774. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

Was born at Braintree, Jan. 23, 1737, the son of Rev. John Hancock, of that town, whose wife was Mary Hawke, of Hingham. He was a grandson of Rev. John Hancock, of Lexington. His father deceased when he was but seven years of age, on which he was removed to the family of his grandfather, at Lexington, who attended to his early education. He entered the Boston Latin School in 1745, and graduated at Harvard College in 1754. His uncle, Thomas Hancock, a Boston bookseller, who became one of the wealthiest merchants in the province, and died in August 1764, bequeathed him more than fifty thousand pounds sterling, besides the reversion of twenty thousand pounds at the decease of his widow, who was a daughter of Daniel Henchman, in whose bookstore he had been a clerk. When young, John visited London, in 1760, on mercantile business, in company with Gov. Pownal, who was recalled. He witnessed the funeral obsequies of George the Second, and subsequently the coronation of George the Third, not anticipating that he beheld the monarch who was destined to offer a reward for his head. Young Hancock learned the art of swimming, in the river Thames. Gov. Hutchinson, who very naturally indulged detracting views of John Hancock, who became a powerful opponent of his administration, remarks, in the History of Massachusetts Bay, that his ruling passion was a fondness for popular applause; and he changed the course of his patron's business, in whose counting-room he had been a clerk, and built and employed in trade a great number of ships,—and in this way, and by building at the same time several houses, he found work for a great number of tradesmen, made himself popular, was chosen selectman, representative in 1769, moderator of town-meetings, etc. In relation to the demeanor of Hancock, it is stated by John Adams, that Dr. Eliot Rawson thinks Hancock vain,—told a story: I was at school with him, and then upon a level with him. My father was richer than his. But I was not long since at his store, and said to Mr. Glover, whom I knew, "This, I think, is Mr. Hancock. He just asked my name, and nothing

more,—it was such a piece of vanity! There is not the merest creature that comes from your way, but I take notice of him,—and I ought. What though I am worth a little more than they? I am glad of it, and that I have it, that I may give some of it." I told the doctor that Mr. Hancock was far from being arrogant.

In order to gratify persons of antiquarian taste, we transcribe the following advertisement of John Hancock, when in commercial business, which is inserted in the Boston Evening Post of Dec. 25, 1764:

"To be sold by John Hancock, at his Store No. 4, at the East End of Faneuil Hall Market, A general Assortment of English and India Goods, also choice Newcastle Coals, and Irish Butter, cheap for Cash. Said Hancock desires those persons who are still indebted to the Estate of the late Hon. Thomas Hancock, Esq., deceased, to be speedy in paying their respective balances, to prevent trouble. N. B. In the Lydia, Capt. Scott, from London, came the following packages: I W. No. 1, a Trunk, No. 2, a small Parcel. The owner, by applying to John Hancock and paying freight, may have his Goods."

This store was last occupied by Jabez Fisher & Co., and in 1824 was demolished, on the erection of the Quincy Market. It was located on the present South Market-street. His warehouses for the storage of foreign merchandise were located on the wharf well known as Hancock's Wharf.

One day, John Adams and Samuel Adams, relates Waterhouse, were walking in the Boston Mall, and when they came opposite the stately mansion of John Hancock, the latter, turning to the former, said, with emphasis, "I have done a very good thing for our cause, in the course of the past week, by enlisting the master of that house into it. He is well disposed, and has great riches, and we can give him consequence to enjoy them." And Mr. Hancock did not disappoint his expectations; for, in spite of his occasional capriciousness, owing partly to disease, he threw all the weight of his fortune and extraordinary popularity into the scale of opposition to British encroachments.

"The natural powers of Hancock were moderate," says Hutchinson, "and had been very little improved by study or application to any kind of science. His ruling passion kept him from ever losing sight of his object, but he was fickle and inconstant in the means of pursuing it; and though for the most part he was closely attached to Mr. Samuel Adams, yet he was repeatedly broken off from all connection with him for several months together. Partly by inattention to his

private affairs, and partly from want of judgment, he became greatly involved and distressed, and the estate was lost with much greater rapidity than it had been acquired." He was unboundedly lavish in his liberality. At the time of a great fire in Boston, when many of his tenements were destroyed, his tenants gathered around him, and expressed sympathy at his loss, knowing that was a way to reach his heart; on which he remarked, they were the greatest sufferers, having been almost ruined, while he was able to erect new buildings,— at the same time passing a shower of guineas around them. His generous spirit appeared in a multitude of forms. He presented the Bostonians a valuable fire-engine. He distributed deck-loads of wood to the suffering poor, in times of great peril, and gave the poor the free use of his extensive wood-lot in the town of Milton; and in Adams' Diary we have an incident arising from his liberality, related by James Otis, who stated that Col. Irving having met Parson Moorhead near his meeting-house, "You have a fine steeple and bell," says he, "to your meeting-house, now." "Yes, by the liberality of Mr. Hancock, and the subscriptions of some other gentlemen, we have a very handsome and convenient house of it, at last." "But what has happened to the vane, Mr. Moorhead? It don't traverse,— it has pointed the same way these three weeks." "Ay, I did n't know it; I 'll see about it." Away goes Moorhead, storming among his parish and the tradesmen who had built the steeple, for fastening the vane so that it could not move. The tradesmen were alarmed, and went to examine it; but soon found that the fault was not in the vane, but the weather, the wind having set very constantly at east three weeks before.

Hutchinson was a native of Boston, and a graduate of the same college as Hancock and the two Adamses, toward each of whom his detracting spirit was parallel. He was dark, intriguing, insinuating, haughty, and ambitious, the extreme of avarice marking each feature. Oxenbridge Thacher gave Hutchinson the soubriquet of "Summa Potestatis." Hutchinson said of Samuel Adams that "he acquired a talent of artfully and fallaciously insinuating into the minds of his readers a prejudice against the characters of all whom he attacked, beyond any other;" and he said of John Adams, that "his ambition was without bounds, and he has acknowledged to his acquaintance that he could not look with complaisance upon any man who was in possession of more wealth, more honors, or more knowledge, than himself." These are evidently the carpings of disappointed ambition;

and it is related that when Hutchinson fled to England, he experienced the neglect and contempt of the House of Lords, and died at Brampton, June, 1780, in melancholy despondence.

Trumbull thus alludes to Hutchinson, who

> "Affirmed he never wrote a line,
> Your chartered rights to undermine;
> When his own letters then were by,
> That proved his message all a lie.
> How many promises he sealed
> To get the oppressive acts repealed!
> Yet once arrived on England's shore,
> Set on the premier to pass more."

When the two regiments of British troops debarked in Boston, Oct., 1768, they were received as unwelcome intruders, and the selectmen absolutely refused to grant them quarters. One of the regiments encamped on Boston Common. The other, after a fruitless attempt to obtain possession of the Manufactory House, marched at sunset to Faneuil Hall, where they waited several hours, before they had leave of occupation; Col. Dalrymple having pledged his honor that Faneuil Hall should be cleared as soon as possible, otherwise they must have suffered in the streets. The next day, the State-house, in King-street, was opened, by order of Gov. Bernard, for their reception. John Hancock being well known as a decided advocate of the Provincialists, and the wealthiest merchant of Boston, an attempt was made to stigmatize his character. A writer in the Boston Gazette, of Nov. 7, 1768, remarked, in an article: "I have lately heard, from good authority, of an attempt to sully the reputation of a gentleman of great merit, as well as superior fortune, in this town,— a gentleman who has the *entire* confidence of his fellow-citizens, in various public stations; — who has repeatedly served them in the General Assembly, and the last May had the honor of being chosen a member of His Majesty's Council, by a great majority of the suffrages of the two Houses of Assembly, though it must be acknowledged he was negatived by Gov. Bernard. What could induce a scribbler to forge a letter, and publish it in a coffee-house, in New York, under the name of that gentleman, requesting Gen. Gage that he might supply the troops now in town or expected,— so unwelcome to the inhabitants, considering the errand on which all agree they are come,— unless it was to induce a belief in the minds of gentlemen in New York that,

from a sordid love of gain, he had counteracted his professed sentiments, and so to render him ridiculous there? I doubt not but that both the general and Mr. Hancock know it to be a falsehood." The charge was repelled as follows, in the very next Gazette:

"Messrs. Edes & Gill:

"I observe in your last paper a piece signed Veritas, the writer of which says he had it from good authority, that a letter under my hand was published in a coffee-house, at New York, requesting His Excellency Gen. Gage that I might supply the troops then expected, and which have since arrived in this town. If such a letter has been produced there, or anywhere else, I declare it to be a *forgery;* for I have never made application to any for the supply of said troops, nor did I ever desire any person to do it for me. The person who produced the letter could have no other design but to injure my reputation, and abuse the gentlemen of New York. I therefore desire you would give this a place in your next, in which you will oblige

"Your humble servant, John Hancock.

"*Boston, Nov.* 12, 1768."

In the fall of this year, a great uproar was raised in Boston on account of the unlading in the night of a cargo of wines from the sloop Liberty, from Madeira, belonging to John Hancock, without paying the customs. Mr. Hancock was prosecuted upon a great number of libels, for penalties upon acts of Parliament, amounting to ninety or a hundred thousand pounds sterling. "He thought fit to engage me as his counsel and advocate," says John Adams, "and a painful drudgery I had of his cause. There were few days, through the whole winter, when I was not summoned to attend the Court of Admiralty. It seemed as if the officers of the crown were determined to examine the whole town as witnesses. Almost every day a fresh witness was to be examined upon interrogatories. They interrogated many of his near relations and most intimate friends, and threatened to summon his amiable and venerable aunt, the relict of his uncle, Thomas Hancock, who had left the greatest part of his fortune to him. I was thoroughly weary and disgusted with the court, the officers of the crown, the cause, and even with the tyrannical bell that dangled me out of my house every morning; and this odious cause was suspended at last only by the Battle of Lexington, which put an end forever to all such pros-

ecutions." Hutchinson, who enlarges on this affair, remarks, that an entry was made at the custom-house, upon oath, of four or five pipes only as the whole cargo; and this was as much a submission to the authority of the act as if the whole cargo had been entered. The remainder was landed in the night, or evening; and the wines, or freight, were sent to the owners, and no duty demanded. A furious riot ensued. The collector and comptroller had their windows broken, and a boat, belonging to the custom-house, was drawn in triumph through the streets of Boston, and burnt on the Common.

Hancock constantly associated with the avowed advocates of liberty, and was an active member of the North End Caucus, which frequently gathered at William Campbell's house, near the North Battery, originated by Dr. Joseph Warren, who, with another person, drew up the regulations of the caucus. Here the committees of public service were formed, the plan for military companies and means of defence, and the resolves for the destruction of the detestable tea. Dr. Thomas Young was its first president, when it consisted of sixty-one members. It was here, when the best mode of expelling the regulars from Boston was discussed, that Hancock exclaimed, "Burn Boston, and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public good requires it!"

King George the Third sanctioned Lord North's bill repealing duties, excepting that on tea, April 12, 1770. Shortly after this decision, several cargoes of tea had arrived in Boston, and nothing would satisfy the people but its immediate return. The ladies signed a pledge not to drink any tea, except in sickness; and John Hancock offered one of his vessels, freight free of expense, for that purpose, and a load of the detestable weed was conveyed to the London consignees. Samuel Adams was the chief counsellor in the destruction of the tea, Dec., 1773, and the hall of council was the back room of the Boston Gazette, at the corner of Queen and Brattle streets. In Thomas' Spy we find a poetical effusion on this subject:

"Farewell the tea-board, with its equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream-bucket and sugar-tongs;
The pretty tea-chest, also, lately stored
With hyson, congo, and best double fine.
Full many a joyous moment have I sat by you,
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at may-be nothing.
No more shall I dish out the once-loved liquor,
Though now detestable,

> Because I am taught, and I believe it true,
> Its use will fasten slavish chains upon my country;
> And Liberty 's the goddess I would choose
> To reign triumphant in America!"

In the year 1772 Hancock was elected to the command of the Independent Cadets, well known as the governor's guard; and we find, by the Boston Gazette of May 12, at this date, the announcement of the election of John Hancock as a Boston representative, as moderator of the town-meeting, and his appointment by Gov. Hutchinson as commander of the Cadets, which is stated as follows: "His Excellency the Captain General has been pleased to commissionate John Hancock, Esq., to be Captain of the Company of Cadets, with the rank of Colonel:" and the promptness with which Col. Hancock entered upon the duties of his office is shown by the following advertisement, which appears in the next column of the Gazette: "WANTED, *Immediately*, For his Excellency's Company of Cadets, Two Fifers that understand Playing. Those that are Masters of Musick, and are inclined to engage with the Company, are desired to apply to Col. JOHN HANCOCK."

When Thomas Gage landed at Long Wharf, May 19, 1774, this company escorted the new governor, in an extensive civil and military procession, to the council-chamber, at the old State-house, in King-street, after which they conducted Gage, under Col. Hancock, to the Province-house, then the governor's residence. Gov. Gage soon became jealous of Hancock, for in August of this year he was notified, by Secretary Flucker, that the governor had no further occasion for his services as the commander; on which, the corps disbanded themselves, and deputed a committee to wait on Gage, at Danvers, surrendering to him the standard with his arms, which his excellency had presented them on his arrival from London, informing him that they no longer considered themselves as the governor's Independent Cadets. In an address to Hancock, Aug. 18, 1774, signed by fifty-two members, they remark, "At a period when the post of honor is a private station, it cannot be thought strange that a gentleman of your distinguished character should meet with every discouragement from men in power;" and Col. Hancock said, in reply, "I am ever ready to appear in a public station, when the honor or the interest of the community calls me; but shall always prefer retirement in a private station, to being a tool in the hand of power to oppress my countrymen." Gage and Hancock never came together again as political friends.

The orator on the Massacre, in the year 1774, was Col. John Hancock. His performance was remarkably bold and effective, giving great offence to the executive, and more especially to the officers of the standing army; indeed, it was a striking act of intrepidity. At the close of the exercises, a very generous collection was taken up for the unfortunate Christopher Monk, now about twenty-three years old, then present, who was wounded on the fatal evening of the Massacre, and was a shocking monument of that horrid catastrophe. This production was elegant, pathetic, and spirited. The allusion of Hancock to the attempt of Parliament to enforce obedience to acts which neither God nor man ever authorized them to make, forcibly reminds us of James Otis, their most effective opponent, who was as "a wedge to split the lignum vitæ block of parliamentary usurpation." John Adams, who was present on the occasion, remarks, the composition, the pronunciation, the action, all exceeded the expectation of everybody. They exceeded even mine, which were very considerable. Many of the sentiments came with great propriety from him. His invective, particularly against a preference of riches to virtue, came from him with a singular grace and dignity: "Despise the glare of wealth. The people who pay greater respect to a wealthy villain than to an honest, upright man in poverty, almost deserve to be enslaved. They plainly show that wealth, however it may be acquired, is in their esteem to be preferred to virtue." The lantern exhibition occurred on the succeeding Monday. In one of the windows at Mrs. Clapham's, was a painting of Gov. Hutchinson and Judge Peter Oliver, in the horrors occasioned by the appearance of the ghosts of Empson and Dudley, advising them to think of their fate:

> "Ye traitors! Is there not some chosen curse, —
> Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
> Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the men
> Who owe their greatness to their country's ruin?"

On turning to Hutchinson, it is related that, on the evening after the delivery of the oration, "a select number of persons, styled in the newspapers friends of constitutional liberty, assembled at a house in King-street, Boston. Among them were the speaker and divers members of the House of Representatives. Figures were exhibited, through the windows of the room, to the people in the street, of the governor and chief-justice, in derision. Such abuse of private characters it is

generally best to treat with contempt;" and the Boston Post printed an original song for the Fifth of March, written in eight verses, the first of which says:

> "When the foes of the land our destruction had planned,
> They sent ragged troops for our masters;
> But, from former defeat, they must now understand
> Their wolves shall not prowl in our pastures."

As an embodiment of the condition and spirit of the Bostonians is indicated in this passage, we make no apology for its insertion here. "It was easy to foresee the consequences which so naturally followed upon sending troops into America, to enforce obedience to acts of the British Parliament which neither God nor man ever empowered them to make. It was reasonable to expect that troops who knew the errand they were sent upon would treat the people whom they were to subjugate with a cruelty and haughtiness which too often buries the honorable character of a soldier in the disgraceful name of an unfeeling ruffian. The troops, upon their first arrival, took possession of our senate-house, and pointed their cannon against the judgment-hall, and even continued them there whilst the Supreme Court of judicature for this province was actually sitting to decide upon the lives and fortunes of the king's subjects. Our streets nightly resounded with the noise of riot and debauchery; our peaceful citizens were hourly exposed to shameful insults, and often felt the effects of their violence and outrage. But this was not all. As though they thought it not enough to violate our civil rights, they endeavored to deprive us of our religious privileges; to vitiate our morals, and thereby render us deserving of destruction. Hence the rude din of arms which broke in upon your solemn devotions in your temples. on that hallowed day by Heaven, and set apart by God himself for his peculiar worship. Hence impious oaths and blasphemies so often tortured your unaccustomed ear. Hence all the arts which idleness and luxury could invent were used to betray our youth of one sex into extravagance and effeminacy, and of the other to infamy and ruin. And did they not succeed but too well? Did not a reverence for religion sensibly decay? Did not our infants almost learn to lisp out curses before they knew their horrid import? Did not our youth forget they were Americans, and, regardless of the admonitions of the wise and aged, servilely copy from their tyrants those vices which must finally overthrow the empire of Great

Britain? And must I be compelled to acknowledge that even the noblest, fairest part of all the lower creation, did not entirely escape the cursed snare? When virtue has once erected her throne within the female breast, it is upon so solid a basis that nothing is able to expel the heavenly inhabitant. But have there not been some — few, indeed, I hope — whose youth and inexperience have rendered them a prey to wretches, whom, upon the least reflection, they would have despised and hated, as foes to God and their country? I fear there have been such unhappy instances; or why have I seen an honest father clothed with shame? — or why a virtuous mother drowned in tears?"

Mr. Hancock was a delegate from Suffolk to the first Provincial Congress, which convened at Concord, Oct. 11, 1774, when he was elected its president. He was also president of the second Provincial Congress, until he was succeeded by Dr. Joseph Warren.

When Gov. Gage sent the regular troops to Concord, for the destruction of the stores of the provincials, another design was to apprehend John Hancock and Samuel Adams, his most formidable foes.

In the narrative of Col. Revere, we find a statement of the escape of Hancock and Adams, at Lexington: "On Tuesday evening, the 18th of April, 1775, it was observed that a number of soldiers were marching towards Boston Common. About ten o'clock, Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where were Hancock and Adams, and acquaint them of the movement, and that it was thought they were the objects. When I got to Dr. Warren's house, I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington — a Mr. William Dawes. The Sunday before, by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington to see Hancock and Adams, who were at Rev. Mr. Clark's. I returned at night, through Charlestown. There I agreed with a Col. Conant, and some other gentlemen, that if the British went out by water, we would show two lanterns in the North Church steeple, and if by land, one, as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town, where I had kept a boat. Two friends rowed me across Charles River, a little to the eastward, where the Somerset man-of-war lay. It was then young

flood; the ship was winding, and the moon was rising. They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town, I met Col. Conant and several others. They said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting, and went to get me a horse. I got a horse of Dea. Larkin. While the horse was preparing, Richard Devens, Esq., who was one of the Committee of Safety, came to me, and told me that he came down the road from Lexington, after sundown, that evening; that he met ten British officers, all well mounted and armed, going up the road.

"I set off upon a very good horse. It was then about eleven o'clock, and very pleasant. After I had passed Charlestown Neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two men on horseback, under a tree. When I got near them, I discovered they were British officers. One tried to get ahead of me, and the other to take me. I turned my horse very quick, and galloped towards Charlestown Neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. The one who chased me, endeavoring to cut me off, got into a clay-pond, near where the new tavern is now built. I got clear of him, and went through Medford, over the bridge, and up to Menotomy. In Medford, I awaked the captain of the minute-men; and after that, I alarmed almost every house, till I got to Lexington. I found Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I told them my errand, and inquired for Mr. Dawes. They said he had not been there. I related the story of the two officers, and supposed that he must have been stopped, as he ought to have been there before me. After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Dawes came. We refreshed ourselves, and set off for Concord, to secure the stores, etc., there. We were overtaken by a young Dr. Prescott, whom we found to be a high son of liberty. I told them of the ten officers that Mr. Devens met, and that it was probable we might be stopped before we got to Concord; for I supposed that after night they divided themselves, and that two of them had fixed themselves in such passages as were most likely to stop any intelligence going to Concord. I likewise mentioned that we had better alarm all the inhabitants till we got to Concord. The young doctor much approved of it, and said he would stop with either of us, for the people between that and Concord knew him, and would give the more credit to what we said. We had got nearly half way. Mr. Dawes and the doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house. I was about one hundred rods ahead, when I saw two men in nearly the

same situation as those officers were near Charlestown. I called for the doctor and Mr. Dawes to come up. In an instant I was surrounded by four. They had placed themselves in a straight road that inclined each way. They had taken down a pair of bars on the north side of the road, and two of them were under a tree in the pasture. Dr. Prescott, being foremost, came up, and we tried to get past them; but they being armed with pistols and swords, they forced us into the pasture. The doctor jumped his horse over a low stone-wall, and got to Concord. I observed a wood at a small distance, and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers on horseback, and ordered me to dismount. One of them, who appeared to have the command, examined me, where I came from, and what my name was. I told him. He asked me if I was an express. I answered in the affirmative. He demanded what time I left Boston. I told him; and added, that their troops had catched aground in passing the river, and that there would be five hundred Americans there in a short time, for I had alarmed the country all the way up. He immediately rode towards those who stopped us, when all five of them came down upon a full gallop. One of them, whom I afterwards found to be a Maj. Mitchell, of the 5th regiment, clapped his pistol to my head, called me by name, and told me he was going to ask me some questions, and if I did not give him true answers, he would blow my brains out. He then asked me similar questions to those above. He then ordered me to mount my horse, after searching me for arms. He then ordered them to advance, and to lead me in front. When we got to the road, they turned down towards Lexington. When we had got about one mile, Maj. Mitchell rode up to the officer that was leading me, and told him to give me to the sergeant. As soon as he took me, the major ordered him, if I attempted to run, or anybody insulted them, to blow my brains out. We rode till we got near Lexington meeting-house, when the militia fired a volley of guns, which appeared to alarm them very much. The major inquired of me how far it was to Cambridge, and if there were any other road. After some consultation, the major rode up to the sergeant, and asked if his horse was tired. He answered him, he was. He was a sergeant of grenadiers, and had a small horse; then said he, Take that man's horse. I dismounted, and the sergeant mounted my horse, when they all rode towards Lexington meeting-house. I went across the burying-ground and some pastures, and came to the Rev. Mr. Clark's house, where I found Hancock and Adams. I

told them of my treatment, and they concluded to go from that house towards Woburn. I went with them and a Mr. Lowell, who was a clerk to Mr. Hancock. When we got to the house where they intended to stop, Mr. Lowell and myself returned to Mr. Clark's, to find what was going on. When we reached there, an elderly man came in. He said he had just come from the tavern,— that a man had come from Boston, who said there were no British troops coming. Mr. Lowell and myself went towards the tavern, when we met a man, on a full gallop, who told us the troops were coming up the rocks. We afterwards met another, who said they were close by. Mr. Lowell asked me to go to the tavern with him, to get a trunk of papers belonging to Mr. Hancock. We went up chamber, and while we were getting the trunk, we saw the British very near, upon a full march. We hurried towards Mr. Clark's house. In our way, we passed through the militia. There were about fifty. When we had got about one hundred yards from the meeting-house, the British troops appeared on both sides of the meeting-house. In their front was an officer on horseback. They made a short halt, when I saw and heard a gun fired, which appeared to be a pistol. Then I could distinguish two guns, and then a continued roar of musketry, when we made off with the trunk."

In Frothingham's Siege of Boston we find it stated that Hancock and Adams, whose safety was regarded as of the utmost importance, were persuaded to retire to the then second precinct of Woburn, to the house occupied by Madam Jones, widow of Rev. Thomas Jones, and Rev. Mr. Marett, which is now standing in Burlington, and occupied by Rev. Samuel Sewell, a descendant of the venerable chief-justice. Dorothy Quincy accompanied her intended husband — Hancock. Here, at noon, they had just sat down to an elegant dinner, when a man broke suddenly in upon them with a shriek, and they believed the regulars were upon them. Mr. Marett then piloted Adams and Hancock along a cartway to Mr. Amos Wyman's house, in a corner of Billerica, where they were glad to dine off of cold salt pork and potatoes, served in a wooden tray. Thus the proud anticipations of the British troops, in regard to their capture, were blasted. As John Hancock was accustomed to wear a scarlet coat of red velvet, with ruffles on his sleeves, after the fashion of the judges of the court, Gov. Gage is made to say, in the old revolutionary play, at the period of the Battle of Lexington, "If Col. Smith succeeds in his embassy,—

and I think there is no doubt of it,—I shall have the pleasure this evening, I expect, of having my friends Hancock and Adams' good company. I 'll make each of them a present of a pair of handsome iron ruffles, and Maj. Provost shall provide a suitable entertainment." In another passage of the same play, it is said, "Let us have one good dinner before we part, and leave us half a dozen pipes of Hancock's wine to drink your health; and don't let us part with dry lips." On the 12th of June succeeding, Gov. Gage issued a proclamation offering pardon to all the rebels, excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock, "whose offences are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment;"—

> "As for their king, John Hancock,
> And Adams, if they 're taken,
> Their heads for signs shall hang up high
> Upon that hill called Beacon;"—

and the Provincial Congress, as noticed more especially in the memoir of Gen. Warren, issued a proclamation of like nature, excepting Thomas Gage, Admiral Graves, and others.

There is no doubt that Gov. Gage was alarmed at his position, some months previous to this date, as, in his despatches to the throne, to the 18th of March, acknowledging the king's orders to apprehend Messrs. Cushing, Adams, and Hancock, and send them over to London for trial (the second order, which was to hang them in Boston, he had not received), he expressed his fears on the occasion; and, hoping a reverse of the order, he stated that he should delay the execution a while longer, because, if the order were fulfilled, he must come to an engagement, the event of which he had every reason to apprehend would be fatal to the king's troops and to himself, as the Massachusetts provincials had at least fifteen thousand men ready for the onset, and every public and private road occupied for defence. He earnestly requested a reinforcement of regulars, if that disagreeable order must be enforced.

About this period, a party of British soldiers entered the residence of John Hancock, according to the Gazette, who began to pillage and break down the fences; but on complaint being made by the selectmen to Gov. Gage, he ordered the fences to be repaired, and appointed Earl Percy to take possession of the premises. We find additional particulars, in relation to this affair, in the letter of a gentleman to a friend

in New York, dated March 22, 1775: "In the evening of the 17th instant, Col. Hancock's elegant seat, situate near the Common, was attacked by a number of officers, who, with their swords, cut and hacked the fence before his house in a most scandalous manner, and behaved very abusively, by breaking people's windows, and insulting almost every person they met. On the 19th instant, Col. Hancock was again insulted by a number of inferior officers and privates, who entered his enclosures, and refused to retire, after his requesting them so to do, telling him that his house and stables would soon be theirs, and then they would do as they pleased. However, on his application to the general, he immediately sent one of his aids-de-camp to the officer of the guard, at the bottom of the Common, to seize any officer or private who should molest Col. Hancock, or any inhabitant, in their lawful calling."

The editor of the New York Knickerbocker, who once enjoyed the hospitality of the present Hancock family, remarks: "From this house was driven the fair and noble-looking lady whose portrait hangs in the drawing-room below, that the Percy, who

'Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons,'

might here establish his quarters. As I sat there, in what was formerly the state-chamber, conjuring up thoughts of that past time, I could almost fancy that I heard the measured tread of the red-coated sentinel in the grand old entrance-hall below, and saw the glancing bayonets in the remains of the British intrenchments on the Common, nearly opposite the house.

'I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high heroic name, —
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons!'"

Mr. Hancock married, at Fairfield, Conn., Dorothy, daughter of Edmund Quincy, of Boston, Aug. 28, 1775. He had a daughter, who died in infancy, at Philadelphia, 1776; and one son, John George

Washington, who received a contusion in the head, when skating at Milton, of which he died, Jan. 27, 1787, aged nine years. He left no descendant. The quaint conceit of Lord Bacon may be applied to Hancock: "Surely, man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, who have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed; so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity."

In Quincy's History of Harvard University appears a statement of the difficulties of the college with John Hancock, who was the treasurer from 1773 to 1777, which exhibits a dark shade in his history; — not that he was wilfully dishonorable, but he could not be aroused to an adjustment of financial duties towards the institution; and Rev. Dr. Gray, of Roxbury, relates, that Dr. Samuel Cooper and Dr. William Gordon agreed that, at an overseers' meeting, the former should introduce a motion for the immediate settlement of the treasurer's accounts, and which was seconded by the latter. But Dr. Gordon spoke so plainly his mind of the singular neglect of the treasurer, though so often urged to do it, that the manner was thought by Dr. Cooper, who was perfectly mild and polite in everything, to be as gross; and therefore he forbore to utter a syllable upon the subject, and it passed off at the meeting in perfect silence. This circumstance so greatly offended Gov. Hancock, that he removed immediately from Jamaica Plain to his residence in Boston, and ceased all future intercourse with Dr. Gordon.

No name stands emblazoned on the records of the corporation, remarks Quincy, as a benefactor, with more laudatory epithets, than that of John Hancock. But his title to this distinction must depend upon the view which is taken of his first subscription of £500. In July, 1767, when no motives of policy influenced the corporation, this donation is stated to be "the proposed gift of Thomas Hancock;" his "signified intention to subscribe, towards the restoration of the library, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, the completion of which was prevented by his sudden death;" the act of John Hancock is recorded as a demonstration of his generous affection to the college, and as having done honor to the memory of his uncle, by voluntarily fulfilling his noble intention. "In the donation-book of the college, collected by order of the corporation in 1773," the year in which Mr. Hancock, as treasurer, took his seat in that board, and when he was at the height of his popularity, this gift is recorded on one page as exclusively "the

gift of John Hancock;" and on the next but one, as "his generous fulfilment of the intentions of his late uncle, the Honorable Thomas Hancock." It was generally regarded, and probably by Mr. Hancock, as an indispensable obligation; and it would have been almost impossible for a young man ambitious of popularity and power, on receiving an estate, estimated at £70,000 sterling, from the bounty of a relative, to refuse to fulfil "his signified intention" to subscribe £500 in favor of an institution which every man of influence in the province was laboring to raise from its ruins.

If the subscription be placed to the account of its avowed origin, the good will of Thomas Hancock, the college was indebted to the bounty of John Hancock, as stated in the records of the college, "for a curious dipping needle," and, after that event, for the sum of £54 4*s*. sterling, being the excess of the cost of the books ordered by the corporation beyond the £500 derived from the good will of his uncle; for "a full-length picture of that benefactor," and also for a set of the most elegant carpets to cover the floor of the library, the apparatus and philosophy chambers, and covering the walls of the latter with a rich paper; "for an Account of London and its Environs, in six volumes," and "a curious Coralline in its natural bed." The entire value of these donations certainly did not greatly exceed — and was probably less than — the actual loss sustained, according to the statement of treasurer Storer, his successor, "by Mr. Hancock's long denial of the rights of the college, and withholding its property." He says that "justice to a public institution, which he essentially embarrassed during a period of nearly twenty years," etc., requires a statement of the facts.

A very obvious apology for the delinquency of John Hancock is to be ascribed to the great financial distress of the Old Bay State, incident upon the war of the Revolution, rendering it almost impossible to command funds for the liquidation of large demands, until long after the peace of 1783. Did not treasurer Hancock secure an estate on Merchant's-row, by mortgage, to Harvard College, Dec. 29, 1785? — and, in two years after his decease, did not his nephew, John Hancock, Esq., make a payment of nine years' interest due the college? — and, Dec. 13, 1802, did not he discharge the payment of the principal due, and the interest in full to that date, as appears by the records in the office of the Suffolk Register of Deeds? But treasurer Storer complains that the heirs refused to pay compound interest, whereby the college was a

loser of five hundred and twenty-six dollars. This was a very natural decision of the heirs; but we will not censure the memory of Gov. Hancock for this act of the heirs, which was their legal right. "Perhaps there is not a person in America," remarked the Rev. Peter Thacher, his pastor, in the sermon at his funeral, "who has done more generous and noble actions than Gov. Hancock, and who has, upon all occasions, contributed more liberally to public institutions. Besides the grand and hospitable manner in which he entertained foreigners and others in his house, he expended large sums for every patriotic purpose, and for the benefit of our university, and equalled the generosity of his worthy patron to it by his own donations. I should be guilty of base ingratitude," continues Dr. Thacher, "did I not thus publicly acknowledge numberless instances of kindness, attention, and liberality, which I have received at his hands. These now lie heavy at my heart, and increase my sorrow for his loss, though they have not bribed me to exceed the truth in delineating his character." America never had a more devoted patriot than John Hancock; and the secret motive of his soul was disclosed in the declaration he made on taking the oath of office in the old State-house, in King-street, Oct. 26, 1780, when he became the first governor under the new constitution, which is another apology for delay, where he remarked, "Having, in the early stage of this contest, determined to devote my whole time and services, to the utter exclusion of all private business, even to the end of the war, and being ever ready to obey the call of my country, I venture to offer myself, and shall endeavor strictly to adhere to the laws of the constitution."

Before we continue the history of John Hancock, we will revert a while to an incident that occurred in Boston when it was a besieged town, as his name is associated with it. At the close of 1774, and in the early part of 1775, Gov. Gage began to take possession of all the arms and military stores belonging to individuals and the public. These measures, which accelerated hostilities, occasioned a transaction which illustrates the popular feeling. The General Court, in Nov., 1766, ordered four brass cannon to be purchased for the use of the artillery companies in Boston. Two of these guns, which were three-pounders, were kept in a gun-house that stood opposite the Mall, at the corner of West-street. A school-house was the next building, and a yard, enclosed with a high fence, was common to both. Maj. Adino Paddock, who then commanded the artillery, having been heard to express

his intention of surrendering these guns to the governor, a few individuals resolved to secure for the country a property which belonged to it, and which at this time was of great value. Maj. Paddock was a coach-maker, and a devoted loyalist. The row of elm-trees in front of the Granary Cemetery was planted by him, and long known as Paddock's Walk. He left Boston with the royal troops, in March, 1776.

Having concerted their plan, the party passed through the school-house into the gun-house, and were able to open the doors which were upon the yard by a small crevice, through which they raised the bar that secured them. The moment for the execution of the project was that of the roll-call, when the sentinel, who was stationed at one door of the building, would be less likely to hear their operations. The guns were taken off their carriages, carried into the school-room, and placed in a large box under the master's desk, in which wood was kept. Directly after the roll-call, a lieutenant and sergeant came into the gun-house, to look at the cannon, previously to removing them. A young man — Samuel Gore, captain of the governor's troop of horse, of whom this narration was received, and who had assisted in their removal — remained by the building, and followed the officer, as an innocent spectator. The persons who aided in the plot were Nathaniel Balch, Jeremiah Gridley, Whiston, and others, together with master Abraham Holbrook, the schoolmaster. When the carriages were found without the guns, the sergeant exclaimed, with an oath, "They are gone! These fellows will steal the teeth out of your head, while you are keeping guard." They then began to search the building for them, and afterwards the yard; and when they came to the gate, and opened into the street, the officer observed that they could not have passed that way, because a cobweb across the opening was not broken. They went next into the school-house, which they examined all over, except the box, on which the master placed his foot, which was lame, and the officer, with true courtesy, on that account excused him from rising. Some boys were present, but not one lisped a word. The officers went back to the gun-room, when their volunteer attendant, in kind sympathy for their embarrassment, suggested to them that perhaps they had been carried into Mr. Greenleaf's garden, opposite, — afterwards the "Washington Garden." On this, the sergeant took him by the collar, gave him a push, and said, it was very likely that he was one of the daring rebels who helped to get them off, and that

he had better make himself scarce. This was too near a guess to make it worth while to wait for a second hint, and he left them. They soon after retired, in vexation.

The guns remained in that box for a fortnight, and many of the boys were acquainted with the fact, but not one of them betrayed the secret. At the end of that time, the persons who had withdrawn them came, in the evening, with a large trunk on a wheelbarrow. The guns were put into it, and carried up to Whiston's blacksmith's shop, at the south end, and there deposited under the coal. After lying there for a while, they were put into a boat in the night, and safely transported within the American lines. The guns were in actual service through the whole war. After the peace, the State of Massachusetts applied to Congress for their restoration, which was granted, according to this resolve, dated May 19, 1788: "Congress assembled. Present — New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina; and from Rhode Island, Mr. Arnold; from New York, Mr. Hamilton; from North Carolina, Mr. Williamson; and from Georgia, Mr. Baldwin. The Secretary at War having represented to Congress that there are in the arsenals of the United States two brass cannon, which constituted one moiety of the field artillery with which the last war was commenced on the part of America, and which were constantly on service throughout the war; that the said cannon are the property of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and that the governor thereof hath requested that they be returned; Therefore, Resolved, that the Secretary at War cause a suitable inscription to be placed on the said cannon; and that he deliver the same to the order of his Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Gen. Knox, then Secretary at War, who had commanded the artillery of the American army during the Revolution,— one of the most gallant, generous, high-minded men that the army contained,—well knew the history of these cannon, as they were the fellow-townsmen of his native town of Boston. In pursuance of the orders of Congress, he caused the arms of Massachusetts, and the inscription herewith, to be chiselled upon them in bold relief. These two cannon were in charge of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company" of Boston, and called the Hancock and Adams, in honor of the two patriots proscribed by Gov. Gage, from whose grasp they were rescued; and John Hancock was governor of Massachusetts when the cannon were returned to the

State. They are deposited on the wall inside of the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, where they hang perpendicularly suspended.

THE HANCOCK:
Sacred to Liberty.
This is one of four cannon,
which constituted the whole train
of Field Artillery
possessed by the British Colonies of
North America,
at the commencement of the war,
on the 19th of April, 1775.
This cannon
and its fellow,
belonging to a number of citizens of
Boston,
were used in many engagements
during the war.
The other two, the property of the
Government of Massachusetts,
were taken by the enemy.
By order of the United States
in Congress assembled,
May 19, 1788.

The other cannon referred to were concealed in the stable of the second house west from the court-house, on the south side of Queen-street. Mr. Williams, a respectable farmer of Roxbury, drove in his own team with a load of hay, which was taken into that stable; the cannon were then put in the bottom of the cart, which was loaded with manure, and in this way they were taken out of town without opposition. The British officers heard, on the same day, that the cannon were concealed in that street, and were to be removed in the evening; and, in consequence, many of them patrolled the street for several hours, but the guns were already safe within the American lines.

Hancock was a delegate to the Continental Congress convened at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. During his tour to that city, he remained at Worcester two days, waiting for a suitable escort, and for the approach of his colleagues, when he addressed the following letter to the gentlemen Committee of Safety, among whom were Joseph Warren and Benjamin Church, besides himself:

"*Worcester, April* 24, 1775, *Monday evening.*

"GENTLEMEN: Mr. S. Adams and myself, just arrived here, find no intelligence from you, and no guard. We just hear an express has

just passed through this place to you, from New York, informing that administration is bent upon pushing matters; and that four regiments are expected there. How are we to proceed? Where are our brethren? Surely, we ought to be supported. I had rather be with you; and, at present, am fully determined to be with you, before I proceed. I beg, by the return of this express, to hear from you; and pray, furnish us with depositions of the conduct of the troops, the certainty of their firing first, and every circumstance relative to the conduct of the troops from the 19th instant to this time, that we may be able to give some account of matters as we proceed, especially at Philadelphia. Also, I beg you would order your secretary to make out an account of your proceedings since what has taken place: what your plan is; what prisoners we have, and what they have of ours; who of note was killed, on both sides; who commands our forces, &c.

"Are our men in good spirits? For God's sake, do not suffer the spirit to subside, until they have perfected the reduction of our enemies. Boston *must* be entered; the troops must be sent away, or * * * Our friends are valuable, but our country must be saved. I have an interest in that town. What can be the enjoyment of that to me, if I am obliged to hold it at the will of Gen. Gage, or any one else? I doubt not your vigilance, your fortitude, and resolution. Do let us know how you proceed. We must have the Castle. The ships must be * * Stop up the harbor against large vessels coming. You know better what to do than I can point out. Where is Mr. Cushing? Are Mr. Paine and Mr. John Adams to be with us? What are we to depend upon? We travel rather as deserters, which I will not submit to. I will return and join you, if I cannot detain this man, as I want much to hear from you. How goes on the Congress? Who is your president? Are the members hearty? Pray remember Mr. S. Adams and myself to all friends. God be with you.

"I am, gentlemen, your faithful and hearty countryman,

"JOHN HANCOCK."

On May 13th of this date, he was chosen successor to Peyton Randolph, as president of that assembly. When the unanimous election was declared, he felt deeply embarrassed; and it was not until Benjamin Harrison, a strong-nerved man and noble-hearted, a member from Virginia, had borne him in his vigorous arms, amid the general acclamation, to the chair, that his wonted self-possession returned.

When the Declaration of Independence first appeared on the floor of Congress, it was circulated over the name of John Hancock, singly and alone, as President of the Congress; and the bold and striking characters which form his signature were the first to proclaim the fact. He resigned this station in October, 1777, owing to the severity of the gout.

The nomination of Washington to be the commander-in-chief was first made by John Adams. The president, John Hancock, was then in the chair, and Washington himself was present. Hancock was ambitious for that appointment. The effect of Mr. Adams' motion upon the two patriots is thus related by himself. Washington was at a subsequent period, May 26, 1775, unanimously chosen. At the conclusion of a speech on the state of the colonies, after making a motion that Congress would adopt the army before Boston and appoint Col. Washington commander of it, Mr. Adams remarked, that he was "a gentleman whose skill as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertion of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union. Mr. Washington, who happened to be near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library-room. Mr. Hancock, who was our president, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance, while I was speaking on the state of the colonies, the army at Cambridge, and the enemy, heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the president's physiognomy at all."

The announcement herewith is copied from a Hartford journal, under date Nov. 19, 1777: "On Friday last, passed through this town, escorted by a party of light dragoons, the Hon. John Hancock, President of the American Congress, with his lady, on his way to Boston, after an absence, on public business, of more than two and a half years."

President Hancock addressed a letter to Gen. Washington, July 10, 1775, in which he proposed as follows: "I must beg the favor that you will reserve some berth for me, in such department as you may judge most proper; for I am determined to act under you, if it be to

take the firelock and join the ranks as a volunteer." It does not appear, however, that he joined the army, under Washington, in any military capacity. Washington addressed the following reply to Hancock, dated

"*Cambridge, July* 21, 1775.

"DEAR SIR: I am particularly pleased to acknowledge that part of your favor of the 10th instant wherein you do me the honor of determining to join the army under my command. I need certainly make no professions of the pleasure I shall have in seeing you. At the same time, I have to regret that so little is in my power to offer equal to Col. Hancock's merits, and worthy of his acceptance. I shall be happy, in every opportunity, to show the regard and esteem with which

"I am, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The official correspondence of John Hancock, as President of Congress, is rich in patriotic fervor. In a letter to Washington, dated Dec. 22, 1775, he writes: "For your future proceedings, I must beg leave to refer you to the enclosed resolutions. I would just inform you that the last resolve, relative to an attack upon Boston, passed after a most serious debate in a committee of the whole house. You are now left to the dictates of prudence and your own judgment. May God crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it, though, individually, I may be the greatest sufferer." In an address to the inhabitants of Canada, Hancock says: "Let it be the pride of those whose souls are warmed and illuminated by the sacred flames of freedom, to be discouraged by no check, and to surmount every obstacle that may be interposed between them and the darling object of their wishes. We anticipate, in our pleased imaginations, the happy period when the standard of tyranny shall find no place in North America." In addressing Gen. Philip Schuyler, after the surrender of Montreal, Hancock writes: "You have hitherto risen superior to a thousand difficulties, in giving freedom to a great and an oppressed people. You have already reaped many laurels, but a plentiful harvest still invites you. Proceed, therefore, and let the footsteps of victory open a way for the blessings of liberty and the happiness of a well-ordered government to visit that extensive dominion. Consider that the road to glory is seldom strewed with flowers; and that, when the black and bloody standard of tyranny is erected in a land possessed by freemen, patriots

cease to remain inactive spectators of their country's fall." In an address to Gen. Montgomery, in relation to the surrender of Montreal, Hancock writes: "The Congress, utterly abhorrent from every species of cruelty to prisoners, and determined to adhere to this benevolent maxim till the conduct of their enemies renders a deviation from it indispensably necessary, will ever applaud their officers for beautifully blending the Christian with the conqueror, and never, in endeavoring to acquire the character of the hero, to lose that of the man."

Hancock thus writes to Gen. Washington, under date of Philadelphia, March 25, 1776: "Sir,— I had the honor of receiving yesterday yours of the 19th, containing the agreeable information of the ministerial troops having abandoned Boston. The partial victory we have obtained over them in that quarter, I hope, will turn out a happy presage of a more general one. Whatever place may be the object of their destination, it must certainly give a sincere pleasure to every friend of the country to see the most diligent preparations everywhere making to receive them. What may be their views, it is, indeed, impossible to tell with any degree of exactness. We have all the reason, however, from that rage of disappointment and revenge, to expect the worst. Nor have I any doubt that, as far as their power extends, they will inflict every species of calamity upon us. The same Providence that has baffled their attempt against the Province of Massachusetts Bay will, I trust, defeat the deep-laid scheme they are now meditating against some other part of our country.

"The intelligence that our army had got possession of Boston, you will readily suppose, gave me heartfelt pleasure. I beg, sir, you will be pleased to accept my warmest thanks for the attention you have showed to my property in that town. I have only to request that Capt. Cazneau will continue to look after and take care that it be noways destroyed or damaged. This success of our arms naturally calls upon me to congratulate you, sir, to whose wisdom and conduct it has been owing. Permit me to add, that if a constant discharge of the most important duties, and the fame attending thereon, can afford genuine satisfaction, the pleasure you feel must be the most rational and exalted."

Hancock says, on the 30th April, 1776: "The unprepared state of the colonies, on the commencement of the war, and the almost total want of everything necessary to carry it on, are the true sources from whence all our difficulties have proceeded. This fact, however,

furnishes a proof most striking of the weakness or wickedness of those who charge them with an original intention of withdrawing from the government of Great Britain, and erecting an independent empire. Had such a scheme been formed, the most warlike preparations would have been necessary to effect it."

Hancock, in a letter to Gen. Washington, dated Philadelphia, May 21, 1776, where he renews an invitation to receive a visit from him, stating, "I reside in an airy, open part of the city, in Arch-street and Fourth-street," says: "Your favor of the 20th inst. I received this morning, and cannot help expressing the very great pleasure it would afford both Mrs. Hancock and myself to have the happiness of accommodating you during your stay in this city. As the house I live in is large and roomy, it will be entirely in your power to live in that manner you should wish. Mrs. Washington may be as retired as she pleases, while under inoculation, and Mrs. Hancock will esteem it an honor to have Mrs. Washington inoculated in her house; and, as I am informed Mr. Randolph has not any lady about his house to take the necessary care of Mrs. Washington, I flatter myself she will be as well attended in my family. In short, sir, I must take the freedom to repeat my wish, that you would be pleased to condescend to dwell under my roof. I assure you, sir, I will do all in my power to render your stay agreeable, and my house shall be entirely at your disposal. I must, however, submit this to your determination, and only add that you will peculiarly gratify Mrs. H. and myself, in affording me an opportunity of convincing you of this truth, that I am, with every sentiment of regard for you and your connections, and with much esteem, dear sir, your faithful and most obedient humble servant."

In a letter to the convention of New Hampshire, dated June 4, 1776, Hancock writes: "The militia of the United Colonies are a body of troops that may be depended upon. To their virtue their delegates in Congress now make the most solemn appeal. They are called upon to say whether they will live slaves, or die freemen. They are requested to step forth in defence of their wives, their children, their liberty, and everything they hold dear. The cause is certainly a most glorious one, and I trust that every man of New Hampshire is determined to see it gloriously ended, or to perish in the ruins of it. In short, on your exertions, at this critical period, together with those of the other colonies, in the common cause, the salvation of America evi-

dently depends. Your colony, I am persuaded, will not be behindhand. Exert, therefore, every nerve to distinguish yourselves. Quicken your preparations, and stimulate the good people of your government, and there is no danger, notwithstanding the mighty armament with which we are threatened, but you will be able to lead them to victory, to liberty, and to happiness."

Under date of July 4, 1776, John Hancock writes to the governments of Maryland and Delaware, in language breathing the fervor of burning patriotism. We select a passage from this truly noble document: "Gen. Howe having taken possession of Staten Island, and the Jerseys being drained of their militia for the defence of New York, I am directed by Congress to request you will proceed immediately to embody your militia for the establishment of the flying camp, and march them, with all possible expedition, either by battalions, detachments of battalions, or by companies, to the city of Philadelphia. The present campaign, I have no doubt, if we exert ourselves properly, will secure the enjoyment of our liberties forever. All accounts agree that Great Britain will make her greatest effort this summer. Should we, therefore, be able to keep our ground, we shall afterwards have little to apprehend from her. I do, therefore, most ardently beseech and request you, in the name and by the authority of Congress, as you regard your own freedom, and as you stand engaged by the most solemn ties of honor to support the common cause, to strain every nerve to send forward your militia. This is a step of such infinite moment, that, in all human probability, your speedy compliance will prove the salvation of your country. It is impossible we can have any higher motives to induce us to act. We should reflect, too, that the loss of this campaign will inevitably protract the war; and that, in order to gain it, we have only to exert ourselves, and to make use of the means which God and nature have given us to defend ourselves. I must, therefore, again repeat to you, that the Congress most anxiously expect and request you will not lose a moment in carrying into effect this requisition, with all the zeal, spirit, and despatch, which are so indispensably required by the critical situation of our affairs." On the 6th of July, 1776, Hancock, in writing to Washington, thus emphasizes: "The Congress, for some days past, have had their attention occupied by one of the most interesting and important subjects that could possibly come before them, or any other assembly of men. Although it

is not possible to foresee the consequences of human actions, yet it is, nevertheless, a duty we owe ourselves and posterity, in all our public counsels, to decide in the best manner we are able, and to trust the event to that Being, who controls both causes and events, to bring about his own determinations. Impressed with this sentiment, and at the same time fully convinced that our affairs may take a more favorable turn, the Congress have judged it necessary to dissolve all connection between Great Britain and the American Colonies, and to declare them free and independent States, as you will perceive by the enclosed Declaration, which I am directed by Congress to transmit to you, and to request you will have proclaimed at the head of the army, in the way you shall think most proper." Hancock says to Washington, in another letter, written on the memorable 4th of July: "Sir,— The enclosed resolves, to which I must beg leave to refer your attention, will inform you of the steps Congress has taken to establish the flying camp. To the unhappy confusion that has prevailed in this colony must be principally ascribed the delays that have hitherto attended that salutary measure. However, I flatter myself things will now take a different turn, as the contest to keep possession of power is now at an end, and a new mode of government, equal to the exigencies of our affairs, will soon be adopted, agreeably to the recommendations of Congress to the United Colonies."

In an eloquent appeal to the thirteen United States, dated at Philadelphia, Sept. 24, 1776, our spirited Hancock says: "Let us convince our enemies that, as we are entered into the present contest for the defence of our liberties, so we are resolved, with the firmest reliance on Heaven for the justice of our cause, never to relinquish it, but rather to perish in the ruins of it. If we do but remain firm,— if we are not dismayed at the little shocks of fortune, and are determined, at all hazards, that we will be free,— I am persuaded, under the gracious smiles of Providence, assisted by our own most strenuous endeavors, we shall finally succeed, agreeably to our wishes, and thereby establish the independence, the happiness, and the glory, of the United States of America."

In the same letter, he writes: "You will perceive, by the enclosed resolves, which I have the honor to forward in obedience to the commands of Congress, that they have come to a determination to augment our army, and to engage the troops to serve during the continuance of the war. As an inducement to enlist on these terms, the

Congress have agreed to give, besides a bounty of twenty dollars, a hundred acres of land to each soldier; and, in case he should fall in battle, they have resolved, that his children, or other representatives, shall succeed to such land. The many ill consequences arising from a short and limited enlistment of troops are too obvious to be mentioned. In general, give me leave to observe, that to make men well acquainted with the duties of a soldier requires time; and to bring them under proper subordination and discipline, not only requires time, but has always been a work of much difficulty. We have had too frequent experience that men of a few days' standing will not look forward, but, as the time of their discharge approaches, grow careless of their arms, ammunition, &c., and impatient of all restraint. The consequence of which is, the latter part of the time for which the soldier was engaged is spent in undoing what the greatest pains had been taken to inculcate at first. Need I add to this, that the fall of the late Gen. Montgomery before Quebec is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the limited time for which the troops were engaged,— whose impatience to return home compelled him to make the attack, contrary to the conviction of his own judgment. This fact alone furnishes a striking argument of the danger and impropriety of sending troops into the field under any restriction as to the time of the enlistment. The noblest enterprise may be left unfinished by troops in such a predicament, or abandoned at the very moment success must have crowned the attempt. The heavy and enormous expenses consequent upon calling forth the militia, the delay attending their motions, and the difficulty of keeping them in camp, render it extremely improper to place our whole dependence upon them. Experience hath uniformly convinced us of this, some of the militia having actually deserted the camp at the very moment their services were most wanted. In the mean time, the strength of the British army, which is great, is considered much more formidable by the superior order and regularity which prevail in it."

In a manly letter to Gen. Schuyler, dated Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1776, Hancock writes, transmitting the resolve of Congress expressive of their high sense of his past conduct, that "Congress cannot give their consent to your retiring from the army in its present situation. Such a step would give your enemies occasion to exult, as they might suppose you were induced to take it from an apprehension of the truth and reality of their charges against you. The unmerited reproaches of ignorance and mistaken zeal are infinitely overbalanced by the sat-

isfaction arising from a conscious integrity. As long, therefore, as you can wrap yourself in your innocence, I flatter myself you will not pay so great a regard to the calumnies of your enemies as to deprive your country of any services which you may have it in your power to render his." In a spirited letter to six of the States, dated Philadelphia, Oct. 9, 1776, Hancock writes: "The Congress, for very obvious reasons, are extremely anxious to keep the army together. The dangerous consequences of their breaking up, and the difficulty of forming a new one, are inconceivable. Were this barrier once removed, military power would quickly spread desolation and ruin over the face of our country. The importance, and, indeed, the absolute necessity, of filling up the army, of providing for the troops, and engaging them to serve during the war, is so apparent, and has been so frequently urged, that I shall only request your attention to the resolves of Congress on this subject; and beseech you, by that love you have for your country, her rights and liberties, to exert yourselves to carry them speedily and effectually, as the only means of preserving her in this her critical and alarming situation." In a letter to four of the States, dated Baltimore, Dec. 25, 1776, Hancock writes: "It is needless to use arguments on this occasion, or to paint the dreadful consequences, to gentlemen already fully acquainted with them, of leaving the back settlements of the New England States open to the ravages of our merciless foes. If anything can add to your exertions, at this time, it must be the reflection that your own most immediate safety calls upon you to strain every nerve. Should we heedlessly abandon the post of Ticonderoga, we give up inconceivable advantages. Should we resolutely maintain it,—and it is extremely capable of defence,—we may bid defiance to Gen. Carleton, and the northern army under his command. But our exertions for this purpose must be immediate, or they will not avail anything. The 31st of this inst. the time will expire for which the troops in that important garrison were enlisted, and Lake Champlain will, in all probability, be frozen over soon after. For the sake, therefore, of all that is dear to freemen, be entreated to pay immediate attention to this requisition of Congress, and let nothing divert you from it. The affairs of our country are in a situation to admit of no delay. They may still be retrieved, but not without the greatest expedition and vigor."

Gov. Hancock, in writing to the Hon. Robert Morris, Financier General at Washington, under date Philadelphia, Sept. 24, 1781, says:

"Pray, my friend, when will be the properest time for me to be considered for my expenses while President of Congress? They wrote me on the subject some two years ago; but I waived troubling them, knowing the delicacy of their situation. Indeed, I kept no account of my expenses; nor had I time for it, as you well know how my time was engrossed, and the labors and fatigue I underwent, and the expenses I must have necessarily incurred. I can speak plain to you: confident I am that fifteen hundred pounds sterling would not amount to the expenses I incurred as president. In this I think I merit consideration, more especially as grants have been made to all my successors." Had Congress remitted Hancock twice that amount, it would have been no equivalent to the sacrifices of this devoted patriot.

President Hancock was appointed, by the General Court of his native State, Feb. 8, 1778, first Major-general of the Massachusetts Militia; and, during a recess of Congress in July, on the very day succeeding that when he acted as moderator of a town-meeting, Aug. 6th of that year, when the people at Faneuil Hall unanimously decided that persons who have left the town, and have sought and received protection from the British king, cannot return to it again without greatly endangering the peace and safety of Boston, the Cadet company, headed by Maj. Gen. Hancock, and commanded by Col. Hichborn, and the company of Light Infantry, commanded by Capt. Hinckley, both of this town, set out for head-quarters, to engage in an enterprise in coöperation with the fleet of the French admiral, the Count D'Estaing, against Newport, in Rhode Island, conducted by a detachment from the regular army of Washington, and seven thousand of the militia of New England,—an expedition which excited great anticipations,—the whole under command of Maj. Gen. Sullivan, aided by the Marquis De La Fayette and Maj. Gen. Greene. On August 9th they landed on Newport Island, and took possession of two of the enemy's forts, under Lord Howe, and the whole island north of their lines, without a gun fired on either side. The second line of this army was commanded by Gen. Hancock, who, warm with ardor, despatched intelligence, on the 11th instant, to Hon. Jeremiah Powell, President of the State Council. On the arrival of these troops in the island, the fleet of Lord Howe appeared upon the coast. We would have our readers revert to the Massachusetts Historical Collections, and Bradford's Massachusetts, for a relation of this contest.

Count D'Estaing, regardless of his obligations with the American

troops, instead of defending them, hastened to the pursuit of the British, and exposed the army of his allies to all the calamities of a defeat; and the Americans were left, in the midst of great danger, to a mortifying retreat, which they achieved, however, without the loss of artillery or baggage, and the fleet arrived at the same time in Boston harbor, shattered by a furious storm.

Under these circumstances, the French were not received in Boston with the usual hospitality of its inhabitants, says Sanderson's Biography, and with a displeasure which threatened unhappy results; but Gen. Hancock, interposing, relieved his country from such a calamity, by his conciliating manners and unbounded hospitality. His elegant mansion was thrown open to the French admiral and all his officers, about forty of whom dined every day at his table, loaded with the luxuries of the season; and, in addition, he gave a grand public ball at Concert Hall, attended by the admiral. On turning to the Gazette, however, we find that Admiral D'Estaing, Sept. 21, made a splendid entry into Boston. He was saluted from the Castle, the ships and forts in the harbor, as he approached the town. Upon landing, he was received by the State authorities, at the Council-chamber in King-street, and breakfasted with Gen. Hancock at his seat; and a superb entertainment was given that week at Faneuil Hall, where were upwards of five hundred guests. The retreat of the Americans was, indeed, a remarkable escape. The delay of a single day would probably have been fatal; for Sir Henry Clinton, who had been detained by adverse winds, arrived with a reinforcement of four thousand men the very next day, when a retreat, it is suspected, would have been impracticable.

In the reminiscences of John Trumbull are two allusions to Hancock. It appears that Gen. Gates, who had been appointed to the command of the northern department in Canada, had, previous to his entrance on the station, appointed Mr. Trumbull a deputy adjutant-general on that station, which was rejected by Congress as premature and unmilitary. This occurred in 1775, when Hancock was president; and the circumstance probably excited a prejudice unfavorable to Trumbull, who relates that, "While I was in Gen. Washington's family, in 1775, Mr. Hancock made a passing visit to the general, and, observing me, he inquired of Mr. Mifflin who I was; and, when told that I was his fellow aid-de-camp, and son of Gov. Trumbull, he made the unworthy observation, that '*that family was well provided for.*' Mr. Mifflin did not

tell me this until after Mr. Hancock had left head-quarters, but then observed that he deserved to be called to an account for it. I answered, 'No,—he is right; my father and his three sons are doubtless well provided for. We are secure of four halters, if we do not succeed.'" There is a strong probability that Hancock regretted this remark, and felt that Trumbull was wronged; and after Col. Trumbull's service, as aid-de-camp to Gen. Sullivan, in the attack on Rhode Island, in 1778, when he returned to Boston overcome with fatigue and severe indisposition, before he rose next morning, a visit from Gov. Hancock was announced. "He followed the servant to my bedside," says Trumbull, "and, with great kindness, insisted that I should be removed to his house immediately, where, if my illness should become serious, I could be more carefully attended than was possible in a boarding-house. I made light of my illness, and, with many thanks, declined his pressing invitation. But it was a proud and consoling reflection, that he, who had been President of Congress at the time of my resignation, and who had both signed and forwarded the misdated commission which had driven me from the service, had now witnessed my military conduct, and seen that I was not a man to ask, but to earn, distinction." No doubt these patriots were soon reconciled, as Gov. Hancock sat to Trumbull for his portrait.

In 1780 Hancock was elected a member of the convention that framed a State constitution, of which James Bowdoin was president. At that time the people of the State were divided into two political parties, with one of which the popularity of John Hancock was unbounded; with the other, James Bowdoin was the favorite. "In the Hancock party," says Josiah Quincy, "were included many of the known malcontents with Harvard College,—men who had no sympathy for science or classical education, and who were ready to oppose any proposition for the benefit of that institution." Is not this a sweeping denunciation, too severe to credit? On the contrary, the party of which James Bowdoin may be considered the exponent "included all the active friends of that seminary, and was chiefly composed of men regarded by the opposite faction with jealousy and fear, to some of whom Hancock then gave the *sobriquet* of 'The Essex Junto,'—the delegates from that county being among the most talented and efficient members of the convention." Would it be uncandid to concede that the Hancock party embraced a few friends of Harvard College? Did not Gov. Hancock prove, by his public messages, the paternal interest of his

heart in the welfare of the college? Does not President Quincy prove it by his own statement, where he relates that "Gov. Hancock was induced to allude to the necessity of legislative aid, in his speech to the General Court, in May, 1791, and to introduce, by a special message, the memorial of Samuel Adams and others, a committee of the overseers and corporation, of the necessity of making up by the arrearages of the usual grants to college officers,—without which, they averred, that 'either the assessment on the students must be augmented, or some of the institutions of the college must fail of support'? After great debates, the subject was again referred to the next session of the Legislature;" and on another occasion, in 1781, did not Hancock remark, that the college was, "in some sense, the parent and nurse of the late happy revolution in this Commonwealth"?

On the adoption of the State constitution at that date, John Hancock was elected governor, which station he occupied until his decease, with the exception of the years 1785 and 6, when his great rival, James Bowdoin, became his successor.

One who saw John Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with the gout; probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch,—a common practice, in high circles, in those days. As recollected at this time, Gov. Hancock was nearly six feet in height, and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style of dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to be ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and, commonly, caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice, in genteel families, to have a tankard of punch made in the morning, and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit, Hancock took from the cooler, standing on the hearth, a full tankard, and drank first himself, and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold and silver and lace, and other decorations fashionable amongst men of

fortune of that period; and he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended by servants in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion; and it is related of Dr. Nathan Jacques, the famous pedestrian, of West Newbury, that he paced all the way to Boston, in one day, to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm, on foot.

Hancock was hospitable. There might have been seen, at his table, all classes, from grave and dignified clergy, down to the gifted in song, narration, anecdote, and wit, with whom "noiseless falls the foot of Time, that only treads on flowers."

Madam Hancock gratified the ambition of her husband, in presiding with so much graceful ease at his hospitable board and in the social circle, that her presence ever infused an enlivening charm. So famed was Hancock for hospitality, that his mansion was often thronged with visiters; and frequently did Madam Hancock send her maids to milk their cows on Boston Common, early in the morning, to replenish the exhausted supply of the previous evening. On July 28, 1796, widow Dorothy Hancock was married, by Peter Thacher, D. D., to James Scott, the master of a London packet, formerly in the employ of the governor. She outlived Capt. Scott many years, and retained her mental faculties until near the close of life. She was a lady of superior education, and delightful powers of conversation.

Her last days were retired and secluded, in the dwelling No. 4 Federal-street, next the corner of Milton-place, in Boston; and those were most honored who received an invitation to her little supper-table. She spoke of other days with cheerfulness, and seldom sighed that they had gone. Her memory was tenacious of past times; and there were but few officers of the British army quartered in Boston whose personal appearance, habits, and manners, she could not describe with accuracy. Her favorite was Earl Percy, whose forces encamped on Boston Common during the winter of 1774–5; and this nobleman, accustomed to all the luxuries of Old England, slept among his companions in arms in a tent on the Common, exposed to the severity of the weather as much as were they. The traces of those tents have been visible, to a very recent period, on the Common, when the grass was freshly springing from the earth, and the circles around the tents were very distinct. At the dawn of day, Madam Scott related, that

Earl Percy's voice was heard drilling the regulars near the old mansion.

Madam Hancock had an opportunity, after the capture of Burgoyne, of extending her courtesies to the ladies of his army, while at Cambridge, under the treaty with Gates. They were gratefully received by the fair Britons, and ever remembered. When Lafayette was in Boston, during his last visit, in August, 1824, he made an early call on Madam Scott. Those who witnessed this hearty interview speak of it with admiration. The once youthful chevalier and the unrivalled belle met as if only a summer had passed since they had enjoyed social interviews in the perils of the Revolution. While they both were contemplating the changes effected by long time, they smiled in each other's faces, but no allusion was made to such an ungallant subject; yet she was not always so silent on this point. One of her young friends complimented her on her good looks. She laughingly replied, "What you have said is more than half a hundred years old. My ears remember it; but what were dimples once are wrinkles now." To the last day of life, she was as attentive to her dress as when first in the circles of fashion. "She would never forgive a young girl," she said, "who did not dress to please, nor one who seemed pleased with her dress." Madam Scott died in Boston, Feb. 3, 1830, aged 83 years.

The munificence of John Hancock, in the bosom of the church, was as proverbial as it was in forwarding the glory of the republic. In the year 1772 he officially proposed to contribute largely towards a new meeting-house for Brattle-street Church, of which he was a member. A plan for an edifice, drawn by John S. Copley, the artist, was rejected, because of the expense; but another, drawn by Maj. Thomas Dawes, father of the judge, was adopted. The admirers of genius will ever deplore the loss of Copley's design. There were seventy-five "free-gift" subscribers, of whom Gov. Bowdoin gave £200, and Gov. Hancock gave £1000, reserving to himself the right of erecting a mahogany pulpit and furniture, a mahogany deacon's seat and communion-table, and seats for poor widows, and others unable to provide for themselves. When the bell, which was his gift also, was hung and rung for the first time, Oct. 28, 1774, weighing 3220 pounds, this motto had been inscribed upon it:

"I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave I summons all."

During the years 1775–6, regiments of the British troops were quartered in the new church, in a sugar-house to the north of it, and in houses in the near vicinity. Dr. Cooper was often a subject of their notice, in passing into the church at service-time, when paraded in the square; and the provost once, in breaking open the church door, declared that if Dr. Cooper and Dr. Warren were there, he would break their heads. The congregation was dispersed, on the 16th of April, 1775, when it was used as a barrack for the British regulars, until the evacuation of Boston, March 17, 1776. Gov. Gage had his military head-quarters opposite the church. He told Mr. Turell he had no fear of the shot from Cambridge, for his troops, while within such walls. The morning on which the British evacuated, Dea. Newell and Mr. Turell entered the church, and quenched the fires which they had left burning. A shot which struck the tower the night before was preserved in his family until the committee for making late repairs had it fastened in the tower where it had penetrated. When the British were about to occupy the church, Deacons Gore and Newell were permitted to encase the pulpit and columns, and remove the body pews, which were conveyed to the paint loft of the former. When the church was erected, the name of "Hon. John Hancock, Esq." was inscribed on one of the rustic quoins, of Connecticut stone, at the south-west corner, which the royal regulars badly defaced, and the stone remains to this day in the condition in which they left it; and a similar inscription, unmutilated, appears on one of the rustic quoins in the south-west corner of the tower. Palfrey's history of the church relates most of these facts.

Though Hutchinson relates that the estate of Hancock was lost with greater rapidity than it was acquired, he was, at the latest period, one of the largest owners of real estate in Boston. His ancient stone mansion, opposite which, in the summer, a band of music played for the people, stands on the front ground of the possessions inherited from his uncle, bounded eastward on Beacon, from Mount Vernon to Clapboard, now Belknap street, including the grounds of the State-house, Hancock-avenue, and Mount Vernon-place; and westerly, embracing Mount Vernon-street, which he gave to the town; a part of Hancock-street, where was his gardener's extensive nursery; and other lands, including a part of Beacon Hill, now occupied for a Cochituate Reservoir, never before improved by any building, until it was sold to the city in 1847. His lands were originally of orchards and

pastures. Hancock was the most public-spirited person ever known in Boston, and it is said that he sacrificed more than one hundred thousand dollars in the cause of liberty.

There was a lofty and spacious hall on the northern wing of his mansion, extending sixty feet, devoted to festive parties, and built of wood. It was removed, in 1818, to Allen-street; and a complaint being entered that it endangered the neighborhood, brick walls were built around it, and the building is still standing. Public dinners, now given at the public expense, were provided by Hancock from his own private purse. The bill of cost for the dinner on election-day, at Faneuil Hall, May 25, 1791, was £90; and for 163 bottles of wine, also, and other items, it was £65 6*s.* 6*d.* The bill was made out to John Hancock, and paid by himself. On the 6th of June following, Gov. Hancock gave a splendid entertainment in his glorious hall, it being election-day. Among the company present, were Col. Azor Orne, and Solomon Davis, Esq., a merchant who resided in Tremont-street, opposite the Savings Bank. He was very facetious. A superb plum-cake graced the centre of the table. It was noticed by the guests that Mr. Davis partook very freely of this cake; and, moreover, that the silver tankard of punch was greatly lightened of its liquid, by liberal draughts through his lips. As was the natural habit of Mr. Davis, he set the table in a roar; and in one of his puns being specially felicitous, Col. Orne remarked, "Go home, Davis, and die; — you can never beat that!" Mr. Davis, on his way home, fell dead, in a fit of apoplexy, near King's Chapel, and his pockets were found filled with plum-cake. His decease is recorded in Russell's Centinel of that date.

Gov. Hancock would gather in his hall all the rare wits of the town, of whom Nathaniel Balch, a hatter, was a never-failing guest, well known as the governor's jester. His shop was on Washington opposite Water street; and he would, when seated in his broad arm-chair at the shop-door, keep his visiters in a roar at his witticisms. So strong was the attachment of the governor towards him, that if the former were called away, at no matter what distance, Squire Balch attended him, like his shadow,— which we will illustrate. Hancock was called on to visit the District of Maine, on which occasion he travelled in state, and was attended by Hon. Azor Orne, of the Council, of Marblehead, and his old friend Balch. Their arrival at Portsmouth, N. H., was thus humorously announced: On Thursday last, arrived in this town,

Nathaniel Balch, Esq., accompanied by His Excellency John Hancock, and the Hon. Azor Orne, Esq.

Among the most tenacious political opponents of John Hancock was Stephen Higginson, a nervous writer of great spirit, whose articles, signed "Laco," in Russell's Centinel, effected a strong feeling. Mr. Higginson was a merchant on Long Wharf, and passed down State-street to his store. The truckmen who stood in State-street used great efforts to teach a parrot, that hung in a cage at the corner of Merchant's-row, to recognize "Laco," and to curse him, relates Thomas; and so completely successful were they, that pretty Poll no sooner saw Mr. Higginson approach, than she began to "Hurrah for Hancock! Down with Laco!" — and continued to do so until he was out of sight. In connection with this, we will relate another incident. One evening, early in the year 1789, in a party, according to Russell's Centinel, consisting of the advocates of Gov. Hancock and of his political opponents, one of the latter, long famous for his unfriendly air, began a long harangue on Hancock's unwise administration; but before he had ended, he observed one of the company asleep. Offended at the indignity, he ceased, until the speaker's friends awoke the slumberer, who apologized, and proposed, as a reparation, to relate his dream. "Gentlemen," said he, "I dreamed I was in the abodes of misery. The first spirit I met was Lucifer, who, as usual for him, came to welcome me, and asked, 'What news upon earth?' 'Not much,' said I. 'What are they doing at Boston?' said he. I told him they were trying to again elect John Hancock as governor. 'That will never do,' cried Lucifer; 'Jack, fetch my horse, boots, and spurs. But pray what has become of Laco?' 'He is there, very busy.' 'O, never mind, then, Jack; let the horse go, and put away my boots and spurs; for while Laco is in Boston, there is no need of my presence. He can perform the work of confusion to admiration, without my aid.'" This sally of wit set the club in a roar, and the ranter was so chagrined that he uttered no more declamation. Hancock was that year elected governor of the Old Bay State.

It was asserted, in Russell's Centinel, that it was generally known that privateers were fitting out of the port of Boston, and have been, by American and French citizens, notwithstanding President Washington had proclaimed that our country was in a state of neutrality. A town-meeting was notified, which took place on July 25, 1793. Thomas Dawes, the moderator, called upon Mr. Benjamin Russell for

his authority, on which he declared that Stephen Higginson related the statement. The latter roundly denied the charge. The one was accused of asserting what he could not prove, and the other for printing what was never stated. Mr. Russell, therefore, was impelled to retract, saying that he had been misinformed. The editor of the Boston Mercury very pleasantly said, in his paper:

"Stephen and Ben are now both even ;
Stephen beat Ben, and Ben beat Stephen."

Gov. Hancock was elected a delegate to the Massachusetts State Convention, on the adoption of the federal constitution, which assembled at the Rev. Jeremy Belknap's church, in Long-lane,—afterwards named Federal-street, in honor of the convention,— Jan. 9, 1788, on which occasion Hancock was elected president, and George Richards Minot, secretary. Hancock had been absent some days, from illness. On the 31st day he resumed his place; and, after remarking on the difference of opinion which prevailed in the convention, he proposed that the constitution should be adopted, but that it should be accompanied by certain amendments, to be submitted to Congress. He expressed his belief that it would be safe to adopt the constitution, under the hope that the amendments would be ratified, which led to a discussion on its probability. "It cannot be assumed, for certainty," says Sullivan, "that this measure of Hancock's secured the adoption; but it is highly probable. The convention may have been influenced by another circumstance. About this time, a great meeting of mechanics was held at the Green Dragon Tavern, which was thronged. At this meeting resolutions were passed, with acclamation, in favor of the adoption. But notwithstanding Hancock's conciliatory proposal, and this strong public expression, the constitution was adopted by the small majority of nineteen, out of three hundred and fifty votes." On taking this question, Gov. Hancock said: "I should have considered it as one of the most distressing misfortunes in my life, to be deprived of giving my aid and support to a system which, if amended, as I feel assured it will be, according to your proposals, cannot fail to give the people of the United States a greater degree of political freedom, and eventually as much national dignity as falls to the lot of any nation on the earth. The question now before you is such as no nation on earth, without the limits of America, have ever had the

privilege of deciding." The proposed amendments were twelve in number. They were submitted to the States. Ten of them were adopted, and now form a part of the constitution of the United States. The adoption was celebrated in Boston by a memorable procession, in which the various orders of mechanics displayed appropriate banners. It was hailed with joy throughout the republic. Gen. Washington is well known to have expressed his hearty satisfaction that the important State of Massachusetts had acceded to the Union. The procession was so vast, that though Faneuil Hall could then accommodate fifteen hundred persons, not half the people could find room to enter.

"The 'Vention did in Boston meet, —
  But State-house could not hold 'em ;
So then they went to Federal-street,
  And there the truth was told 'em.

"They every morning went to prayer,
  And then began disputing,
Till opposition silenced were,
  By arguments refuting.

"Then Squire Hancock, like a man
  Who dearly loves the nation,
By a conciliatory plan,
  Prevented much vexation.

"He made a woundy Federal speech,
  With sense and elocution ;
And then the 'Vention did beseech
  T' adopt the constitution.

"The question being outright put,
  Each voter independent,
The Federalists agreed to adopt,
  And then propose amendment.

"The other party, seeing then
  The people were against them,
Agreed, like honest, faithful men,
  To mix in peace amongst 'em.

"The Boston folks are deuced lads,
  And always full of notions ;
The boys and girls, their marms and dads,
  Were filled with joy's commotions ;

"So straightway they procession made, —
Lord! how nation fine, sir!
For every man of every trade
Went with his tools to dine, sir.

"John Foster Williams, in a ship,
Joined in the social band, sir;
And made the lasses dance and skip,
To see him sail on land, sir!

"O then a whopping feast began,
And all hands went to eating;
They drank their toasts, shook hands, and sung, —
Huzza for 'Vention meeting!

"Now, politicians of all kinds,
Who are not yet derided,
May see how Yankees speak their minds,
And yet are not decided.

"Then, from this sample, let 'em cease
Inflammatory writing;
For freedom, happiness, and peace,
Are better far than fighting.

"So here I end my Federal song,
Composed of thirteen verses;
May agriculture flourish long,
And commerce fill our purses."

Just three days previous to the entry of Washington into Boston, in the year 1789, an effusion appeared in Russell's Centinel, addressed to the citizens. Its fervor of affection must be our apology for its insertion here:

"The man beloved approaches nigh, —
Revere him, ye Bostonian sons!
Embrace the chance before you die,
And cannonade with all your guns.

"Let lively squibs dance through the town,
And pleasing rockets gild the air;
There 's not a man can show a frown,
But all shall joyously appear.

"Let punch in casks profusely flow,
And wine luxuriantly be spread;
That townsmen all, both high and low,
May hand in hand by mirth be led."

We will proceed to relate a memorable reminiscence of this reception of President Washington, which discloses an instance of frailty in regard to etiquette on the part of Gov. Hancock.

It is well known that when Washington, with a mind oppressed with more painful sensations than he had words to express, accepted the presidency, and undertook the more difficult task of guiding in peace the nation which he had saved in war, he thought it a proper expression of his respect to the republic to take the tour of his country. Wherever he came, he was received with every mark of honor and regard that a grateful and confiding people could bestow. Hancock was willing to show him attention in any way which allowed the governor to take precedence of the president. The State, though confederate, was sovereign; and who greater here than its chief magistrate? So it was settled, in his mind, that etiquette required his excellency to be waited on first in his own house by the president, and not make the advance to his illustrious visiter. The president, as appeared in the result, had different ideas. On Gen. Washington's approach to Boston, Oct. 25, 1789, at some miles distance, attended by two secretaries and six servants, he was met by the governor's suite, and an invitation to dinner, but no governor. He intends to present himself, thought Washington, at the suburbs; but, on arriving at the Neck, he still missed Gov. Hancock. The day was unusually cold and murky. The president, with his secretaries, had been mounted for a considerable time, waiting to enter the town. He made inquiry of the cause of the delay; and, on receiving information of the important difficulty, is said to have expressed impatience. Turning to Maj. Jackson, his secretary, he asked, "Is there no other avenue to the town?" and he was in the act of turning his charger, when he was informed that he would be received by the municipal authorities, and was conducted amidst the universal acclamation of the people. He passed the long procession, and reached the entrance of the State-house, but no governor. He stopped, and demanded of the secretary if his excellency was above, because, if he were, he should not ascend the stairs. Upon being assured he was not, he ascended, saw the procession pass, and then went to his lodgings. A message came from the governor's mansion that dinner was waiting. The president declined, and dined at home. Loud expressions of resentment were heard from all quarters at this indignity toward the first of men, whom the town had received, on their part, with every possible respect. They had not added an entertain-

ment to their plan, because this was claimed by Hancock. In the evening, two of the Council came to Washington, with explanations and apologies in behalf of the chief magistrate,—"He was not well," etc. "Gentlemen," said Washington, "I am a frank man, and will be frank on this occasion. For myself, you will believe me, I do not regard ceremony; but there is an etiquette due to my office which I am not at liberty to waive. My claim to the attention that has been omitted rests upon the question whether the whole is greater than a part. I am told," said Washington, "that the course taken has been designed, and that the subject was considered in Council." This was denied. One gentleman said, however, it was observed that the President of the United States was one personage, and the ambassador of the French republic was another personage. "Why that remark, sir, if the subject was not before the Council?" Washington continued. "This circumstance has been so disagreeable and mortifying, that I must say, notwithstanding all the marks of respect and affection received from the inhabitants of Boston, had I anticipated it, I would have avoided the place."

The friends of Gov. Hancock held a consultation on the matter, the same evening; and, in compliance with their advice, he concluded to waive the point of etiquette, as will appear by a note written to President Washington:

"*Sunday*, 26 *October*, *half past twelve o'clock*.

"The Governor's best respects to the President. If at home, and at leisure, the Governor will do himself the honor to pay his respects in half an hour. This would have been done much sooner, had his health in any degree permitted. He now hazards everything, as it respects his health, for the desirable purpose."

Washington's Reply.

"*Sunday*, 26 *October*, *one o'clock*.

"The President of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him that he shall be at home till two o'clock. The President needs not express the pleasure it will give him to see the Governor; but, at the same time, he most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his health on the occasion."

Hancock rode in his coach, without delay, enveloped in red baize, to the lodgings of Washington, at the boarding-house of Joseph Inger-

soll, on the corner of Court and Tremont streets, to whose apartment he was borne in the arms of attendants. Washington accepted of an invitation to dine with Hancock, partook of a public dinner of the State authorities where Hancock was not present, and attended an oratorio of Jonah, and other pieces, in King's Chapel, on which occasion he was dressed in a black suit of velvet. The profits of this oratorio were appropriated to the expense of finishing the colonnade, or portico, of the chapel; and it is stated that Washington contributed handsomely for the object.

We find the following apostrophe to Hancock, in a poetical tribute to Washington, contained in Russell's Centinel, Oct. 31, 1789:

> "Thou, too, illustrious Hancock! by his side
> In every lowering hour of danger tried;
> With him conspicuous o'er the beamy page,
> Descend the theme of every future age.
> When first the sword of early war we drew,
> The king, presaging, fixed his eye on you;
> 'T was your dread finger pressed the sacred seal
> Whence rose to sovereign power the public weal!"

When Washington entered Boston, he came on horseback, dressed in his old continental uniform, with his head uncovered. He did not bow to the throngs that crowded around him, but sat on his horse, with a calm, dignified air. When he dismounted, at the old State-house, he came out on a temporary balcony at the west end. A long procession passed before him, whose salutations he occasionally returned. A triumphal arch was erected across the street at that place, and a choir of singers were stationed there. When Washington came forward, he was saluted by the clear, powerful voice of Daniel Rea, who sang the ode prepared for the occasion.

There is no question that the punctilious exactness of Gov. Hancock, in matters of etiquette, more especially in relation to the beloved Washington, had a tendency to diminish the respect for him, in the minds of our political leaders, that they had been accustomed to extend; and William Cunningham, in the famous correspondence with John Adams, reminds him of what he himself once said of him in the summer of 1791, probably when Adams had in his mind this unfortunate affair of Washington's reception. Some conversation respecting Hancock led Mrs. Adams to remark that he was born near your residence, says Cunningham,—"You turned yourself towards your front door, and

pointing to a spot in view, you laughingly exclaimed, 'Yes,—there 's the place where the great Gov. Hancock was born.' Then, composing your countenance, and rolling your eye, you went on with these exclamations: 'John Hancock! A man without head and without heart! —the mere shadow of a man!—and yet a Governor of old Massachusetts!' Pausing a moment, you breathed a sigh, which sorrowed, as plainly as a sigh could sorrow, for poor Massachusetts." Sullivan remarks that Hancock was not supposed to be a man of great intellectual force; and we have heard it stated, by a person of political eminence, that Dr. Cooper was the author of Hancock's oration on the Massacre, and that Dr. Thacher wrote for him his messages. Moreover, we have heard that Hon. Judge Parsons wrote for him the resolves of the State convention on the adoption of the federal constitution, which he had the reputation of preparing; but such detracting traditions should be received with decided impressions of disbelief. It is evident that he was an ardent friend of popular education; as in the first year of his administration, and in 1789, he made a persuasive appeal to the State Legislature to provide by law for public schools, and for suitable instruction. In relation to the opinion of John Adams, we have stronger evidence than the statement of Cunningham, in his letter to Judge William Tudor, dated June 5, 1813, contained in Felt's Memorials of William S. Shaw, wherein he remarks that "the two young men whom I have known to enter the stage of life with the most luminous, unclouded prospects, and the best-founded hopes, were James Otis and John Hancock. They were both essential to the Revolution, and both fell sacrifices to it." And in another part of the same letter, John Adams further asserts of them and Samuel Adams, that "they were the first movers, the most constant, steady, persevering springs, agents, and most disinterested sufferers, and firmest pillars, of the whole Revolution." Moreover, John Adams remarked, in a letter to Rev. Jedediah Morse, D. D., written in 1818, as follows: "Of Mr. Hancock's life, character, generous nature, great and disinterested sacrifices, and important services, if I had forces, I should be glad to write a volume. But this, I hope, will be done by some younger and abler hand." It is honor enough to John Hancock, that his daring patriotism, in the direst period of his country's perils, rendered him especially obnoxious to the British throne.

Old Massachusetts is greatly indebted to Gov. Hancock for his efficient measures in the suppression of Shays' Rebellion, which occurred

in 1786, and for the withdrawal of three hundred pounds of his salary as governor, which act of patriotism and generosity elicited the public thanks of the General Court.

In the year 1792, a company of comedians, under the direction of Charles Powell, arrived at Boston from London, and established theatrical entertainments in a stable, in Board-alley, fitted up for the occasion. A law having been in existence ever since 1750 against such amusements, the exhibitions were advertised under the covert name of Moral Lectures. Gov. Hancock was highly offended at such a transgression, and made it a special topic of censure in his message to the Legislature, stating that it was an open breach of the laws, and a most contemptuous insult upon the government, advising that these aliens and foreigners be brought to condign punishment. A writer in the Chronicle of Nov. 22, indignant not only that foreigners should palm themselves on a republican people, but also with "tales of love between my Lord and Lady, or Sir Charles and his Maid," in this land of liberty and equality, as preachers of moral lectures, thus versifies :

"Bostonians !
Shall a lawless Bandittis, the fæces,
The refuse of a degenerate people,
Pass unnoticed, and be suffered
To triumph over the opinions,
And the long, well-established maxims
Of our venerable ancestors ?
Shall vile minions, from a foreign land,
Affect to treat with open, marked contempt,
The mild influence of our government,
In the prevention of those evils
Which experience and well-known prudence
Long since stampt by the slow finger of time,
With wisdom and success ?
What insult is not to be awaited
From men, who, regardless of their honor,
Trample upon our laws, — our sacred rights, —
When the history of whose lives would put
Modesty and every kindred virtue
To the blush ! PHILO DRAMATIS."

On Wednesday, Dec. 3d inst., there was advertised to be performed, at the New England Exhibition-room, Board-alley, Feats on the Tight Rope ; after which, a Moral Lecture — The True-born Irishman, or Irish Fine Lady, etc. On that evening, on the complaint of Mr. Sullivan, the Attorney-general, Jeremiah Allen, the sheriff of Suffolk,

arrested Mr. Harper, one of the company of comedians who for some time past had entertained the people of Boston, as guilty of a breach of the law, and held him to bail to appear the next day before the justices, and enter into recognizance to appear at the next Supreme Court. At the period of the scene Bosworth Field, in Richard the Third, the sheriff came unceremoniously forward upon the stage, and made prisoner the humpbacked tyrant, and declared, unless the performances ceased, he should forthwith arrest the whole company. Much excitement ensued, and the citizens trod under foot the portrait of Hancock, that hung in front of the stage-box. A loud call ensued for the performance to proceed, but the actors advised the audience quietly to withdraw, and receive the entrance-pay. The performances were discontinued until the last day of that year, when the law was abolished; and it is said that many attended, at that time, armed with weapons. The building on Federal-street was shortly after erected for stage-plays.

To return: The examination was held at Faneuil Hall, when Attorney Sullivan read a special order from Gov. Hancock. H. G. Otis, counsel for Harper, objected to the legality of the warrant, as contrary to the 14th article of the Declaration of Rights, which requires that no warrants shall be issued except upon complaints made on oath. Mr. Tudor, also of his counsel, supported Mr. Otis, which was combated by Mr. Sullivan. The justices acceded, and the defendant was discharged, amid loud applause.

The last appearance of Gov. Hancock in the presence of the State Legislature occurred in the afternoon of Sept. 18, 1793, in the old State-house, in State-street, when, owing to debility, he was brought in attended by Mr. Secretary Avery and Sheriff Allen. Being seated, Gov. Hancock informed the Legislature that the condition of his health would not permit him to address them in the usual way. He therefore hoped they would keep their seats, and requested their indulgence while the Secretary of State would read his address, as his infirmity rendered it totally impossible for him to speak so as to be heard. Eager to maintain the rights of the people, he had summoned the Legislature to decide on the important question of the suability of the States, or rather, the sovereignty of Massachusetts. It was viewed as rather remarkable that he should summon a special session for this object, as before the period to which the Court was prorogued it was

ordained that Hancock should be numbered with the dead,— as if it were the intention of Heaven that the man who had ever been foremost in asserting the liberties of the States, should be first to check any encroachment on their sovereignty and independence.

After Secretary Avery had finished reading this valuable and pertinent speech, Gov. Hancock made the following truly pathetic apology, with a tone of voice which at once demonstrated the sincerity of his heart, and which could not fail of making a deep impression on the mind of every spectator. Hancock said: "I beg pardon of the honorable Legislature, and I rely on your candor, gentlemen, to forgive this method of addressing you. I feel the seeds of mortality growing fast within me; but I think I have, in this case, done no more than my duty, as the servant of the people. I never did, and I never will, deceive them, while I have life and strength to act in their service."

Whilst Great Britain dwells with enthusiasm, says the Chronicle, on the death of Chatham, who expired amid his fellow-peers, in making one glorious effort to save his country from impending ruin, let Massachusetts remember, and to the latest posterity be it known, that Gov. Hancock met his constituents, in General Assembly convened, when he was unable to articulate, except a few broken, pathetic sentences, and there delivered to the Senate and Representatives, through the medium of his secretary, the last political legacy of the dying patriot, replete with sentiments which deserve to be engraven on the pillars of time. The Legislature concurred in the opinion of Hancock, that a State was sovereign and independent, and not suable. This last exalted scene was worthy the pencil of Trumbull, and beamed with brighter glories than the death of Chatham.

The Assembly rose. Hancock was conveyed to his carriage, and taken to his residence, but never again appeared in public. His decease occurred Oct. 8, 1793, at the age of fifty-six, of gout and exhaustion. The corpse was embowelled, and remained unburied for eight days, to give an opportunity for the citizens, from remote parts of the State, to render the last tribute of respect to his memory; and they came in tens of thousands. The procession was an hour and one half in passing along, and it was conducted with great ceremony. Samuel Adams, who was lieutenant-governor, followed the bier as chief mourner; but the venerable patriot could not endure the fatigue, and on reaching State-street was compelled to retire from the procession.

"As the dead patriot's honored relics passed,
The pomp was darkened, and the scene o'ercast;
The world of pleasure passed unheeded by,
And tears of sorrow stood in every eye."

The militia of the town and the country added to the imposing effect of the scene. The judges of the Supreme Judicial Court had, to this period, worn immense wigs and broad bands above robes of scarlet English cloth, faced with black velvet, in winter, and black silk gowns, in summer. On this occasion they appeared in the latter, with their broad, flowing wigs; the barristers, also, were in black gowns and club wigs. There is a tradition in the family, that on the night after the funeral of Hancock, the tomb, located in the Granary, was forcibly entered, and the right hand of Hancock was severed from the arm, and taken away. This rumor is probably unfounded, as when, in the year 1841, the remains were gathered, together with the relics of his only son, and carefully deposited in a new coffin, no missing hand was observed. Peace to the manes of our American Trajan! May his grave, like his fame, bloom forever! No monument has ever been erected to the memory of John Hancock; and in the New York Merchant's Magazine of December, 1840, is a brief memoir of Hancock, written by George Mountfort, Esq., a native of Boston, in which it is proposed that a statue of John Hancock should be erected in the building of the Merchant's Exchange, on Wall-street, remarking: "Let an American sculptor breathe into chiselled marble the soul, and invest it with the form, of him who should be the merchant's pride and boast; and let it stand the presiding genius of a temple reared and consecrated to the commercial interests of our great city." How much more seemly is it that the sons of the Old Bay State erect an exquisite marble statue to the memory of this most eminent patriot and munificent Bostonian, either over his unhonored remains in the Granary, or in the near view of that to Bowditch, at Mount Auburn, the sacred forest of monuments!

Thy political reputation, Hancock, says Benjamin Austin, will ever be revered by the republicans of America! Thou wilt live, illustrious spirit, in the hearts of thy countrymen; and while liberty and the rights of thy country are duly estimated, thy name will be held in grateful remembrance. The proscription of George the Third is a "MAUSOLEUM" to thy memory, which will survive a ponderous monument of marble!

ON JOHN HANCOCK.

BY CHAPMAN WHITCOMB. 1795.

Jove, armed in thunder, ne'er appeared more great,
Old Delai Lama, on his throne of state,
Had not more votaries, no Turkish Dey,
Nor eastern sage, had more respect than he ;
His house the seat of hospitality,
And famed for alms and deeds of charity.
Noble his mien, and elegant his air ;
Comely his person, and his visage fair ;
Old Cato's virtues did his actions grace,
Courtiers were awed, and senators gave place ;
Knowledge and dignity shone in his face.

PETER THACHER, D. D.

MARCH 6, 1776. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

As Boston was at this time garrisoned by the British regulars, and the patriotic inhabitants were in the country, a meeting was assembled in the meeting-house at Watertown, at ten A. M., March 5, 1776, and after choosing the Hon. Benjamin Austin moderator, and after a fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. Cooper, the Rev. Peter Thacher delivered an oration, which was received with universal approbation, it being the anniversary of Preston's Massacre, says the New England Chronicle, effected "by a band of ruffians sent hither by George, the brutal tyrant of Britain, in order to execute his infernal plans for enslaving a free people." The oration was published by Benjamin Edes, at Watertown. Boston being occupied by the royalists at this day, there was no lantern exhibition, or other transparencies, which had previously occurred at the inn of Mrs. Mary Clapham, an antique, spacious, two-story brick house located on the site of the present Merchant's Bank. Many British officers boarded with Mrs. Clapham, who had several beautiful daughters, one of whom eloped with one of the officers, and is said to have become his wife.

In the patriotic performance before us, it is remarked: "Englishmen have been wont to boast of the excellence of their constitution,— to boast that it contained whatever was excellent in every form of government hitherto by the wit of man devised. In their king, whose power was limited, they have asserted that they enjoyed the advantages of monarchy, without fear of its evils; while their House of Commons, chosen by the suffrages of the people, and dependent upon them, represented a republic, their House of Peers, forming a balance of power between the king and the people, gave them the benefit of an aristocracy. In theory, the British constitution is, on many accounts, excellent; but when we observe it reduced to practice,— when we observe the British government, as it has been for a long course of years administered,— we must be convinced that its boasted advantages are not real. The management of the public revenue, the appointment of civil and military officers, are vested in the king. Improving the advantages which these powers give him, he hath found means to corrupt the other branches of the legislature. Britons please themselves with the thought of being free. Their tyrant suffers them to enjoy the shadow, whilst he himself grasps the substance, of power. Impossible would it have been for the kings of England to have acquired such an exorbitant power, had they not a standing-army under their command. With the officers of this army, they have bribed men to sacrifice the rights of their country. Having artfully got their arms out of the hands of the people, with their mercenary forces they have awed them into submission. When they have appeared at any time disposed to assert their freedom, these troops have been ready to obey the mandates of their sovereign, to imbrue their hands in the blood of their brethren. Having found the efficacy of this method to quell the spirit of liberty in the people of Great Britain, the righteous administration of the righteous King George the Third determined to try the experiment upon the people of America. To fright us into submission to their unjustifiable claims, they sent a military force to the town of Boston. This day leads us to reflect upon the fatal effects of the measure. By their intercourse with the troops, made up in general of the most abandoned of men, the morals of our youth were corrupted; the temples and the day of our God were scandalously profaned; we experienced the most provoking insults; and at length saw the streets of Boston strewed with the corpses of five of its inhabitants, murdered in cool blood by the British mercenaries."

This pathetic allusion herewith to the death of Warren should ever appear in the record of the times: "This day, upon which the gloomy scene was first opened, calls upon us to mourn for the heroes who have already died on the bed of honor, fighting for God and their country. Especially does it lead us to recollect the name and the virtues of Gen. Warren; — the kind, the humane, the benevolent friend, in the private walks of life,— the inflexible patriot, the undaunted commander, in his public sphere,— deserves to be recollected with gratitude and esteem! This audience, acquainted in the most intimate manner with his numberless virtues, must feel his loss, and bemoan their beloved, their intrusted fellow-citizen. Ah! my countrymen, what tender, what excruciating sensations, rush at once upon our burdened minds, when we recall his loved idea. When we reflect upon the manner of his death,— when we fancy that we see his savage enemies exulting o'er his corpse, beautiful even in death,— when we remember that, destitute of the rites of sepulture, he was cast into the ground, without the distinction due to his rank and merit,— we cannot restrain the starting tear — we cannot repress the bursting sigh! We mourn thine exit, illustrious shade! with undissembled grief; we venerate thine exalted character; we will erect a monument to thy memory in each of our grateful breasts, and to the latest ages will teach our tender infants to lisp the name of Warren with veneration and applause!"

Rev. Peter Thacher was born at Milton, March 21, 1752. He was a son of Oxenbridge Thacher, who published a tract, in 1764, entitled "The Sentiments of a British American, occasioned by the Act to lay certain Duties on the British Colonies," wherein he remarks: "Trade is a nice and delicate lady; she must be courted and won by soft and fair addresses; she will not bear the rude hand of a ravisher. Penalties increased, heavy taxes laid on, the checks and oppressions of violence removed,— these things must drive her from her pleasant abode." Our tracts were of no avail with Parliament, and the Stamp Act was passed in the next year. John Adams writes of Thacher, that "From 1758 to 1765 I attended every superior and inferior court in Boston, and recollect not one in which he did not invite me home to spend evenings with him, when he made me converse with him as well as I could on all subjects of religion, mythology, cosmogony, metaphysics,— Locke, Clarke, Leibnitz, Bolingbroke, Berkley,— the preëstablished harmony of the universe, the nature of matter and of spirit, and the eternal establishment of coincidences between their operations, fate,

foreknowledge absolute,— and we reasoned on such unfathomable subjects, as high as Milton's gentry in pandemonium; and we understood them as well as they did, and no better. But his favorite subject was politics, and the impending threatening system of parliamentary taxation, and universal government over the colonies. On this subject he was so anxious and agitated, that I have no doubt it occasioned his premature death."

Young Peter entered the Boston Latin School in 1763, graduated at Harvard College in 1769, and was a school-teacher at Chelsea soon after that date. From his childhood he had devoted himself to the ministry of religion; and his whole mind, as it expanded, had formed itself to this work. The father of Rev. Aaron Green, formerly of Malden, being intimate with him, invited him to pass the Sabbath with him, playfully remarking, "You had better bring a couple of sermons with you, for perhaps we shall make you preach." Accordingly, it came about that he officiated at the morning service. His youthful and engaging mien, his silvery voice and golden eloquence, so charmed the disturbed elements of this divided church, that, during the intermission, it was decided, by acclamation, that he was the man to heal the dissensions, and he became their pastor in 1770. During his residence in that town, he took an active part in the measure which effected the Revolution; and wrote, at the request of the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, a Narrative of the Battle of Bunker Hill, dated June 25, 1775, published in the journals of the Provincial Congress, of which he was a member, and said to be the best statement of that battle ever prepared. Dr. Thacher drafted, also, the spirited resolves and revolutionary instructions recorded on the Malden records of 1775. He was a delegate to the Massachusetts Convention of 1780, and strenuously contended against establishing the office of Governor of the State; and, when the matter was decided contrary to his wishes, he still objected to the title of "His Excellency," which was given to the chief magistrate; — but when the constitution was adopted, he gave it his decided support. He was often a chaplain of the State Legislature.

On the 8th of October, 1770, Mr. Thacher married the widow Elizabeth Pool, and had ten children, of whom were Rev. Thomas Cushing, minister of Lynn, and Hon. Peter Oxenbridge, judge of the Boston Municipal Court.

When Mr. Thacher was invited to the Brattle-street Church, the

good people of Malden did not relinquish their admired pastor without a struggle. After much excited negotiation, it was agreed that the Brattle-street Church should pay the debt of the Malden Church, amounting to a thousand dollars,— a debt undoubtedly contracted in consequence of the general depression of the Revolution. His preaching was direct, practical, and earnest; and, like Samuel Cooper, his predecessor of Brattle-street Church, he possessed, in singular excellence, the gift of prayer; and so charmed with him was George Whitfield, that he called him "The Young Elijah." And it is related of his brother, Rev. Thomas Thacher, of Dedham, a man of strong intellectual powers, that he once remarked of him, "I know brother Peter excels me in prayer, but I can give the best sermons." We have heard it stated, that when Rev. Peter Thacher first appeared in the flowing silk gown and bands given him by John Hancock, and read from the elegant Bible in the new mahogany pulpit,— also the gift of the generous governor,— and the people listened to the musical tones of his voice, reasoning for the best interests of the soul, in the graceful gestures of oratory, he effected a deep impression. He was settled in Boston, Jan. 12, 1785, and with him orthodoxy departed from Brattle-street Church. He was a frequent inmate of Hancock's festive board, who was his parishioner. The degree of Doctor of Divinity, from the University of Edinburgh, in Scotland, was conferred upon him. Being afflicted with an affection of the lungs, he visited Savannah, Ga., where he died in six weeks after leaving home. A eulogy on his character was pronounced, Dec. 31, 1802, by Rev. William Emerson, at Brattle-street Church; and a brief memoir was written by Gov. Sullivan, who was his parishioner and devoted admirer. He published twenty pamphlets of a religious and political character, written in an easy and familiar style.

> "There is a history in all men's lives,
> Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
> The which observed, a man may prophesy,
> With a near aim, of the main chance of things
> As yet not come to life; which, in their
> Seeds and weak beginnings, lie entreasured.
> Such things become the hatch and brood of time."

PEREZ MORTON.

APRIL 8, 1776. OVER THE REMAINS OF WARREN.

The first object of public interest to the Bostonians, after the evacuation of the British troops, was the recovery of the remains of the beloved Warren. They were found on the heights of Charlestown. According to Rees' Cyclopedia, "a native of Great Britain, who was in Boston at the time of the battle, came to the friends of Warren, ten months after that period, and told them he could point out the spot where the remains were deposited. He was offered a reward, if his information should be correct; and two brothers of the general, with some other gentlemen, accompanied him to the field. A sexton commenced digging on the spot he pointed out, and a corpse soon began to appear. The brothers, unable to remain longer, retired, having informed the other gentlemen that their brother might be distinguished by a particular false tooth. He was identified accordingly." We are credibly informed, that the Rev. Andrew Eliot, D.D., who, according to his private diary, received of the munificent Hancock, in the year 1777, a three-cornered hat, a wig, a fine suit of clothes, and a cask of Madeira wine, has related to his son, Dr. Ephraim Eliot, that a barber, who was accustomed to dress the head of General Warren, being on the battle-ground at the time of the burial of those who were killed on Bunker's Hill, accidentally recognized the body of Warren, just as the British regulars were in the act of throwing it into a grave, over another body, and on his stating the fact to them, they wrapped a mat around his remains previous to covering up the earth; and this was probably the individual alluded to in the Cyclopedia.

> "No useless coffin enclosed his breast, —
> Not in sheet or in shroud they wound him;
> But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

We have reason to believe that the above relation is mainly correct; and we have gathered from Dr. John C. Warren, a nephew of the general, the following statement of additional facts:

The remains of Gen. Warren were deposited in a grave under a locust-tree, and the spot is now designated in gilt letters on a granite

stone in the ground. They were interred beside the body of a butcher, on the day subsequent to the fatal contest, and were personally identified, on the April succeeding, by Dr. John Warren, and Ebenezer Warren, Esq., the brothers of the general, who readily recognized a false tooth, secured by wires, in the place of an eye-tooth which had been previously removed; and, although his body and that of the butcher were reduced to skeletons, the discovery of the false tooth, which was familiar to their eyes, and the aperture in the skull, together with the frock of the butcher, which remained entire, satisfied them that they witnessed the precious relics of their brother; and they were removed to Boston, where they were entombed in the family vault of Hon. George Richards Minot, adjoining the tomb of Governor Hancock, in the Granary Burying-ground, and directly in the rear of the residence of Dr. John C. Warren. On turning to the letters of Mrs. Abigail Adams, we find it stated, under date of April 7, 1776: "Yesterday, the remains of our worthy General Warren were dug up upon Bunker's Hill, and carried into town, and on Monday are to be interred with all the honors of war."

A procession was formed, on the 8th inst., at the State-house, in King-street, consisting of a detachment of the continental forces, a numerous body of the Free and Accepted Masons, the mourners, members of the General Assembly, selectmen, and citizens of the town. The pall was supported by Hon. Gen. Ward, Brig. Gen. Frye, Dr. Morgan, Col. Gridley, Hon. Mr. Gill, and J. Scollay, Esq. The remains were conveyed into King's Chapel, and a very pertinent prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, after an excellent dirge. President Adams' lady wrote on the occasion, and remarked at the time, in relation to the orator: "I think the subject must have inspired him. A young fellow could not have wished a finer opportunity to display his talents. The amiable and heroic virtues of the deceased, recent in the minds of the audience; the noble cause to which he fell a martyr; their own sufferings and unparalleled injuries, all fresh in their minds, must have given weight and energy to whatever could be delivered on the occasion. The dead body, like that of Cæsar, before their eyes, whilst each wound,

> 'Like dumb mouths, did ope their ruby lips
> To beg the voice and utterance of a tongue:
> Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood,—
> A curse shall light upon their line.'"

Indeed, this oration of Morton over the remains of Warren instinctively reminds one of the oration of Mark Antony over the remains of Julius Cæsar; and the occasion and the scene were of equal sublimity. The coming apostrophe, taken from the exordium of this splendid eulogy, must have deeply awakened the sensibility of the audience:

"Illustrious relics!

"What tidings from the grave? Why hast thou left the peaceful mansions of the tomb, to visit again this troubled earth? Art thou the welcome messenger of peace? Art thou risen again to exhibit thy glorious wounds, and through them proclaim salvation to thy country? Or art thou come to demand that last debt of humanity to which your rank and merit have so justly entitled you, but which has been so long ungenerously withheld? And art thou angry at the barbarous usage? Be appeased, sweet ghost! for, though thy body has long laid undistinguished among the vulgar dead, scarce privileged with earth enough to hide it from the birds of prey,— though not a kindred tear was dropped, though not a friendly sigh was uttered, o'er thy grave,— and though the execrations of an impious foe were all thy funeral knells,— yet, matchless patriot! thy memory has been embalmed in the affections of thy grateful countrymen, who, in their breasts, have raised eternal monuments to thy bravery!" In another passage, Morton exclaims: "Like Harrington he wrote,— like Cicero he spoke,— like Hampden he lived,— and like Wolfe he died!"

A few years since, the remains of Gen. Warren were removed from the tomb of the Minots to the family tomb of his nephew, Dr. John C. Warren, under St. Paul's Church. His skull is in a careful state of preservation.

Perez Morton was born at Plymouth, Nov. 13, 1751. His father settled at Boston, and was keeper of the White Horse Tavern, opposite Hayward-place, and died in 1793. The son entered the Boston Latin School in 1760, and graduated at Harvard College in 1771, when he studied law; but the revolutionary war prevented his engaging in the practice, and he took an active part in the cause of freedom. In 1775 he was one of the Committee of Safety, and in the same year became deputy-secretary of the province. After the war, he opened an office as an attorney at law, at his residence in State-street, on the present site of the Union Bank. In 1778 he married Sarah Wentworth Apthorp, at Quincy, noted by Paine as the American Sappho. Mr. Morton was a leader of the old Jacobin Club, which held meetings at

the Green Dragon Tavern, and became a decided Democrat. A political poet of Boston thus satirizes Perez Morton:

> "Perez, thou art in earnest, though some doubt thee!
> In truth, the Club could never do without thee!
> My reasons thus I give thee in a trice, —
> You want their votes, and they want your advice!
>
> "Thy tongue, shrewd Perez, favoring ears insures, —
> The cash elicits, and the vote secures.
> Thus the fat oyster, as the poet tells,
> The lawyer ate, — his clients gained the shells."

Mr. Morton was Speaker of the House from 1806 to 1811, and was attorney-general from 1810 to 1832; was a delegate from Dorchester to the convention for revising the State constitution, in 1820, and was vigorous in general debate. He died at Dorchester, Oct. 14, 1837. He was an ardent patriot, an eloquent speaker, of an elegant figure and polished manners.

BENJAMIN HICHBORN.

MARCH 5, 1777. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

We will cite a passage from this performance, which was delivered at the old brick meeting-house, to indicate its patriotic spirit: "We can easily conceive," says Mr. Hichborn, "a mixture of prejudice and fear, that will excite such awful ideas of the person to whom we have been taught from our cradles to annex the properties of a most gracious sovereign, most sacred majesty, and a train of such God-like attributes, as would make us feel conscious of a degree of impiety in calling a villain by his proper name, while shrouded under this garb of sanctity. But it is exceedingly diverting to view the influence of this chimerical divinity in those who are made the immediate tools of supporting it. They will tell you it is a task most ungrateful to men of their sensibility and refinement, to be made the instruments of sending fire and death indiscriminately among the innocent, the helpless, and the fair, — but they have sworn to be faithful to their sovereign, and, were they

ordered to scale the walls of the new Jerusalem, they should not dare to decline the impious attempt.

"Were it not for this ridiculous faith in the omnipotence of the tyrant whom they serve, we must suppose them fools or madmen. Indeed, that very faith would justify the charge of extreme madness and folly against all mankind who had not been nurtured in this cradle of infatuation. Were it not for the indulgence that a generous mind will always show to the weakness and prejudices of the worst of men, many whom the chance of war has thrown into our hands must have felt the severity and contempt of a justly enraged people, while they, with all their vanity and ostentation, remain the unhurt objects of our pity.

"It is surely rather a subject of merry ridicule, than deserving of serious resentment, to see many of this kind of gentry affecting to deny the character of prisoners, and attributing that indulgence, which is the effect of unparalleled generosity, to the mean motive of fear; but we will let them know that they cannot provoke us even to justice in the line of punishment, and we leave them to their own consciences, and the impartial censures of surrounding nations, to make some returns for the unexampled cruelties that many of our friends have suffered from their barbarous hands,—in lieu of that severity which, however just, humanity shudders to inflict. But we cannot think it strange to find people, in the subordinate departments of life, influenced by such ridiculous notions, while their haughty masters seem to labor under the misfortune of the same infatuation."

Benjamin Hichborn was born at Boston, Feb. 24, 1746, graduated at Harvard College in 1768, was admitted to the bar July 27th of that year, and became an eminent barrister. He was ardent in the cause of the Revolution, and one of the most fearless, dauntless patriots. In 1775, a Tory wrote of him as a prisoner on board the Preston, and, as a young lawyer, standing a fair chance for the gallows. He was imprisoned on board of a ship of war in Boston harbor, and a note of his oration thus alludes to the fact:

"Capt. Johnson and his crew, the prisoners in general at New York and Halifax, Mr. Lovell and many others in Boston, are instances sufficient to destroy the little credit the British ever had for humanity; and the sufferings of some to which I myself have been a witness, exposed to all the inconveniences and hazards of a languishing disease in confinement on ship-board, in view of the persons and habitations of their nearest friends, and a sympathizing parent turned over the side,

with reproaches for attempting to speak to his sick, suffering, dying child, must give the characters of the polite, sensible, humane Admiral Graves, and his nephew Sam, a stamp of infamy which the power of time can never wipe away."

When Mr. Hichborn took his degree at the college, his commencement part was in Latin: "An Crimen, non Republicæ noxium, Cognitioni humanæ subjici debeat?" He married Hannah Gardner, March 2, 1780, the widow of Benjamin Andrews, a hardware merchant, whom tradition relates he shot with a pistol at the dinner-table of her husband, stating he was not aware that the pistol was loaded with ball. To obviate the tendency of the imputation against him, we quote from the Boston Gazette of Jan. 11, 1779, the following relation of the unfortunate death of Benjamin Andrews, which occurred on the Saturday evening previous: "Sitting in his parlor, with his lady and a friend, he had been comparing an elegant pair of pistols, which he had bought the preceding day, with a pair which he had some time before, and which were supposed to be unloaded. Upon one of these Mr. Andrews observed some rust in a place left for the engraver to mark the owner's name upon. His friend undertook to rub it off. Having accomplished it, he was returning the pistol to Mr. Andrews, who was sitting in a chair at the table by the fireside. Unhappily, as he took it from his friend, Mr. Andrews grasped it in such a manner as brought his thumb upon the trigger, which happened to have no guard, and it instantly discharged its contents into his head, near his temple, and he expired in less than half an hour. It is remarkable that a few minutes before he had taken the screw-pins from both these pistols, and one of them almost to pieces; and had handled them without any caution, and in every direction against his own body, and those who were in the room with him." The verdict of the jury of inquest was, that Mr. Andrews came to his death by misfortune.

As colonel of the Cadets of Boston, he marched to Rhode Island in 1778. Mr. Hichborn was a representative of Boston, a democrat of the old school, and a warm advocate of Jefferson. Many famous lawyers read law in his office. He died at Dorchester, Sept. 15, 1817.

A witty political poet of Boston, in 1795, thus alludes to Hichborn in a poem, "The Lyars," which, when published, excited furious riots:

"Sooner shall Vinal in his school remain,
Or Hewes, my pack-horse, common sense attain;
Sooner shall Morton's speeches seem too long,
Or Hichborn to lay a tax upon the tongue;

Sooner shall language 'scape the clam-like lip
Of Tommy Edwards, ere he drinks his flip;
Sooner shall Dexter use a word uncouth,
Than Dr. Jarvis ever speak the truth."

JONATHAN WILLIAMS AUSTIN.

MARCH 5, 1778. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

JONATHAN WILLIAMS AUSTIN was born at Boston, April 18, 1751. He entered the Latin School 1759, graduated at Harvard College 1769. The first English exercise at this college, it is said, on commencement-day, July, 1769, was a dialogue between Mr. Austin and William Tudor. He read law with John Adams at the same period.

Mr. Austin was the first witness examined in the trial of the British soldiers for the murder of the victims on the 5th of March, 1770. He is recorded as clerk to John Adams, Esq., and recognized one William McCauley, a prisoner at the bar. He related as follows: "On the evening of the 5th of March last, I heard the bells ring, and immediately went into King-street." In answer to the question how many people were present on his entrance there, he replied, "There might be twenty or thirty, I believe. I saw the sentry at the custom-house door, swinging his gun and bayonet. There were a parcel of men and boys round him. I desired them to come away, and not molest the sentry. Some of them came off, and went to the middle of the street. I then left them, and went up towards the main guard. Immediately a party came down. I walked by the side of them till I came to the sentry-box, at the custom-house. McCauley then got to the right of the sentry-box; he was then loading his piece. I was about four feet off. McCauley said, 'Damn you, stand off!' and pushed his bayonet at me. I did so. Immediately I heard the report of a gun. He came round the sentry-box, and stood close to it on the right. I stood inside the gutter, close by the box, which was three or four feet

from the corner of the custom-house." In answer to the question how many guns did you hear fired, Mr. Austin replied that there were five or six. Mr. Austin was admitted to Suffolk bar July 27, 1772.

We cannot find that Mr. Austin was ever married; we infer, however, from an "Epitaph for Himself," as follows, that matrimony was a subject near his heart,— but he was removed in early life:

> "I had my failings, be the truth confest;
> And, reader, canst thou boast a blameless breast?
> Nor hold me all defect; I had a mind
> That wished all happiness to all mankind, —
> That more than wished, — the little in my power
> I cheered the sorrowing, soothed the dying hour.
> Yearned, though in vain, to save life's parting thread,
> Which mourned the pious, more the vicious, dead.
> Spare me one tear, and then, kind reader, go;
> Live foe to none, and die without a foe.
> Live, and, if possible, enlarge thy plan;
> Not live alone, — die, too, the friend of man.
> And when our dust obeys the trumpet's call,
> He 'll prove our friend who lived and died for all."

He was an elegant writer, and an eloquent speaker. He was a member of the Middlesex Convention, in 1774, and chairman of the committee that prepared resolutions adopted by the convention. He was author of Poetical and Political Essays, and a colonel in the army of the Revolution. He died in a southern State, in 1779.

The patriotic oration of Mr. Austin, delivered at the Old Brick, burns warm with pure love of country, and we select one passage to the point: "It is standing armies in time of peace, and the consequences thence resulting, that we deprecate. Armies, in defence of our country unjustly invaded, are necessary, and in the highest sense justifiable. We, my friends, attacked by an arbitrary tyrant, under the sanction of a force the effects of which we have attempted to illustrate, have been obliged to make the last solemn appeal. And I cannot but feel a pleasing kind of transport, when I see America, undaunted by the many trying scenes that have attended her, still baffling the efforts of the most formidable power in Europe, and exhibiting an instance unknown in history. To see an army of veterans, who had fought and conquered in different quarters of the globe, headed by a general tutored in the field of war, illustrious by former victories, and flushed with repeated successes, threatening, with all the pomp of

expression, to spread havoc, desolation, and ruin, around him, — to see such a soldiery and such a general yielding to a hardy race of men, new to the field of war,— while, on the one hand, it exalts the character of the latter, convincingly proves the folly of those who, under pretence of having a body of troops bred to war and ever ready for action, adopt this dangerous system, in subversion of every principle of lawful government. Here, if, after having depictured scenes of so distressing nature, it may not appear too descending, I could not forbear smiling at the British general and his troops, who, not willing to reflect on their present humiliating condition, affect the air of arrogant superiority. But Americans have learnt them that men, fighting on the principles of freedom and honor, despise the examples that have been set them by an enemy; and, though in the field they can brave every danger in defence of those principles, to a vanquished enemy they know how to be generous,—but that this is a generosity not weak and unmeaning, but founded on just sentiments, and if wantonly presumed upon, will never interfere with that national justice which ever ought, and lately has been, properly exerted."

WILLIAM TUDOR.

MARCH 5, 1779. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

William Tudor was born at Boston, March 28, 1750, a son of Dea. John Tudor, of Rev. Dr. Lathrop's church, who records, in 1779, that "the sudden judgments of an earthquake, terrible storm, and fire, have all three done damage to the meeting-house, within his remembrance." The son entered the Latin School in 1758, graduated at Harvard College in 1769, studied law with John Adams, was admitted to Suffolk bar July 27, 1772, was an eminent counsellor, a colonel in the army of the Revolution, and Judge Advocate General from 1775 to 1778. He married Delia Jarvis, March 5, 1778. He was a member of the House and Senate, and in 1809–10 the Secretary of State.

Col. Tudor was Vice-president of the Society of Cincinnati of Massachusetts, in 1816, and was the last orator of that institution, in 1791. He acted as Judge Advocate in the trials of officers engaged in the war of the Revolution. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in whose collections appears an extended memoir. He died July 8, 1819.

Mr. Tudor was, by the war of the Revolution, separated from the lady to whom his affections were engaged, and whom he afterwards married. For the benefit of a better air, she resided some time on Noddle's Island, in the family of Mr. Williams. One of his boyish acquisitions was now of use to him. He was, in his youth, an excellent swimmer. When a boy, being on a visit on board of an English ship of the line in the harbor, the conversation turned upon swimming; and he proposed to jump from the taffrail rail over the stern,— which, in ships of the old model, was a considerable height,— if any one would do the same. A sailor offered himself. The boy took the leap, but the man was afraid to follow. He now profited by a knowledge of this art. To have attempted visiting the island in a boat, would have exposed him to certain capture by the enemy; but, tying his clothes in a bundle on his head, he used to swim from the opposite shore of Chelsea to the island, make his visit, and return to the continent in the same manner.

In the elegant and spirited oration of Col. William Tudor, delivered at the Old Brick, we find a passage specially worthy of perpetual record: "In 1764 the plan for raising a revenue from this country was resolved on by the British ministry, and their obsequious Parliament were instructed to pass an act for that purpose. Not content with having for a century directed the entire commerce of America, and centred its profits in their own island, thereby deriving from the colonies every substantial advantage which the situation and trans-marine distance of the country could afford them; not content with appointing the principal officers in the different governments, while the king had a negative upon every law that was enacted; not content with our supporting the whole charge of our municipal establishments, although their own creatures held the chief posts therein; not content with layin gexternal duties upon our mutilated and shackled commerce,— they, by this statute, attempted to rob us of even the curtailed property, the hard-earned peculium which still remained to us, to create a revenue for the support of a fleet and army; in reality, to overawe and

secure our subjection,—not (as they insidiously pretended) to protect our trade, or defend our frontiers; the first of which they annoyed, and the latter deserted.

"After repealing this imperious edict,—not because it was unjust in principle, but inexpedient in exercise,—they proceeded to declare, by a public act of the whole legislature, that we had no property but what was at their disposal, and that Americans, in future, were to hold their privileges and lives solely on the tenure of the good will and pleasure of a British Parliament. Acts soon followed correspondent to this righteous determination, which not quadrating with American ideas of right, justice and reason, a fleet and army were sent to give them that force which laws receive when promulgated from the mouths of cannon, or at the points of bayonets. We then first saw our harbor crowded with hostile ships, our streets with soldiers,—soldiers accustomed to consider military prowess as the standard of excellence; and, vain of the splendid pomp attendant on regular armies, they contemptuously looked down on our peaceful orders of citizens. Conceiving themselves more powerful, they assumed a superiority which they did not feel; and whom they could not but envy, they affected to despise. Perhaps,—knowing they were sent, and believing they were able, to subdue us,—they thought it was no longer necessary to observe any measures with slaves. Hence that arrogance in the carriage of the officers; hence that licentiousness and brutality in the common soldiers, which at length broke out with insufferable violence, and proceeding to personal insults and outrageous assaults on the inhabitants, soon roused them to resentment, and produced the catastrophe which we now commemorate. The immediate horrors of that distressful night have been so often and so strikingly painted, that I shall not again wring your feeling bosoms with the affecting recital. To the faithful pen of history I leave them to be represented, as the horrid prelude to those more extensive tragedies which, under the direction of a most obstinate and sanguinary prince, have since been acted in every corner of America where his armies have been able to penetrate."

Judge Tudor, when on a tour in Europe, about the year 1800, after his arrival at London, was presented at court by our ambassador, Rufus King. On the mention of his name, King George smiled, and observed, in his rapid manner, "Tudor! what—one of us?" Having been told that he had just come from France, he eagerly made many inquiries respecting the state of that country, the situation of Paris, and the

opinions of the inhabitants. These court presentations are generally a mere matter of form; but foreigners, introduced by their ambassadors, are received apart by the king, and before the subjects of the country. The king's curiosity continued the interview so long, that Lord Galloway, the lord in waiting, who had a great amount of duty to perform, grew impatient, and said, "His Majesty seems to be so deeply engaged with his cousin, that he forgets what a number of persons are in waiting to be presented." The king, in this audience, exhibited all the courtesy and inquisitive good sense which always distinguished him.

When at Paris, in 1807, the Empress Josephine had it in charge to amuse the courtiers during the absence of Napoleon. She gave entertainments at the palace, which were called *cercles*. The first singers and actors were called to perform a few select pieces on these evenings, and a light but most exquisite supper was given to the guests. After Mr. Tudor and the ladies of his family had been presented, they were invited several times to these *cercles*, and also to similar entertainments from the other branches of the imperial family. A trifling circumstance will here show how minute the French are in their attentions. In the absence of Napoleon, gentlemen were presented to Cambaceres, and afterwards invited to his table. From very abstemious and simple habits in early life, he became one of the most luxurious and ostentatious of the imperial court. He was remarkable for the expense and excellence of his table. Mr. Tudor was invited to dine with him; and, as he did not speak French, though he understood it, a gentleman was placed by him who spoke English perfectly. In the course of the dinner, he was offered a piece of plum-pudding, which he declined. He was told that it had been prepared purposely for him, thinking it was a national dish. Of course, he could not refuse to take a piece. Though he was fonder of the simple dishes of his own country than the costly and scientific preparations of French cookery, he was always willing to admit that this dinner of the arch-chancellor could not be surpassed.

JONATHAN MASON.

MARCH 5, 1780. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

JONATHAN MASON was born in Boston, Aug. 30, 1752, a son of Dea. Jonathan Mason of the Old South Church; entered the Latin School in 1763, graduated at Princeton College in 1774, a student at law under John Adams, and an attorney in 1777. Mr. Mason was one of the ninety-six attestators of the Boston Massacre, and confirms a fact regarding Hutchinson, related in the History of Massachusetts:

"Jonathan Mason, of lawful age, testifies and says, that on the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, about ten o'clock, being in King-street, Boston, standing near His Honor the lieutenant-governor, he heard him say to an officer at the head of the king's troops, who, it was said, was Capt. Preston, 'Sir, you are sensible you had no right to fire, unless you had orders from a magistrate.' To which Capt. Preston replied, 'Sir, we were insulted,'— or words to that purpose; upon which Capt. Preston desired His Honor to go with him to the guard-house, which His Honor declined, and repaired to the council-chamber.

"*Boston, March* 21, 1770."

On the Monday after the memorable 5th March, 1780, Mr. Mason delivered a spirited oration in the Old Brick Church, when a collection was taken for the unhappy Monk, still languishing from the cruel wounds received at the Massacre. "The living history of our own times will carry conviction to the latest posterity," says Jonathan Mason in his eloquent performance, "that no state, that no community,— I may say, that no family,— nay, even that no individual,— can possibly flourish and be happy, without some portion of the sacred fire of patriotism. It was this that raised America from being the haunt of the savage, and the dwelling-place of the beast, to her present state of civilization and opulence; it was this that hath supported her under the severest trials; it was this that taught her sons to fight, to conquer and to die, in support of freedom and its blessings. And what is it, but this ardent love of liberty, that has induced you, my fellow-citizens, to attend on this solemn occasion, again to encourage the streams of sensibility, and to listen with so much attention and candor to one

of the youngest of your fellow-citizens, whose youth and inability plead powerfully against him, while the annual tribute is paid to the memory of those departed citizens who fell the first sacrifices to arbitrary power? Check not such generous feelings. They are the fruits of virtue and humanity; and, while the obligations you remain under to those unhappy men lead you to shed the sympathetic tear, to dwell with pleasure upon their memories, and execrate the causes of their death, remember that you can never repay them. Ever bear it in your minds, that so implicit was the confidence you willingly placed in that country that owed to you her affection, that, notwithstanding the introduction of that inhuman weapon of tyrants into the very heart of your peaceful villages, you still would fain rely on their deceitful assertions, and paint the deformed monster to your imaginations as the minister of peace and protection. Men born in the bosom of liberty, living in the exercise of the social affections in their full vigor, having once fixed them upon particular objects, they are not hastily eradicated. Unaccustomed to sport with and wantonly sacrifice these sensible overflowings of the heart, to run the career of passion and blinded lust, to be familiar with vice and sneer at virtue, to surprise innocence by deceitful cunning, and assume the shade of friendship to conceal the greater enmity, you could not at once realize the fixed, the deliberate intention of those from whom you expected freedom to load you with slavery and chains; —and not till insult repeated upon insult,— not till oppression stalked at noonday through every avenue in your cities,— nay, not till the blood of your peaceful brethren flowed through your streets,— was the envenomed serpent to be discovered in the bushes; — not till a general trespass had been made upon the keenest feelings of human nature, and the widowed mother was summoned to entomb the cold remains of her affectionate son, the virtuous bosom to resign its tender partner, and social circles their nearest friends, could you possibly convince yourselves that you and Britain were to be friends no more. Thrice happy day! the consequences of which have taught the sons of America that a proper exercise of public spirit and the love of virtue hath been able to surprise and baffle the most formidable and most powerful tyranny on earth."

Jonathan Mason was an eminent counsellor at law, and a member of the State Legislature. In 1798 he was of the Governor's Council; in 1800 he was elected to the United States Senate, and in 1819 to the House in Congress, when he voted for the Missouri Compromise. In

his political relations he was a firm adherent of the federal party. He was distinguished for great energy of character and dignity of manners. In stature he was tall and erect. He died at Boston, November 1, 1831. Mr. Mason married Susanna, daughter of William Powell, April 13, 1779. Dr. John C. Warren married their daughter Susan in 1803, and Hon. David Sears married their daughter Miriam C. in 1809. An admirable portrait of Mr. Mason, by Gilbert Stuart, is in the family of Mr. Sears.

THOMAS DAWES.

MARCH 5, 1781. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

THOMAS DAWES was a son of Col. Thomas Dawes, an eminent architect, and patriot of the Revolution. He was born at Boston, July 8, 1758. He entered the Latin School in 1766, graduated at Harvard College in 1777, early entered the profession of law, and became an eminent counsellor. He married Margaret Greenleaf in 1781, and resided on the paternal estate in Purchase-street, a place famous in the Revolution for private caucuses. He ever evinced a lively imagination, and natural thirst for polite literature. His witticisms are proverbial, and his patriotic and literary poetic effusions were highly popular. When about thirty years of age, he was appointed one of the associate justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of the State, which he filled until 1803, when he became judge of the Municipal Court for Boston until 1823. He was appointed judge of Probate for Suffolk county, which station he occupied until his decease, July 22, 1825. Judge Dawes was a delegate to the State Convention of 1820 for revising the constitution. He was of very small stature, being not five feet in height, but rotund and fleshy round the waist. His face was florid and small, with expressive eyes. His hair was long and gray. His utterance was of a striking lisp, and his voice was soft and clear. He wore small-clothes and buckled shoes. When it was announced that Thomas

Dawes was appointed to the Supreme Court, Col. Hichborn, it is related, who was displeased, contemptuously said of him, "I could put him into my pocket." Upon being informed of this, Judge Dawes promptly remarked, with great dignity and good-nature, "If he did pocket me, he would have had more law in his pocket than he ever had in his head." On another occasion, standing among five other guests in a drawing-room, just before dinner was announced, all of whom were tall or stouter than himself,—Gen. Arnold Welles, Col. Roulstone, Maj. Benjamin Russell, and others,—one of them jocosely asked him how he felt, being so small, and surrounded as he was by so many large men; to whom he promptly replied, "Like a silver six-penny piece among five copper cents,—much less in size than any one, but of more intrinsic value than all of them together."

When the liberty-pole was erected on the spot where the Liberty Tree once flourished, opposite Frog-lane, Judge Dawes wrote as follows:

"Of high renown here grew the tree,—
The elm so dear to liberty.
Your sires, beneath its sacred shade,
To Freedom early homage paid;
This day, with filial awe, surround
Its root, that sanctifies the ground;
And, by your fathers' spirits, swear
The rights they left you 'll not impair."

"Do we not see the darkened spring of 1770," said Judge Dawes in his oration at the Old Brick, "like the moon in a thick atmosphere, rising in blood, and ushered in by the figure of Britain plunging her poignard in the young bosom of America? O, our bleeding country! was it for this our hoary sires sought thee through all the elements, and having found thee sheltering away from the western wave, disconsolate, cheered thy sad face, and decked thee out like the garden of God? Time was when we could all affirm to this gloomy question,—when we were ready to cry out that our fathers had done a vain thing. I mean upon that unnatural right which we now commemorate; when the fire of Brutus was on many a heart,—when the strain of Gracchus was on many a tongue. 'Wretch that I am!—whither shall I retreat?—whither shall I turn me?—to the capitol? The capitol swims in my brother's blood. To my family? There must I see a wretched, a mournful and afflicted mother.' Misery loves to brood over its own woes; and so peculiar were the woes of that night, so

expressive the pictures of despair, so various the face of death, that not all the grand tragedies which have been since acted can crowd from our minds that era of the human passions, that preface to the general conflict that now rages. May we never forget to offer a sacrifice to the manes of our brethren who bled so early at the foot of Liberty. Hitherto we have nobly avenged their fall; but as ages cannot expunge the debt, their melancholy ghosts still rise at a stated season, and will forever wander in the night of this noted anniversary. Let us, then, be frequent pilgrims at their tombs. There let us profit of all our feelings; and, while the senses are 'struck deep with woe,' give wing to the imagination. Hark! even now, in the hollow wind, I hear the voice of the departed: 'O ye who listen to wisdom, and aspire to immortality, as ye have avenged our blood, thrice blessed! as ye still war against the mighty hunters of the earth, your names are recorded in heaven!'

"Such are the suggestions of fancy; and, having given them their due scope,—having described the memorable Fifth of March as a season of disaster,—it would be an impiety not to consider it in its other relation; for the rising honors of these States are distant issues, as it were, from the intricate though all-wise divinity which presided upon that night. Strike that night out of time, and we quench the first ardor of a resentment which has been ever since increasing, and now accelerates the fall of tyranny. The provocations of that night must be numbered among the master springs which gave the first motion to a vast machinery, a noble and comprehensive system of national independence. 'The independence of America,' says the writer under the signature of 'Common Sense,' 'should have been considered as dating its era from the first musket that was fired against her.' Be it so! but Massachusetts may certainly date many of its blessings from the Boston Massacre,—a dark hour in itself, but from which a marvellous light has arisen. From that night, revolution became inevitable, and the occasion commenced of the present most beautiful form of government. We often read of the original contract, and of mankind, in the early ages, passing from a state of nature to immediate civilization. But what eye could penetrate through Gothic night and barbarous fable to that remote period? Such an eye, perhaps, was present, when the Deity conceived the universe, and fixed his compass upon the great deep. And yet the people of Massachusetts have reduced to practice the wonderful theory. A numerous people

have convened in a state of nature, and, like our ideas of the patriarchs, have deputed a few fathers of the land to draw up for them a glorious covenant. It has been drawn. The people have signed it with rapture, and have thereby bartered among themselves an easy degree of obedience for the highest possible civil happiness. To render that covenant eternal, patriotism and political virtue must forever blaze, — must blaze at the present day with superlative lustre, being watched, from different motives, by the eyes of all mankind. Nor must that patriotism be contracted to a single commonwealth. A combination of the States is requisite to support them individually. 'Unite, or die,' is our indispensable motto."

Mr. Robert Patterson presented a petition to the town of Boston, on this day, March 5, 1781, setting forth that he received a wound in the right arm, on the 5th of March, 1770, by a shot from Preston's party, whereby he has entirely lost the use of it; and that, since the death of Mr. Monk, he is the only one of the unhappy number, then badly wounded, that survives; and therefore praying the charity of the town; — "voted, that a collection be made, at the close of this meeting, for the unhappy sufferer." Boxes were placed at each door of the Old Brick Meeting-house, to receive the contributions; and also on the two years succeeding.

We cannot resist the insertion of Judge Dawes' patriotic effusion, repeated to the editor from memory, by Thomas Somes, a merchant of Boston, and a nephew of the judge, one day in the street, when standing nearly opposite the Athenæum, and who died suddenly a few days after the recital. It was sung June 17, 1786, at the festival on the opening of Charlestown Bridge, after the announcement of this sentiment: "May this anniversary be forever marked with joy, as its birth was with glory."

"Now let rich music sound,
And all the region round
With rapture fill;
Let the full trump of fame
To heaven itself proclaim
The everlasting name
Of Bunker's Hill.

"Beneath his sky-wrapt brow
What heroes sleep below, —
How dear to Jove!

Not more beloved were those
Who foiled celestial foes
When the old giants rose
To arms above!

"Now scarce eleven short years
Have rolled their rapid spheres
Through heaven's high road,
Since o'er yon swelling tide
Passed all the British pride,
And watered Bunker's side
With foreign blood.

"Then Charlestown's gilded spires
Felt unrelenting fires,
And sunk in night;
But, phœnix-like, they 'll rise
From where their ruin lies,
And strike the astonished eyes
With glories bright.

"Meandering to the deep,
Majestic Charles shall weep
Of war no more.
Famed as the Appian Way,
The world's first bridge, to-day
All nations shall convey
From shore to shore.

"On our blessed mountain's head
The festive-board we 'll spread
With viands high;
Let joy's broad bowl go round,
With public spirit crowned;
We 'll consecrate the ground
To Liberty."

When Judge Dawes was a delegate in the State Convention of 1820, he made several speeches. On one occasion he remarked, the constitution was adopted just after he left the law office of one of its principal founders, and he had an opportunity of witnessing the anxiety of those who raised this bulwark of our liberties. Of the spirit of amity which prevailed in the convention of 1788, he could speak with confidence. He was one of the twelve gentlemen chosen from Boston to that convention, nine of whom have gone to render their account, and he must soon follow. Those gentlemen were obliged to change their minds, as light beamed upon them on the various subjects dis-

cussed. Even Samuel Adams, who was remarkable for the inflexibility of his opinions, after hearing Fisher Ames' speech upon the biennial election of members of Congress, got up,— not to oppose, as was expected, but to tell us that he was satisfied with the reasons which had been given by Ames. This conduct, in such a man as Mr. Adams, had a great effect upon the other members of the convention.

Mr. Dawes opposed a resolution directing the manner in which the votes on the amendments are to be given by the people, where the persons voting are to express their opinion by annexing to each number the word Yes, or No, or any other words that may signify his opinion of the proposed amendment. He thought this latitude might lead to difficulty. It would permit a man to read a whole sermon. They had often heard whole sermons read in the Assembly,— they might read them in town-meeting, and put them on file, to express their opinion. It was amended. Judge Dawes was a member also of the convention for the adoption of a State constitution in 1780.

Thomas Dawes always exhibited an honest and friendly feeling, which shone forth in his social intercourse, enlivened by classic and literary taste, undiminished by the assumption of *measured manner*, too often exercised to supply the place of real merit.

GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT.

MARCH 5, 1782. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

George Richards Minot was born at Boston, Dec. 22, 1758, and was the youngest of ten children. He entered the Latin School in 1767, where he was a shining scholar. When the important period drew near in which he was to leave school, he was not only required by Master James Lovell to compose his own oration, but he was also enjoined to aid several of his classmates in the same duty. While at Harvard College he devoted himself with great industry and success to classical and historical studies. He graduated in 1778. His most

admired models were Robertson's Charles the Fifth, and the London Annual Register. At his graduation he received the highest honors of the college, without an expression of envy from his classmates; such is the force of superior merit towards the youth who loved every one, and who veiled his talent in the garb of modesty. Mr. Minot entered on the study of law under Judge Tudor, towards whom he had a warm veneration. It was in his office that he enjoyed the advantage of being the fellow-student of Fisher Ames, where his own genius caught fire from the flame which burned so intensely in the imagination of his companion. Fisher Ames was at that time unknown to the world, but Minot never spoke of him without enthusiasm; and he often predicted the splendid reputation which this powerful orator would in coming time attain.

On the adoption of the State constitution, in 1780, Mr. Minot was elected clerk of the House of Representatives. During this period, the causes which led to the insurrection of Daniel Shays were in operation, and he had the opportunity of being familiar with the debates, which were of intense public interest. This insurrection was a primary cause of the adoption of the constitution of the United States. Mr. Minot was appointed secretary of the State Convention of 1788, on the discussion of its adoption. Mr. Minot was married in March, 1783, to Mary Speakman, of Marlboro', the lady of his early love, whose warmth of affection towards him was ardent as that of his towards herself. At this period he was a liberal contributor to the Boston Magazine, and was an editor of three early volumes of the Massachusetts Historical Collections, of which society, the Humane, the Charitable, and the American Academy, he was a devoted member. He was appointed judge of Probate in 1792, which office he honored with impartiality and humanity. He became judge of the Municipal Court from 1800, and wisely sustained its duties until his decease, Jan. 2, 1802. His residence was in Devonshire-street, on the site of the Type and Stereotype Foundery, and no private mansion in Boston was more famous for a free and generous hospitality. He was remarkable for sprightly sallies of wit, radiant benignity, and blandness of manners. In 1795 his address for the Massachusetts Charitable Society, of which he was president, was published. His impassioned eulogy on the character of Washington, pronounced at the request of the town of Boston, was ready for sale on the day after its delivery, and was more rapidly sought than even that by Fisher Ames,

an edition being sold in one day, and two more shortly after being taken up. His intimate friend and pastor, Dr. James Freeman, remarked of this eulogy, that a kindred likeness may be traced in the features of the minds, in Minot's delineations of the character of Washington, so striking as to be obvious to those who best knew them both. Judge Minot had but ten days' notice to prepare the funeral oration, and thus described the emotions of his mind at this time: "My only refuge was in an enthusiastic pursuit of my subject, which stimulated what little powers I possessed to their utmost exertion. A candor and mild expectation prevailed through all ranks of people, which encouraged me. A like kind of attentive silence enabled me to deliver myself so as to be heard. I sat down unconscious of the effect, feeling as though the music was at once playing the dirge of Washington's memory and my own reputation. I was soon astonished at my good fortune. All praised me; a whole edition of my eulogy sold in a day; the printers, Manning and Loring, presented me with an additional number of copies, on account of their success; invitations were sent me to dine in respectable companies; my friends are delighted, and, although nearly exhausted by sickness, I am happy. Such was the successful issue of the most unpropitious undertaking that I was ever engaged in."

In 1798, Judge Minot published a Continuation of Hutchinson's History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and the second volume in 1803. Our American Sallust is peculiar for veracity, perspicuity and vigor, and was the first purely elegant historian of New England. His History of the Insurrection in Massachusetts, and the Rebellion consequent thereon, published by Manning and Loring, in 1798, ——, is the best record of that perilous period ever prepared.

In the polished oration of George Richards Minot, pronounced at the Old Brick, on the Boston Massacre, in 1782, we find an appeal to the moral sense of this republic, where he remarks:

"Let us not trust to laws. An uncorrupted people can exist without them; a corrupted people cannot long exist with them, or any other human assistance. They are remedies which, at best, always disclose and confess our evils. The body politic once distempered, they may indeed be used as a crutch to support it a while, but they can never heal it. Rome, when her bravery conquered the neighboring nations and united them to her own empire, was free from all danger within, because her armies, being urged on by a love for their country, would

as readily suppress an internal as an external enemy. In those times she made no scruple to throw out her kings who had abused their power. But when her subjects sought not for the advantage of the commonwealth,— when they thronged to the Asiatic wars for the spoils they produced, and preferred prostituting the rights of citizenship upon any barbarian that demanded them, to meeting him in the field for their support,— then Rome grew too modest to accept from the hands of a dictator those rights which she ought to have impaled him for daring to invade. No alteration in her laws merely could have effected this. Had she remained virtuous, she might as well have expelled her dictators as her kings. But what laws can save a people who, for the very purpose of enslaving themselves, choose to consider them rather as counsels which they may accept or refuse, than as precepts which they are bound to obey? With such a people they must ever want a sanction, and be contemned. Virtue and long life seem to be as intimately allied in the political as in the moral world. She is the guard which Providence has set at the gate of freedom."

Here we have the peroration of Minot's oration: "America once guarded against herself, what has she to fear? Her natural situation may well inspire her with confidence. Her rocks and her mountains are the chosen temples of liberty. The extent of her climate, and the variety of its produce, throw the means of her greatness into her own hands, and insure her the traffic of the world. Navies shall launch from her forests, and her bosom be found stored with the most precious treasures of nature. May the industry of her people be a still surer pledge of her wealth! The union of her States, too, is founded upon the most durable principles. The similarity of the manners, religion and laws, of their inhabitants, must ever support the measure which their common injuries originated. Her government, while it is restrained from violating the rights of the subject, is not disarmed against the public foe. Could Junius Brutus and his colleagues have beheld her republic erecting itself on the disjointed neck of tyranny, how would they have wreathed a laurel for her temples as eternal as their own memories! America! fairest copy of such great originals! be virtuous, and thy reign shall be as happy as durable, and as durable as the pillars of the world you have enfranchised."

The character of Judge Minot was thus admirably described by Hon. John Quincy Adams, on the year of his decease:

"Are you an observer of men, and has it been your fortune only

once to behold George Richards Minot? You have remarked the elegance of his person, and the peculiar charm of expression in his countenance. Have you witnessed his deportment? It bore the marks of graceful simplicity, of dignified modesty, of unassuming urbanity. Have you listened to his conversation? It was the voice of harmony; it was the index of a penetrating and accurate mind; it was the echo to a warm and generous heart. Such appeared Mr. Minot on a first and transient acquaintance, from which period to that of the most confidential intimacy, our own knowledge, and the unvaried testimony of indisputable authority, concur in affirming that every trace of pleasing first impression was proportionably deepened, every anticipation of sterling worth abundantly fulfilled. His character, as the citizen of a free country, was not less exemplary. The profoundest historian of antiquity has adduced the life of Agricola as an extraordinary proof that it is possible to be a great and good man, even under the despotism of the worst of princes.

"Minot's example may be alleged as a demonstration equally rare, under a free republic, that, in times of the greatest dissensions, and amidst the most virulent rancor of factions, a man may be great and good, and yet acquire and preserve the esteem and veneration of all. In the bitterness of civil contention he enjoyed the joint applause of minds the most irreconciled to each other. Before the music of his character, the very scorpions dropped from the lash of discord,— the very snakes of faction listened and sunk asleep! Yet did he not purchase this unanimous approbation by the sacrifice of any principle at the shrine of popularity. From that double-tongued candor which fashions its doctrines to its company,— from that cowardice, in the garb of good-nature, which assents to all opinions because it dares support none,— from that obsequious egotism, ever ready to bow before the idol of the day, to make man its God, and hold the voice of mortality for the voice of Heaven,— he was pure as the crystal streams. Personal invectives and odious imputations against political adversaries he knew to be seldom necessary. He knew that, when unnecessary, whether exhibited in the disgusting deformity of their nakedness, or tricked out in the gorgeous decorations of philosophy,— whether livid with the cadaverous colors of their natural complexion, or flaring with the cosmetic washes of pretended patriotism,— they are ever found among the profligate prostitutes of party, and not among the vestal virgins of truth. He disdained to use them; but, as to all great ques-

tions upon principle, which are at the bottom of our divisions, there was no more concealment or disguise in his lips than hesitation or wavering in his mind. So far was he from courting the prejudices or compromising with the claims of faction, that he published the History of the Insurrection in the commonwealth, at a time when the passions which had produced them were still rancorous and flourishing; and although nothing contributed more than that work to consign the rebellion it recorded to infamy, none of its numerous abettors ever raised a reclamation against the veracity of the history, or the worth of the historian."

In Democracy Unveiled, canto 3, on Mobocracy, by Christopher Caustic, appears a happy allusion to George Richards Minot, as follows:

"But I 'll purloin a little — why not?
From classic history of Minot;
For theft can need no other plea
Than this — our government is free!
Our Demo's steal each other's trash,
While Coleman plies in vain the lash.
And prithee, therefore, why can I not
Steal my Mobocracy from Minot?
Fas est ab hoste doceri, —
If that be true, why then 't is clear I.
But, gentle reader, have you read it?
'Yes,' — then I 'll give my author credit."

The nature and operation of the causes which led to the rebellion in Massachusetts, says Caustic, in a note to Mobocracy, are explained in a lucid and masterly manner, in the history of George Richards Minot, the style of which might rank its author as the Sallust of America. According to that writer, the commonwealth of Massachusetts was in debt upwards of £1,350,000 private State debt, exclusive of the federal debt, which amounted to one million and a half of the same money. And, in addition to that, every town was embarrassed by advances they had made to comply with repeated requisitions for men and supplies to support the army, and which had been done upon their own credit. The people, Minot informs us, had been laudably employed, during the nine years in which this debt had been accumulating, in the defence of their liberties; but though their contest had instructed them in the nobler science of mankind, yet it gave them no proportionable insight into the mazes of finance. Their honest prejudices were averse to duties

of impost and excise, which were at that time supposed to be anti-republican by many judicious and influential characters. The consequences of the public debt did not at first appear among the citizens at large. The bulk of mankind are too much engaged in private concerns to anticipate the operation of national causes. The men of landed interest soon began to speak plainly against trade, as the source of luxury, and the cause of losing the circulating medium. Commercial men, on the other hand, defended themselves by insisting that the fault was only in the regulations which the trade happened to be under. Minot then proceeds to point out other causes which contributed to lead the people astray; and his history exhibits abundant proof that the people at large are not always correct judges of what political measures may best subserve their own prosperity.

> "To paint the ills which power attend,
> Our men of mind their talents lend;
> But overlook the great propriety
> Of *power* to guarantee society."

The following effusion was addressed to the Hon. George Richards Minot, when he was preparing the History of Massachusetts:

> "Let jarring spirits turn the leaf,
> And Coke and Littleton explore;
> Pleased with the logic of a brief,
> And wise with metaphysic lore.
> Let others on the laws decide,
> And on the Norman records grope;
> Lay thou the wrangling bar aside,
> And give thy genius ampler scope.
> Thy equal mind, on truth intent,
> To paltry strife must not descend;
> Another task for thee is meant, —
> Thy country's genius to defend.
> What though that country's tardy voice
> Nor urge thy labor nor reward?
> The historic Muse approves the choice,
> And all the wise and good applaud.
> Ere laurelled science twine the wreath,
> The bud of genius must unfold;
> Our hardy sires, the snow beneath,
> Grew strong, unmindful of the cold.
> Mark'st thou yon river's peopled shore,
> Its wheat-crowned hills, its bleating meads,
> Taught through delicious banks to pour,
> Where not a stone its course impedes?

Mark'st thou, too, the industrious sires
Who cleared the current, crowned the hills?
What love and gratitude inspires
One sweet memorial of thy skill?
Yet more than if the castle told
'Some wily victor ravaged here,
Your sires to vassalage he sold,
Or scourged, the pyramid to rear.'
For where no crowning castles found,
No despotism has been known;
The honest peasant reaps the ground
By free-born fathers tamed and sown.
Short is the tale of tyrant power, —
Easy the story of its reign, —
Whose march was destined to devour,
Whose glory, to recount the slain.
But the slow progress of a tribe
By nature's energies alone
Cool reason only can describe,
Ere the first principles have flown.
Yet, lo! with careless ease we sleep,
While rapid sweeps unstable time
Disgorgeless to oblivion's deep,
The records of a nation's prime.
While to hoar winter's snowy wells,
Ridged by eternal frost and hail,
When spring the laughing current swells,
And cheers, swift Merrimac, thy vale;
Urged as the vernal streams descend,
Exciting wonder as they flow,
Some ardent minds their source ascend,
And meet the untravelled realms of snow
Shall, from a country's wasting page,
Which moth and rust and reason maim,
Ere darkened by a crowding age,
None snatch the unmutilated name?
Yes, ere the fabled tale is wrought,
While yet the features are imprest,
Shall thy discriminating thought
Portray the Pilgrims of the West."

"The series of events," says Washington to Minot, "which followed from the conclusion of the war, forms a link of no ordinary magnitude in the chain of the American annals. That portion of domestic history which you have selected for your narrative deserved particularly to be discussed, and set in its proper point of light, while materials for the purpose were attainable. Nor was it unbecoming or unimportant to enlighten the Europeans, who seem to have been extremely ignorant with regard to these transactions. While I comprehend fully the difficulty of stating facts on the spot, amidst the living actors and recent animosities, I approve the more cordially that candor with which you appear to have done it."

THOMAS WELSH, M. D.

MARCH 5, 1783. ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

THOMAS WELSH was born at Charlestown, June 1, 1754, and married Mary Kent, of that town. He was an army-surgeon at Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was in attendance at the latter battle, principally at a house under the western side of the hill, in company with Lieut. Col. Brickett, a physician, who came off with the first of the wounded, and of whom Gen. Warren obtained his arms for the battle. Dr. Welsh was afterwards near Winter Hill, by which route the troops who went to Cambridge retreated. Dr. Welsh and Samuel Blodgett assisted in arresting the retreat of the New Hampshire troops. On the morning of the Battle of Lexington, Dr. Warren, at about ten o'clock, rode on horseback through Charlestown, says Frothingham. He had received, by express, intelligence of the events of the morning, and told the citizens of Charlestown that the news of the firing was correct. Among others, he met Dr. Welsh, who said, "Well, they are gone out." "Yes," replied the doctor, "and we will be up with them before night."

Dr. Welsh, who was on Prospect Hill when the British were passing from Lexington, saw Col. Pickering's regiment on the top of Winter Hill, near the front of Mr. Adams' house, the enemy being very near in Charlestown road. Washington wrote of this period: "If the retreat had not been as precipitate as it was from Lexington, — and God knows it could not well have been more so,— the ministerial troops must have surrendered, or been totally cut off; for they had not arrived in Charlestown (under cover of their ships) half an hour, before a powerful body of men from Marblehead and Salem were at their heels, and must, if they had happened to be up one hour sooner, inevitably have intercepted their retreat from Charlestown." Dr. Welsh was surgeon at Castle Island, 1799. He was the hospital physician at Rainsford's Island for many years; was member of the Boston Board of Health, and vice-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in 1814; was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Dr. Welsh was a decided Whig of the Revolution, an amiable, social, and estimable citizen, and died at Boston, February, 1831. He graduated at Harvard College in 1772.

The patriotic Dr. Welsh, the last of the orators at the Old Brick, on the eventful Boston Massacre, thus remarks in the peroration: "When we consider our own prosperous condition, and view the state of that nation of which we were once a part, we even weep over our enemy, when we reflect that she was once great; that her navies rode formidable upon the ocean; that her commerce was extended to every harbor of the globe; that her name was revered wherever it was known; that the wealth of nations was deposited in her island; and that America was her friend. But, by means of standing armies, an immense continent is separated from her kingdom. Near eight full years have now rolled away since America has been cast off from the bosom and embraces of her pretended parent, and has set up her own name among the empires. The assertions of so young a country were at first beheld with dubious expectation; and the world were ready to stamp the name of rashness, or enterprise, according to the event. But a manly and fortunate beginning soon insured the most generous assistance. The renowned and the ancient Gauls came early to the combat, — wise in council, mighty in battle! Then with new fury raged the storm of war! The seas were crimsoned with the richest blood of nations! America's chosen legions waded to freedom through rivers dyed with the mingled blood of her enemies and her citizens,— through fields of carnage, and the gates of death!

"At length, independence is ours! — the halcyon day appears! Lo! from the east I see the harbinger, and from the train 't is peace herself,— and, as attendants, all the gentle arts of life. Commerce displays her snow-white navies, fraught with the wealth of kingdoms; Plenty, from her copious horn, pours forth her richest gifts. Heaven commands! The east and the west give up, and the north keeps not back. All nations meet, and beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and resolve to learn war no more. Henceforth shall the American wilderness blossom as the rose, and every man shall sit under his fig-tree, and none shall make him afraid."

JOHN WARREN, M. D.

JULY 4, 1783. ON THE NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

The last public act in the career of James Otis, that presiding genius of our colonial Revolution, occurred at a town-meeting of the inhabitants of Boston, March 5, 1783, at Faneuil Hall, when he officiated as moderator; and it was voted to substitute the celebration of the Declaration of Independence for that of the Boston Massacre, after Dr. Thomas Welsh had pronounced the annual oration on the latter occasion. Otis was struck out of existence by a flash of lightning, at Andover, in Massachusetts, on the 23d day of May succeeding. Who can tell but what this time-honored festival of liberty originated in his penetrative mind? It may be said of Otis that his political career was as a poem that lights warm hearts with living flame. How cheering was it to witness the eagle-eyed, round-faced, plump, short-necked, and smooth-skinned Otis, as he has been described by an enemy, at the head of the assembly in old Faneuil Hall on this glorious occasion!

William Cooper, the town-clerk, made the following motion: "Whereas, the annual celebration of the Boston Massacre, on the 5th of March, 1770, by the institution of a public oration, has been found to be of eminent advantage to the cause of virtue and patriotism among her citizens; and whereas, the immediate motives which induced the commemoration of that day do now no longer exist in their primitive force, while the benefits resulting from the institution may and ought ever to be preserved, by exchanging that anniversary for another, the foundation of which will last so long as time endures;—it is therefore resolved, that the celebration of the 5th of March from henceforth shall cease, and that instead thereof, the anniversary of the Fourth Day of July, 1776,—a day ever memorable in the annals of this country for the Declaration of Independence,—shall be constantly celebrated by the delivery of a public oration, in such place as the town shall determine to be most convenient for the purpose,—in which the orator shall consider the feelings, manners and principles, which led to this great national event, as well as the important and happy effects, whether general or domestic, which have already, and will forever continue, to flow from this auspicious epoch."

At a town-meeting on May of that date, Hon. Samuel Adams mod-

erator, the resolve was accepted, and a committee consisting of Perez Morton, William Tudor, Thomas Dawes, Joseph Barrell, and Charles Jarvis, were chosen to consider this matter at large, and report at the adjournment. At a town-meeting, July 4th inst., Hon. James Sullivan moderator, the committee announced that they had unanimously made choice of Dr. John Warren to deliver an oration on the 4th of July inst., who had accordingly accepted that service. They also voted that, as Faneuil Hall not being capacious enough to receive the inhabitants that may attend upon that occasion, it should be delivered at Dr. Cooper's church, as soon as the General Court is ended; and that leave be requested of the committee of said church for the use of that building.

According to Edes' Boston Gazette, that mirror of patriotism, the joy of the day was announced by the ringing of bells and discharge of cannon. At eleven o'clock, His Honor the Lieutenant-governor, Thomas Cushing,— His Excellency, John Hancock, being absent by reason of sickness,— the Hon. Council, the Senate and Representatives, escorted by the brigade train of artillery, commanded by Maj. Davis, repaired to the church in Brattle-street, where the Rev. Dr. Cooper, after a polite and elegant address to the auditory, returned thanks to Almighty God for his goodness to these American States, and the glory and success with which he had crowned their exertions; then an anthem was sung suitable to the occasion, and the solemnity was concluded by a most ingenious and elegant oration, delivered by Dr. John Warren, at the request of the town. They were conducted back to the Senate-chamber, where an agreeable entertainment was provided. At two o'clock, the brigade train, and the regiment of militia, commanded by Col. Webb, paraded in State-street, where the former saluted with thirteen discharges from the field-pieces, and the militia with thirteen *feu-de-joies*, in honor of the occasion. The officers of the militia dined together at the Bunch of Grapes and the brigade train at the Exchange taverns. Thirteen patriotic toasts were drunk by each corps, and the same number, which were given in the Senate-chamber, appear in the Gazette, one of which was, "May the spirit of union prevail in our country." On the next day the selectmen of the town, consisting of John Scollay, Harbottle Dorr, Thomas Greenough, Ezekiel Price, Capt. William Mackay, Tuthill Hubbard, Esq., David Jeffries, Esq., requested a copy of the oration for the press. Here we have the modest reply of the author:

GENTLEMEN,— On condition that the honesty of my intentions, and the warmth of my feelings, on the important event which was the subject of this oration, may be admitted to atone for the imperfection of the performance, I deliver a copy for the press.

"I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN WARREN."

This was a brilliant production, breathing patriotic ardor and fraternal warmth, of which we present a specimen: "Transported from a distant clime less friendly to its nurture, you have planted here the stately tree of Liberty, and lived to see it flourish. But whilst you pluck the fruit from the bending branches, remember that its roots were watered with your blood! Remember the price at which you purchased it, nor barter liberty for gold. Go, search the vaults where lay enshrined the relics of your martyred fellow-citizens, and from their dust receive a lesson on the value of your freedom! When virtue fails,— when luxury and corruption shall undermine the pillars of the State, and threaten a total loss of liberty and patriotism,— then solemnly repair to those sacred repositories of the dead, and, if you can, return and sport away your rights. When you forget the value of your freedom, read over the history that recounts the wounds from which your country bled,— peruse the picture which brings back to your imaginations, in the lively colors of undisguised truth, the wild, distracted feelings of your hearts! But if your happy lot has been not to have felt the pangs of convulsive separation from friend or kindred, learn them of those that have."

The noble remark of John Adams, the apostle of liberty, in allusion to this great natal day, should be printed in capitals in every newspaper of our vast republic, on every anniversary of that event: "The 4th day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch 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 acts 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 the continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

The attention of the Bostonians was involuntarily directed to the

brother of the hero of Bunker Hill, as we have seen, as the most suitable person to deliver the first town oration on our national independence.

John Warren was born at Roxbury, July 27, 1753, and graduated at Harvard College, 1771, where he was leader of a College Club for the study of anatomy. He was a student in medicine under his brother, Gen. Joseph Warren. In 1773 he established himself at Salem, and was associated with the famous Dr. Holyoke. On the 19th of April, 1775, the regiment of that town marched to Lexington. and Dr. Warren acted as their surgeon. Two of his brothers were in that scene of contest. "The life which has been devoted to the public good," said Dr. Warren, in a eulogy on Thomas Russell, "must be an interesting theme of historical narration; because scarcely any events can take place, in the course of such a life, but what must derive dignity and importance from the character which it sustains,"— and this may be suitably said of John Warren. We will continue his history in the language of his own journal, dated June 17, 1775: "This day,— a day ever to be remembered by the United American Colonies. — at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I was alarmed with the incessant report of cannon, which appeared to be at or near Boston. Towards sun-setting a very great fire was discovered, nearly in a direction from Salem for Boston; at the beginning of the evening, news arrived that a smart engagement had happened in the afternoon on Bunker Hill, in Charlestown, between the king's regular troops and the provincials; and, soon after, we received intelligence our own troops were repulsed with great loss, and the enemy had taken possession of the ground which we had broke the night before. I was very anxious, as I was informed that great numbers had fallen on both sides, and that my brother was in all probability in the engagement. I, however. went home, with a determination to take a few hours' sleep, and then to go immediately for Cambridge with my arms. Accordingly, in the morning, at about two o'clock, I prepared myself, and went off on horseback; and when I arrived at Medford, received the melancholy and distressing tidings that my brother was missing. Upon the dreadful intelligence, I went immediately to Cambridge, and inquired of almost every person I saw whether they could give me any information of him. Some told me that he was undoubtedly alive and well, others that he was wounded, and others that he fell on the field. Thus perplexed almost to distraction, I went on, inquiring with a solicitude

which was such a mixture of hope and fear as none but such as have felt it can form any conception. In this manner I passed several days, every day's information diminishing the probability of his safety.

"O, ye blood-thirsty wretches, who planned this dreadful scene which you are now forcing your bloodhounds to execute! Did you but feel the pangs of heartfelt, pungent grief for the cruel wounds you inflicted upon the tenderest part of the public, as well as individuals, you would have execrated those diabolical measures which by your counsels have been adopted, and precipitated us into all the horrors of a civil war. Unfeeling wretches! reflect, a moment, if you have still one feature of humanity which is still unobliterated from your minds, and view the helpless orphan bereft of its fond and only parent, stript of every comfort of life, driven into an inhospitable wild, and exposed to all the misery which are the results of your brutal violence, and forbear, if you can; but I defy even you to show yourselves so refined in your darling acts of cruelty as to be capable of supporting the shocking reflection. Here stay your hands, ye miscreants! stay your bloody hands, still warmed with the purple fluid, and ask yourselves if you are not sated with the inhuman carnage — your hearts long since inured to view these shocking scenes without emotion! Go on, then, ye dastard butchers! let desolation and destruction mark your bloody steps wherever your brave opposers are by fortune destitute of proper arms for their defence; but give up forever your pretensions to honor, justice or humanity, and know that this brave, undaunted and oppressed people, have an arm which will soon be exerted to defend themselves, their wives and children,— an arm which will ere long inflict such vengeance on their haughty, presumptuous foes, as shall convince them they are determined that British cowards, though their number be as the sands on the sea-shore, shall never subjugate the brave and innocent inhabitants of the American continent. Cover your heads with shame, ye guilty wretches! Go home, and tell your blood-thirsty master your pitiful tale; and tell him, too, that the laurel which once decorated the soldier has withered on the brow, upon the American shore! Tell him that the British honor and fame have received a mortal stab from the brave conduct of the Americans. Tell him that even your conquests have but served to inspire the sufferers with fresh courage and determined resolution; and let him know that since that accursed day when first the hostile forces of Britain planted their foot on the American shore, your conduct has been such as has resulted in a con-

tinued series of disgraceful incidents, weak councils, and operations replete with ignorance and folly. Tell him this, ye contemptible cowards! hide yourselves like menial slaves in your master's kitchens, nor dare approach the happy asylum of once extinct liberty,—for if ye dare, ye die!

"It appears that about 2500 men were sent off from the ministerial in Boston to dispossess a number,—about 700 of our troops,—who had, in the course of the night, cast up a small breastwork upon the hill. They accordingly attacked them, and, after having retreated three times, carried their point; upon which our men retreated with precipitation, having lost about 200 dead and 300 wounded; the enemy, according to Gage's account, 1025 killed and wounded, amongst whom were a considerable proportion of officers, Lieut. Col. Abercrombie, Maj. Pitcairn, etc.,—a dear purchase to them, indeed."

> "Look back, ye honored veterans few,
> Whose locks are thin, of silver hue,
> That ran, at war's loud piercing thrill,
> To Lexington and Bunker's Hill!
> When Charlestown's flame in pillars rose,
> Caused by our cruel British foes,
> Midst thundering cannon, blood and fire,
> You saw Lord Percy's host expire!
> With faltering tongue, you yet can tell
> Where some dear friend or brother fell;
> With palsied limbs, and glimmering eyes,
> Point to the place where Warren lies!"

Dr. John Warren had a portion of the care of administering to the wounded in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and was appointed hospital-surgeon by Washington, during the siege of Boston; and he was one of the detachment ordered to take possession of Boston, on its evacuation by the British troops. We will present the statement of Dr. Warren regarding the condition of the town on the day of its evacuation, as the relation is too interesting to be dispensed with, and the most authentic statement extant:

"*March* 17, 1776.—This morning, all the soldiers belonging to Bunker Hill were seen marching towards the ferry; soon after which, two men went upon the hill, and finding the posts entirely deserted by the enemy, gave a signal, upon which a body of our forces went on and took possession of Charlestown. At the same time, two or three thousand men were paraded at the boats in Cambridge, for the purpose

of going to Boston, if there should appear any probability of opposition from the regulars. The boats carried the men to Sewall's Point, where they landed; and, upon intelligence being received, from the selectmen who had come out of town, that all the troops had left, only a small body of men, who had recovered of the small-pox, were selected from several regiments to take possession of the heights in town. Being one of the party, by permit from the general, I had an opportunity of seeing everything just as it was left, about two hours before, by the enemy. Two redoubts in the neighborhood of Mount Whoredom appeared to me to be considerably strong. There were two or three half moons at the hill, upon the bottom of the Common, for small arms, and there were no ambrosiers at the redoubt above mentioned. Just by the shore, opposite Lechmere's Point, is a bomb-battery lined with plank, and faced with a parapet of horse-dung, being nothing but a simple line; near it lies a thirteen-inch mortar, a little moved from its bed. This is an exceeding fine piece, being, as I am sure, seven and a half inches thick at the muzzle, and near twice that over the chamber, with an iron bed all cast as one piece, the touch-hole all spiked up, and shot drove into the bores; there was only a simple line, being plank filled with dirt. Upon Beacon Hill were scarcely more than the fortifications of nature,—a very insignificant shallow ditch, with a few short pickets, a platform, and one twenty-four-pounder, which could not be brought to bear upon any part of the hill. This was left spiked up, and the bore crammed. On Copp's Hill, at the north, was nothing more than a few barrels, filled with dirt, to form parapets. Three twenty-four-pounders, upon a platform, were left spiked and crammed; all these, as well as the others, on carriages. The parapet in this fort and Beacon Hill did not at all cover the men who should work the cannon. There was a small redoubt behind, for small arms, very slender indeed. On Fort Hill were only five lines of barrels filled with earth,— very trifling indeed. Upon the Neck the works were strong, consisting of redoubts, number of lines with ambrosier for cannon, a few of which were left as the others. A very strong work at the old Fortification, and another near the Haymarket. All these were ditched and picketed. On Hatch's Wharf was a battery of rafters with dirt, and two twelve-pounders left as the others; one of these I saw drilled out and cleared for use, without damage.

"A great number of other cannon were left at the north and south batteries, with one or both trunnions beat off. Shot and shells were in

divers parts of the town. Some cartridges, great quantities of wheat, hay, oil, medicine, horses, and other articles to the amount of a great sum. The houses I found to be considerably abused inside, where they had been inhabited by the common soldiery, but the external parts of the houses made a tolerable appearance. The streets were clean, and, upon the whole, the town looks much better than I expected. Several hundreds of houses were pulled down, but these were very old ones. The inhabitants in general appeared to rejoice at our success, but a considerable number of Tories have tarried in the town to throw themselves upon the mercy of the people; the others are aboard with the shipping, all of which now lay before the Castle. They appear to have gone off in a hurry. In consequence of our having, the night before, erected a fort upon Nook Hill, which was very near the town, some cannon were fired from their lines, even this morning, to the Point.

"We now learn certainly that there was an intention, in consequence of a court-martial held upon the occasion of our taking possession of Dorchester Hills, to make an attack; and three thousand men, under command of Lord Percy, went to the Castle for the purpose. It was the intention to have attacked us, at the same time, at Roxbury lines. It appears that Gen. Howe had been very careful to prevent his men from committing depredations; that he, with other officers, had an high opinion of Gen. Washington,— of the army in general,— much higher than formerly. Lord Percy said he never knew us do a foolish action yet, and therefore he believed we would not induce them to burn the town by firing upon their fleet. They say they shall come back again soon. The small-pox is in about ten or a dozen places in town.

"*March* 20.— This evening they burn the Castle, and demolish, by blowing up, all the fortifications there; they leave not a building standing."

Before parting with this treasure, we will give Dr. Warren's visit to Charlestown and Bunker Hill, with his reflections on the event, inspiring sensations not less thrilling than a view of the battle-field of Waterloo, where Napoleon met his last great defeat:

"*March* 21.— Our men go upon the Castle, and soon begin to erect new fortresses, as they had begun, a day or two before, on Fort Hill; and the fleet all fall down into Nantasket Road. The winds have been fair for them to sail, but their not embracing the opportunity favors a suspicion of some intended attack. It seems, indeed, very improbable

that they will be willing to leave us in so disgraceful manner as this. It is very surprising that they should not burn the town, when they had it entirely in their power to do it. The soldiers, it appears, were much dissatisfied at being obliged to leave the town without glutting their revengeful tempers with the blood of the Yankees.

"This day I visit Charlestown, and a most melancholy heap of ruins it is. Scarcely the vestiges of those beautiful buildings remain, to distinguish them from the mean cottages. The hill which was the theatre upon which the bloody tragedy of the 17th of June was acted commands the most affecting view I ever saw in my life. The walls of magnificent buildings, tottering to the earth, below; above, a great number of rude hillocks, under which are deposited the remains of clusters of those deathless heroes who fell in the field of battle. The scene was inexpressibly solemn. When I considered myself as walking over the bones of many of my worthy fellow-countrymen, who jeoparded and sacrificed their lives in these high places,—when I considered that perhaps, whilst I was musing over the objects around me, I might be standing over the remains of a dear brother, whose blood has stained these hallowed walks,—with veneration did this inspire me. How many endearing scenes of fraternal friendship, now past and gone forever, presented themselves to my view! But it is enough; the blood of the innocent calls for vengeance on the guilty heads of the vile assassins. O, may our arms be strengthened to fight the battles of our God! When I came to Bunker Hill, I found it exceeding strong; the front parapet, about thirteen feet high from the bottom of the trench, composed of earth, containing plank supported by huge timber, with two look-outs upon the top. In the front of this were two bastions, and a semicircular line with very wide trenches, and very long picket as well as trenches. Within, the causeway was secured with a hedge and brush. All that part of the main fort which was not included within the high works above-mentioned,—namely, the rear,—was secured by another parapet, with a trench picketed inside as well as out.

"There was a half-moon which commanded the river at the side. There was, moreover, a block-house upon Schoolhouse Hill, enclosed by a very strong fence spiked, and a dungeon and block-house upon Breed's Hill, enclosed in a redoubt of earth, with trenches and pickets; the works which had been cast up by our forces had been entirely levelled."

In Dr. Warren's manuscript we find a beautiful and patriotic tribute

to Gen. Montgomery: "This brave man was determined either to take Quebec or lose his life. He accordingly died nobly on the field. His course of victory was short, rapid, and uninterrupted, but truly great and glorious. He has, in his conquest, behaved like the hero and like the patriot. O, America! thy land is watering with the blood of thy richest sons. Every drop calls for vengeance upon the infamous administration which authorized this unnatural butchery. God grant that, in this great man's stead, and for that of every hero who perishes in the noble struggle, double the number may rise up! Peace to his beloved shade! The tears of a grateful country shall flow copiously whilst they lament your death. Ten thousand ministers of glory shall keep vigils around the sleeping dust of the invincible warrior, whilst the precious remains shall be the resort of every true patriot in every future age; and whilst the truly good and great shall approach the place sacred with the dust of the hero, they shall point to the little hillock, and say, There rests the great Montgomery, who bravely conquered the enemies to freedom in this province; who, with utmost rapidity, with his all-conquering arms, reduced no less than three strong fortresses, and bravely died in the noble attempt to take possession of the strongest garrison upon the whole continent of America. He died, it is true, and in dying became invincible."

Dr. Warren was in the disastrous action on Long Island. He was in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and narrowly escaped captivity. In 1777 he was appointed superintending surgeon of the military hospitals in Boston, which he occupied until the peace. Dr. Warren married Abigail, daughter of Gov. John Collins, of Newport, R. I., Nov. 2, 1777, by whom he had five sons and four daughters. His eldest son, John Collins, the Astley Cooper of New England, has long been the most eminent surgeon in Massachusetts, whose son, Jonathan Mason, is destined to be as elevated in surgery as his fathers.

In the year 1780, according to Thacher, a contemporary, Dr. Warren gave a course of dissections to his colleagues, with great success, in connection with a series of lectures, in the Military Hospital, situated in a pasture in the rear of the present Massachusetts General Hospital, at the corner of Milton and Spring streets. They were conducted with the greatest secrecy, owing to the popular prejudice against dissections. In 1781, his lectures, given at the same place, became public, when the students of Harvard College were permitted to attend; and at this time he performed the amputation at the

shoulder-joint, with complete success. The third course was given in the year 1782, at the Molineux House, located on Beacon-street, opposite the north side of the State-house. This, or a preceding course, was delivered at the request of the Boston Medical Society, when Harvard students attended.

Dr. Warren was founder of the medical institution of Harvard University, arising from these lectures; and, on the request of President Willard, originated the plan for the present medical institution, which was organized in the year 1783, when three professors were inducted. Dr. Warren was at that time appointed Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, and efficiently performed the duties of that station until his decease. In the year 1806, Dr. John C. Warren, his son, was appointed adjunct professor on the same foundation, and continued in the discharge of the office during the period of forty years. Many a student, to the last day of life, has heartily responded to the fervent tribute of Susanna Rowson, to the memory of Dr. John Warren, which may be applied to the son with like effect:

> "How sweet was the voice that instructed our youth!
> What wisdom, what science, that voice could impart!
> How bright was that face, where the radiance of truth
> Beamed over each feature direct from the heart!"

In 1784, he established the small-pox hospital, at Point Shirley. In 1804, he was elected President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and was ever viewed as the Magnus Apollo, the life and soul, of that institution. He was president, also, of the Massachusetts Humane, Massachusetts Agricultural, and the Massachusetts Medical societies, of the last of which he was an originator, in 1783.

Dr. Warren was of middling stature; an elevated forehead, black eyes, aquiline nose, and hair retreating from the forehead, gave an air of dignity to his polished manners, inspired by intercourse with officers from France. As a lecturer, his voice was most harmoniously sonorous, his utterance distinct and full, and his language perspicuous. His perception was quick and acute, his imagination lively and strong, his actions prompt and decided. The rapidity in all his intellectual operations constituted a very striking trait in his character. Dr. Warren died April 4, 1815, at his residence in School-street, of an inflammation of the lungs, in connection with an organic disease which had long

affected his system. His remains are deposited under St. Paul's Church, beside those of his brother, Gen. Joseph Warren.

In 1782, Dr. Warren delivered a Charge to the Masons, on the festival of St. John the Baptist; and, in 1813, he published a View of Mercurial Practice in Febrile Disease. A eulogy on Dr. Warren was pronounced by Dr. James Jackson, April 8, 1815, before the Massachusetts Medical Society; and another eulogy was delivered by Josiah Bartlett, for the Massachusetts Grand Lodge.

President Quincy, in the History of Harvard University, remarks of Dr. Warren, that he "has just claims to be ranked among the distinguished men of our country, for his spirit as a patriot, his virtues as a man, and his preëminent surgical skill. The qualities of his heart, as well as of his mind, endeared him to his contemporaries."

BENJAMIN HICHBORN.

JULY 4, 1784. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

THE quotation herewith, from this patriotic oration on the union of the States, and the dangers of an increased territory in this republic, comes upon us at this period with great power.

"The American States," says Hichborn, "seem by nature to have such an intimate connection, that necessity will oblige them to be close friends, or the most inveterate enemies. Friends they may be for ages, but cannot long exist in a state of war with each other. Separated only by mathematical or imaginary lines, a very small superiority of force in either must be fatal to the neighborhood. Every acquisition will render the victorious party more irresistible; and in proportion as the conquerors advance, the power of opposing them will be lessened, till the whole are subdued by a rapacious discontented part. But experience having taught us that the force of government is generally lessened in proportion to the extent of territory over which it is to be exerted, we must expect, in a country like this, inhabited by men too sensible of their rights to rest easy under a control founded in fraud and supported by oppression, that discontent will break out in every quarter, till, by the clashing of various powers, a new division

of territory will take place, which must soon be succeeded with fresh quarrels, similar to those which disturbed the original tranquillity. Thus this happy land, formed for the seat of freedom and resort of the distressed, may, like other countries, in her turn, become a prey to the restless temper of her own inhabitants. But should any of the States, pressed by unequal force, call in the aid of some foreign power, the consequences must be equally ruinous. A demand of foreign aid in one State will produce a similar application from another, till America becomes the common theatre on which all the warlike powers on earth shall be engaged. But since this combined force, without an adequate power somewhere to give it a proper direction, can only operate like a mass of unanimated matter to check and destroy the natural activity of the body from whence it originates, it becomes an object of the last importance to form some great continental arrangements."

JOHN GARDINER.

JULY 4, 1785. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

The nervous and comprehensive oration of John Gardiner, showing a relation of some of the historical causes of the Revolution, states that an event occurred in the fifth year of Queen Anne, of vast importance to this country. "A statute was passed for the union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland; by the fourth article of which, it is declared that all the subjects of the United Kingdom shall have full freedom of trade and navigation to any port within the United Kingdom, and the dominions thereto belonging; and that there should be a communication of all other rights which belonged to the subjects of either kingdom. By this article, our tender, nursing mother,—as she has most falsely and impudently been called,—without consulting our legislative bodies, or asking the consent of any one individual of our countrymen,—assumed upon herself to convey, as stock in trade, one full undivided moiety of all the persons, and all the estates and property, of the freemen of America, to an alien, who will prove a harsh, cruel, and unrelenting stepmother. Then, too much blinded with foolish affection for that country whose oppressions had forced our

stern, free-minded progenitors into these remote regions of the world, —into an howling and a savage wilderness,—like children not yet attained to the years of reason and discretion, who inconsiderately suppose their parent ever in the right, our predecessors sat quiet under the arbitrary disposition, nor once murmured aloud at the unnatural, and to us iniquitous, transaction.

"Our new parent, Great Britain, then made our kings, appointed our governors, and kindly sent many of her needy sons to live upon the fruits of our toil; to reap where neither she nor they had sown, and to fill the various offices which she had generally created here, for her and their own emolument. Every twentieth cousin of an alehouse-keeper, who had a right of voting in the election of a member of Parliament, was cooked up into a gentleman, and sent out here commissioned to insult the hand that gave him daily bread. Although greatly displeased with these injurious proceedings, we submitted to the harsh hand of our unfeeling, selfish stepmother, nor once remonstrated against these, her unjust, her cruel usurpations."

John, son of Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, was born at Boston, in the year 1731. He was in early life sent to England, and entered on the study of law at the Inner Temple. He was admitted to practice in the courts of Westminster Hall, and became an intimate friend of Churchill, the famous poet. Whilst reading law in the Temple, he formed an acquaintance with Lord Mansfield, with whom he became a favorite; and, having the assurance of his patronage, he commenced legal practice, with every prospect of rising in England to considerable eminence. But, being eccentric in character, fearless and independent in action, he adopted Whig principles, and, to the surprise of Lord Mansfield, appeared as junior counsel in the famous case of John Wilkes, the reformer; and argued with success in the defence of Beardmore and Meredith, who, for writings in support of Wilkes, had been imprisoned on a general warrant. His zeal on this occasion blasted all hope of favor from court or Tory influence. In reference to Mr. Gardiner's efforts in these trials, there now remains in the possession of William H. Gardiner, his grandson, and a counsellor-at-law, a valuable and beautiful piece of plate, bearing this inscription:

"'Pro libertate semper strenuus.'

"To John Gardiner, Esq., this waiter is presented by Arthur Beardmore, as a small token of gratitude, for pleading his cause, and that

of his clerk, David Meredith, against the Earl of Halifax, then Secretary of State, for false imprisonment, under his warrant, commonly called a Secretary of State's warrant, that canker of English liberty.—1766."

He practised a period at South Wales, Haverford West, where he married Margaret Harris. Their eldest son, John Sylvester John, was born June, 1765, in Haverford West, and educated under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Parr, in England. In 1766, Mr. Gardiner was appointed chief-justice of the province of New York, which was declined. Mr. Gardiner, having been appointed attorney-general in the island of St. Christopher, removed his family to the West Indies, where he continued until the close of the American Revolution, in 1783, when he removed his family to Boston, where he soon became an eminent barrister-at-law, and distinguished himself by the highly learned oration pronounced July 4, 1785. The notes at the end of this production, exceeding in matter the text, are of great historic value. In the next year, Mr. Gardiner settled at Pownalboro', Maine, where he was elected a representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and was an ardent advocate for the abolition of special pleading, but was defeated. He effected, however, an abolition of the law of primogeniture. On Jan. 26, 1792, Mr. Gardiner strenuously vindicated the establishment of the Boston Theatre, in the Legislature, and was decidedly opposed by Samuel Adams and Harrison Gray Otis. His speech was published, and was entitled "The Expediency of Repealing the Law against Theatrical Exhibitions." This essay elicited from a Roman Catholic priest — one John Thayer — some strictures on what he viewed to be "not solid arguments." Mr. Gardiner replied, over the signature of Barebones, with great warmth and bitterness. The controversy continued for some time, and originated the following epigram:

"Thayer squibs at Gardiner, — Gardiner bangs at Thayer, —
A contest quite beneath the public care;
Each calls the other fool, and rails so long,
'T is hard to say that either 's in the wrong."

This production is probably the most scholastic argument in defence of the stage ever written by an American; and it was in this speech that Charles Jarvis was first termed "the towering bald eagle of the Boston seat." "If the door be opened to the repeal of the act against the stage," said Gardiner, "there can be no doubt but that, in time,

this country will produce poets who may tower into the sublimest paths of tragedy, and lightly tread along the smiling, flowery road of chaste comedy. But if in sullen silence the door is to be forever kept shut, and this Gothic statute is to remain unrepealed, our genius will be stifled, and our ears will continue to be harassed with nothing better than the untuned screechings of the dull votaries of old Sternhold and Hopkins!" In the same year he published A Dissertation on the Ancient Poetry of the Romans, in which he said, when contrasting the Roman church with the English Established church: "The first of their thirty-nine articles is superstitious, contradictory, and unintelligible: for, if the first part of that article be true, to a plain, honest mind, the latter part thereof cannot, in my opinion, be also true; and if the latter part be true, it is a direct contradiction of the first part, for the second person there mentioned had parts and passions. Their dignified clergy claim an heavenly, or divine, hereditary succession, and to have a certain spiritual something bottled in their carcasses, which they can communicate to whom they please, and which none but themselves, and those whom they touch for that purpose, can possess or enjoy. They deny transubstantiation, and yet they cherish consubstantiation, which differs only in the name. In short, they are in a very small degree removed from the Mother of Harlots." The opinions of John Gardiner, barrister, are wide apart from John Sylvester John, his son, the divine, who published a very learned discourse, entitled "A Preservative against Unitarianism," at Boston, in 1810, wherein he thus contemptuously lashes the Unitarians: "No faction was ever more active in spreading its tenets than the Unitarians. In England they have long conducted the most popular magazines and reviews, and here they are eager to seize on every avenue to the public eye and ear. From the slight opposition which they have encountered, they really seem to imagine that they are the only wise, and that all learning and genius are confined to themselves. But if there be a man of supereminent talents among them, let him be pointed out. I know him not. The pert conceit, the supercilious sneer, the claim to infallibility, the declamation against bigotry and superstition, by which they mean belief in the essential doctrines of Christianity, may excite admiration among the thoughtless and superficial, but will gain them little credit with the sensible and reflecting. The Unitarians are forever harping upon candor and liberality, which they display by ineffable contempt for all sects but their own. The candor of a Unitarian

resembles the humanity of a revolutionary Frenchman. It is entirely confined to words; and I will venture to affirm that no greater outrages against good manners can be found than in the writings of their leaders, Wakefield, Belsham, and Priestley. But let them measure their own moderate stature with the gigantic dimensions of a Bacon, a Milton, and a Johnson, and perhaps they will be candid enough to allow that all genius and knowledge are not confined to Unitarians, and that a man may be a Trinitarian without being necessarily either a blockhead or a hypocrite."

In 1785, John Gardiner took an active part in the alteration of the Liturgy in the Common Prayer, being on a committee, with Perez Morton and others, of King's Chapel church, striking out the doctrine of the Trinity. Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, long a warden of King's Chapel, was the father of the subject of this article, of whom John Adams said, that "he had a thin, grasshopper voice, and an affected squeak; a meagre visage, and an awkward, unnatural complaisance." Barrister Gardiner was a ripe scholar, a rare wit, and the most vigorous writer of his day; but highly sarcastic and vituperative toward his opponents. He was a zealous politician, learned in his profession, of tenacious memory, and of nervous eloquence.

When on his passage to the General Court of Massachusetts, in the packet Londoner, wrecked off Cape Ann in a storm, he was drowned, October, 1793, where his chest of clothing floated ashore.

JONATHAN LORING AUSTIN.

JULY 4, 1786. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

In the smooth and animated oration of Mr. Austin, glowing with patriotic fervor, it is said: "What country, my friends, can produce so many events, in the course of a few years, as must ever distinguish the American page,— a young continent, contending with a nation whose establishment had been for ages, and whose armies had conquered the powers of the world? What spirit, short of an heavenly enthusiasm, could have animated these infant colonies, boldly to

renounce the arbitrary mandates of a British Parliament, and, instead of fawning like suppliants, to arm themselves for their common defence? You dared to appeal to that God who first planted the principles of natural freedom in the human breast,—principles repeatedly impressed on our infant minds by our great and glorious ancestors; and may yonder sun be shorn of its beams, ere their descendants forget the heavenly admonitions!

"When I behold so many worthy patriots, who, during the late glorious struggle, have shone conspicuous in the cabinet and in the field, —when I read in each smiling face and placid eye the happy occasion for joy and gratulation,—the transporting subject fires my bosom, and, with emotions of pleasure, I congratulate my country on the return of this anniversary. Hail, auspicious day! an era in the American annals to be ever remembered with joy, while, as a sovereign and independent nation, these United States can maintain with honor and applause the character they have so gloriously acquired! How shall we maintain, as a nation, our respectability, should be the grand subject of inquiry. This is the object to which we must attend; for the moment America sullies her name, by forfeiting her honor, the fame she has acquired from the heroism of her sons, and the virtues she has displayed in the midst of her distress, will only serve, like a train of mourners, to attend the funeral of her glory. But, by a due cultivation of manners, a firm adherence to the faith we have pledged, an union in council, a refinement in sentiment, a liberality and benevolence of conduct, we shall render ourselves happy at home and respectable abroad; our constellation will brighten in the political hemisphere, and the radiance of our stars sparkle with increasing lustre."

Jonathan Loring, son of Hon. Benjamin Austin, was born at Boston, Jan. 2, 1748; entered the Latin School in 1755; graduated at Harvard College in 1766, on which occasion he delivered the first English oration ever assigned to a candidate for the bachelor's degree. The recent repeal of the Stamp Act had spread universal joy among the people, and naturally superseded all classical subjects for such an occasion. The boldness of some of the sentiments was not much approved by the faculty, and had well-nigh cost the candidate the honors of his class. Mr. Austin's father was of the Council, and a selectman in Boston in 1775, whose upright and venerable form, large, white wig, scarlet roquelot, and gold-headed cane, were the personification of the manners and dress of that period.

After leaving Cambridge, Mr. Austin commenced business as a merchant, in Portsmouth, N. H. He was appointed a major in a volunteer regiment, under the command of the late Gov. Langdon, raised for the protection of that place. On the commencement of hostilities, he became aid-de-camp to Gen. Sullivan; but being about that period appointed Secretary of the Board of War in Massachusetts, he directly accepted the latter situation, which he sustained until October, 1777. Mr. Austin married Miss Hannah Ivers.

When it became probable that Gen. Gates and the northern army would be able by their success to counterbalance the loss of Philadelphia and the gloomy character of the southern campaign, the executive Council of Massachusetts resolved to transmit the intelligence by a safe and early conveyance to the American Commissioners at Paris. For this purpose a vessel was chartered at Boston, and Mr. Austin was appointed a special messenger. As soon as the official despatches of the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne could be prepared, Mr. Austin sailed from Boston, October, 1777. It would seem that the feeble resources of the State were exhausted by the expense of the vessel. Their messenger was allowed to provide his cabin stores at his own charge, and to trust to the effect of his intelligence for the means of compensation. The pious habit of New England did not at that time permit a voyage to Europe, without proposing a note at church on the Sunday previous, for the prayers of the congregation. Such was accordingly offered at the Old Brick, where his father's family worshipped. The good Dr. Chauncy, though not gifted like Dr. Cooper in prayer, was on this occasion strongly excited. He thanked the Lord most fervently for the great and glorious event which required the departure of a special messenger. He prayed that it might pull down the haughty spirit of our enemies; that it might warm and inspirit our friends; that it might be the means of procuring peace, so anxiously desired by all good men; and he prayed that no delay might retard the arrival in Europe of the packet which conveyed this great news. He invoked a blessing, as desired, on the person who was about to expose himself to the dangers of the deep to carry this wonderful intelligence across the mighty waters; but, said he, good Lord, whatever, in thy wise providence, thou seest best to do with the young man, we beseech thee most fervently, at all events, to preserve the packet. The vessel arrived at Nantes, November, 1777.

The commissioners had assembled at Dr. Franklin's apartments, on

the rumor that a special messenger had arrived, and were too impatient to suffer a moment's delay. They received him in the court-yard. Before he had time to alight, Dr. Franklin addressed him, — "Sir, is Philadelphia taken?" "Yes, sir!" The old gentleman clasped his hands, and went to the hotel. "But, sir, I have greater news than that; General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war!" The effect was electrical. The despatches were scarcely read before they were put under copy. Mr. Austin was himself impressed into the service of transcribing them. Communication was, without delay, made to the French ministry. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, left Paris, and, on the 6th of December, official information was given to the American commissioners that the king recognized the independence of the United States. Treaties to that effect, and for commerce and alliance, were negotiated and signed in sixty days from that date; and the American commissioners, who before were obliged almost to keep themselves prisoners, were received into favor at court, and into unbounded popularity through all France.

Dr. Franklin transferred to Mr. Austin the affection of a father, as if he had been not merely the messenger, but the cause, of this glorious information. He took him directly into his family, constituted him an additional private secretary, and continued towards him the kindest regards during the whole period of his abode in France. Often, at breakfast or other occasions of their meeting, the old gentleman would break from one of those musings in which it was his habit to indulge, and, clasping his hands together, exclaim, "O! Mr. Austin, you brought glorious news!" He made it a matter of etiquette that Mr. Austin should accompany him wherever he was invited. He held him at his bedside during the intervals of the painful disease with which he was visited; taught him to play chess, that he might have some constant cause for the enjoyment of his society, to heap upon him every mark of personal attachment during the period of nearly two years of his residence in France.

Dr. Franklin was from that moment the object of unbounded curiosity and interest. The saloons of Paris were incomplete without his presence. There was an enthusiasm excited concerning him, which brought him into all the most beautiful society of that great metropolis, and in which his dress and simplicity of appearance formed a singular contrast to the rich and splendid attire of all others of the company. The young American, it may well be imagined, was delighted with the

splendor and fascinations of these novel scenes; and might have found in their allurements a too dangerous occupation, if the cause of all this attraction had not extended to him as well the watchfulness of a father as the kindness of a friend.

A rigid etiquette controlled the court dress, of which a sword and bag were indispensable parts. The costume, which was regulated by the season, was so strictly enforced, that admission was refused to him who wore lace ruffles when the time required cambric; but a sword was as inappropriate to Franklin as it would be in the hands of a woman, and he determined to go unarmed. This resolution astonished the chamberlain of the palace, and delayed, for a time, the presentation of the American commissioners. But Franklin knew his ground; and, although it is not probable he would have sacrificed the advantage of an introduction at court to any vain regard to costume, he determined, if possible, to appear in the simple fashion of his own country. The privilege was accorded to him, and the novelty of his appearance served to increase admiration for his character.

Attended by his suite, he had a public audience of the king, and was introduced to the private circle of the queen; and from that moment, everything Franklin, and everything American, was first in style in the gay coteries of the French capital. Dr. Franklin's quarters became the point of attraction to all that was distinguished or desirous of being prominent in philosophy or fashion, in politics and taste; and the duty of receiving and attending to their numerous calls generally devolved on Loring Austin. Ten thousand marks of personal kindness which were lavished on Dr. Franklin could not but sometimes excite the good-natured jealousy of the other commissioners, who, though his equals in political rank, seemed to be forgotten entirely by the French people; and it required some address, certainly, on the part of Franklin, to preserve harmony. Among numberless similar instances of the consideration in which he was held, a large cake was sent, one morning, to the commissioners' apartment, inscribed, "Le digne Franklin," or, For the worthy Franklin. "We have," said one of the gentlemen, "as usual, to thank you for our accommodations, and to appropriate your present to our joint use." "Not at all," said Franklin; "this must be intended for all the commissioners, only these French people cannot write English. They mean, no doubt, 'Lee, Dean, Franklin.'" "That might answer," said Mr. Lee; "but we know, whenever they remember us at all, they always put you first."

The capture of Burgoyne, and the French alliance, changed wholly the character of the American cause, and it began to be believed in Europe that the independence of the Colonies might be maintained. The members of the English opposition in Parliament maintained a correspondence with Dr. Franklin; and it has been said that he was privately visited in Paris by more than one of them. The ministry, it was known, was desirous of keeping the nation in great ignorance of the state of American affairs. Little confidence was placed in their accounts; and the most intelligent men sought information from other sources, and especially through France. The Americans in England were principally loyalists, and the fairness of their representations was liable to suspicion. There was in the conduct and constitution of American affairs a great departure from the usual course of European politics; — the mode of government, the strength, resources and prospects of the country, were little understood; — how the war was conducted, when there was none of that machinery which was thought indispensable to raise taxes, support armies, and enforce authority. They were desirous of having these matters explained, especially as the enemies of the American cause made this the constant theme for their prophecy of ruin. To communicate this information in an authentic and satisfactory manner, to explain and illustrate the actual state of things in the United States, it was thought could best be done by personal interviews with some intelligent and confidential person; and Dr. Franklin proposed a mission for this purpose to Loring Austin. It may readily be supposed that the young American acceded to this proposal with pleasure.

The business was in a high degree confidential; and, as preparatory to it, Franklin required of Austin to burn in his presence every letter which he had brought from his friends in America, — in exchange for which he gave him two letters, which he assured him would open an easy communication to whatever was an object of interest or curiosity, either among men or things. One difficulty had, however, nearly destroyed this plan. Franklin was unwilling that Austin should be known, lest his connection with the commissioners in France might be suspected. But he had many relatives in England of distinction, and was, besides, personally acquainted with all the loyalists who had left Boston. Trusting, however, to his prudence, and enjoining on him the most scrupulous attention to preserve from all but the proper per-

sons the secret of his connection with the commissioners, Franklin furnished him with the means of a passage to England.

Probably no American ever visited England under more fortunate circumstances than did Loring Austin. Few of our countrymen have the means of associating with the rank and wealth of that nation. Those who gain this access by means of official station maintain a cold and formal intercourse, limited in its character, and confined to official circles. But the letters of Dr. Franklin, and the desire that was felt by the leaders of the opposition to see and converse with an intelligent American, who had the confidence of that eminent man, and was from the country of their absorbing interest, brought Loring Austin into familiar personal intercourse with the master spirits of the age.

In narrating the progress of his commission, Mr. Austin writes: "My time passes with so little of the appearance of business, that if I was not assured it was otherwise, I should think myself without useful employment. The mornings I devote to seeing such objects of curiosity or interest as I am advised to, and wholly according to my own inclination. I attend constantly the debates of Parliament, to which I have ready admission; and have been particularly enjoined to attend, that I may not miss any question on our affairs. Dinner, — or, as it ought to be called, supper, — which follows afterward, is the time allotted to conversation on the affairs of our country. I am invariably detained to parties of this kind, sometimes consisting of seven or eight, and sometimes of the number of twenty. The company is always composed of members of Parliament, with very few additions; indeed, I do not know of any; and no question which you can conceive is omitted, to all which I give such answers as my knowledge permits. I am sadly puzzled with the various titles which different ranks require. My small knowledge of French prevented this trouble in Paris; but here I frequently find myself at fault, which subjects me to embarrassment, that is yet forgiven to a stranger."

A constant and familiar intercourse with whatever was noble or learned or eminent in the British capital must have made this a most delightful winter in London to a young American, educated in the plain habits of New England. Mr. Austin was domesticated in the family of the Earl of Shelburne; placed under the particular care of his chaplain, the celebrated Dr. Priestley; introduced to the king, then a youth; in company with Mr. Fox, present at all the coteries of the opposition, and called upon to explain and defend the cause and character of

his countrymen, in the freedom of colloquial discussion, before the greatest geniuses of the age, against the doubts of some, the ridicule of others, the censure of many, and the inquiries of all.

The communications made by Mr. Austin were calculated to explain the condition and circumstances of his countrymen, to give a better conception of their physical and moral strength, to do away the impression of their being at variance among themselves, to explain what might otherwise lead to a belief of their want of harmony; and, by stating facts which, with the minuteness that was known to him, his hearers could not be acquainted with, he effected a very useful impression.

The object of his visit to England was accomplished to the satisfaction of Dr. Franklin, in whose family he continued for some time after his return to Paris. Being charged with the despatches of the commissioners to Congress, he left France, and arrived at Philadelphia, May, 1779. A very liberal compensation was made him by Congress for his services in Europe; and Mr. Austin again returned to his business in Boston, as an owner of a rope-walk, and interested in shipping.

On the 11th January, 1780, Mr. Austin was appointed by the State of Massachusetts a commissioner to negotiate in Europe for a loan of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, "and to pledge the faith of the government for the repayment of the same;" and shortly after embarked for Spain. Such, however, was the low credit of the country abroad, or the want of information among monied men of its resources and condition, that this small sum could not be obtained.

Mr. Austin was captured on his outward passage, and carried a prisoner into England. Personal incivility, inconsistent with the usages of more modern warfare, was practised towards him by the captor, for the purpose of discovering the object of his voyage, the papers concerning it having been thrown overboard during the chase; and, on the appearance of an American vessel of force, the master of the English ship actually confined him to the main-mast, and threatened to keep him there during the action, — a threat which he would probably have put in execution, if an engagement had ensued. Mr. Austin, having obtained his liberation in England, by means of friends to whom he had formerly been known, passed over to France, and there and in Spain and Holland pursued the object of his mission, with very indifferent success. He was enabled, by adding his own personal credit to that of the State, to procure some articles of clothing,

but far short of the amount desired by the commonwealth. Mr. Austin continued his exertions in Holland until the summer of 1781; and, after twenty-two months' absence, returned to the United States. After the close of the Revolutionary War, Mr. Austin engaged again in commercial and manufacturing pursuits, and confined himself chiefly to these occupations. In his native town he was repeatedly honored with the confidence of the people. He served for many years on the boards of overseers of the poor and school committee, and in the State Senate, as a member from Suffolk. On removing to Cambridge, where he resided during the period his sons were passing through the university, — one of whom prepared the greatest part of this sketch, — Mr. Austin was elected a representative from that town to the Legislature, and was successively elected secretary and treasurer of the commonwealth.

The associations of his early life, and his intercourse with educated society in the courts of Europe, had given a refinement and polish to his manners and mode of thinking, that entitled him to the reputation he then universally enjoyed, of being one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the day. There are those remaining who remember that he, whom for many years we had been accustomed to see bowed down by infirmity and age, was once

> "The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers."

Shortly before his death, Mr. Austin interested some young friends, by reciting, memoriter, several of the fine descriptions of Homer and Virgil, which he was ever able fluently to repeat. He died at Boston, May 15, 1826.

The Hon. Benjamin Austin, an active and zealous leader of the old Republican party, and a brother of Jonathan Loring Austin, was a frequent writer in the Independent Chronicle, over the signature of Honestus, and author also of a warm political work, entitled "Old South," comprising 350 pages, 8vo. His political articles effected a greater sensation than the productions of any writer in his party, and elicited the following severe effusion from the most satirical poet of Boston:

> "In vain our literary champions write, —
> Their satire tickles, and their praises bite.
> They, by their poor, dull nonsense, clearly own
> Our depth of anguish to the laughing town.

Their pens inflict not e'en a moment's pain,
And Honee scribbles, and his friends, in vain;
Like angry flies that buzz upon the wing,
They show the will, but not the power, to sting;
Ambitious with ephemeras to vie,
Or moles that thunder into light, and die."

Here follows an account of the fruitless efforts of Honestus to make a speech at the Jacobin Club, which met at the Green Dragon Tavern:

"Thrice from his seat his form Honestus reared,
And thrice in attitude to speak appeared;
His lean left hand he stretched as if to smite,
And manful grasped his breeches with his right.
Thrice he essayed to speak, and thrice his tongue
In his half-opened mouth suspended hung;
Once more he rose, with mortifying pain, —
Once more he rose, — and then sat down again.
His disappointed bosom heaved a sigh,
And tears of anguish started from his eye.
* * * *
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth at last;
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.
* * * *
Of all her sons, none gained so much applause
As lank Honestus, with his lanthorn jaws.
* * * *
Once, too, misguided by some adverse power,
You aped patrician's airs in evil hour,
And Federal Russell, in resentful fit,
Thy back belabored, and thy face bespit."

In "The Democratiad," a political satire, published at Philadelphia in 1795, we find the following allusion to a speech of Benjamin Austin, in Faneuil Hall, on Jay's treaty, and in our sketch of Joseph Hall are further allusions. The "satirizing priest" of whom the poet says Mr. Austin had such dread was probably Dr. Gardiner:

"Now, sage Honestus from his seat arose,
Thrice stroked his chops, and thrice surveyed his toes;
Thrice strove his mighty project to declare,
Thrice stopped to see if Parson G. were there; —
For well he knew the satirizing priest
Would hang him up, a scarecrow and a jest,
If once he saw his wayward footsteps stray
But a small distance in the factious way.

Ah ! timid man, thou nothing hadst to dread, —
Among thy Club appeared no honest head ;
No Parson G. was there thy steps to trace,
And paint the guilty terrors of thy face."

THOMAS DAWES.

JULY 4, 1787. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

JUDGE DAWES introduced the following felicitous figure, in this production : "One of the late aërostatic navigators,"— probably Dr. John Jeffries,— "has intimated that when sailing in his balloon through the blue climes of air, over European territories, the eye was gratified in the accuracy with which the divisions were made between contiguous owners of the lands below. The circumstance suggested the idea of firm laws. Had this philosopher made his aërial voyage over the fields of Massachusetts, he would have enjoyed an additional sentiment,— an idea of equality would have been joined to that of certainty. The sentimentalist would not only have discovered the justness of outlines in the bounds of property, but he would have observed the equality of portions of the respective owners,— a species of equality how exalted above the condition of those countries where the peasant is alienated with the soil, and the price of acres is the number of slaves ! Not, indeed, that perfect equality which deadens the motives of industry, and places demerit on a footing with virtue ; but that happy mediocrity which soars above bondage, without aspiring to domination. Less favorable to liberty were those agrarian laws which lifted the ancient republics into grandeur."

In the peroration of this oration, Judge Dawes says, in a strain of eloquence : "Poverty of genius is not our misfortune. The forms of free and justly balanced politics maintain our title to legislative wisdom. Nor have we narrowed the gates of our religious institutions. Liberality is not an exotic that dies on our soil. Independent ground is not watered with the blood of unbelievers. We have not contracted the worship of the Deity to a single establishment, but we have opened an asylum to all people, and kindred, and tongues, and nations. No !

Mediocrity is not the bane of independent minds. Nature has dealt with us not on the minute scale of economy, but the broader principles of bounty. What remains, then, but that we improve the gratuities of Providence? Roused by a sense of past suffering and the dignity of freedom, we have once more called on venerable sages of our first Congress, on other immortal characters, to add new strength and beauty to the fair fabric of independence.

"A legislation, common in certain cases to all the States, will make us a nation in reality, as well as in name. This will permit us to respect our own station, and to treat on equal grounds with other powers; will suffer us to be just at home and respectable abroad; will render property secure, and convince us that the payment of debts is our truest policy and highest honor. This will encourage husbandry and arts; will settle, with numerous and happy families, the banks of the Ohio and the borders of Kennebec. Huron's neglected waves — Superior's wilderness of waters, now forlorn and unemployed — shall bear the countless vessels of internal traffic. Niagara's foaming cataract, crowned with columns of vapor and refracted lines, shall not always bar the intercourse of mighty lakes. The mechanic arts shall find a passage from Erie to Ontario, and Champlain shall be led in triumph to the bosom of the deep.

"Hail, glorious age! when the potent rays of perfect liberty shall burst upon the now benighted desert; when the tawny natives of America, and the descendants of those who fled hither from the old world, shall forget their animosities; when all parts of this immense continent shall be happy in ceaseless communications, and the mutual exchange of benefits; when the cornucopia of peace shall be preferred to the waste of war, as the genial gales of summer to the ruffian blasts of winter; when nations, who now hold the same jealous relation to each other which individuals held before society was formed, shall find some grand principle of combination, like that which rolls the heavenly bodies round a common centre. The distinct fires of American States, which are now blended into one, rising just through broken clouds from the horizon, shall blaze bright in the zenith,— the glory of the universe!"

"You and I," says John Adams to Samuel Adams, "have seen four noble families rise up in Boston,— the Crafts, Gores, Dawes and Austins. These are as really a nobility, in our town, as the Howards, Somersets, Berties, &c., in England. By nobles I mean not peculiarly an hereditary nobility, or any particular modification, but the natural and actual aristocracy among mankind."

JOHN BROOKS.

JULY 4, 1787. FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI.

Before the dissolution of the American army, the officers, in their cantonments near Hudson's river, instituted a society, May 10, 1783, which, from similarity in their situation to that of the celebrated Roman, was to be denominated "The Society of the Cincinnati." It was to be designated by a medal of gold, representing the American eagle, bearing on its breast the devices of the order, which was to be suspended by a deep blue ribbon, edged with white, descriptive of the union of America and France. The immutable principles of the society required the members to preserve the rights and privileges of human nature, for which they had fought and bled, and to promote and cherish union and honor between the respective States. Its objects were to perpetuate the remembrance of the American Revolution, as well as a cordial affection among the officers, and to extend acts of beneficence to those officers and their families whose situation might require assistance. A common fund was to be created, by the deposit of one month's pay on the part of every officer becoming a member. This institution excited no inconsiderable degree of jealousy and opposition. The ablest dissertation against it was entitled "Considerations on the Society or Order of Cincinnati," dated Charleston, S. C., Oct. 10, 1783, and signed "Cassius." It was the production of Aedamus Burke, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, who undertook to prove that the Cincinnati creates two distinct orders among our people: a race of hereditary nobles founded on the military, together with the most influential families and men in the State,— and the people, or plebeians. On about the year 1803, Col. Humphrey wrote, in reply, that "more than twenty years have elapsed, and not one fact has occurred to countenance these jealous insinuations." This institution is said to have been originated by Maj. Gen. Knox. Its first president was George Washington, who gave his signature at the head of the list of members on its establishment. Gen. Knox was secretary-general. The first officers for the Massachusetts branch of that society were as follows:

Maj. Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, *President;* Maj. Gen. Henry Knox, *Vice President;* Col. John Brooks, *Secretary*; Col. Henry Jackson, *Treasurer;* Capt. Benjamin Haywood, *Assistant Treasurer.*

The first orator for this branch of the institution was Hon. John Brooks, in 1787. After 1790, the delivery of orations for this society ceased; but annual meetings, and civic feasts, with toasts and sentiments, on the anniversary of independence, are to this day perpetuated.

A strong indication of the patriotic motives of this remnant of revolutionary heroes is evident from the eloquent appeal of Gen. John Brooks, in this oration. "Considering the temper of the times," says Gen. Brooks, "in which you live, the part you have to act is confessedly difficult. For, although, as a society, friendship and benevolence are your great objects, yet apathy in you with regard to the public welfare would be construed into disaffection, and uncommon sensibility into design. It is impossible for men, whose great ambition it has been to deserve the approbation of their fellow-citizens, to view with indifference the reproach which has been cast upon your institution. But there is a degree of respect due from every man to himself, as well as to others; and there are situations from which one may not recede, without the unavoidable imputation of weakness or of guilt. While, therefore, a consciousness of virtuous and laudable views will prompt you to cherish the benevolent principles which first induced you to associate, you will be led to respect that spirit of jealousy which always characterizes a free government, and, when not carried to excess, is useful in its support. Time, which places everything in its true light, will convince the world that your institution is founded in virtue, and leads to patriotism.

"Besides the motives you have, in common with others, to seek the public welfare, a regard to the consistence of your own character, that sense of honor which has raised you superior to every temptation and to every distress, the reiterated testimonials you have received from your country of their sense of your patriotism and military merit, are ties that must forever bind you most sacredly to her interests. Prosecute, then, with resolution, what you have instituted in sincerity. Make it the great object of your ambition, as you have shone as soldiers, to excel as citizens. Treat with just indifference the insinuations which envy may be disposed to throw out against you. Silence the tongue of slander, by the rectitude of your conduct and the brilliance of your virtues. Suffer not the affected jealousy of individuals to abate the ardor of your patriotism. As you have fought for liberty, convince the world you know its value. As you have greatly contributed to establish these governments, teach the licentious traitor

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that you will support them; and as you have particularly fought under the banners of the Union, inculcate, in your several circles, the necessity of preserving the unity of the national character. Fortify your minds against that foe to integrity, that bane of republicanism, an immoderate thirst for popularity."

Hon. John Brooks was born at Medford, June 6, 1752, and received a town-school education. He was an indented apprentice to Simon Tufts, M. D., at the age of fourteen, until he became of age. He early settled at Reading, in medical practice, and married Lucy Smith, an orphan. While at Reading, he became captain of a company of minute-men, and it being at the period when Boston was in the possession of the British troops, under pretext of going into town for medicine to be used in his profession, he engaged a drill-sergeant of the regulars to secretly instruct him in the manual exercise; and he often remarked, it was of this British soldier that he acquired the rudiments of military tactics. He was not at the battle of Bunker Hill, but was engaged in other services on that day and night, at Cambridge. His daughter Lucy was prematurely born, at Reading, on that memorable day; and, being remarkable for active and energetic habits, her brother Alexander observed to her, one day, when she was bustling about the house, "Why, Lucy, you was born in a bustle, and I believe you will die in a bustle." Mr. Brooks was a schoolmate with the eminent Count Rumford. Hon. Loammi Baldwin, of Woburn, was his early friend; and each was destined for college, but neither of them ever received a literary education, being diverted from their purpose by patriotic ardor. Capt. Brooks was in the battle of Lexington, and, meeting the British force on their return from Concord, he ordered his men to post themselves behind the barns and fences, and fire incessantly upon them. Col. Brooks, in the battle of Saratoga, at the head of his regiment, stormed and carried the intrenchments of the German troops. In the battle of Monmouth, Brooks was acting adjutant-general. After the battle of Saratoga, he thus laconically wrote to a friend: "We have met the British and Hessians, and have beat them; and, not content with this victory, we have assaulted their intrenchments, and carried them."

Col. Brooks detected a conspiracy of officers at Newburgh, early in 1783. He kept them within quarters, to prevent an attendance on the insurgent meeting. On this occasion, which was probably the

most anxious period in the career of Washington, who rode up to him for counsel on this point, Brooks said, "Sir, I have anticipated your wishes, and my orders are given." Washington, with tears in his eyes, extended to him his hand, and said, "Col. Brooks, this is just what I expected from you." What a scene for an artist! In 1780, Col. Brooks delivered a Masonic oration at West Point, in the presence of the noble Washington. He was commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1786, and major-general of the Massachusetts troops in Shays' insurrection. In 1788 he was a member of the State convention for the adoption of the federal constitution. Was president of the Massachusetts Medical Society. In 1795 Gen. Brooks published an oration for the Massachusetts Humane Society. In 1800 he published a eulogy on Washington, delivered at Medford. He had, previous to this period, been appointed a U. S. marshal, and supervisor of the direct tax. He was vice-president of the first temperance society in New England, on its institution, in 1813. He was the State adjutant-general under Caleb Strong, and Governor of the State from 1816 to 1823. We well remember the beautiful scene of August 25, 1824, when Lafayette stood on the balcony of the mansion-house at the head of Park-street, attended by Gov. Eustis on the right, and his immediate predecessor, Gov. Brooks, on the left side of him, each in full military dress amid the cheerings of the gathered multitude, and the escort of the Boston regiment, on retiring to their quarters. When Lafayette visited his old companion-in-arms, during this month, one of the arches displayed, on his entrance into Medford, this inscription, "Welcome to our Hills and BROOKS." Gov. Brooks died at Medford, March 1, 1825.

Lieut. John, a son of Gov. Brooks, of youthful beauty and generous enterprise, fell in the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, on board Perry's flag-ship Lawrence. Alexander S., his other son, entered the U. S. army. Lucy married Rev. Geo. O. Stuart, of Canada.

"In the character of this estimable man," remarks his pastor, Andrew Bigelow, D. D., "there was a junction of qualities equally great and good. Great qualities he certainly possessed. The faculties of his mind, naturally of no inferior order, had been unusually strengthened by culture and exercise. Separately, they were all entitled to respect on the score of power; and, had the entire assemblage centred in some one not endued with his genuine goodness of heart, or in whose breast a baleful ambition reigned, they would have clearly

proved the possessor to be a talented man, in the popular sense of the phrase. In the case supposed, they would have stood all naked and open, and have glared upon human observation." The best memoir of John Brooks extant is that written by his pastor.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

JULY 4, 1788. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

In this spirited and elegant oration of Mr. Otis, it is remarked: "A review of the history of the North American settlements exhibits an early and almost a continual struggle between tyranny and avarice upon one side, and an ardent sense of native liberty upon the other. Those are mistaken who think that the original source of oppression may be traced in the ordinance of the Stamp Act. The first colonial institution established in Virginia was subjected to an arbitrary council, dependent upon the capricious pleasure of a king. Patience and enterprise at length had discovered to the inhabitants a staple production at that period peculiar to the colony, when the harsh mandate of a tyrant foe had the cultivation of it, and condemned commerce to defile her infant hands in the fruitless, ignoble drudgery of searching after mines. In other southern colonies, instances are not wanting of inquisitorial writs and of violated charters.

"It must, however, be allowed, that, sheltered by the canopies of their paramounts, they were in general less exposed than their sister provinces to the scorching rays of supreme majesty. Advancing into New England, the system of oppression becomes more uniform, and the resistance consequently more conspicuous. No affluent proprietary appeared to protect our hardy ancestors. The immeasurable wild had yielded to their industry a vacancy barely sufficient for their household gods. At the same moment, the pestilential breath of a despot blew into their country a swarm of locusts, commissioned to corrode their liberties to the root. Even in those early times, not only the freedom, but the use of the press, was prohibited; new taxes were imposed; old charters were abrogated; citizens were impressed.

The crown of England restrained emigrations from that country, discouraged population upon this side of the Atlantic, confiscated estates, suppressed the habitual modes of public worship, and precluded the wretched privilege of complaint. Oppressed in a manner so irritating, so unworthy, how did our forefathers sustain these accumulated miseries? Did they crouch, dismayed, beneath the iron sceptre? Did they commit treason against themselves, by alienating the dearest prerogatives of humanity? No; we find them persevering in decent, pathetic remonstrances, in the time of Charles the First, refusing to surrender their patent to Cromwell, and exhibiting a bill of rights at the time of the restoration. After the abdication of James, the triumph of liberty in Britain became complete. Ministers naturally grew fearful lest her pervading influence should extend to the colonies; and from the era of the Revolution until the gloomy hour of the Stamp Act, the plan of our slavery was always resumed in the intervals of domestic peace. Affairs now assumed a more serious aspect. The minds of men became vehemently agitated; and, after a sad variety of disappointment, the citizens of these provinces were compelled to draw their swords, and to appeal to the God of armies. What, then, may we hence infer, were the principles which actuated the high-spirited Americans, placed in a situation so critical and disastrous? They were elevated, patriotic, godlike. They induced a voluntary sacrifice of ease and fortune, a contempt for danger, and inspired confidence in leaders chosen by themselves. What were the manners? These consisted in honor, temperance, fortitude, religion. What were the feelings? These, no power of language can describe. Had they still continued to animate our bosoms, they might have supplied the want of a new government, which now alone can save us from perdition."

Harrison Gray Otis was a son of Samuel Alleyne Otis, a native of Barnstable, who married Elizabeth, the only daughter of Harrison Gray, Receiver-general of this province; and second to Mary, the widow of Edward Gray, Esq., and daughter of Isaac Smith. His father was early in mercantile life, settled in Boston, and was active in the cause of liberty, but was too youthful to become eminent in the Revolution, like his brother James, the great advocate. He was, however, a representative from Boston in 1776, and member of the State convention of 1780. He was a member of the Board of War, and Speaker of the House, 1784. In 1787 he was appointed one of the commissioners to negotiate regarding Shays' insurrection. He was elected a member

of Congress in 1788, and after the adoption of the federal constitution was chosen Secretary of the Senate of the United States, which he filled with scrupulous fidelity, blandness and courtesy,— without, it is said, being absent from his post a single day during a period of thirty years, and till his decease, amid the collision of party strife, to the approbation of all parties. He died at Washington, April 22, 1814, aged 73.

The grandfather of the subject of this article — Harrison Gray, Esq. — adhered to the royal cause, and removed from Boston, March 17, 1776, with the British troops, on their evacuation. John Adams once impulsively said of Harrison Gray, that he has a very tender mind, and is extremely timid. He says, "When he meets a man of the other side, he talks against him; when he meets a man of our side, he opposes him, — so that he fears he shall be thought against everybody, and so everybody will be against him." And at another time, Mr. Adams remarked: "I went in to take a pipe with brother Cranch, and there I found Zab Adams. He told me he heard that I had made two very powerful enemies in this town, and lost two very valuable clients — Treasurer Gray and Ezekiel Goldthwaite; and that he heard that Gray had been to me for my account, and paid it off, and determined to have nothing more to do with me. O, the wretched, impotent malice! They show their teeth,— they are eager to bite,— but they have not strength. I despise their anger, their resentment, and their threats; but I can tell Mr. Treasurer that I have it in my power to tell the world a tale which will infallibly unhorse him, whether I am in the house or out. If this province knew that the public money had never been counted these twenty years, and that no bonds were given last year, nor for several years before, there would be so much uneasiness about it that Mr. Treasurer Gray would lose his election another year." And Trumbull, in McFingal, satirically says:

> "What Puritan could ever pray
> In godlier tone than Treasurer Gray?
> Or at town-meetings, speechifying,
> Could utter more melodious whine,
> And shut his eyes, and vent his moan,
> Like owl afflicted in the sun?"

Bold imputations having been declared that Treasurer Gray had appropriated funds of this province to private purposes, the grandson prepared a clear refutation of the unjust accusation, from which we

select a portion. It may be found entire in Russell's Centinel, June, 1830. Alluding to grandfather Gray, Mr. Otis says: "I was indeed only nine years old when I last saw him, but my recollections of him and of the circumstances of his exile are associated with the most vivid and affectionate impressions of that tender age. My paternal ancestors were, in the phrase of the day, high Whigs. My paternal grandfather was president of the council held in 1774, immediately after the dissolution *de facto* of the regular government, by Gage; and in the years next following the departure of the British from Boston, my uncles and father were, some of them, in the General Court, and intimately connected with the public transactions of the times. In 1775, my father, with his wife, the treasurer's only daughter and children, took refuge in my paternal grandfather's mansion in the country. In 1776, immediately after the evacuation, we returned to Boston. Though the opposite political attitudes of the two families never interrupted for a moment the tender attachment of my parents for each other, yet the separation of my father from her father, whose darling child she was, preyed upon her peace of mind, and finally destroyed her health. Thus it may well be conceived that the public relation and affairs of Treasurer Gray, from November, 1774, when the people took the reins of government into their own hands,—my paternal grandfather then being, in fact, the presiding officer,—to the time of his leaving the country, and that his departure itself and the circumstances attending it, were themes of constant discussion and intense interest in the family circle, in my hearing; and that, had any suspicion, hint or accusation, of his carrying away the public money, prevailed among the ruling party, they could not have been hidden or forgotten by me. Two years after this time, at the age of twelve, I began a correspondence with the treasurer. After the peace, and before I was of age, he employed me in attempting to save and convey to him something from the wreck of his fortune. In 1794, at the advanced age of eighty-four, this excellent and virtuous man sunk to rest. Yet, through the long period of eighteen years of constant correspondence with him, and the longer time of six-and-thirty years, during which his bones have been mouldering in the grave, I solemnly declare that I never heard of the suggestion of any defalcation of the public money by him, or of any offence committed against his country, but his acceptance of the mandamus commission. But I well remember the constant exultation of my mother, in the midst of her troubles, that 'his enemies could say nothing against

him.' This negative testimony should suffice to put down the idle and unsupported fabrication." Mr. Otis, after going into a detail unequivocally proving the financial honor of his maternal grandfather, thus eloquently remarks: "I have never, to the best of my remembrance, written a line in vindication of my own public character, though for years together I have been doomed to run the gauntlet through rank and file of my political opponents. But I have now no choice. Some old resurrectionist, in fumbling over the tomb of a relative recently deceased, disturbs the ashes of another long since dead. It is my duty to protect them. They are the sacred relics of my earliest friend and benefactor, whose name I bear, whose blood is in my veins, and whose exile I was taught to regard as the heaviest calamity that befell my childhood and youth. He atoned for a solitary political error of judgment by sacrificing fortune to principle, and left instead of it the legacy only of a good name. An attempt is now made to conjure up a mist of slander or suspicion over his antiquated tomb. To the name of the dark magician I have no clue. He calls himself Senex, and deals in the gossip by which 'narrative old age' betrays its approximation to dotage. I hope the exceeding absurdity of the statement into which he has been led will naturally restrain him hereafter,—the propensity natural to old folks of prating about sixty years' since,—and that he will remember, when they grow anecdotical, they become obnoxious to the character once given by a lady to an old busy-body, who, inquiring what the world thought of him, was answered, 'All the women think you an old man, and all the men consider you an old woman.'"

Harrison Gray, in a letter to Rev. Mr. Montague, of Christ Church, Boston, dated London, Aug. 1, 1791, remarks to him, in a spirit of loyalty to the crown of Britain, as follows: "The melancholy state in which you represent religion to be in Boston and New England is confirmed by all who come from thence. Is this one of the blessings of your independence, to obtain which you sacrificed so many lives? I am glad that your federal constitution 'has had a very great and good effect,' but very much question whether you will ever be so happy as you were under the mild and gentle government and protection of Great Britain; for, notwithstanding the freedom my countrymen boast of, if, in order to obtain it, they have sacrificed their religion, they have made a poor bargain. They cannot, in a religious sense, be called a free people, till the Son of God has made them free.

"It is very surprising, considering the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion at Quebec was one of the heavy grievances the American Congress complained of, that your governor and other great men in your town should attend the worship of God in a Roman Catholic church, to hear a Romish bishop, on a Sunday; and that he should be one of the chaplains who officiated at a public dinner! I cannot, at present, account for their inconsistency any otherwise than by supposing the part they took in the late unhappy contest lays so heavy upon their consciences that they imagine no one can absolutely absolve them but a Romish priest."

Harrison Gray Otis was born in Boston, Oct. 8, 1765, on the estate adjoining the Revere House, and next that of the late Capt. Jonathan Chapman. He remembered standing at the window of his birth-place, to see the British regulars, when on the march to Lexington. He entered the public Latin School in 1773. The youthful days of Mr. Otis, at this period, are narrated by himself, in his speech at the dedication of the Otis School, on Lancaster-street, March 13, 1845; and this was his last public address. Mr. Otis said that nothing was more remote from his mind than the idea of making an address upon a subject of such importance as education. The day for making addresses had long since passed with him. Old men should know when to retire. They should not, like old ladies, appear in public bedizened with the ornaments of youth. He was not competent to make one now, but he could do what all old men could,—tell a story about himself. As the school had been named after him, he was vain enough to suppose that some of the pupils would be interested in hearing something that related to his school-boy days. He was a Boston boy, and he had received all his education at the public schools after he was seven years old. He cherished a great affection for those days, and he thought with pleasure on the memory of his schoolmasters, with whom he had always been on good terms, excepting an occasional flogging. The first school he went to was a *quasi* public school. It was kept by Master Griffith, in Hanover-street. His friend, Deacon Grant, who was near him, knew exactly where it was. Master Griffith was a worthy old creature, and had some pretensions to facetiousness. His ideas, as to rewards, were a little peculiar. Every Wednesday afternoon, the boys who had demeaned themselves with propriety expected to receive a prize, which expectation was not disappointed. But what did they think it was? Shellbarks, thrown out of the window, for

which the boys scrambled! He then went to the Latin School, which was in School-street. The master, Mr. Lovell, was a worthy old gentleman; but there had been a sort of rivalry between the Latin and the writing schools, which was the cause of several curious doggerel effusions on the part of the boys, some extracts of which were repeated by Mr. Otis with humorous effect.

Forty years ago, continued Mr. Otis, the place where this school was built was a mill-pond. The tide flowed into it to the depth of ten or twelve feet. There was then no expectation that a school-house would ever be erected on this spot. There were "schools" of fishes here, but there was no schoolmaster, except the successor of St. Anthony, who, it was said, could preach to the fishes. Mr. Otis said he was entirely inadequate to describe the great advantages which the children of the present day had over the boys and girls of his time. What did they learn then? A few Latin roots to squeeze them into college, and mere ciphering. They had then none of those advantages which he now saw. There was not then that group of learned teachers, who were deserving of the thanks of the country. He spoke with great veneration of those who had lived in his time; but he did not think it was any disparagement to their memory to say that they were not to be compared to the instructors of the present day. He commended them to their teachers, and their teachers to them; and he prayed them to be satisfied of the great advantages which they enjoyed, and to improve the opportunity which was afforded to them of becoming good and enlightened citizens. He hoped that, as the school had been called after him, they would remember him in their good will; and he more affectionately and fervently commended them — teachers and pupils — to the care and protection of their Maker.

In connection with this period in the youth of Otis, we have a reminiscence, finely woven in his own charming language. "Barnstable," says he, "was not only the place of the birth and residence of my immediate ancestors for four generations, but it afforded to my childhood an asylum from the storms of war, and a retreat for my peaceful studies, during the siege of Boston. I had been there but a few weeks before the news arrived of the conflagration of Charlestown. This came to us not in the shape which it has since assumed, of a real victory, though nominal defeat; but with the unmitigated horrors of conflagration and massacre, and as a specimen of the mode in which our peaceful villages were intended to be swept with the fire and sword.

"I was placed at school," continues Mr. Otis, "with the admirable pastor, Mr. Hilliard, of the east parish, where I passed my time from Mondays to Saturdays. On the last day of the week, I was sent for and conveyed to the patriarchal mansion, and attended on Sundays the religious instructions of the pious and venerable Mr. Shaw. In these weekly journeyings, I became familiar with the location of every house and building between my points of departure, and with the younger inmates of many of them; and I feel as if I could jot down the principal part of them upon a plan of the road. Barnstable was not only the scene of my earliest friendship, but of my first love. I became enamored of a very charming young person, nearly of my own age,—but the course of this love did not run smoothly. In an innocent ramble over the fields and hedges with her and other young persons, she had the misfortune to lose a necklace of genuine gold beads: the fault was neither hers nor mine, but of the string on which they were threaded; but still, as real mint-drops were in that day very valuable, and treasury-notes greatly on the decline, the circumstance brought me into some discredit with the family, as accessory to a loss which impaired the faculty of resuming specie payments when the time should arrive, and resulted in a future non-intercourse." The mother of young Otis, in a letter to her father, while in this seclusion, speaking of him, says, "I shall enclose you a letter from Harry, of his own writing and inditing, which will enable you to form some judgment of his genius, which, his tutor tells me, is very uncommon."

Young Otis graduated at Harvard College in 1783, when but eighteen years of age, receiving the highest honors of a class among whom were William Prescott, Artemas Ward, and Ambrose Spencer. At that period, his young friends warmly conceded that the mantle of his eloquent uncle, James Otis, had encircled him, for he was greatly admired for brilliant and graceful oratory:

> "——Otis rises like a vernal morn,
> Clear, brilliant, sweet, in nature's gifts arrayed,
> Where not a cloud obtrudes its devious shade."

Here we will again recur to the sprightly and delightful remembrance of Mr. Otis in relation to this period, contained in his letter read at the centennial celebration of Harvard University, Sept. 8, 1836. "It is now fifty-three years since I first received the honors of the university. The surviving number of my fellow-classmates is very small.

To those of us who are present — 'remnant of ourselves' — these years probably appear like the 'tale that is told.' My own career, through the long period, seems, in the retrospect, like a rapid journey through a path beset with flowers and thorns; — the wounds received from the latter remaining, while the color and fragrance of the former are gone forever. In the year in which I was graduated, the commencement was preceded by the acknowledgment of independence and the treaty of peace, and the English oration was assigned to me. You will naturally presume that the event, adapted to enkindle enthusiasm in an orator of the gravest character and age, would stimulate the fervid imagination of eighteen to paint in somewhat gorgeous colors the prospects unfolded to our country by this achievement of its liberties, and its probable effect upon the destinies of other nations. I remember that I did so, and indulged the impulse of a sanguine temperament in building what doubtless seemed to others, and perhaps to myself, castles in the air. But, had it been in my imagination to conceive, and in my power to describe, what we now know to be a reality, I should have been considered as ballooning in the regions of bombast, and appeared ridiculously aiming to be sublime."

Mr. Otis, in the same admirable epistle, of which we cite only a part, makes very shrewd remarks on the great topic of education. "It is of incomparably less moment," says he, "that a few persons should wear the gown of the scholar, than that the great body of the community should be clad in the costume of fixed principles. But one cannot flourish without the other. Unless a due proportion of the people be educated in universities and colleges, learning must run wild. There might be plenty of itinerant orators and preachers to the dear people, and of political sportsmen to set man-traps for straggling patriots. It is vain to say 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' unless he is qualified for his vocation. When the schoolmaster has been educated at a university, or has otherwise, by means of instruction from scholars, become fit for the calling, then, indeed, he goes abroad a most respectable and interesting member of an honorable profession, implanting the seeds of religion and of morality, private and public, wherever he goes. Without these, he travels, like a pedler, with bundles of trashy pamphlets and orations on his back, scattering his miserable wares through all the cottages and workshops and kitchens in the country, defrauding the humble purchasers. It is from the colleges that the wants of the legislatures, the pulpits, the courts and the school, can be most effectu-

ally supplied. They are the mints in which the genuine bullion is kept, and the pure coin stamped. The pulpit, the press and the school, are the banks of deposit, whence it is circulated; and, without frequent recurrence to the standards kept in the mints, they will put in circulation base coin and rag money, to the confusion and destruction of the sound currency. Let us cultivate and adhere to the principles taught here, and not trust to the promises of the conductors on the modern intellectual railroad, to grade and level the hills of science, and to take us along at rates that will turn our heads and break our bones. Let us eschew the vagaries and notions of the new schools, and let each of us be reminded of a quotation which Burke did not think unworthy of him, and be ready to say,

> 'What though the flattering tapster Thomas
> Hangs his new angel two doors from us,
> As fine as painter's daub can make it,
> Thinking some traveller may mistake it?
> I hold it both a shame and sin
> To quit the good old Angel Inn.' "

On the year previous to graduating at college, Mr. Otis had an impressive interview with his noble uncle, the great advocate; and as it was the last period of intercourse with him, we will quote his own words: "I brought James Otis in a gig from Andover to Boston, in the year 1782, at a period when my father and his friends thought he was recovered. Nothing could be more delightfully instructive than his conversation on the journey, but it was in reference chiefly to the study of my profession, which it was intended I should pursue under his patronage. But I went back to college. He remained at home for a few weeks, and was induced to go into the Court of Common Pleas, where, it is said, he displayed great powers in a very pathetic case, but, as I have learnt from those who heard him, he appeared a sun shorn of his beams. His house, however, became the resort of much company, calling to visit and converse with him. Gov. Hancock was particularly attentive, and forced him to dine with him in a very large party. He was observed, before this time, to become thoughtful and sad, lying in bed until a very late hour; but immediately after the dinner there was a visible oscillation of his intellect. He was overwhelmed by the recollection of past days, impressed, probably, with greater force by the presence of Hancock and others of the *convives*, by the scene alto-

gether. There was, however, no frenzy. A hint was given him, by my father, that he had better return to Andover; and he went like a lamb, where in a very short period he was struck with lightning."

This statement implies that this was the last time of his visit to Boston. It is a fact, however, that his uncle was moderator of a town-meeting, in March, 1783. Perhaps Mr. Otis mistook the date of conveying him from Andover.

The profession of law was the pursuit of his choice while at college, and he long anticipated the privilege of entering Temple Inns, London; but the confiscation of his grandfather Gray's estate, and the derangement of his father's pecuniary affairs, consequent on the Revolution, crushed that hope. He, however, prepared himself for the profession under the guidance of Judge John Lowell, the jurist and patriot. He pursued his studies with an intensity of application unsurpassed by any young student in the courts of Suffolk, being well apprized of the opinions of his uncle James, who said once, in relation to his father, when he had it in view to study law, "I hold it to be of vast importance that a young man should be able to make some *éclat* at his opening. It has been observed, before I was born, if a man don't obtain a character in any profession soon after his first appearance, he hardly ever will obtain one." We will relate a remarkable fact in relation to his devotion to study. Mr. Bussey, afterwards an eminent merchant, who was accustomed to rise early to go to his store, often noticed, in passing Judge Lowell's office, a pair of shoes posted at the window, and soon discovered that a young man was engaged there in close study. Feeling curiosity to know whether he was engaged there all night, Mr. Bussey arose one morning before daybreak, and, as he passed, he saw the shoes were on the window. He then ventured to inquire of the young law-student if he engaged there all night in study. On which Mr. Otis replied that early study in the morning was his decided choice.

"On leaving college, in 1783," relates Mr. Otis, "I entered Mr. Lowell's office as a pupil, and in the following autumn was graciously invited by him, and permitted by my father, to accompany him, Dr. Lloyd, and Mr. Adam Babcock, in a journey to Philadelphia. This afforded me a better opportunity of seeing him in hours of unguarded relaxation from the cares of business than afterwards occurred. The whole journey was a continued scene of pleasant and instructive conversation, and on his part of kind and condescending manners, spark-

ling anecdotes, and poetical quotations. We came to New York before the evacuation by the British army was consummated. There Mr. Lowell found Col. Upham, aid of Sir Guy Carleton, and Mr. Ward Chipman, judge-advocate, as I recollect, of the British army, — both old acquaintances and early companions. Their interview, after eight years' separation and various fortunes, was most cordial. They introduced Mr. Lowell to Sir Guy, with whom he and my other fellow-travellers dined, with a large and splendid party of military and civilians, into which they had me worked, as an attaché to the Boston delegation; and it seemed to me as brilliant as Alexander's feast. While in New York, Mr. Lowell received the hospitality and attentions of the distinguished citizens who had begun to return from exile. In Philadelphia, among others, he was waited upon by Mr. Robert Morris, who was still in his glory, and regarded in public estimation next to Washington, as the man on whose financial exertions had depended the success of the Revolution. He entertained us, I still hanging as a bob to the kite, at a dinner of thirty persons, in a style of magnificence which I have never seen equalled. I left him at Philadelphia, and went on an excursion to Baltimore for a few days. On my return to Boston, I resumed my desk and books in his office. At the end of my probationary term, in 1786, Mr. Amory, the partner of Mr. Lowell, set up on his own account. I was thereupon invited by Judge Lowell to take his place and business in the lower courts, which I gladly accepted." A few weeks after Mr. Otis had opened his office, the late Benjamin Bussey, already alluded to, — a gentleman still remembered in this city, — needing the services of a lawyer at an early hour in the morning, found none of the profession in their chambers but Mr. Otis, whom he consequently employed, and who was his advocate ever after. Mr. Otis having at this time no books, and no other means of obtaining any, borrowed of Mordecai M. Hayes, Esq., one hundred and sixteen pounds, in December, 1786, which he expended in purchasing a law library. At the close of his first year's practice at the bar, the loan was refunded out of his professional income.

About this period Mr. Otis partially turned his attention to military tactics, and in 1787 he was elected captain of a company of young gentlemen,— the Light Infantry, which in 1789 escorted Washington on his entrance into Boston,— which station he held until 1793; and, presuming that the present Boston Light Infantry is a scion of

that stock, he gave this company a splendid entertainment at his residence, shortly before his death. He was an aid-de-camp to Major General John Brooks in Shays' Insurrection. In 1790 Mr. Otis married Sarah, daughter of William Foster.

In 1792, when Mr. Otis spoke with great eloquence in town-meeting, at Faneuil Hall, in opposition to Gardiner's proposed instructions to the representatives, tolerating the drama in Boston, so strong was his rhetorical power, that Samuel Adams lifted up his hands in ecstasy, and thanked God that there was one young man willing to step forth in defence of the good old cause of morality and religion. At another town-meeting, in the Old South Church, in a period of political excitement, Mr. Otis, standing amid a great throng of people, on the top of a pew, exclaimed, "There is ever a strong spirit of discontent among these democrats. Why, Mr. Moderator, I sincerely believe, if they were in heaven, they would forthwith rebel." On this, the famous Dr. Charles Jarvis, who was in the gallery, sprang upon his feet, and remarked, "That's good, Mr. Otis; I should like to have said that, myself."

In 1796 Mr. Otis was elected one of seven representatives from Boston to the State Legislature; and in this year he was elected to Congress as the successor of Fisher Ames, and became a decided opponent of the measures of Thomas Jefferson. He was one of the embarrassed number who had to choose between Jefferson and Aaron Burr. From that period to the close of Madison's war, Mr. Otis was constantly in Congress; and towards the close of Adams' administration he was U. S. District Attorney, which station he occupied until he was succeeded by George Blake.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1798, the government was located at Trenton. In that summer, President John Adams visited his seat in Quincy: and whilst there, Mr. Otis, one morning, meeting his friend William Lee in State-street, Boston, who was an auditor of the treasury at Washington, and a decided opponent of Mr. Adams, proposed to him to ride out and present their respects to the president. Mr. Lee objected, on account of the political stand he had taken against the federal administration, and presuming he would not be a welcome visiter to his excellency just at that time. Mr. Otis replied that himself being a strong advocate to the president's principles was a sufficient passport, not only to the president, but to the whole Essex junto. This decided Mr. Lee to visit Quincy with

Mr. Otis. On arriving, they found George Cabot, with a committee of the old Essex junto, who had come out to remonstrate against the appointment of Elbridge Gerry's mission abroad. Mr. Otis, with his friend Lee, entered the room in the midst of the president's reply to the committee. He most cordially received them; and, after inviting them to be seated, turned to the committee, and continued in warm terms his positive and fixed determination in favor of Mr. Gerry. Otis, seeing the committee wince at the strong expressions from the president, and thinking himself an intruder in the eyes of the discomfited committee, all of whom were his political friends, gave a wink to Lee that it was high time to retire; and, taking a hasty leave of the president and his speech to the Federal committee, returned to Boston highly elated; and from that day Lee became a convert to the Adams dynasty, for the independent course which the president pursued towards the Essex junto committee.

In the year 1802, a political vilifier of Harrison Gray Otis publicly declared that he was a member from the royal State of Massachusetts, who labored, with all the cunning of a quibbling attorney, to have the alien bill passed into a law. This man, it was said, is not entirely devoid of fancy, but is a stranger to argument, and unacquainted with the virtues of truth and candor. The interested British merchants, it is reported, procured him to be one of the directors of the Bank of the United States; and several pecuniary favors which he has granted these gentlemen in return prove that he possesses in an eminent degree the qualification of gratitude, and a bountiful hand to his friends. He is neither devoid of filial affection, if we may judge from his petty manœuvres to procure an addition of two hundred dollars to the salary of his father. But the fear he expresses of the Frenchmen, and his hatred at Irishmen, are the two striking characteristics of his mind. In the summer of 1798, Mr. Otis so much dreaded a French invasion, that it is said he would have removed into some of the back settlements, had it not been for the persuasion of Dwight Foster and George Thacher. "No man," says Callender, one of the rudest and coarsest politicians of that day, "can be more ambitious to be the scavenger of his party than this calumniator of the Irish nation. Mr. Otis has since obtained his wish, for no man is more employed in rallying and collecting together the scattered dregs of Federalism than Harrison Gray Otis."

The most decided refutation of vituperative slander, like that in the

paragraph preceding, appears in the eloquent eulogium of Samuel L. Knapp, who remarked of Harrison Gray Otis, that "from his cradle, as from Plato's, swarmed the Hyblean bees, and left the honeys of eloquence on his tongue. Minerva was his tutelar goddess, but the Graces had no small share in his education. His political course was early shaped; and from the dawn of manhood to this his meridian day, he has been a firm, undeviating disciple of Washington. Long in public life, he has constantly been the champion of the cause he espoused. In every political contest he has carried terror and dismay into the ranks of his opponents, searched the dark caverns of corruption and intrigue, and dragged, with Herculean strength, each Cacus to the light, and held him up for the contempt and derision of the world. Democracy knew his worth, and has used every endeavor to allure him to come over to her cause. Mighty meeds of honor have been hinted as his rewards, but he did not yield. We love him, for he has frequently turned aside from his labors, and, with reverence and homage, sacrificed at the tomb of the immortal Hamilton. No envy, which disturbs little minds, chafed his breast; but, penetrated with grief, he shed upon Hamilton's grave such tears as genius weeps at the loss of kindred souls."

Mr. Otis was elected Speaker of the House in 1803 until 1805, and President of the Senate in 1805, which stations he filled during twelve years, with grace, dignity, and urbanity. He was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas, on its institution in 1814, and continued in that vocation until April, 1818, when he was succeeded by William Prescott, the father of the historian.

The most important event in the political life of Mr. Otis was his connection with the Hartford Convention. He was chairman of the legislative committee which, October, 1814, urged arguments in favor of calling a convention of the New England States, because of internal difficulties arising from the war with Great Britain. He was a member of this convention, which gathered at Hartford, Dec. 15th of that year, when Hon. George Cabot was elected president. The nature of this conclave may be apprehended from the instructions extended to commissioners sent to the General Government, January, 1815, by this State and Connecticut. Mr. Otis, Thomas H. Perkins, and William Sullivan, represented Massachusetts in this matter. They were instructed to make earnest and respectful application to the government of the United States, requesting their consent to some arrangement

whereby the State of Massachusetts, separately, or in concert with neighboring States, may be enabled to assume the defence of their territories against the enemy; and that, to this end, a reasonable portion of the taxes collected within said States may be paid into the respective treasuries thereof, and appropriated to the payment of the balance due to the said States, and to the future defence of the same,— the amount so paid into the treasuries to be credited, and the disbursements so made to be charged, to the United States. The commissioners were further required to consult with, and to solicit the assistance and coöperation of, the senators and representatives of this commonwealth in the Congress of the United States. The commission was dated Jan. 31, 1815. The commissioners had just arrived at Washington, about the 14th of February, when the joyful news of peace was proclaimed, thus rendering nugatory the necessity of their object; and this result was doubtless hastened by a fear of the consequences of this convention.

The popular clamor was forthwith raised against the Hartford Contion, accusing its managers of an attempt to dissolve the Union; and, at a national festival of the Washington Society, a democratic leader said that it was a dangerous combination of internal foes, who had artfully entwisted themselves within the legitimate branches of our federal and State governments. And the charge has been reiterated — November, 1850 — by another democratic leader, the moderator of a party caucus at Faneuil Hall, that the Hartford Convention designed a northern confederacy, involving an entire change in the organization of our institutions. The lively and forcible language of Fisher Ames, that falsehood will travel from Maine to Georgia while truth is putting on her boots, was fully verified in the early efforts to assert the patriotic intent of this assembly. The inquiry has often been urged, Was not the Hartford Convention conceived by that constellation of very estimable and talented men, the Essex junto, as it was brought forth by that lesser light, the Bay State Legislature of Caleb Strong? We will cite Mr. Otis on this question. The convention was not the plan or contrivance of one man, or of a junto, or cabal; but a simultaneous and instinctive conception of many, prompted by the nature and the imagined necessity of the case.

The surpassingly eloquent defence of the Hartford Convention, from the highly-polished hand of Harrison Gray Otis, like his speeches,— or, rather, orations, as they should be termed,— so often pronounced

at Faneuil Hall, in the halls of Congress, and in our State Legislature, for force and beauty of argument, will be treasured by posterity among the noblest efforts of patriotism; and posterity will rank the epistles of Junius and Otis, for purity of diction, effective sarcasm and elevation of thought, as models of diction, in both hemispheres. Moreover, the speeches of Otis, when Napoleon was in the zenith of his power, awakened in the Bostonians a keen jealousy of his thirst for conquest, and remind one of the eloquence of Demosthenes, when rousing the Athenians to precautions against the ambition of Philip of Macedon.

Mr. Otis remarks that his mission to Hartford was forced upon him by three-fourths of the Massachusetts Legislature, against his most earnest remonstrances, and to the great sacrifice of his convenience. The germ of the expedient may be traced to Gov. Jones, of Rhode Island, who, in September, 1814, proposed to this State, in case of invasion, to march his troops to the aid of any neighboring State, and requested the coöperation of our State in like emergency. The great objects of the convention were, to devise, if possible, means of security and defence, consistent with preservation from total ruin, adapted to their local situation, and not repugnant to their obligations as members of the UNION. The faculty of defending the States by their own militia, and at the expense of the United States, has since been sanctioned by Congress. Mr. Otis says, here is a curious subject of speculation for posterity. The principal measure of an assembly intended, as was said, to concentrate all the force of opposition to the constituted authorities of the nation, was, by deliberate act of those authorities, virtually adopted; and the egg that was laid in the darkness of the Hartford conclave was hatched by daylight, under the wing and incubation of the national eagle. Those who serve the State in the civil department have no court of inquiry, like those in the naval and military service, for protection, but are at the mercy of every popinjay, says Otis, who can throw a squib or discharge an air-gun from a garret window,— of editors who pander for the bad passions of party, and for rivals who humble themselves to imitate the starlings and halloo "Mortimer," instead of giving an elevated tone to the public sentiment, in which all men of high minds, even of their own party, would be glad to harmonize.

There is no doubt that this convention was influenced by a decided love of country, and, of course, by the most honorable motives. Another serious object of this convention was to prevent the danger of a civil

war, as in the western parts of Massachusetts and in Connecticut there was a decided opposition to an internal tax, for the purpose of continuing the contest with Great Britain. We make this statement on the authority of the Hon. Judge Wilde, probably the last survivor of the delegates to the convention. "I am sensible," remarks Mr. Otis, "that among such men I was not meet to be called an 'Apostle.' But having nothing to retract, no favors to ask, no propitiatory incense to offer upon new altars, I hope there will be seen neither vanity nor condescension in my declaring that I am unconscious of any conduct that would justify the singling me out as a political desperado, who offered to the convention projects by which they were revolted. I challenge the production or quotation of any speech or writing for which I am accountable, without garbling or interpolation, conspicuous for unseemly violence, intolerance, or even disrespect for my political adversaries; much less, pointing to a disunion of the States, which I should dread as a national and perpetual earthquake. In the ardor of debate, I have repelled personalities by giving 'measure for measure;' but if I am inimical to republican principles and equal rights, I must have basely degenerated from my parent stock. And though I claim no merit from '*genus et proavos*,' yet, that I should go into the convention to instigate others to pull down that 'temple' which, for at least forty-and-two years, my ancestors with their countrymen had been engaged in building, from the first trench and corner-stone, and in which I had always professed to worship, would seem to be an unnatural act, at least, of which all just men will one day require better proof than has been or can be furnished by the unjust. My political sins are those of congresses, senates, and houses of representatives,— of a majority of the people, first of the United States, then of my native State and city. Of my full aliquot part of these, I would nothing extenuate, and more should not be set down to me in malice. I have lived to see triumphant all the principles of the great original Federal party, of which Washington was the head, and of which I was an individual member, though, by the perversity of the course of human affairs, I have survived the downfall of the party itself. There is no prominent feature of Federal policy,—unless the alien and sedition law be so regarded, by means of a factitious importance,— which the ruling party has not found itself compelled to adopt, and place in a bolder relief. The funding system, bank, navy, army, loans, taxes, embassies,— in short, whatever appertaining to the civil and military estab-

lishments was formerly a theme of opposition,— have been patronized not merely as appendages, but essentials to the machinery of government. All the hydras and chimeras are transformed into goodly shapes and proper agents. And not a question has been decided — nor, as far as I am informed, agitated — upon old party principles, since the peace."

Let it never be forgotten that the very system recommended by the Hartford Convention became, by act of Congress, the law of the land, and its effect has been to consolidate the national union; and though Mr. Otis has often been denounced by political Hotspurs, in public caucus, as an enemy to his country, posterity in all coming time will simultaneously concede the purity of his motives, and exclaim, in their profound sense of his honesty, like Aufidius in Shakspeare:

> "If Jupiter should, from yond cloud,
> Speak divine things, and say 't is true,
> I' d not believe them more than thee, all noble Marcius!"

President John Quincy Adams declared, in a communication under his authority, in the National Intelligencer of Oct. 21, 1828, that during the session of Congress in 1808 he had informed his confidential correspondents that he knew, from unequivocal evidence, although not provable in a court of law, that the object of certain leaders of the party which had in its hands the management of the Legislature of Massachusetts was, and had been for several years, "a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a separate confederation; and that, in case of a civil war, the aid of Great Britain to effect that purpose would be as surely resorted to as it would be indispensably necessary to the design." And in a communication addressed to the following persons, namely, H. G. Otis, Israel Thorndike, T. H. Perkins, William Prescott, Daniel Sargent, John Lowell, William Sullivan, Charles Jackson, Warren Dutton, Benjamin Pickman, Henry Cabot (son of Hon. George Cabot), C. C. Parsons (son of Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons), Franklin Dexter (son of Hon. Samuel Dexter), who had requested him to state who are the persons designated as leaders of the party prevailing in Massachusetts in the year 1808, whose object, he asserted, was, and had been for several years, a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a separate confederation, together with the whole evidence on which that charge is founded,— at the same time protesting that, constrained by a regard to their deceased friends

and to posterity, as well as by a sense of what was due to their own honor, most solemnly to declare that they have never known nor suspected that any party in Massachusetts ever entertained the design of a dissolution of the Union, or the establishment of a separate confederacy,—President Adams replied: "That project, I repeat, had gone to the length of fixing upon a military leader for its execution; and, although the circumstances of the time never admitted of its execution, nor even of its full development, I had yet no doubt in 1808 and 1809, and have no doubt at this time, that it is the key to all the great movements of these leaders of the Federal party in New England, from that time forward till its final catastrophe in the Hartford Convention." And President Adams said, in the conclusion of his letter: "It is not improbable that, at some future day, a solemn sense of duty to my country may require me to disclose the evidence which I do possess, and for which you call. But of that day the selection must be at my own judgment; and it may be delayed till I myself shall have gone to answer for the testimony I may bear, before the tribunal of your God and mine. Should a disclosure of names ever then be made by me, it will, if possible, be made with such reserve as tenderness to the feelings of the living, and to the families and friends of the dead, may admonish." The evidence in support of this opinion of John Quincy Adams never having to this day been exhibited, and it being admitted that it is not such as would suffice to establish the charge in a court of justice, the opinion remains, for all purposes of evidence, utterly ineffective. We have the charity to express the opinion that President Adams over-estimated the weight of the evidence on which he relied, —an opinion which, at the worst, does him no injustice, since, should it be well founded, his mistake of judgment would be like that of heated partisans of every name and age. The origin of the whole mystery is probably traceable to the disclosures of John Henry, an officer in the British army, who, in the year 1809, was employed by Sir James Craig, the Governor of Canada, to visit the United States for the purpose of ascertaining whether the dominant party of New England would favor a dissolution of the Union, and a connection with Great Britain. We refer our readers to Dwight's History of the Hartford Convention, and to Walsh's review of that work in the American Quarterly Review, for a clear development of this subject. In reply to the inquiry, Why not leave the honor of the Hartford Convention where Ford's heroine left her fame, "to Memory, and Time's old

daughter, Truth"? — Mr. Walsh says, in reply, for the simple reason that all experience has taught us that memory is always defective, and truth frequently perverted. Already, in the case before us, newspaper surmises have gradually grown up into rhetorical text; and these, by dint of repetition, are fast forming into materials for history.

In the year 1817 Mr. Otis was elected, by a strong vote of the State Legislature, to the United States Senate, in the place of Gen. Joseph B. Varnum, the successor of Timothy Pickering. Here Mr. Otis shone with peculiar lustre, for his force as a statesman and graceful rhetoric. His speech in reply to Mr. Pinckney, on the Missouri question, January, 1820, was a noble burst of eloquence, in a caveat on slavery, classed among the imperishable few of the floor of Congress. He was ever devoted to the interest of his native State, especially in asserting her claims in public service during the contest with Britain. Mr. Otis resigned his seat in 1823; and, on the retirement of John Brooks from the chair of State, he became the Federal candidate, in competition with William Eustis. Mr. Otis was defeated; and he remarked to a friend, "My failure in this contest was a mortification and a severe disappointment to me at the time, but I look back upon it now without regret. I regard it as the most fortunate event of my life. I have been a happier and better man, since I was thrown out of political life, than I should ever have been had I remained in it."

Mr. Otis was elected mayor of his native city in 1829, and in the inaugural address delivered on the occasion he remarks: "With the friends of former days, whose constancy can never be forgotten, others have been pleased to unite, and to honor me with their suffrages, who hold in high disapprobation the part I formerly took in political affairs. Their support of me on this occasion is no symptom of a change of their sentiment in that particular. I presume not to infer from it even a mitigation of the rigor with which my public conduct has been judged. But it is not presumptuous to take it for granted that those who have favored me with their countenance on this occasion confide in my sense of the obligation of veracity, and of the aggravated profligacy that would attend a violation of it, standing here in the presence of God and my country. On this faith, I feel myself justified by circumstances to avail myself of this occasion,— the first, and probably the last, so appropriate, that it will be in my power,— distinctly and solemnly to assert, that in no time in the course of my life have I been present at any meeting of individuals, public or private, of the

many or the few, or privy to any correspondence of whatever description, in which any proposition having for its object the dissolution of the Union, or its dismemberment in any shape, or a separate confederacy, or a forcible resistance to the government or laws, was ever made or debated; that I have no reason to believe that any such scheme was ever meditated by distinguished individuals of the old Federal party. But, on the other hand, every reason which habits of intimacy and communion of sentiment with most of them afforded, for the persuasion that they looked to the remote possibility of such events as the most to be deprecated of all calamities, and that they would have received any serious proposal, calculated for those ends, as a paroxysm of political delirium. This statement will bear internal evidence of truth to all who reflect that among those men were some by the firesides of whose ancestors the principles of the union and independence of these States were first asserted and digested; from which was taken the coal that kindled the hallowed flame of the Revolution; from whose ashes the American eagle rose into life. Others, who had conducted the measures and the armies of that Revolution,— Solomons in council, and Samsons in combat; others, who assisted at the birth of the federal constitution, and watched over its infancy with paternal anxiety; — and, I may add, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that all of them regarded its safety and success as the best hope of this people, and the last hope of the friends of liberty throughout the world. I again express my hope that these remarks will not be considered ill-timed. They are a testimony offered in defence of the memory of the honored dead, and of patriotic survivors, who have not the same opportunity of speaking for themselves. Their object is not personal favor, though I am free to admit that I am not indifferent to the desire of removing doubts and giving satisfaction to the minds of any who, by a magnanimous pledge of kind feelings toward me, have a claim upon me for every candid explanation and assurance in my power to afford."

In this connection, we cannot restrain the desire to introduce an instance of the condescension and courtesy of Mr. Otis towards his political opponents. At a festival of Federal advocates of the administration of Andrew Jackson, in Faneuil Hall, when it was splendidly decorated with the banners of the old Washington Benevolent Society, March 4, 1829, Mr. Otis, the mayor, gave — "Homage to the constitution, manifested in respect to its chief functionary: May New

England conquer his esteem, as he conquered the public enemy, by meeting him more than half-way." And when Mr. Otis had retired, the Hon. Theodore Lyman, who presided on the occasion, gave this sentiment — "The Mayor: May the discerning citizens of Boston render full justice to his patriotic endeavors for the welfare of a city of which he has so long been a conspicuous ornament."

On the morning of the 17th day of September, 1830, just previous to the delivery of the centennial discourse on the history of Boston, by Josiah Quincy, an address was delivered by Mr. Otis, the mayor, on the removal of the municipal government to the old State-house, in which he chronicles the men and the occurrences giving celebrity to the edifice, thereafter named the City Hall, until its removal to Court-square. We will cite a few passages from this graphic view of remembrances: The history of the town-house, considered as a compages of brick and wood, is short and simple. It was erected between the years 1657 and '59, and was principally of wood, as far as can be ascertained. The contractor received six hundred and eighty pounds, on a final settlement, in full of all contracts. This was probably the whole amount of the cost, being double that of the estimate,— a ratio pretty regularly kept up in our times. The population of the town, sixty years afterwards, was about ten thousand; and it is allowing an increase beyond the criterion of its actual numbers at subsequent periods, to presume that at the time of the first erection of the Town-house it numbered three thousand souls. In 1711 the building was burnt to the ground, and soon afterwards it was built with brick. In 1747 the interior was again consumed by fire, and soon repaired in the form which it retained until the present improvement, with the exception of some alterations in the apartments made upon the removal of the Legislature to the new State-house. The eastern chamber was originally occupied by the Council, afterwards by the Senate. The representatives constantly held their sittings in the western chamber. The floor of these was supported by pillars, and terminated at each end by doors, and at one end by a flight of steps leading into State-street. In the day-time the doors were kept open, and the floor served as a walk for the inhabitants, always much frequented, and during the sessions of the courts thronged. On the north side were offices for the clerks of the supreme and inferior courts. In these the judges robed themselves, and walked in procession, followed by the bar, at the opening of the courts. Committee-rooms were provided in the upper story.

Since the removal of the Legislature, it has been internally divided into apartments and leased for various uses, in a mode familiar to you all, and it has now undergone great repairs. This floor being adapted to the accommodation of the city government and principal officers, while the first floor is allotted to the post-office, news-room, and private warehouses.

"In this brief account of the natural body of the building, which, it is believed, comprehends whatever is material, there is nothing certainly dazzling or extraordinary. It exhibits no pomp of architectural grandeur, or refined taste; and has no pretensions to vie with the magnificent structures of other countries, or even of our own. Yet it is a goodly and venerable pile; and, with its recent improvements, is an ornament of the place of whose liberty it was once the citadel. And it has an interest for Bostonians who enter it this day, like that which is felt by grown children for an ancient matron by whom they were reared, and whom visiting after years of absence, they find in her neat, chaste, old-fashioned attire, spruced-up to receive them, with her comforts about her, and the same kind, hospitable creature and excellent, whom they 'left in' less flourishing circumstances. But to this edifice there is not only a natural, but 'a spiritual body,' which is the immortal soul of independence. Nor is there on the face of the earth another building,— however venerable for its antiquity, or stately in its magnificence, however decorated by columns, and porticos, and cartoons, and statues, and altars, and outshining 'the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,'— entitled in history to more honorable mention, or whose spires and turrets are surrounded with a more glorious halo, than this unpretending building.

"This assertion might be justified by a review of the parts performed by those who have made laws, for a century after the first settlement of Boston; of their early contention for their chartered rights; of their perils and difficulties with the natives; of their costly and heroic exertions, in favor of the mother country, in the common cause. But I pass over them all, replete as they are with interest, with wonder, and with moral. Events posterior to these — growing out of them, indeed, and taking from them their complexion — are considered, by reflecting men, as having produced more radical changes in the character, relations, prospects, and, so far as becomes us to prophesy, in the destinies of the human family, than all other events and revolutions that have transpired since the Christian era. I do not say that the principles

which have led to these events originated here. But I venture to assert that here, within these walls, they were first practically applied to a well-regulated machinery of human passions, conscious rights and steady movements, which, forcing these United States to the summit of prosperity, has been adopted as a model by which other nations have been, and will yet be, propelled on the railroad which leads to universal freedom. The power of these engines is self-moving, and the motion is perpetual. Sages and philosophers had discovered that the world was made for the people who inhabit it, and that kings were less entitled in their own right to its government, than lions, whose claims to be lords of the forest are supported by physical prowess. But the books and treatises which maintained these doctrines were read by the admirers of the Lockes, and Sidneys, and Miltons, and Harringtons, and replaced on their shelves as brilliant theories. Or, if they impelled to occasional action, it ended in bringing new tyrants to the throne, and sincere patriots to the scaffold. But your progenitors, who occupied these seats, first taught a whole people systematically to combine the united force of their moral and physical energies, to learn the rights of insurrection not as written in the language of the passions, but in codes and digests of its justifiable cases; to enforce them, under the restraints of discipline; to define and limit its objects; to be content with success, and to make sure of its advantages. All this they did; and when the propitious hour had arrived, they called on their countrymen, as the angel called upon the apostles, 'Come, rise up quickly! — and the chains fell from their hands.' The inspiring voice echoed through the welkin in Europe and America, and awakened nations. He who would learn the effects of it must read the history of the world for the last half-century. He who would anticipate the consequences must ponder well the probabilities with which time is pregnant, for the next. The memory of these men is entitled to a full share of all the honor arising from the advantage derived to mankind from this change of condition, but yet is not chargeable with the crimes and misfortunes, more than is the memory of Fulton with the occasional bursting of a boiler.

"Shall I, then, glance rapidly at some of the scenes, and the actors who figured in them, within these walls? Shall I carry you back to the controversies between Gov. Bernard and the House of Representatives, commencing nearly seventy years ago, respecting the claims of the mother country to tax the colonies without their consent?

To the stand made against writs of assistance, in the chamber now intended for your mayor and aldermen, where and when, according to John Adams, 'Independence was born,' and whose star was then seen in the east by wise men. To the memorable vindication of the House of Representatives by one of its members? To the "Rights of the Colonies," adopted by the Legislature as a text-book, and transmitted to the British ministry? To the series of patriotic resolutions, protests, and State papers, teeming with indignant eloquence and irresistible argument in opposition to the stamp and other tax acts — to the landing and quartering of troops in the town? To the rescinding of resolutions in obedience to royal mandates? To the removal of the seat of government, and the untiring struggle in which the Legislature was engaged for fourteen or fifteen years, supported by the Adamses, the Thachers, the Hawleys, the Hancocks, the Bowdoins, the Quincys, and their illustrious colleagues? In fact, the most important measures which led to the emancipation of the colonies, according to Hutchinson, a competent judge, originated in this house, in this apartment, with those men who, putting life and fortune on the issue, adopted for their motto

> 'Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
> Who dare to love their country and be poor.'

"Events of a different complexion are also associated with the Boston Town-house. At one time it was desecrated by the king's troops quartered in the Representatives' chamber, and on the lower floor. At another time, cannon were stationed and pointed towards its doors. Below the balcony in King-street, on the doleful night of the fifth of March, the blood of the first victims to the military executioners was shed. On the appearance of the governor in the street, he was surrounded by an immense throng, who, to prevent mischief to his person, though he had lost their confidence, forced him into this building, with the cry, 'To the Town-House! to the Town-House!' He then went forth into the balcony, and, promising to use his endeavors to bring the offenders to justice, and advising the people to retire, they dispersed, vociferating 'Home! home!' The Governor and Council remained all night deliberating in dismal conclave, while the friends of their country bedewed their pillows with tears, 'such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.' But I would not wish, under any circumstances, to dwell upon incidents like these, thankful as I am that time, which

has secured our freedom, has extinguished our resentments. I therefore turn from these painful reminiscences, and refer you to the day when Independence, mature in age and loveliness, advanced with angelic grace from the chamber in which she was born, into the same balcony; and, holding in her hand the immortal scroll on which her name and character and claims to her inheritance were inscribed, received, from the street filled with an impenetrable phalanx, and windows glittering with a blaze of beauty, the heartfelt homage and electrifying peals of the men, women and children, of the whole city. The splendor of that glorious vision of my childhood seems to be now present to my view, and the harmony of universal concert to vibrate in my ear."

When our immortal Webster, — that presiding genius of the constitution, often characterized as the modern Dexter, — on the decision of the Whig party, in the presidential contest, to adopt Zachary Taylor as their candidate, exclaimed, in the heat of disappointed ambition, that it was a nomination not fit to be made, thus exciting confusion in the minds of the party, our venerable octogenarian, the Hon. Mr. Otis, in a magnanimous spirit of conciliation, addressed an epistle to the public, in the style of freshness, beauty and effect, so peculiar to him before the prime of life, advocating the expediency of this nomination. It had a tendency to unite the party, and insure the elevation of Zachary Taylor; and this last generous act of his life so overpowered his mind, that it accelerated his decease, written as it was under the pressure of years and infirmity. "The general objections to placing a military chieftain at the head of the nation are two-fold," says Mr. Otis, in this document: "first, the apprehension that the habits of absolute authority may be carried from the field to the cabinet,— that he may thus be inclined to say, 'I am the State;' and, if he cannot bend the constitution to his will, to pierce it with his sword. But a soldier of this species, before he is intrusted with civil offices, displays his character sufficiently to give warning. Like the rattlesnake, he may be known by his notes of preparation; and if the people will incur a danger equal to plague, pestilence and famine, it is their own fault. Second, the want of political experience, and other qualifications for a new sphere of action. But, for these, the constituency must generally take its chance. In our country, few persons 'make commonwealth's affairs their only study.' Politics are not a regular profession for which men are educated, though too many make it a trade. This last objection, therefore, applies to all other professions. Eminence

in either of them, especially of the bar, is regarded as an earnest of ability adequate to the most elevated station. Yet a great lawyer, in full practice, can do little more, if so much, to qualify himself for a new vocation, than a general. They will each have acquired a knowledge of the current of affairs from the public journals and from intercourse with others; and neither will have been able to do more. The soldier, perhaps, has most leisure for such pursuits, except in time of actual war. The studies and occupation of the lawyer seem to be most congenial to those of a civil chieftain; yet great names may be found to contend that these very studies and pursuits contract the mind of the practical jurist, and impair his qualifications for enlarged views of civil administration and adroit diplomacy.

"The truth, however, is, that a truly great man will always show himself great. The talents called forth by the strategy of a succession of military campaigns, in a country new and unexplored, and inaccessible by ordinary means, where resources must be created, and embarrassments not to be foreseen are constantly met and surmounted, would easily accommodate themselves to the varying, though less difficult exigencies of civil affairs. For myself, I rest satisfied that General Taylor would be found fully competent to the office of president, for the same reasons that I think Daniel Webster would make a great general. Each would require some little training and experience, in a new harness, and, perhaps, a good deal of consultation with others. History is replete with heroes transformed into statesmen. Who is unacquainted with the agency and influence of the great Marlborough, in the councils as well as in the wars of Queen Anne? Where did the greater Duke of Wellington qualify himself to settle the peace of Europe, which he had won by his sword, associated in congress with emperors and kings, and the most accomplished diplomatists from the principal cabinets of the old world? And whence did he derive the faculty which since that period has been displayed, in the intuitive sagacity with which he has controlled the measures of the British cabinet and peerage, and enabled his country to persevere in her career of power and glory, despite the most novel and serious embarrassments? In what school did the great Napoleon acquire the knowledge of affairs which enabled him to hold the strings of his administration in his own hands, to reform the interior management of the whole empire, and to preside in a council of the most distinguished jurists and civilians in the formation of the civil code, himself initiating

some of the most essential improvements? Finally, our own great Washington was a Samson in combat before he became a Solomon in council. On very mature reflection, I am satisfied that General Taylor, in a short time after he shall have taken the chair, will acquit himself of his high duties to the entire public satisfaction.

"It is further objected that General Taylor is a slave-holder. This objection comes sixty years too late. It was disposed of in substance by the original articles of confederation, and annulled in form by the constitution of the United States. The Northern States were glad enough to avail themselves of the coöperation of the South in their struggle for independence, and 'no questions asked.' Not less thankful were they to cement the incipient alliance by a most solemn compact, expressly recognizing their right to property in their slaves, and engaging to protect it,—treating with them, as proprietors of slaves, as our equals in all respects, and eligible, of consequence, to all offices under the constitution. What would have been the fate of a motion in that glorious assembly which formed the constitution, or of those who might have made it, — George Washington present,— to declare a slave-holder ineligible to any office under it? I well remember the adoption of the constitution by my fellow-citizens of the State, when Hancock, muffled in red baize, was brought into the convention, to sign the ratification. The evening preceding, a demonstration in favor of the measure was made in the streets of Boston, by an assemblage favorable to it, whose numbers, Paul Revere assured Samuel Adams, were like the sands of the sea-shore, or like the stars in heaven."

This vigorous document was published on Oct. 2, and the decease of Otis occurred on the 28th day of that month. His remains were entombed at Mount Auburn. He was aged 83 years and twenty days.

> "Of no distemper, of no blast, he died,
> But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long, —
> E'en wondered at, because he dropped no sooner;
> Fate seemed to wind him up to fourscore years,
> Yet freshly ran he on three winters more,
> Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
> The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Old Faneuil Hall will ever be memorable as the forum whence, with a voice of silvery sweetness, the flashes of wit and stirring eloquence of our Boston Cicero captivated the people. Like Cicero, our Otis was by nature a statesman; but the honestly-conceived Hartford Conven-

tion, of which he was the most powerful advocate, blighted his political elevation above that of the Senate in Congress. Otis, however, was the pride of the Bostonians; and, while many a political opponent, both from the press and the rostrum, to use the words of our native poet, Sprague,

> "Soils the green garlands that for Otis bloom,
> And plants a brier even on Cabot's tomb,"

we are confident that posterity will view him as a luminous star in the constellation of American patriots. He was never rivalled for eloquence by any politician of his native city, or any of his native State, excepting only his noble kinsman, and the accomplished Fisher Ames. The contour of his head was beautiful, with animated eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He was rather tall, of noble bearing, graceful gestures, and courteous manners. A full-length portrait of Otis is in the care of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association, and an accurate portrait by Stuart is in the family. William Sullivan aptly remarks of him, that he was the orator of all popular assemblies,— the guide of popular opinion in all the trying scenes of commercial restrictions, embargo, and war. With a fine person and commanding eloquence, with a clear perception and patriotic purpose, he was the first among his equals, alike ready at all times with his pen and his tongue. And Samuel K. Lothrop, his pastor, says of him, that the action and play of his mental power was so easy, that one was apt to forget the profound and subtle nature of the subjects with which he was dealing. His power of nice analysis and sharp discrimination was extraordinary, and the broad and deep wisdom of his thought was often as remarkable as the language in which he clothed it was brilliant and beautiful. The biography of Harrison Gray Otis remains to be written. It was well said of him, at the Harvard centennial, by William H. Gardiner, that he was the first scholar of the first class of a new nation, the career of whose life has been according to the promise of his youth; who has touched nothing which he has not adorned, and who has been rewarded with no office, nor honor, nor emolument, to which he was not richly entitled.

GEN. WILLIAM HULL.

JULY 4, 1788. FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI.

The patriotic appeal of the orator to his companions in arms arouses in their descendants an impressive conception of the burning ardor of our Revolutionary heroes: The return of this joyful anniversary, my dear friends and companions, will naturally recall to your minds the various interesting scenes which have fallen to your lot while on the theatre of action. The rugged and thorny paths you have together trod,— the dangerous but honorable part you have been called to act,— the mingled emotions which have been excited, while the fate of your country was uncertain, and the scenes of your military drama were continually shifting. In the recollection of these important transactions, you will not be unmindful of your companions in danger. Are they all present to partake in the festivity of the day, and to commemorate those great events for the acquisition of which their valor and their virtue have largely contributed? No, my friends, many of the most ornamental pillars have fallen, in erecting the great fabric of freedom; and, while our feelings are alive on the subject, scarcely does the magnitude of the object compensate the magnitude of the sacrifice. May unfading laurels ever bloom around their tombs! May monuments more durable than marble be erected to their memories! May we, my brethren, ever bear on our minds the amiable and manly virtues by which they were distinguished while actors on the stage, and the glory and dignity with which they closed the scene. And while their memories live deeply engraven on the hearts and affections of a grateful people, may faithful history transmit their illustrious deeds to the latest time, and her fairest pages be ornamented with the lustre of their fame!

The memorable day we now celebrate, and the purposes for which we are assembled, will recall to our recollection the period which gave birth to our institution, the motives from whence it originated, and the principles upon which it is founded. Having for more than eight years devoted our lives to the service of our country,— having cheerfully endured the dangers and fatigues which are incident to a military employment, and having seen our efforts crowned with success, the period arrived when we were to take a farewell of each other. A

crisis so interesting must have excited a variety of emotions. While, on the one hand, we were animated with joy that our country was freed from danger, and honorably seated in the chair of independence,— on the other, we must have been penetrated with grief; not that we were about to quit the splendid scenes of military command, and mingle with our fellow-citizens; not that toil and poverty would probably be our portion,—for to them we had long been wedded; — but that we were to act the last affectionate part of our military connection, and to separate, perhaps never to meet again. Was it possible to suppress the feelings which the occasion excited? Did not the same principles which had animated you to endure the fatigues of war and dangers of the field, for the attainment of independence, loudly call upon you to institute a memorial of so great an event?

When the representatives of your country bestowed upon you the honorable appellation of the patriot army, and honored you with the united thanks of America for the part you had acted, was it not your duty, by your future conduct, to give the highest possible evidence that the applause was not unmerited? Could you possibly have exhibited a more striking example, or given a higher proof, than by forming an institution which inculcated the duty of laying down in peace the arms you had assumed for public defence? If the various fortunes of war had attached you to each other, if there was sincerity in that friendship you professed, if you wished to contribute a small portion of the little you possessed to the relief of your unfortunate companions, was it possible for you to separate, without forming yourselves into a society of friends, for the continuance and exercise of these benevolent purposes? Heaven saw with approbation the purity of your intentions, and your institution arose on the broad foundation of patriotism, friendship, and charity.

William Hull was born at Derby, Ct., June 24, 1753. He graduated at Yale College in 1772; studied divinity during one year, and then attached himself to the Law School in Litchfield, Ct., and entered the bar in 1775; after which he engaged in the war of the Revolution as a captain.

The first incident recorded by Capt. Hull, on his arrival in camp, is a striking illustration of the deficiency of military order, discipline and etiquette, with which Washington had to contend. A body of the enemy landed at Lechmere's Point, in Cambridge. It was expected an attack would be made on the American lines. The alarm was

given, and the troops ordered to their respective stations. When the regiment of Col. Webb was formed for action, the captains and subalterns appeared dressed in long cloth frocks, with kerchiefs tied about their heads. Capt. Hull was the only man in uniform. The officers inquired why he came out in full dress,— that the regiment was going into action, and that he would be a mark for the enemy's fire. He replied that he thought the uniform of an officer was designed to aid his influence and increase his authority over his men; and if ever important in these points, it was more particularly so in the hour of battle. They referred to their experience, remarking that in the French war it was not customary, and they had never worn it. Capt. Hull yielded to age and experience, sent his servant for a frock and kerchief, and dressed himself after the fashion of his companions. His company was in advance of the British lines. While at this station, Gen. Washington and suite, in the course of reviewing the troops, stopped at the redoubt, and asked what officer commanded there. With feelings of inexpressible mortification, says Gen. Hull, I came forward in my savage costume, and reported that Capt. Hull had the honor of commanding the redoubt. As soon as Gen. Washington passed on, Capt. Hull availed himself of the first moment to despatch his servant, with all possible speed, to bring him his uniform. As he put it on, he quietly resolved never more to subscribe to the opinions of men, however loyal and brave in their country's service, whose views were so little in unison with his own. After the troops had waited four or five hours in expectation of an attack, the enemy returned to his encampment, having no other object in making the descent than to procure provisions. Hull was in the surprise on Dorchester Heights, at White Plains, battle of Trenton, and Princeton, where he was promoted as major; was at Ticonderoga, at the surrender of Burgoyne, in the battle of Monmouth, and at the capture of Stoney Point; was appointed army-inspector under Baron Steuben, became a colonel in the capture of Cornwallis, and was sent on a mission to Quebec to demand the surrender of Forts Niagara, Detroit, and several smaller forts. In Shays' insurrection, Col. Hull had command of the left wing of the troops under Gen. Lincoln, and, in making a forced march through a violent snow-storm, surprised the insurgents in their camp, who fled in every direction. In 1781 Col. Hull married Sarah, daughter of Judge Fuller, of Newton. In 1789 he was the commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

In 1793 he was a commissioner to Upper Canada for a treaty with the Indians. In 1798 he visited Europe, and on his return he was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and was in the Massachusetts Senate. In 1805 he was appointed by Congress the Governor of Michigan, when he surrendered Detroit to Maj. Gen. Isaac Brock, Aug. 15, 1812. In 1814 he was condemned by court-martial for cowardice, and sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned by President Madison. In 1824 Maj. Gen. Hull published a series of letters in defence of his conduct in the campaign of 1812. The North American Review said that, from the public documents collected and published in them, the conclusion must unequivocally be drawn that Gen. Hull was required by the government to do what it was morally and physically impossible that he should do; and his grandson, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, author of the Military and Civil Life of Gen. William Hull, in 482 pages 8vo., after a critical examination of the whole case, remarks that the charge of cowardice, when examined, becomes incredible and absurd. The only questions which can now be raised by reasonable men are these: Did not Gen. Hull err in judgment in some of his measures? Might it not have been better to have attacked Malden? And was the surrender of his post at Detroit, without a struggle for its defence, reconcilable with his situation at that time?

The reason for not attacking Malden was the deficiency of suitable cannon for that purpose; and a want of confidence in the militia, as acknowledged by the officers in command, to storm the works at Malden, which were defended by cannon batteries, while reliance on the part of the Americans was on militia bayonets almost entirely.

In considering the conduct of Gen. Hull, in surrendering Detroit, we ought always to bear in mind that he was governor of the territory as well as general of the army; that he accepted the command of the army for the express purpose of defending the territory; and that though, in compliance with the orders of government, he had invaded Canada, a principal object was still the defence of the people of Michigan. If, therefore, his situation was such that even a successful temporary resistance could not finally prevent the fall of Detroit, had he any right to expose the people of Michigan to that universal massacre which would unquestionably have been the result of a battle at Detroit? It must also be remembered that at the time of the surrender the fort was crowded with women and children, who had fled thither for protection from the town, which tended still more to embarrass the situation

and move the sympathies of the governor. If, therefore, some persons, with whom military glory stands higher than humanity and plain duty, may still blame Gen. Hull for not fighting a useless battle, and for not causing blood to be shed where nothing was to be gained by its effusion, we are confident that all high-minded and judicious persons will conclude that, to sign the surrender of Detroit, was an act of greater courage and truer manliness, on the part of Gen. Hull, than it would have been to have sent out his troops to battle. On his death-bed, he expressed his happiness that he had thus saved the wanton destruction of the peaceful citizens of Michigan. He died at Newton, Mass., Nov. 29, 1825.

SAMUEL STILLMAN, D. D.

JULY 4, 1789. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Samuel Stillman was born at Philadelphia, Feb. 27, 1737; was educated at Charleston, S. C., and married Hannah, daughter of Evin Morgan, merchant of Philadelphia, May 23, 1759. He settled in the ministry at James' Island, but impaired health occasioned his removal to Bordentown, N. J., in 1760, where, after continuing two years, he visited Boston, became an assistant at the Second Baptist Church, and was, on Jan. 9, 1765, installed as successor of Rev. Jeremiah Condy, over the First Baptist Church.

On the repeal of the Stamp Act, Mr. Stillman published a patriotic sermon, which was greatly admired. This occurred May 17, 1766. "Should I serve you a century in the gospel of Christ," says Stillman in this performance, "I might never again have so favorable an opportunity to consider this passage,—'As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.' It is a proverb, the truth of which you are now feeling; hence, great is the propriety of improving its spiritual meaning. And the preacher will have the advantage, while he attempts to illustrate the glories of the Gospel, by what the people feel. Has not a general joy diffused itself amongst us? Does not Boston and the country wear a face of pleasantness? You may read good news in every countenance. How great the alteration that has taken place amongst us, in consequence of a late most interesting decision in

our favor! When the news arrived, so as to be confidently believed, there was a universal shout. It now became impossible for every lover of liberty and his country to conceal the gladness of his heart,—public and private were the expressions of joy on this important occasion. Yea, your children, yet ignorant of the importance of this event to these colonies, bear a part in the triumphs of the day,—in imitation, no doubt, of their parents and others, whom they observe pleased on this happy occurrence. Well, thought I, good news from an earthly prince, that brings deliverance, and gives us the prospect of the continuance of our most dear and invaluable rights and privileges, which we apprehended on the brink of departing from us, fill us with such a general gladness that scarce a tongue will be silent. O! how much more might we expect that the glad tidings of salvation — salvation from everlasting misery, to the fruition of endless happiness — would diffuse a universal joy!" Samuel Stillman, at that period, was a loyal subject of King George the Third, as appears by this passage: "May the British Parliament receive that deference from us that they deserve, and be convinced by our future conduct that we aim not at independency, nor wish to destroy distinctions where distinctions are necessary, — that we rejoice in being governed according to the principles of that constitution of which we make our boast as Englishmen; yea, further, that if it was put to our choice, whether our connection with Great Britain should be dissolved, we, the inhabitants of these colonies, would rise like a cloud, and deprecate such a disunion."

Mr. Stillman soon became one of the most popular pulpit orators of his day, and was consequently appointed to preach on great occasions. He pronounced a sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, under William Heath, and the train of Artillery, under Capt. Adino Paddock, June 4, 1770. In allusion to the massacre in King-street, he says, "On account of which we have wept sore, our tears are still on our cheeks; which doubtless will be a mournful anniversary in years to come. And it is but entertaining such an opinion of his majesty's paternal regards for his subjects as they ought ever to cherish, to suppose that he has wept, or will weep with us, over the five unhappy men who fell on that gloomy night. What heart is hard enough to refuse a tear?" And in a note Stillman says, "However well a wound may be healed, a scar always remains. So, however satisfactorily to the colonists the present disputes may terminate, they will not forget the names of those who were the cause of troops being

quartered in this metropolis in a time of peace, nor the errand on which they came." Pure eloquence like this, together with the living voice, whose tones and emphases, in an orator like our own Stillman, says Dr. Park, of Andover, are themselves almost a doctrine: not with the voice alone, but with the hand, which opens in order to give out the truth; with the eye, which radiates a thought unutterable by the lips; with the whole person, which bodies forth what is concealed within. Mr. Stillman, in this discourse, urges the necessity of a well-organized militia, and says: "In this town there are above two thousand men able to bear arms, many of whom are excused from duty, except in cases of alarm; others, inattentive to the importance of a well-disciplined militia, choose rather to pay their fines than appear in the field. Permit me, then, with modesty to ask, how is it possible, things continuing thus, that the regiment should appear either complete or respectable? Whereas, would gentlemen of reputation among us set the good example, it would render our militia reputable, and tend to increase the number of volunteers in the service. Hence it is in their power, in a great degree, to strengthen the things which remain in this respect, and seem ready to die. This, among other things, would be an evidence of a truly public spirit, and an honor to those who should lead the way." In Mr. Stillman's Election Sermon, delivered May, 1779, we find the following bold passage, in which he says that "the very men who were appointed the guardians and conservators of the rights of the people have dismembered the empire, and, by repeated acts of injustice and oppression, have forced from the bosom of their parent country millions of Americans, who might have been drawn by a hair, but were not to be driven by all the thunder of Britain. A few soft words would have fixed them in her interest, and have turned away that wrath which her cruel conduct had enkindled. The sameness of religion, of language, and of manners, together with interest, that powerful motive, and a recollection of that reciprocation of kind offices which had long prevailed, would have held America in closest friendship with Great Britain, had she not governed too much;" and, in the oration at the head of this article, Dr. Stillman remarks, "We have often been told that the independence of America hath taken place fifty or an hundred years too soon. Rather, it hath happened at the very time Infinite Wisdom saw best. He without whose knowledge the sparrow doth not fall to the ground hath directed the innumerable intermediate events which

connect the settlement of the country with the declaration of independence, in 1776. It is because unerring wisdom chose it should be. What makes this event appear altogether providential is, that it was not the ground of the quarrel with Great Britain, nor the object for which the Americans first contended. They fought for liberty, not for independence. There was a period, after the contest began, when they would have rejoiced to be placed in the same condition in which they were in 1763. And when the proposition of independence was first made, the people in general were much opposed to it, and consented to it at last as a matter of absolute necessity."

Dr. Stillman was a delegate from Boston to the Massachusetts State convention, on the acceptance of the federal constitution, in February, 1788. In his speech on the last day of the session, he remarked: "I have no interest to influence me to accept this constitution of government, distinct from the interest of my country at large. We are all embarked in one bottom, and must sink or swim together. Heaven has stationed me in a line of duty that precludes every prospect of the honors and emoluments of office. Let who will govern, I must obey. Nor would I exchange the pulpit for the highest honors my country can confer. I, too, have personal liberties to secure, as dear to me as any gentleman in the convention; and as numerous a family, probably, to engage my attention. Besides which, I stand here, with my very honorable colleagues, as a representative of the citizens of this great metropolis, who have been pleased to honor me with their confidence,— an honor, in my view, unspeakably greater than a peerage or a pension." After an elaborate course of argument, he remarks: "Viewing the constitution in this light, I stand ready to give my vote for it, without any amendments at all. I am ready to submit my life, my liberty, my family, my property, and, as far as my vote will go, the interest of my constituents, to this general government. After all, if this constitution were as perfect as is the sacred volume, it would not secure the liberties of the people, unless they watch their own liberties. Nothing written on paper will do this. It is, therefore, necessary that the people should keep a vigilant, not an over-jealous eye, on their rulers; and that they should give all due encouragement to our colleges and schools of learning, that so knowledge may be diffused through every part of our country." Dr. Stillman was a decided Whig, and a Federalist of the Washington school. He died March 13, 1807.

A biography of Dr. Stillman, written by his son-in-law, Thomas Gray, D. D., of Roxbury, is prefixed to a volume of occasional sermons, published in 1808. It should be stated that the analysis of his doctrinal opinions was written by a layman of Dr. Stillman's church. Madam Stillman, his wife, founded the Boston Female Asylum, in 1800, where her portrait is exhibited. A person detractingly remarked of Stillman, in conversation with Moses Stuart, of Andover, that he was not a man of talents. "How long was Dr. Stillman pastor of the church?" inquired Stuart. "He was its pastor forty years," was the reply. "Was he popular during all that period?" "He was." "What! and not a man of talents — impossible!" said Stuart.

The oratory of Stillman was a rare exception to the reply of Garrick to a clergyman who inquired of him how it was that the stage produced so much greater an effect on an audience than the pulpit. "The difference consists in this," said Garrick; "that we speak fiction as if we believed it fact, while you preach the truth as if you supposed it fiction." So flexile was the bow of Stillman, however, that the well-directed arrow was sure to reach the heart.

"One of the best specimens of effect in preaching," remarks the Panoplist, "was Dr. Stillman, of the Baptist church. It should always be remembered that when speaking of oratory we mean two distinct things, which are seldom found united in one person. We call Burke an orator, and the same appellation we give to Whitefield. But how different! Burke was a very tedious speaker; no man thinned the benches of the House of Commons more,— and it was not until his rich and flowing style appeared from the press that his merits were appreciated. With Whitefield it was exactly the reverse. He was thrilling from the desk, but it would have been happy for his memory if none of his discourses had ever been published. We cannot claim for Dr. Stillman the oratory of Burke. His printed sermons are no reflection of the man. The voice is wanting,— the melting tones, the restless activity, the matchless emphasis (sometimes, at least), the fervor, the life, the energy. He was a thin, spare man, dressed with the utmost neatness; he wore a large, powdered, bushy wig; his motions very quick, and his tones some of the most melting and quickening we ever heard. There was a sort of nervous impatience in him during the singing of the last hymn before the sermon, which seemed to say to you, 'I

long to be at my work;' and the moment the choir stopped, he started from his seat, like shot from the cannon's mouth, and was announcing his text before your hymn-book was half closed. It was once our lot to see him enter the jail, in Court-street, where a criminal was confined, waiting for execution. A vast crowd was assembled in the yard, around the old court-house, blocking up all the passages. He was driven up by an elderly negro man, who sat on a strapped seat before the body of the chaise. The impatient chaplain leaped from his carriage like a bird; and I shall never forget the impression his motions made on me, as he darted through the crowd, like a glancing arrow or a bounding rocket, rushing through every opening, and *almost* pushing one one way, and another another, seeming to say by his very motions, 'Make way, gentlemen, make way; your business cannot be equal to mine. I have but one work to do; it must be done; I go to rescue a sinner from the darkness of his ignorance and the pangs of the second death. Make way, gentlemen, make way.'

"His enunciation was rapid, and his emphasis, as I have before said, sometimes inimitable. He had some nice flexures of voice, which I have never heard from another man, and which never can be restored, now that the voice that modulated them is silent in the grave. For example, the following hymn:

'Well, the Redeemer 's gone,
To appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.'

"Some cold-blooded critic has lately censured this verse; but I think he must have been disarmed, could he have heard Dr. Stillman read it. His voice had a beautiful circumflex to it; he threw this emphasis on the word 'well,' then a pause, and the rest of the verse pronounced in that cheerful and animating tone which seemed to rend the veil, and transport the hearer into the unseen world. The most skilful actor never made a more sudden and happy transition. His voice, however, was more felicitous in sweetness and pathos than in majesty and terror. The solemn, guttural tones were entirely wanting to him; and there was no apparent art in his style or delivery. It was all earnest simplicity."

DR. SAMUEL WHITWELL.

JULY 4, 1789. FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI.

WAS born at Boston; entered the Latin School, 1762; graduated at Princeton, 1774; student of medicine under Dr. James Lloyd, and married Lucy Tyler, of Boston, 1783. Was an army surgeon in Col. James Jackson's regiment, and died at Newton, November, 1791, aged 38 years.

In Dr. Whitwell's oration we have a happy allusion to the adoption of the federal constitution: "Fearful of exhibiting any appearance of despotism, at a time when every heart was animated with republican principles, the most rigid in their form; at a period when the cry of liberty was ushered to the ear as the goddess of the country, ensigns of which were waved around as emblems of true contentment, and a name which our little offspring were taught to repeat before they could scarcely articulate; when all ranks of people united in sentiment to repel every principle that seemed derogating from freedom, suspicious of infringing their darling rights, — it was wisdom, and, indeed, necessary, to adapt public conduct and measures to the temper and feeling of the times. But what a train of evils, my friends, was hence generated,— our treasures exhausted, trade decaying, credit sinking, our national character blasted, and ruin and destruction the gloomy prospect! Where was the soul that was not affected with the most poignant sensations? Where was the patriot that did not bleed at every vein, and shed tears of sorrow for his expiring country? — But what do I say — expiring? I recall the word; phœnix-like, from the ruins of the old, a new constitution is framed, adopted, and is now in operation. What prospects of future benefits will hence result, I leave my anticipating audience to determine; but, as your countenances bespeak the sentiments of your hearts and the wishes of your breasts, suffer me, in all the warmth of enthusiastic zeal, to congratulate you on this memorable era. May we prostrate ourselves before the great potentate of the universe, and, in the sublime language of inspiration, exclaim, 'Praise waited for thee, oh God, in Zion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed.'"

EDWARD GRAY.

JULY 4, 1790. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES

Edward Gray was born at Boston, 1764; entered the Latin School 1772, graduated at Harvard College 1782, was a counsellor-at-law, and married Susanna Turell, 1790; was a polished gentleman of great blandness of manners, and highly esteemed. Rev. Frederick T. Gray was his son. He died at Boston, Dec. 10, 1810, aged forty-six.

WILLIAM TUDOR.

JULY 4, 1790. FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI.

William Tudor, the last orator for this veteran institution, very pertinently remarks, that "to ascertain the precise time, under the administration of a Cecil or a Chatham, when Britain and her colonies must have separated, might afford amusement to a speculative inquirer, but can be of no utility now. That the crisis was precipitated, is conceded. But it was not the despotic statutes of England,— it was not the haughty and fastidious manners of her officers, civil or military, — which compelled the mighty Revolution which severed her empire. These did rouse, but they could not create, that unconquerable spirit which stimulated America to vindicate, and irrevocably to fix, those rights which distance and other causes might for ages have kept indefinite, dependent, and precarious. No; it was that native, fervid sense of freedom, which our enlightened ancestors brought with them and fostered in the forests of America, and which, with pious care, they taught their offspring never to forego. Although the present age cannot forget, and posterity shall learn to remember, those violences which impelled their country to war, yet it must be admitted that the period of parting had arrived. British influence and foreign arts might have corrupted, silenced or destroyed, that spirit which, thus early outraged, became invincible, gave birth to the immortal edict, and all those glorious circumstances in which we this day rejoice.

"Whole oceans rolled between, yet the colonies retained a strong attachment to their parent State. The numerous memorials transmitted from every province to that infatuated country remain the evidence of their patience and affection. But, deaf to the voice of supplication and aloof to entreaty, she added indignity to wrong, until 'humility was tortured into rage.' Oppression was crowded upon oppression, until submission was criminal, and resistance became an obligation. On this auspicious day, and through every revolving year, the magnanimity exhibited by our country at that all-interesting and momentous crisis shall cheer the patriot mind, and raise a glow of honest pride. She neither hesitated nor halted; but, sacrificing her attachments at the shrine of duty, appealed to God and to her sword for justice and success. Heaven approbated the appeal, invigorated her councils, and pointed the road to victory. That sword which she drew by compulsion she wore with honor, and her enemies have confessed that she sheathed it without revenge."

THOMAS CRAFTS, JR.

JULY 4, 1791. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES

In the peroration of this performance Mr. Crafts says: "Locally remote from the causes of quarrel which drench the European world in blood, what have we to do but cultivate in peace those virtues which make a nation great, as well as happy? The goddess of Liberty has condescended to reside among us. Let us cherish the lovely guest,—for where will she find an asylum, if driven from these happy shores? To look before us, a field presents itself over which the excursive wing of fancy might soar unwearied. In a few years, our extensive lakes shall be crowded with ships charged with the rich produce of yet unfurrowed soils. On the banks of rivers, where human footstep yet has never trod, cities shall rear their gilded spires. The trackless wilderness, where now the tawny aboriginals, in frantic yells, celebrate their orgies, shall become the peaceful abodes of civilized life. And America shall be renowned for the seat of science and the arts, as she already has been for the wisdom of her counsels and the valor of her arms."

Thomas Crafts, Jr., was born at Boston, April 9, 1767; entered the Latin School 1774, and graduated at Harvard College 1785, where he took part in a syllogistic disputation — "Sol est habitabilis," and read law with Gov. Gore. He was probably a son of Col. Thomas Crafts, who proclaimed the Declaration of Independence from the balcony of the old State-house, in 1776, in presence of the people. The son was counsellor-at-law. He was secretary to Hon. Mr. Gore, in the mission to the court of St. James, and was appointed United States consul for Bourdeaux. He was a bachelor. He was an effective political writer, and his chaste productions often appeared in Russell's Centinel. He had an infinite fund of wit and humor, and his companionship was eagerly sought. The elder Adams remarked of him that he was one of the rarest wits he ever knew. He died Aug. 25, 1798.

This was not the person so graphically characterized by the Boston satirist. Mr. Crafts was too decided an advocate for the Federal party to be the subject of such shafts. Old Democratic Justice Crafts was probably a near kinsman.

> "Dear Justice Crafts, fair faction's partisan,
> I like thee much, thou fiery-visaged man;
> I love to hear thee charm the listening throng,
> Thy head and wig still moving with thy tongue!
> Thus Jove of old, the heathen's highest god,
> Their minor godships governed with his nod.
> In this you differ from that great divine, —
> Once from his head came wisdom, ne'er from thine.
> The mind of Justice Crafts no subject balks,
> Of kingcraft, priestcraft, craftily he talks;
> Oft have we heard his crafty tales, and laughed,
> But never knew him mention justice-craft."

JOSEPH BLAKE, JR.

JULY 4, 1792. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Joseph Blake, Jr., was born at Boston, and a brother of Hon. George Blake; graduated at Harvard College in 1786, when he gave an English oration; became an attorney-at-law, and married Anna

Black, in 1793. He removed to New York, and died at Kingston, Jamaica, July 10, 1802, aged thirty-four years.

We find in the Democratiad, printed in 1796, a poetical sketch of Dr. Charles Jarvis' speech at Faneuil Hall, against Jay's treaty, which elicited an allusion to Mr. Blake:

> "Now loud and clamorous the debate begins, —
> Jarvis his thread of tropes and figures spins;
> And often pauses, often calls aloud,
> To every member of the gaping crowd,
> To show him, if the treaty should go down,
> Why faction's hopes were not forever flown.
> He wished delay — delays must not be had;
> I 've never read it, but I say 't is bad.
> If it goes down, I 'll bet my ears and eyes
> It will the people all unpopularize;
> Boobies may hear it read ere they decide, —
> I move it quickly be unratified."

We quote the above for the purpose of introducing the allusion in a note of the Democratiad, as follows: "The doctor said this 'in a manner that would have done honor to a Cicero,' says his printer, Mr. Adams. Pray, Mr. Adams, who ever told you anything about Cicero? Why did you not say, which would have done honor to a Joseph Blake, Jr., that classical young orator who seconded the doctor at the town-meetings in routing poor Mr. Hall? You might then have appealed for proof to an oration he spoke a few years ago, on the 4th of July, in which he says that this continent is very happily situated, being 'barricaded on one side by vast regions of soil.' Be so good, Mr. Blake, before you decide against the treaty, as to tell us which side of this continent is barricaded by vast regions of soil." We will quote the passage exactly as it is given in Mr. Blake's oration: "Most favorable is the situation of this continent. It stands a world by itself. Barricaded from external danger on one side by vast regions of soil; on the other, by wide plains of ocean. The Atlantic, upon her bosom, may undulate riches to its shore, but all the artillery in Europe cannot shake it to its centre."

As political meetings in Boston are known by the term *caucus*, it is not irrelevant to cite Gordon, who, in his history of the American Revolution, published in 1788, says, "More than fifty years ago Mr. Samuel Adams' father, and twenty others,— one or two from the north end of the town, where all ship business is carried on,— used to meet, make a *caucus*, and lay their plan for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

JULY 4, 1793. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

In this model oration, our orator, with a burst of fervor, exclaims: "Americans! let us pause for a moment to consider the situation of our country at that eventful day when our national existence commenced. In the full possession and enjoyment of all those prerogatives for which you then dared to adventure upon 'all the varieties of untried being,' the calm and settled moderation of the mind is scarcely competent to conceive the tone of heroism to which the souls of freemen were exalted in that hour of perilous magnanimity. Seventeen times has the sun, in the progress of his annual revolutions, diffused his prolific radiance over the plains of independent America. Millions of hearts, which then palpitated with the rapturous glow of patriotism, have already been translated to a brighter world,— to the abodes of more than mortal freedom! Other millions have arisen, to receive from their parents and benefactors the inestimable recompense of their achievements. A large proportion of the audience whose benevolence is at this moment listening to the speaker of the day, like him, were at that period too little advanced beyond the threshold of life to partake of the divine enthusiasm which inspired the American bosom, which prompted her voice to proclaim defiance to the thunders of Britain, which consecrated the banners of her armies, and, finally, erected the holy temple of American Liberty over the tomb of departed tyranny. It is from those who have already passed the meridian of life,— it is from you, ye venerable assertors of the rights of mankind,— that we are to be informed what were the feelings which swayed within your breasts, and impelled you to action, when, like the stripling of Israel, with scarce a weapon to attack, and without a shield for your defence, you met, and, undismayed, engaged with the gigantic greatness of the British power. Untutored in the disgraceful science of human butchery,— destitute of the fatal materials which the ingenuity of man has combined to sharpen the scythe of death,— unsupported by the arm of any friendly alliance, and unfortified against the powerful assaults of an unrelenting enemy, — you did not hesitate at that moment, when your coasts were invaded by a numerous and veteran army, to pronounce the sentence of eternal separation from Britain, and to throw the gauntlet at a power the

terror of whose recent triumphs was almost coëxtensive with the earth. The interested and selfish propensities, which in times of prosperous tranquillity have such powerful dominion over the heart, were all expelled; and, in their stead, the public virtues, the spirit of personal devotion to the common cause, a contempt of every danger in comparison with the subserviency of the country, had an unlimited control. The passion for the public had absorbed all the rest, as the glorious luminary of the heaven extinguishes, in a flood of refulgence, the twinkling splendor of every inferior planet. Those of you, my countrymen, who were actors in those interesting scenes, will best know how feeble and impotent is the language of this description to express the impassioned emotions of the soul with which you were then agitated; yet it were injustice to conclude from thence, or from the greater prevalence of private and personal motives in these days of calm serenity, that your sons have degenerated from the virtues of their fathers. Let it rather be a subject of pleasing reflection to you, that the generous and disinterested energies which you were summoned to display are permitted, by the bountiful indulgence of Heaven, to remain latent in the bosoms of your children. From the present prosperous appearance of our public affairs, we may admit a rational hope that our country will have no occasion to require of us those extraordinary and heroic exertions which it was your fortune to exhibit. But, from the common versatility of all human destiny, should the prospect hereafter darken, and the clouds of public misfortune thicken to a tempest,— should the voice of our country's calamity ever call us to her relief,— we swear, by the precious memory of the sages who toiled and of the heroes who bled in her defence, that we will prove ourselves not unworthy of the prize which they so dearly purchased,— that we will act as the faithful disciples of those who so magnanimously taught us the instructive lesson of republican virtue."

President John Adams, the father of the subject of this article,— one of the most ardent patriots of the Revolution, one of the firmest advocates for the Declaration of Independence, and the first ambassador to the court of St. James,— was characterized by Thomas Jefferson as our Colossus on the floor of Congress; not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent in his public addresses, yet he came out with a power, both of thought and expression, that moved us from our seats. On his interview with King George, in 1785, Mr. Adams displayed a manly dignity that would have honored the representative of the most

powerful monarch of any nation. King George said to him: "I was the last to conform to the separation; but, the separation having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States, as an independent power." In reply to an insinuation from the king, regarding an attachment to France, Adams remarked, "I must avow to your majesty I have no attachment but to my own country." The king replied, as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other."

As an indication of the malignant prejudice of the royalists towards this eminent statesman, we will cite a paragraph written by a Tory refugee, published in the London Political Magazine of 1781: "This Adams was originally bred to the law, and is a native of the province of Massachusetts, in New England; he was born at Braintree, a village ten miles south, or rather south-east, of Boston. In person, he is a clumsy, middle-sized man; and, according to all appearance, by taking to the law and politics, has spoiled an able ploughman or porter, though the trade of a butcher would have better suited the bent of his mind. He has read Tristram Shandy, and affects, awkwardly enough, a smartness which does not at all correspond either with his personal figure or with his natural dulness. What has tended chiefly to distinguish him among the rebels is, the eagerness with which he urged the taking up arms, and his continued malignity towards all the friends of peace and the mother country. For these excellent qualities, he was chosen a delegate from Massachusetts to the first Congress. When at Philadelphia, several of his letters to his friends in New England were intercepted in the mail, as the post courier was crossing Narraganset Ferry. In one of them, dated July 24, 1775, and addressed to his wife, Mrs. Abigail Adams, he tells her, by way of secret, that no mortal tale could equal the fidgets, the whims, the caprice, the vanity, the superstition and the irritability, of his compatriots, on their journey from New England to Philadelphia. These compatriots were, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, and Robert Treat Paine. The first of these was a distiller, and the last a lawyer; and both were weak and insignificant men, the tools of Samuel Adams, the grand confederate and correspondent of that hoary traitor, Franklin. In another letter, dated the day after, addressed to Col. Warner, of Plymouth, then at Watertown, President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, he displayed the barbarity of his disposition, by asking him, 'Will your new legislative and executive feel bold or irresolute? Will your

judicial hang, and whip, and fine, and imprison, without scruple? It is to this advice that he alludes, when he mentions the refugees, in his letter from Amsterdam. He was for stopping their career by hanging them on the spot, without favor or affection. If this man should live till the close of the rebellion, and be found in America, no good subject will lament if he should meet with that fate which he so strenuously prescribed for others. The public will not be surprised that, with respect to the refugees from America, there should be such a coincidence of opinion between certain speechifiers and a rebel ambassador. Neither will they be surprised that this man should regret his rebel confederate Laurens; prognosticate the ruin of this country; promise his rebel friends the assistance of Russia, and money from the Dutch; abuse the British ministry; talk of sumptuary laws to restrain superfluities in dress, where there is not even a sufficiency of the most ordinary clothing; and of paying the whole of their army expenses in a manner that would not be felt, by a few duties and excises, in a country where the paper money has gone to wreck, and where solid coin is not to be seen."

John Quincy Adams was born in a house still standing, in the near vicinity of that in which his father had been born, within what is now Quincy, and was then Braintree, July 11, 1767; and was baptized in the meeting-house of the First Church, by Rev. Anthony Wibird, on the day after his birth. Mr. Adams once related, in regard to his grandfather Quincy: "The house at Mount Wollaston has a peculiar interest to me, as the dwelling of my great-grandfather, whose name I bear. The incident which gave rise to this circumstance is not without its moral to my heart. He was dying when I was baptized; and his daughter, my grandmother, present at my birth, requested that I might receive his name. The fact, recorded by my father at the time, has connected with that portion of my name a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was filial tenderness that gave the name. It was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been among the strongest links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, and have been to me, through life, a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it." Senator Davis said of him, "the cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty;" it being the period when our country was struggling for liberty. To the plastic influence of his masculine mother, John Quincy ascribed whatever he had been, and hoped to be in futurity. His mother writes to one, "I have taken a

very great fondness for reading Rollin's Ancient History, since you left me. I am determined to go through with it, if possible, in these days of my solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and have persuaded Johnny to read a page or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me, entertain a fondness for it." "The child of seven years old," says Everett, "who reads a serious book with fondness, from his desire to oblige his mother, has entered the high road of usefulness and honor."

An effective reminiscence of Mr. Adams was related by Robert C. Winthrop, at the Acton celebration, Oct. 29, 1851, which, remarked he, is "one of the most interesting personal incidents that I can look back upon in the course of a ten-years' service in Congress. It was an interview which I had with our late venerated fellow-citizen, John Quincy Adams, about five or six years ago. It was on the floor of the capitol, not far from the spot where he soon afterwards fell. The house had adjourned one day somewhat suddenly, and at an early hour; and it happened that after all the other members had left the hall, Mr. Adams and myself were left alone in our seats, engaged in our private correspondence. Presently the messengers came in rather unceremoniously to clean up the hall, and began to wield that inexorable implement which is so often the plague of men, both under public and private roofs. Disturbed by the noise and dust, I observed Mr. Adams approaching me with an unfolded letter in his hands. 'Do you know John J. Gurney?' said he. 'I know him well, sir, by reputation; but I did not have the pleasure of meeting him personally when he was in America.' 'Well, he has been writing me a letter, and I have been writing him an answer. He has been calling me to account for my course on the Oregon question, and taking me to task for what he calls my belligerent spirit and warlike tone towards England.'

"And then the 'old man eloquent' proceeded to read to me, so far as it was finished, one of the most interesting letters I ever read or heard in my life. It was a letter of auto-biography, in which he described his parentage and early life, and in which he particularly alluded to the sources from which he derived his jealousy of Great Britain, and his readiness to resist her, even unto blood, whenever he thought that she was encroaching on American rights. He said that he was old enough in 1775 to understand what his father was about in those days; and he described the lessons which his mother

taught him during his father's absence in attending the Congress of independence. Every day, he said, after saying his prayers to God, he was required to repeat those exquisite stanzas of Collins, which he had carefully transcribed in his letter, and which he recited to me with an expression and an energy which I shall never forget — the tears coursing down his cheeks, and his voice, every now and then, choked with emotion:

> 'How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
>
> 'By fairy hands their knell is rung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
> And Freedom shall a while repair,
> To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.'

"And there was another ode, by the same author, which, he said, he was also obliged to repeat, as a part of this same morning exercise,— the ode, I believe, on the death of Col. Charles Ross, in the action at Fontenoy, one verse of which, with a slight variation, would not be inapplicable to your own Davis:

> 'By rapid Scheld's descending wave,
> His country's vows shall bless the grave,
> Where'er the youth is laid;
> That sacred spot the village hind
> With every sweetest turf shall bind,
> And Peace protect the shade.'

"Such, sir, was the education of at least one of our Massachusetts children at that day. And, though I do not suppose that all the mothers of 1775 were like Mrs. Adams, yet the great majority of them, we all know, had as much piety and patriotism, if not as much poetry, and their children were brought up at once in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and of liberty."

In February, 1778, being then a lad in the eleventh year of his age, he was taken to France by his father (in ship Boston, Capt. Tucker), who was sent by Congress as joint commissioner with Benjamin

Franklin and Arthur Lee, to the court of France. During the passage, they were exposed to extreme danger in a violent storm, and his father said of him, "I confess I often regretted that I had brought my son. I was not so clear that it was my duty to expose him as myself; but I had been led to it by the child's inclination, and by the advice of all my friends. Mr. Johnny's behavior gave me a satisfaction that I cannot express; fully sensible of our danger, he was constantly endeavoring to bear it with a manly patience, very attentive to me, and his thoughts constantly running in a serious strain. My little son is very proud of his knowledge of all the sails, and the captain put him to learn the mariner's compass." His father established himself at Passy, the residence of Franklin. Here he was sent to school, and acquired the French language. His dear mother, in writing to him, says: "I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that any untimely death should crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child." And his father, in writing to his mother under date of 1779, says, young John "is respected wherever he goes, for his vigor and vivacity both of mind and body, for his constant good humor, and for his rapid progress in French, as well as for his general knowledge, which at his age is uncommon." The treaty of alliance being consummated, John Adams returned with his son, and arrived at Boston Aug. 2, 1779.

In 1781, when only fourteen years of age, he became private secretary to Hon. Francis Dana, the minister to Russia. He remained at St. Petersburg until October, 1782, when he left Mr. Dana, and journeyed alone to Holland, where he joined his father, April, 1783. After the treaty at Paris, signed in September of that year, he went to the court of St. James with his father, which occurred in 1785. He was a remarkably precocious youth, and since he was twelve years old had talked with men. Mr. Jefferson, then minister at Paris, in writing to Mr. Gerry, says: "I congratulate your country on their prospect in this young man."

In 1786 he was admitted at Harvard College at an advanced standing, and graduated in 1787. The subject of his oration evinces the maturity of his mind; it was on "The Importance and Necessity of Public Faith to the Well-being of a Community." He entered on the study of law under the instruction of the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, at Newburyport; and in 1790 he commenced legal practice,

which he continued until 1794, during which period he pronounced the oration at the head of this article, and became a liberal contributor of political essays in Russell's Centinel, over the signatures of Publicola and Marcellus, which developed the true policy of union at home, and independence of all foreign combinations abroad. Over "Columbus" he also advocated a national neutral policy toward foreign nations.

Washington, in 1794, appointed Mr. Adams minister to the Hague, who remained in Europe on public business until his recall by his father, the successor of Washington. In 1797, our first president declared that he was "the most valuable public character we have abroad, and the ablest of all our diplomatic corps." On the 26th of July, 1797, Mr. Adams was married to Louisa, the daughter of Joshua Johnson, of Maryland, then acting as consular agent of the United States at London, who for more than fifty years was the partner of his affections and fortunes.

In 1801 he was elected to the Senate of his native State, and in 1803 he was elected to the Senate of the United States. This station in the national councils he filled until he became obnoxious to the Legislature of his native State, from the support which he gave to parts of Jefferson's administration; and, in consequence, he resigned his seat, in March, 1808. He was the first Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College, from 1806 to 1809. In 1810 he published his lectures on rhetoric and oratory, in two volumes, 8vo. At this period he was confirmed as minister to Russia, on the nomination of Madison, and was abroad eight years. In 1814 he was one of the commissioners who negotiated, at Ghent, the treaty of peace which closed the second war between Great Britain and the United States. In 1815 Mr Adams was appointed minister to the court of St. James, under Madison. In 1817 he returned to America, and discharged the duties of Secretary of State during the whole administration of President Monroe. It will be recollected that Andrew Jackson said, at this period, of Mr. Adams, that he was "the fittest person for the office; a man who would stand by the country in the hour of danger."

In 1825 Mr. Adams was elected to the presidency of the United States by the National House of Representatives, on the first ballot. His administration, in its principles and policy, was similar to that of his very popular predecessor. Not long after Mr. Adams was suc-

ceeded by Andrew Jackson, he wrote to a friend, saying, "One of the most pathetic and terrible passages in that masterpiece of Shakspeare and of the drama is that exclamation of the dying Hamlet:

> 'O God! Horatio, what a wounded name
> Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me!'

I cannot describe to you the thrill with which I first read these lines, generalizing the thought as one of the melancholy conditions of human life and death; nor say to you how often, in the course of my long career, I have applied these lines to myself. My name, conduct and character, have been many years open to the constant inspection of a large portion of the civilized world. Of that portion whose notice they have attracted, I am deeply conscious that the estimate they have formed of me has been and is neither just nor kind." But it is equally certain, says Lunt, that, between the time when the words just quoted were penned and his death, he lived long enough to have his name vindicated. He continued on the stage of action till he could put his ear to the confessional of posterity, and hear much that must have gratified a mind conscious of high aims and patriotic endeavors.

Mr. Adams pronounced eulogies on his two immediate predecessors, at the request of the city authorities of Boston. "Too happy should I be," said Mr. Adams, "if, with a voice speaking from the last to the coming generation of my country, I could effectively urge them to seek, in the temper and moderation of James Madison, that healing balm which assuages the malignity of the deepest-seated political disease, redeems to life the rational mind, and restores to health the incorporated union of our country, even from the brain fever of party strife." And of James Monroe he emphasized, that he was of a mind anxious and unwearied in the pursuit of truth and right, patient of inquiry, patient of contradiction, courteous even in the collision of sentiment, sound in ultimate judgments, and firm in its final conclusions. In his administration strengthening and consolidating the federative edifice of his country's union, till he was entitled to say, like Augustus Cæsar of his imperial city, that he had found her built of brick, and left her constructed of marble.

Mr. Adams, ever ready for political life, once more put on the harness, and served ten successive years as Representative in Congress from the twelfth district of Massachusetts, until, in 1842, upon a new

distribution of political power, he was elected to represent the eighth district of his native State, where he was succeeded by Horace Mann.

In the autumn of the year 1833, Hon. John Quincy Adams was unanimously nominated, at a large convention of the Anti-masonic party, as their candidate for the office of Governor of Massachusetts. The result was a triangular contest, at the election, between the three political parties into which the State was divided, and the failure of a choice. The election devolved on the State Legislature, on which Mr. Adams withdrew from the contest. During the periods of 1831 and 1833, Mr. Adams published, in papers of the day, a series of letters to eminent persons on the nature and tendency of Freemasonry. We select a striking passage from his letter to Hon. Edward Livingston, Secretary of State, and Grand High Priest of the U. S. Royal Arch Chapter of Masonry.

"When John Milton," says Mr. Adams, "published his Paradise Lost, Andrew Marvell declared that he for some time misdoubted his intent,—

> 'That he would ruin
> The sacred truths to fable and old song.'

And he adds,—

> 'Or, if a work so infinite be spanned,
> Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
> Might hence presume the whole creation's day
> To change in scenes, and show it in a play.'

"That which the penetrating sagacity and sincere piety of Andrew Marvell apprehended as an evil which might result even from the sublime strains of the Paradise Lost, is precisely what the contrivers of the Masonic mysteries have effected. They have travestied the awful and miraculous supernatural communications of the ineffable Jehovah to his favored people into stage-plays. That Word, which in the beginning was with God, and was God; that abstract, incorporeal, essential, and ever-living existence; that eternal presence, without past, without future time; that Being, without beginning of days or end of years, declared to Moses under the name of I Am that I Am,— the mountebank juggleries of Masonry turn into a farce. A companion of the Royal Arch personates Almighty God, and declares himself the Being of all eternity,— I Am that I Am. Your intention, in the performance of this ceremony, is to strike the imagination of the candidate with terror and amazement. I acquit the fraternity, therefore, of

blasphemy; but I cannot acquit them of extreme indiscretion, and inexcusable abuse of the Holy Scriptures. The sealed obligation, the drinking of wine from a human skull, is a ceremony not less objectionable. This you know, sir, is the scene in which the candidate takes the skull in his hand and says, 'As the sins of the whole world were laid upon the head of our Saviour, so may the sins of the person whose skull this once was be heaped upon my head in addition to my own, and may they appear in judgment against me both here and hereafter, should I violate any obligation in Masonry, or the orders of knighthood, which I have heretofore taken, take at this time, or may be hereafter instructed in,— so help me God!' and he drinks the wine from the skull. And is not this enough? No; the Knight Templar takes an oath, containing many promises, binding himself under no less penalty than to have his head struck off and placed on the highest spire in Christendom, should he knowingly or willingly violate any part of his solemn obligation of a Knight Templar."

The fearless stand which Mr. Adams maintained through all the storm and tempest of opposition on the right of petition, says Waterston, alone were enough to give him immortality. He looked upon slavery as the unmitigated curse of his country. He loathed it with an utter detestation; and when the slave-power refused to hear the cry that was coming more and more loudly from distant sections of the land, and trampled beneath its feet the holiest privileges of the constitution, the fire in his soul kindled. His efforts and his triumphs at that time will never be forgotten.

We have an important political reminiscence of this period, related by President Millard Fillmore, in an address to the people of Fredericksburgh, Va., June, 1851, on his arrival in that city. Mr. Fillmore was a colleague of Mr. Adams in Congress: "I had an old and valued friend,— one whom I esteemed, yet who possessed some eccentricities and peculiar notions of political duty which I did not approve. I need not say that I allude to the venerable Mr. Adams. You are all well aware that he was early imbued with the principle, upon which he universally practised, that every citizen had the right to be heard in Congress by his petition; and that he was often made the medium of presenting to the house matters of which he entirely disapproved. His maxim was, that every citizen had the right to petition, and that it was the duty of Congress to consider such petition. Acting upon this known principle, he was often played upon, doubtless, by those who were

influenced by mischievous purposes. I well recollect, on one occasion, that he rose and stated to the house that he had received a petition of a very peculiar character, the sentiments of which he did not approve; but, on the principle upon which he universally acted, he felt it to be his duty to present it to the house. He stated that it was a petition from certain citizens whose names were signed to it, praying for a dissolution of the Union; but, for the purpose of freeing himself from the imputation of favoring such a sentiment, he, at the same time that he discharged his duty in the presentation of the petition, felt it also to be his duty to accompany it with a resolution that it be referred to a select committee, with positive instructions to report against the prayer of the petitioners. What were the proceedings upon that occasion? This annunciation was no sooner made in the House of Representatives, than the whole house seemed to be in a ferment; and in a very few moments a resolution was introduced for the purpose of expelling Mr. Adams from the house, for having dared to introduce a petition there for a dissolution of the Union, although accompanied at the same time with a positive declaration on his part that he was opposed to it, and an appeal to the house to sanction his sentiments on the subject. But what do we see now? Ten years have not elapsed since that scene took place, and since that man who for four years had discharged the duties of Chief Magistrate of this Union stood at the bar of that house, and morning after morning came to me and asked of me not to move the public business, so as to force a vote on the resolution expelling him from the house, until he had a chance to be heard. He feared that he might be expelled from that body, for doing what he deemed to be his imperative duty, in preservation of the right of petition, although he was imbued with the strongest sentiments in favor of the Union of these States. I was forced, from a feeling of sympathy and regard for him, to suffer the public business to be delayed, from day to day, for one or two weeks, in order that he might present his sentiments to the house on the subject, to convince them that, although he presented a petition for the dissolution of the Union, he did not approve of those sentiments. I doubt whether anything short of that could have saved this distinguished man from expulsion from that body."

"The patriotism of Mr. Adams," says Horace Mann, his successor in Congress, "was coëxtensive with his country; it could not be crushed and squeezed in between party lines. Though liable to err, — and

what human being is not? — yet his principles were believed by him to be in accordance with the great moral laws of the universe. They were thought out from duty and religion, and not carved out from expediency. When invested with patronage, he never dismissed a man from office because he was a political opponent, and never appointed one to office merely because he was a political friend. Hence he drew from Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, this noble eulogium,—a eulogium, considering the part of the country from which it came, as honorable to its author as to its object,—that 'he crushed no heart beneath the rude grasp of proscription; he left no heritage of widows' cries or orphans' tears.' Could all the honors which Mr. Adams ever won from offices held under the first five presidents of the United States, and from a public service which, commencing more than fifty years ago, continued to the day of his death, be concentrated in one effulgent blaze, they would be far less shining and inextinguishable than the honor of sacrificing his election for a second presidential term, because he would not, in order to obtain it, prostitute the patronage and power which the constitution had placed in his hands. I regard this as the sublimest spectacle in his long and varied career. He stood within reach of an object of ambition doubtless dearer to him than life. He could have laid his hands upon it. The still small voice said, No! Without a murmur, he saw it taken and borne away in triumph by another. Compared with this, the block of many a martyr has been an easy resting-place."

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of his mind was the universality of its acquirements. There was hardly a subject upon which he had not thought, and few upon which he was not wise. The amount of his information was immense. He was well versed in political economy, and all matters pertaining to civil government. As a philologist, he passed much time in critical research. He was skilled in science and art. Philosophy had not been neglected, and religion was a subject of laborious study. He was thoroughly versed in general literature; was passionately fond of poetry, and the words of our great dramatic and epic poets were familiar to him as household words. The wide sweep of history seemed to lay clearly open to his mind; while he was intimate, also, with its minutest details, and could repeat names and dates as if they had been the sole subject of his thoughts. By the wonderful power of his memory, he seemed able to recall whatever he read, or saw, or heard. He repeated, without limit, passages from

books in various languages. To him, the events and characters of past history were like the occurrences of to-day. And the circumstances of his own life, back to his early childhood, seemed clothed in transparent light. Conversations he had enjoyed with persons more than a half-century back, he could recall at pleasure; and the varied scenes he had witnessed stood out like pictures before his view. Quick in feeling, indignant at injustice and wrong, there was at times impetuosity; and, when occasion called for it, his words were like consuming lightning, and shattered what they struck. No man could be more witheringly severe,— withering with terrific truth. But then he was also simple as a child, and naturally overflowing with genial affection. Of few could it be more aptly said:

> "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
> Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
> Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

A few years before his decease, Mr. Adams was invited, by the school-committee of the town of Quincy, to accompany them in their round of visits to the several district schools in the town. He complied very readily; gave his attention, during a session of three hours in the forenoon and three in the afternoon of each day, to the lessons of the pupils; and entered into the humble work before him with as much animation of manner as he would have evinced in political discussions, or in managing the affairs of a nation. Lord Bacon has said that "he who cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as disperse and dilate it, wanteth a great quality." This mark of true greatness was not wanting in President Adams.

On the first day of the indisposition of Mr. Adams, he gave his signature to the effusion herewith, laid aside in his desk in the hall of Congress, addressed to the Muse of History, perched on her rock-wheeled and winged car over the front door of the House of Representatives at Washington:

> "Muse! quit thy car, come down upon the floor,
> And with thee bring that volume in thy hand;
> Rap with thy marble knuckles at the door,
> And take at a reporter's desk thy stand.
> Send round thy album, and collect a store
> Of autographs from rulers of the land;
> Invite each Solon to inscribe his name,
> A self-recorded candidate for fame."

Mr. Adams, on the 21st of February, 1848, entered the hall of the House of Representatives apparently in his usual health and spirits. When the house had been in session about an hour, the yeas and nays being ordered on the question of a vote of the thanks of Congress, and awarding gold medals, to Generals Twiggs, Worth, Pillow, Shields, Quitman, and others, for their services in the Mexican war, Mr. Adams responded in the negative in a voice unusually clear, and with more than ordinary emphasis. After the speaker had risen to put another question to the house, a sudden cry was heard on the left of the chair, "Mr. Adams is dying!" Turning their eyes to the spot, the members beheld the venerable man in the act of falling over the left arm of his chair, while his right arm was extended, grasping his desk for support. He would have dropped upon the floor, had he not been caught in the arms of the member sitting next to him. A great sensation was created in the house; members from all quarters rushing from their seats, and gathering round the fallen statesman, who was immediately lifted into the area in front of the clerk's table. The speaker instantly suggested that some gentleman move an adjournment, which being promptly done, the house adjourned. A sofa was brought, and Mr. Adams, in a state of perfect helplessness, though not of entire insensibility, was gently laid upon it. The sofa was then taken up and borne out of the hall into the rotunda, where it was set down; and the members of both houses, and strangers who were fast crowding around, were with some difficulty repressed, and an open space cleared in its immediate vicinity; but a medical gentleman, a member of the house, advised that he be removed to the door of the rotunda, opening on the east portico, where a fresh wind was blowing. This was done; but, the air being chilly and loaded with vapor, the sofa was, at the suggestion of Mr. Winthrop, once more taken up and removed to the speaker's apartment, the doors of which were forthwith closed to all but professional gentlemen and particular friends. While lying in this apartment, Mr. Adams partially recovered the use of his speech, and observed, in faltering accents, "This is the end of earth;" but quickly added, "I am composed." Members had by this time reached Mr. Adams' abode with the melancholy intelligence, and soon after, Mrs. Adams and his nephew and niece arrived, and made their way to the appalling scene. Mrs. Adams was deeply affected, and for some moments quite prostrated, by the sight of her husband, now insensible, the pallor of death upon his countenance, and those sad pre-

monitories fast making their appearance which fall with such a chill upon the heart.

Mr. Adams, after having been removed to the apartment of Speaker Winthrop, sank into a state of apparent insensibility, and expired at a quarter past seven o'clock, on the evening of Feb. 23, 1848.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

JULY 4, 1794. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

THIS production bears the finest marks of intellectual vigor and correct principles; and so well was it received, that extracts from it were for a long time going the rounds in the newspapers of the day, and some of these passages have a permanent place in our school-books, as models for our youth. We will glean a passage: "The effects of the event we this day commemorate were not confined to our own country, but soon extended across the Atlantic. The prospect of humbling a powerful rival induced an arbitrary prince to aid the American cause with numerous armies and powerful fleets, exhibiting the paradoxical appearance of slavery fighting the battles of freedom. The subjects of despotism soon imbibed the principles they were employed to defend, and caught the ardor which flamed in the American bosom. Surrounding circumstances led to reflections highly unfavorable to their own situation. They perceived the tree of liberty profusely watered with their blood; its foliage spreading, yet yielding them no shelter; its fruit blooming and mellowing in luxuriance, yet denied the delicious taste, it excited no passion but despair. When the mandate of their sovereign summoned them to their native shores, a deeper horror seemed to shade the darkness of despotism. They beheld, with mingled grief and indignation, a people in the most fertile country of Europe, amid the profusion of the bounties of nature, obliged to live on the gleanings of their own industry. The scanty pittance, saved from the exactions of arbitrary power, yielded by ignorance and superstition, to satisfy the boundless demands of a rapacious clergy. A kingdom converted to a Bastile, in which the mind was imprisoned by a triple impenetrable wall of ignorance, superstition, and despotism. The fervid spirit which glowed within them soon per-

vaded their country, and threatened destruction to their government. On the first favorable contingency, the enthusiastic energies of reviving Freedom burst the cerements which had confined it for two thousand years, and the Gothic fabric of feudal absurdity, with all its pompous pageants, colossal pillars and proscriptive bulwarks, the wonder and veneration of ages, was instantly levelled with the dust.

"An astonished world viewed with awful admiration the stupendous wreck. They beheld, with pleasing exultation, the fair fabric of Freedom rising in simple proportion and majestic grace upon the mighty ruin. The gloomy horrors of despotism fled before the splendid effulgence of the sun of liberty. The potent rays of science pierced the mist of ignorance and error, 'republican visions were realized, and the reign of reason appeared to commence its splendid progress.' But the whirlwind of discord threatened to raze the fabric from its foundation. The lowering clouds of contention hung around, and darkened the horizon. Fayette, the apostle of liberty, was abandoned by the people whom he saved, and became a victim to despotic cruelty and cowardice. The damp, poisonous exhalations of a gloomy dungeon now encircle and chill that bosom, whose philanthropy was coëxtensive with the universe, whose patriotism no power could extinguish, no dangers appal. But, illuminated by the rectitude of thy heart and the magnanimity of thy virtue, the trickling dews of thy prison-walls shall sparkle with more enviable lustre than the most luminous diadem that glitters on the brow of the haughtiest emperor." The apostrophe to Lafayette was uttered at the precise time when the patriot was languishing in the dungeon of Olmutz.

John Phillips, a son of William Phillips and Margaret, a daughter of Jacob Wendell, was born in Boston, Nov. 26, 1770. His mother was a lady of fervent piety; and Rev. Dr. Palfrey relates that her son informed him that his mother, at the last interview when she was able to sustain a connected conversation, on the occasion of an assurance from him that her directions should be strictly fulfilled after her death, raised herself, and, addressing him in a manner of the most emphatic solemnity, she charged him to remember then the many official oaths he had taken. His birthplace was on the ancient Phillips estate, now known as No. 39 Washington-street, where his widowed mother kept a dry-goods shop for many years.

When seven years of age, he entered Phillips' Academy, at Andover, founded by his relatives, where he received instruction, residing

in the family of Lieut. Gov. Samuel Phillips, until he entered Harvard College in 1784. After his graduation, when he gave the salutatory oration, he read law with Judge Dawes, the successor of Oliver Wendell, in Suffolk Probate. On being of age, he was admitted to practice in the Suffolk bar, and in 1794 married Sally, daughter of Thomas Walley, a merchant and selectman of Boston.

In the year 1800, says Knapp, the population of Boston had so much increased that it was found necessary to petition the Legislature to establish a Municipal Court of criminal jurisdiction for the county of Suffolk. The Supreme Judicial Court, and the Common Pleas, had become burdened by the numerous entries on the criminal side of the docket; and parties in civil actions suffered tedious delays, while the courts were engaged in jail delivery. The Municipal Court was established in 1800, and George Richards Minot became its first judge, and John Phillips was selected as a public prosecutor, to vindicate the majesty of the laws. He was annually elected town advocate for this purpose, until he was succeeded by Peter O. Thacher. In 1803 he was elected a representative, and in 1804 he was sent to the Senate, which station he occupied for twenty years, and was president of this body for ten years. In 1809 he became a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, until that court was abolished for another on a new model. In 1820 Mr. Phillips was elected to the convention for revising the constitution of the State, where he displayed great wisdom and playful humor. In remarks on the third article of the bill of rights, on which there was great diversity of opinion, he urged its indefinite postponement, saying it was well to remember the adage, When you know not what to do, take care not to do you know not what. He hoped they should not resemble the man who had the epitaph on his tombstone, "I was well; I would be better, and here I am."

In 1812 Mr. Phillips was elected a member of the corporation of Harvard College, which station he filled until his decease, and was frequently moderator of the town-meetings of the old town of Boston.

Mr. Phillips was chairman of the committee of twelve who reported a city charter, which was adopted by the town on January 1, 1822. One attempt having been made to elect a mayor, without success, Mr. Phillips was solicited to stand as candidate, in order to effect a union; and he received nearly a unanimous vote. He was inaugurated,

May 1, 1822. A powerful minority of the citizens decidedly preferred the patriarchal system of the selectmen. Others decidedly advocated reform and energetic measures. In acting out the principles of the charter, Mayor Phillips was kind, conciliatory, and conservative. Such was the general confidence at the time in his taste and judgment, that he could have taken what direction he preferred in regard to the mode in which the mayor should in future bear the forms of office. Some were for display and pomp. Mr. Phillips preferred republican simplicity, and probably, by his example, we are saved the trappings of a lord mayor's day, or any profuseness at an annual organization of the city authorities. Mayor Quincy, his successor, said, "The first administration have laid the foundation of the prosperity of our city deep, and on right principles; and whatever success may attend those who come after them, they will be largely indebted for it to the wisdom and fidelity of their predecessors." The course of his control over the city government was unruffled as Lake Ontario on a calm, sunny day, and a striking contrast to the measures of his successor, whose operations, like the rushings of the resistless Niagara, in its vicinity, washed away the old landmarks, when Boston lost its identity as a town.

As a speaker, Mr. Phillips was clear, forcible, conciliatory and judicious. His voice was strong, without harshness, and his words flowed without any great effort. If he never gave any striking specimen of eloquence, he certainly never mortified his friends by a failure in debate, so often the misfortune amongst those who sometimes reach the sublime. He was not unfrequently, in the course of a week, called to make speeches before several different bodies of men, on various subjects,—political, educational, commercial, financial or philanthropic,—and at all times he was listened to with profound attention and pleasure; and probably no cotemporary of any standing, in a moment of rivalry, could say to him, "My advice is as often followed as yours, and the influence you have I have also."

Mayor Phillips was of the common height in stature. His face was oval, with expressive eyes, and his cheeks were of a very ruddy hue; with partially gray hair, like a half-powdered dressing, and very neat attire. His appearance as president of the Senate, or at the meetings of the municipal authorities, was manly and dignified. In his countenance there was a peculiar calmness, indicative of that purity of heart for which he was greatly distinguished. Indeed, from the decease of his excellent mother, there was more than a commonly serious train of

thought in his letters and conversation; and it is not singular that the last impressions of a man should be religious, who learned to pray as he learned his alphabet, in his mother's arms, and, at school, was as careful to commit his biblical lesson as to retain his classical studies. He presided in the Senate on the day previous to his death, and was a spectator at the delivery of the election sermon at the Old South Church. In the course of the succeeding night he became so unwell as to require the attendance of a physician, and in the morning he for a short time appeared relieved, but, on a relapse of spasms, occasioned by an ossification of the heart, at nine o'clock in the morning he expired, May 29, 1823. The clamorous notes of fame, breathed over the conqueror's bier, have no music in them, without the conception of indestructible virtue in his mind, as it shone in Phillips.

The ancestor of the Phillips family of New England was Rev. George Phillips, of Raymond, Norfolk county, Old England, who came to America in 1630, and was the first minister of Watertown. The children of Mayor Phillips were Thomas Walley, H. C. 1814; George W., H. C. 1829; Wendell, H. C. 1831, ever active in the cause of humanity, a graceful speaker and fine classical scholar; Grenville Tudor, H. C. 1836; John C., H. C. 1826, in the ministry; Sarah H., married Alonzo Gray, of Brookline; Margaret W., married Dr. Edward Reynolds, of Boston; Miriam, married Rev. Dr. Blagden, of the Old South Church. The eldest son was for many years clerk of Suffolk Municipal Court. It were glory enough to have had such a family, and lived in the shades of retirement, without being in elevated public stations. Blessings on the memory of the first mayor of Boston! Mr. Otis, a successor, said of him, that "his aim was to allure, and not to repel; to reconcile by gentle reform, not to revolt by startling innovation,—so that, while he led us into a new and fairer creation, we felt ourselves surrounded by the scenes and comforts of home."

> "His hand and heart both open and both free,
> For what he has he gives, — what thinks, he shows;
> Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty
> Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath."

GEORGE BLAKE.

JULY 4, 1795. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

The impassioned and declamatory oration of Mr. Blake is strongly evincive of the zeal of a youthful politician: "The whole continent of America, according to ministerial calculations, was destined to become a mere appendage to the patrimonial inheritance of George the Third; and the people of America, like the dragon of Hesperides, would have been allowed the honor to cherish and protect the fruit of which they were refused the power to participate. A project so infernal in its design, at the same time so uncertain in its event, could have been generated but by a ministry in the very dotage of wickedness, approved but by a monarch in leading-strings, and seconded only by the unthinking automatons who never move or act but from the impulse of their sovereign. In justice, however, to the more rational part of that deluded people, we shall not forget the feeling remonstrances which were poured forth by the purer spirits of the kingdom. But in vain! In vain did a Chatham, and a Camden, like the oracles of old, foresee and pronounce the fatal issue that awaited the measures of their government." Again Mr. Blake says, "Parliament, by their usual sanctity of pretension, could no longer conceal the malignity of their designs. That secret cabinet of iniquity was now thrown open, and, behold! like the den of the Cyclops, it exhibited a group of demons busied in forging engines of destruction, — in fabricating chains, daggers, and fetters, to enslave or destroy her devoted colonies."

George Blake was a descendant of William Blake, the common ancestor, who died at Dorchester, Oct. 25, 1663, and bequeathed by his will funds for keeping a fence or wall around the burying-ground in Dorchester, to keep hogs and other vermin from rooting up the bodies of the saints. George, the subject of this outline, was born at Hardwick, Mass., 1769, and graduated at Harvard College in 1789, when he took part in a conference with Samuel Haven — "Whether unlimited toleration be prejudicial to the cause of religion." He was a student at law under Governor Sullivan, and admitted to the bar in 1794. He settled in the practice of law in Boston, when he delivered the oration at the request of the town. On the same day, Gov.

Samuel Adams laid the corner-stone of the State-house in Boston, who said, "May the principles of our excellent constitution, founded in nature and in the rights of man, be ably defended here;" and in the year previous, Gov. Adams said, in Faneuil Hall, at the celebration of the destruction of the Bastile in Paris, "May the laurel of victory never wither on the brow of republicanism." Mr. Blake married Rachel Baty, who died in early life, and he married a second time Sarah Murdock. On the fourth of February, 1800, Mr. Blake delivered a eulogy on Washington, for St. John's Lodge. In 1801 he was appointed the United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, at which time he was a representative in the State Legislature. Mr. Blake was a delegate to the Massachusetts State convention for the revision of the State constitution, in 1820. His speeches on important topics were frequent, and no man displayed a keener jealousy for the democracy, or readier adroitness of conception. In his speech on senatorial apportionment, he remarked that he considered the constitution of this commonwealth the purest and most perfect model of republican government that ever existed on the face of the globe. There cannot be found in any State, or in the world, a constitution so free and so liberal as that of Massachusetts, which we now have, independent of any amendments which may be proposed. He had been a republican in the most gloomy times,— it was fashionable to be republican now,— and he should not be disposed to desert republicanism at such a time. He said that he had used the other day a very improper figure, when he called the Senate the rich man's citadel. It was no more the citadel of the rich than of the poor man. It was the only branch of the government which was particularly designed for the protection of property, and the protection was as important for those who have little as for those who have much. Mr. Blake opposed the investiture of Boston into a city corporation, and also opposed the city charter, as subversive of democracy. He was the first Democratic candidate for the mayoralty. In 1829 Mr. Blake resigned his office of District Attorney, and was again elected to the House, until his advance to the Senate, in 1833. He was profound in legal acquirement, and his forensic powers were of a high order. His control over the jury was often irresistible. The propriety and elegance of his diction, and his fervor in debate, excited admiration. He was an active leader of the Democratic party, and a frequent contributor to the Worcester National Ægis, edited by his brother, Francis Blake, and a decided

advocate of the measures of Jefferson. His speeches in General Court, and learned arguments at the bar, were often published. All that Mr. Blake said was delivered

> ——— "in such apt and gracious words
> That younger ears played truant at his tale,
> And older hearings were quite ravished,
> So voluble and sweet was his discourse."

He died October 6, 1841.

JOHN LATHROP, JR.

JULY 4, 1796. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

In the nervous and patriotic performance of our orator, we have this happy exordium: "It is now acknowledged as a fact in political biography, that Liberty descended from heaven on the 4th of July, 1776. We are assembled on this day, the twentieth anniversary of her advent, to sympathize in those pleasures which none but freemen can enjoy, to exchange those mutual congratulations which none but freemen can express.

"The first promulgation of the gospel of liberty was the declaration of American independence. Her apostles, the venerable Congress, whose mode of evangelizing made many a Felix tremble, sealed the doom and issued the death-warrant of despotism. The measure of her iniquity was filled up. The decree was gone forth, and Americans were elected by God to redeem from bondage the miserable victims of arbitrary power. But it would have been of no avail for them to publish to the enslaved the beauties of freedom, describe her charms, and urge the duty of possessing her, while they themselves were declared, by an act of the British legislature, liable to be bounden by the will and laws of that overbearing kingdom, 'in all cases whatsoever.' They disdained an inconsistency of character,— they presented the world with a glorious example, by effecting their own emancipation. Yes, my fellow-countrymen! you indignantly refused a base submission to the usurpation of Great Britain — to the impositions of her Parliament, and the insolence of her ministry. After opposing reasoning and argument to her absurd pretensions, and digni-

fied remonstrance to her unjustifiable encroachments, the solemn appeal was made to Heaven,— the sword was drawn, and the once inseparable tie of connection between the two countries severed in twain. The mighty blow resounded through the universe. The nations of the earth were astonished, dumb with surprise, or trembling with apprehension. The deep-rooted thrones of aged monarchies were shaken to their centres. The Bastiles of tyranny, riven by the shock, reluctantly admitted the rays of hope to gladden the desponding hearts of their wretched tenants, and opened to their view a distant prospect of scenes illumined with Liberty's full and perfect day."

John Lathrop was born in Boston, January, 1772. His father was pastor of the New Brick Church, of which Cotton Mather had been the minister. Owing to differences in the church, which originated the New North Church, when Rev. Peter Thacher was its first pastor, the New Brick Society elevated the figure of a cock, as a vane, upon the steeple, out of derision to Mr. Thacher, whose Christian name was Peter, says Eliot, and, taking advantage of a north wind, which turned the head of the cock towards the New North Church, when it was placed upon the spindle, a merry fellow sat astride over it, and crowed three times, to complete the ceremony. Rev. Dr. Lathrop was a fervent patriot; and, on the Sunday after the massacre in King-street, delivered a sermon, which was printed, entitled "Innocent Blood Crying to God from the Streets of Boston." The subject of this outline pursued the study of law under Christopher Gore, but he was soon known more as a poet than a lawyer, as his poetry appeared in the journals. In 1797, after the delivery of the oration at the head of this article, he removed to Dedham, and became clerk of Norfolk courts, but soon returned to Boston, where he became an intimate with Paine and Prentiss, the poets.

In 1799 he made a voyage to Calcutta, where he hoped the patronage of the Marquis of Wellesley. In the ardor of his zeal for instructing the rising generation of Calcutta, Mr. Lathrop presented to the Marquis of Wellesley, then governor-general, a plan of an institution at which the youths of India might receive an education, patronized by government, without going to England for that purpose. In an interview with his lordship, Mr. Lathrop urged with great eloquence the advantages of such a plan; but his lordship decidedly opposed him, remarking, with vehemence, "No, no, sir; India is, and ever ought to be, a colony of Great Britain; the seeds of independence

must not be sown here. Establishing a seminary in New England at so early a period of time hastened your revolution half a century." He established a school for the instruction of youth, and became a writer for the Calcutta Post; and, after a ten years' residence, returned to his country. His first wife was daughter of Joseph Peirce, Esq., whom he married in 1793; and he married a second time,— Miss Bell, of Calcutta. His work on the manners and customs of India was never published. On his return to Boston, he taught a school, delivered lectures on natural philosophy, published songs and orations, and contributed to the public journals. He published a school-book on the use of globes. He soon removed to Washington, where, and at Georgetown in the vicinity, he practised as an instructor, lecturer, and writer in the newspapers. He obtained a situation in the post-office, and died Jan. 30, 1820, a victim of sensibility, and a son of frailties and misfortune.

Lathrop's best poem was the "Speech of Canonicus." In 1813 he delivered the first anniversary discourse for the Associate Instructors of Youth in Boston; in 1798, an oration for 4th of July, at Dedham; a Masonic address at Charlestown, in 1811, and a Monody on John L. Abbot, in 1815. When he graduated at college, in 1789, he delivered a poem on the Influence of Civil Institutions on the Social and Moral Faculties. Lathrop once closed an ode as follows:

> "Ye sainted spirits of the just,
> Departed friends, we raise our eyes
> From humbler scenes of mouldering dust,
> To brighter mansions in the skies, —
> Where Faith and Hope, their trials past,
> Shall smile in endless joy secure,
> And Charity's blest reign shall last
> While heaven's eternal courts endure."

JOHN CALLENDER.

JULY 4, 1797. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

John Callender was born at Boston, Feb. 4, 1772, and son of Capt. Eleazar Callender, who married Elizabeth, sister of Gov. Gore,

Nov. 23, 1768. He entered the Latin School in 1779, and graduated at Harvard College in 1790. His topic at commencement was an oration, in French, on the revolution in France. He was an attorney-at-law, and married Catharine Templeman, of Georgetown, Md., Nov. 23, 1794; was lieutenant of the Boston Light Infantry, on its institution, in 1798; was a representative in the State Legislature, secretary of Massachusetts Society of Cincinnati, and clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court. He died in Boston, Nov. 21, 1833.

In the oration of Mr. Callender it is remarked "that our Revolution was so little disgraced by cruelty and injustice, much is due to the exertions of our clergy; and it is with pride I here offer my humble tribute of applause to that devout and learned profession. The holy precepts of our religion which they inculcated, and the bright examples of virtue which they exhibited, gave them a great and merited influence with the people. To their eternal honor be it recorded, that influence, exerted on the side of liberty and humanity, in a great measure restrained those wild excesses which have too frequently blasted in the execution a cause designed by the noblest motives of the human mind."

JOSIAH QUINCY.

JULY 4, 1798. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Our orator remarks, with nervous vigor: "The factious spirits whose intrigues have produced such losses and distress to the United States, and forced our federated stars from the pathway of peace and heaven, are servile copyists of those ancient enemies of colonial independence. They have neither the claim of originals, the merit of ingenuity, or the charm of novelty. It is not a mere general resemblance; it is the old piece in a new position,— the same in character and attitude, in expression and passion, in drapery and design. The tories and royalists of old time, compared with the true friends of America, were a small and weak party, unable to acquire the confidence of the people. Ambition which cannot be gratified by honorable means has a sure resource in intrigue. Their invitations stimulated and encouraged aggression. They marked out the plan for our enemies.

Divide and conquer. Insert your influence amid the parties of the State. Corrupt the avaricious, frighten the weak, vilify virtue, turn talents to ridicule, weaken the obligations of morality, destroy the influence of religion, make men worthy to be slaves, and they will sue for fetters. How minutely the opponents of the will of the people have adhered to these principles in our day, is too obvious to remark. We shall find the likeness not less striking, if, keeping our own times in view, we call to recollection the arts by which the tories and royalists formerly played this eternal game of tyranny. To encourage and unite the inhabitants of the Old World, they everywhere proclaimed us a divided people: that, embarked in a common cause, we refused to bear our share of expense; that, reared under their wing, in our strength, we were unmindful of our patrons. In America different changes were rung. They attempted to set at variance the southern and northern colonies; to make the orders of State contend; to render the poor suspicious of the rich,— the rich fearful of the poor. They told the people of fleets and armies; of the power of the adversary, and their weakness. The arms and victories of a nation, then styled terrible to her enemies and generous to her friends, were painted in colors best suited to alarm. The sin, the crying sin, of ingratitude to a nation who had fought our battles, the bones of whose warriors were mingled in the same plains with ours, was blazoned in terms designed to make us odious and contemptible at home and abroad. Every man of talent and virtue was designated as an object of the most atrocious slander. Our clergy,— God ever preserve to them the glorious prerogative! — calumniated by the enemies of their country. Our patriots, loaded with every insult which abandoned minds could invent: — Otis, the spirited and elegant statesman; Mayhew, the man of wit, learning, and piety; Adams, the equal pride of past and present times."

Josiah Quincy was the son of Josiah Quincy, Jr., and Abigail Phillips, who were married October, 1769. The memory of his father will be ever dear in the records of patriotism, for his dignified defence of the British soldiers, and his manly arguments on the Boston Port Bill. Previous to his death, which occurred April 26, 1775, just as he reached within sight of Cape Ann, in his beloved country, when on his return from a visit to London for his health, Mr. Quincy says, in his will, "I give to my son, when he shall arrive to the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney's works, John Locke's works, Lord Bacon's works, Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of liberty

rest upon him!" This only son, Josiah, was born at Boston, Feb. 4, 1772, on the Callender estate, now 166 Washington-street, then Marlboro'-street; and, by the Old South records, he was baptized Feb. 16, 1772. It is said that his father was the first Boston lawyer who put up a sign-board over his office-door. Many of his nearest connections were dispersed by the siege of Boston. His mother had been detained in the town by the dangerous illness of both their children. His only sister died April 13, 1775. After this event, his mother, with her only surviving child, sought the protection of her parents, at their place of refuge at Norwich, in Connecticut. Young Josiah was prepared for college at Phillips' Academy, in Andover, an institution established by a relative in 1778. He graduated at Harvard College in 1790, when he gave an English oration on the Ideal Superiority of the Present Age in Literature and Politics; engaged in legal studies under Hon. Judge Tudor; was early admitted to the bar, and married Eliza Susan, daughter of John Morton, Esq., merchant and banker, of New York, June, 1797. He delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, in 1794. In 1796 Mr. Quincy became a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was its treasurer from 1803 to 1820. He was president of the Boston Athenæum from 1820 to 1830, and author of its History and Biography of its Founders, published in 1851. Mr. Quincy was in 1804 elected to the State Senate; a representative in Congress from the year 1805 to 1813, and consequently present at the creation of commercial restrictions, embargo, and war. Naturally impetuous from his earliest youth, indiscretion often marked his career; but his ingenuous heart always guided him to retract his rashness. He was ever fearless, and of fervent eloquence. His speeches are among the best specimens of the spirit of the times. His admirable minority address in Congress is imperishable. As an indication of the playful wit of Mr. Quincy, we find in the diary of his pastor, Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, this record under date September, 1805: "President Nott preached in Brattle-street Church; the fullest audience ever known there, except on ordination-day. Epigram made on by Josiah Quincy.

'Delight and instruction have people, I wot,
Who in seeing not see, and in hearing hear not.'"

Mr. Quincy was major of the Boston Hussars, on its institution, in 1810, and continued its commander until 1816. It was the most superb troop of horse ever known in the town.

During the discussion in Congress on the war with Great Britain, Mr. Quincy suffered himself at times to be so passionately inflamed with opposition to the Democratic members, as to forget, in the warm excitement, the pure feeling of decorum and dignified respect so important to their elevated station; and the poignancy of his grief, after impetuously pouring out such figures as follow, far overbalanced the momentary pleasure of hurling around bitter invectives. He described them, it is said, as "young politicians, with the pin-feathers yet unshed, and the shell sticking upon them,— perfectly unfledged,— though they fluttered and cackled upon the floor of Congress; bloodhound mongrels, who were kept in pay to hunt down all that opposed the court; a pack of mangy dogs of recent importation, their backs still sore with the stripes of European castigation, and their necks marked with the check-collar." At another time he described them as "fawning sycophants, reptiles who crawled at the feet of the president, and left their filthy slime upon the carpet of the palace."

Henry Clay, then the champion of the Democratic party, repelled the rude severity of Josiah Quincy with great effect, remarking of Jefferson, that "he is not more elevated by his lofty residence upon the summit of his own favorite mountain, than he is lifted by the serenity of his mind, and the consciousness of a well-spent life, above the malignant passions and bitter feelings of the day. No! his own beloved Monticello is not less moved by the storms that beat against its sides, than is this illustrious man by the whole British pack, set loose from the Essex kennel! When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude shall have mingled his dust with that of his abused ancestors,— when he shall have been consigned to oblivion, or, if he lives at all, shall live only in the treasonable annals of a certain junto,— the name of Jefferson will be hailed with gratitude, his memory honored and cherished as the second founder of the liberties of the people, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the happiest and brightest epochs of American history — an oasis in the midst of a sandy desert. But I beg the gentleman's pardon; he has, indeed, secured to himself a more imperishable fame than I had supposed. I think it was about four years ago that he submitted to the House of Representatives an instructive proposition for an impeachment of Mr. Jefferson. The house condescended to consider it. The gentleman debated it with his usual temper, moderation, and urbanity. The house decided upon it in the most solemn

manner, and, although the gentleman had somewhere obtained a second, the final vote stood, one for, and one hundred and seventeen against, the proposition! The same historic page that transmitted to posterity the virtue and the glory of Henry the Great, of France, for their admiration and example, has preserved the infamous name of the frantic assassin of that excellent monarch!"

In the speech of Mr. Quincy on the proposal to revive and enforce the non-intercourse law against Great Britain, wherein he argues that it is not fiscal, nor protective of manufactures, nor competent to coerce, nor the product of any prospective intelligence, but the result of chaotic opinions, he remarked that "they who introduced it abjured it. They who advocated it did not wish, and scarcely knew, its use. And now that it is said to be extended over us, no man in this nation, who values his reputation, will take his Bible oath that it is in effectual and legal operation. There is an old riddle, on a coffin," said Mr. Quincy, "which I presume we all learnt when we were boys, that is as perfect a representation of the origin, progress, and present state of this thing called non-intercourse, as is possible to be conceived:

'There was a man bespoke a thing,
Which, when the maker home did bring,
That same maker did refuse it,—
The man that spoke for it did not use it,—
And he who had it did not know
Whether he had it, yea or no.'

True it is, that if this non-intercourse shall ever be, in reality, subtended over us, the similitude will fail, in a material point. The poor tenant of the coffin is ignorant of his state. But the poor people of the United States will be literally buried alive in non-intercourse, and realize the grave closing on themselves and their hopes, with a full and cruel consciousness of all the horrors of their condition."

Our rustic bard, Dinsmore, says:

"Non-intercourse! the thing is hollow,—
A measure causeless, vague, and shallow!
The heads who formed it sure were mellow!"

We find the following bold figure in Mr. Quincy's speech on the necessity of repealing the embargo law: "An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a

mountain, as a sea-nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty, a handcuffed liberty, a liberty in fetters, a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison, and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland."

When the exciting question of the admission of Louisiana into the Union was agitated, Mr. Quincy used strong language against it, remarking, "I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion, that, if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation,—amicably if they can, violently if they must." Language like this excited the severe rebuke of Mr. Poindexter, of Mississippi, who said: "Influenced by a desire to stamp on these expressions their merited disgrace, and to preserve dignity and decorum in our deliberations, I feel it my duty to call the gentleman to order. These sacred walls ought not to be polluted by direct invitations to rebellion." In allusion to Aaron Burr, Mr. Poindexter said, that, had he used such expressions, "instead of exile, he would have been consigned to a gibbet; and his fate ought to be a warning against treasonable machinations." Mr. Quincy promptly replied to Mr. Poindexter, that, on the adoption of the constitution, it was agreed, in the treaty-making power, that old States within the ancient limits could not be sold from us; "and I maintain," said he, "that by it new States, without the ancient limits, cannot be saddled upon us. It was agreed at that time that the treaty-making power could not cut off a limb. And I maintain that neither has it the competency to clap a hump upon our shoulders." In relation to the moral and political consequences of usurping this power, said Mr. Quincy, "I have said that it would be a virtual dissolution of the Union; and gentlemen express great sensibility at the expression. But the true source of terror is not the declaration I have made, but the deed you propose. With respect to this love of our Union, I have no fear about analyzing its nature. There is in it nothing of mystery. It depends upon the qualities of that Union, and it results from its effects upon our and our

country's happiness. It is valuable for 'that sober certainty of waking bliss' which it enables us to realize. It grows out of the affections, and has not, and cannot be made to have, anything universal in its nature. Sir, I confess it, the first public love of my heart is the commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is my fireside, there are the tombs of my ancestors :

> 'Low lies that land, yet blest with fruitful stores ;
> Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores ;
> And none, ah ! none so lovely to my sight,
> Of all the lands which heaven o'erspreads with light.'

The love of the Union grows out of this attachment to my native soil, and is rooted in it. I cherish it because it affords the best external hope of her peace. I oppose this bill from no animosity to the people of New Orleans, but from the deep conviction that it contains a principle incompatible with the liberties and safety of my country. I have no concealment of my opinion. The bill, if it passes, is a death-blow to the constitution. It may afterwards linger, but, lingering, its fate will at no very distant period be consummated."

The speech of Josiah Quincy in Congress, January 1, 1811, on the influence of place and patronage, was one of his most successful efforts; and John Quincy Adams exclaimed, after its delivery, "It ought to be hung up in every office of every office-holder in the Union." We will cite two passages from this effective, patriotic speech :

"Is there on this earth any collection of men, in which exists a more intrinsic, hearty, and desperate love of office or place, particularly of fat places? Is there any country more infested than this with the vermin that breed in the corruptions of power? Is there any in which place and official emolument more certainly follow distinguished servility at elections, or base scurrility in the press? And as to eagerness for the reward, what is the fact? Let, now, one of your great office-holders — a collector of the customs, a marshal, a commissioner of loans, a post-master in one of your cities, or any officer, agent, or factor, for your territories, or public lands, or person holding a place of minor distinction, but of considerable profit — be called upon to pay the last great debt of nature. The poor man shall hardly be dead,— he shall not be cold,— long before the corpse is in the coffin, the mail shall be crowded to repletion with letters, certificates, recommendations and representations, and every species of sturdy, sycophantic solicita-

tion, by which obtrusive mendicity seeks charity or invites compassion. Why, sir, we hear the clamor of the craving animals at the treasury-trough here in this capitol. Such running, such jostling, such wriggling, such clambering over one another's backs, such squealing, because the tub is so narrow and the company so crowded! No, sir; let us not talk of stoical apathy towards the things of the national treasury, either in this people, or in the representatives, or senators."

Mr. Quincy, in this speech, uttered a prediction which should be revived previous to every presidential election. "Without meaning, in this place," says he, "to cast any particular reflections upon this, or upon any other executive, this I will say, that if no additional guards are provided, and now, after the spirit of party has brought into so full activity the spirit of patronage, there never will be a president of these United States, elected by means now in use, who, if he deals honestly with himself, will not be able, on quitting, to address his presidential chair as John Falstaff addressed Prince Hal: 'Before I knew thee I knew nothing, and now I am but little better than one of the wicked.' The possession of that station, under the reign of party, will make a man so acquainted with the corrupt principles of human conduct,—he will behold our nature in so hungry and shivering and craving a state, and be compelled so constantly to observe the solid rewards daily demanded by way of compensation for outrageous patriotism,—that, if he escape out of that atmosphere without partaking of its corruption, he must be below or above the ordinary condition of mortal nature. Is it possible, sir, that he should remain altogether uninfected?"

Mr. Quincy was an ardent opponent of the embargo, and the war with Great Britain; and, in his oration for the Washington Benevolent Society, April 30, 1813,—an institution consisting of the Federal party,—he impugns the motives of our national rulers. "The principle of Washington, which lay at the foundation of his glory," says Quincy, "and was the basis of the blessing of his day, was to introduce virtue and talent into the conduct of public affairs. The principle of our present rulers is to introduce tools and instruments. With these men, the great requisite is political subserviency. This single feature is, alone, sufficient to account for the whole difference of our political condition. For the particular in which that difference consists is, in fact, the corner-stone of the republican system of government. The theory of which rests upon this basis, that, in its result, the virtue and talents

of a country shall preside over its destinies. Whenever this fail, and attachment to a party, or fidelity to a chief, or subserviency to a cabal,— whenever, as was distinctly avowed in the outset of the power of these men, other considerations than 'honesty, capacity, and fidelity to the constitution,' become the criterions of office and appointment,— the moral basis of the republic is gone. Its form may, indeed, remain; but its vital spirit has fled. The stream of corruption, when once it begins to flow, in a free country, never retreats to its fountain, nor does the spring which feeds it ever become dry. At first, it winds its way in secrecy and silence, attracting to its current only what is light and hollow, and rotten and feculent; but soon, gathering boldness in its course, it advances with an irresistible torrent, and sweeps away every honor of the field, and every mound of safety.

"Whenever the rulers of a nation become the mere heads of a party, the last and least consideration with them is the good of the people. How to secure their power,— how to manage the elections,— who is the fittest tool,— who will run the fastest, go the farthest, and hold out the longest for the least wages of corruption,— are the only inquiries. To give muscle and durability to their influence is the single end of their political system. For this, British antipathies are stimulated. For this, British injuries are magnified. For this, French affections are cultivated, and French insults and injuries palliated or concealed. For this, we had restriction. For this, embargo. For this, we have war. For this, war shall be continued. And if peace come, for this peace shall be concluded. For unprincipled ambition, in power, effects not even public good, except from corrupt motives."

Mr. Quincy was elected to the State Senate, June, 1813, when a proposition was made for the adoption of resolutions expressive of their sense of the gallantry and good conduct of Capt. James Lawrence, of the U. S. sloop-of-war Hornet, and the officers and crew of that ship, in the destruction of the British ship-of-war Peacock, the preamble and resolve of which were proposed by Hon. Josiah Quincy. As this resolve is a political curiosity, expressive of the sentiment of the Legislature, and the decided opposition of the author to the existing war, we will quote the document almost entire:

"*Whereas*, It has been found that former resolutions of this kind, passed on similar occasions, relative to other officers engaged in similar service, have given great discontent to many of the good people of this commonwealth, it being considered by them as an encouragement and

excitement to the countenance of the present unjust, unnecessary, and iniquitous war; and, on this account, the Senate of Massachusetts have deemed it their duty to refrain from acting on the said proposition. And whereas, this determination of the Senate may, without explanation, be misconstrued into an intentional slight of Capt. Lawrence, and a denial of his particular merits, the Senate therefore deem it their duty to declare that they have a high sense of the naval skill and military and civil virtues of Capt. James Lawrence; and they have been withheld from acting on said proposition solely from considerations relative to the nature and principle of the present war: and, to the end that all misapprehension on this subject may be obviated, *Resolved*, as the sense of the Senate of Massachusetts, that, in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner which indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil." On Feb. 10, 1814, Mr. Holmes moved that this resolution be erased from the journal of the Senate; on which it was decided in the negative, by twenty-one nays to eight yeas. In the administration of Gov. Eustis, on the motion of Hon. Seth Sprague, Jan. 23, 1824, it was voted that the preamble and resolution be expunged, as it was predicated upon an erroneous estimate of the nature and character of the late war, and involves and asserts principles unsound in policy, and dangerous and alarming in tendency.

It is related in Russell's Centinel, that on Jan. 26, 1814, after a speech from Hon. John Holmes, warmly advocating the war with Great Britain, which closed at seven o'clock in the evening, the Hon. Mr. Quincy rose and entered on a full exposition of the measures of Massachusetts on the subject; but, after having spoken about forty minutes, in a room crowded to overflowing, and in a hot and close air, he found his strength fail him, and, fainting, he fell in his chair. The Senate immediately voted to adjourn; the windows were thrown open, and in a short time he was recovered. The Chronicle relates of this incident that Mr. Quincy drank "two tumblers of cold water in about thirty minutes, to extinguish the volcano within his bosom; and yet, with all this salutary cooling application, he was so far burnt up with ardent passion, that he cried out, 'I am gone,' and fell immediately backwards into his chair. But if this was a faint attempt to imitate the Earl of Chatham, it was a poor description of that sublime scene. The Earl

of Chatham really expired; but Josiah Quincy, on the next day, was more alert than ever." And Forsyth, of Georgia, said on the floor of Congress, in allusion to this incident, ascribed to severe illness, that he who cowers under the falcon eye of an indignant adversary will not court the fiery glance of angry steel.

This war with Great Britain prompted the philanthropic Noah Worcester to originate the Massachusetts Peace Society, in 1815, and Mr. Quincy was one of its earliest members. In 1820 Mr. Quincy delivered an address for the society, in which he said that war establishments are everywhere scions of despotism, which, when engrafted on republics, always begin by determining the best sap to their own branch, and never fail to finish by withering every branch excepting their own. Peace societies are the moral armories destined to break in pieces the sword, the spear and the battle-axe, in like manner as the rays of light and of truth, concentrated by the magic mirror of Cervantes, melted into air and dissipated the dwarfs, the knights, the giants, the enchanters and battlements, of ancient chivalry.

Mr. Quincy continued a member of the Senate until 1821, and in the two successive years he was elected to the house, on the last of which he was chosen speaker. He was a delegate to the convention of 1820, on revising the State constitution. In 1822 he was appointed judge of the Municipal Court, which he resigned on his election to the mayoralty of Boston, on the decease of Hon. John Phillips, the first incumbent of that station.

At one of the political meetings subsequent to the contest between Mr. Otis and his quondam friend and rival, Josiah Quincy, who was viewed as the most efficient man to effect the great projects in founding the city, the latter took occasion to account for his success over his brilliant competitor, on the decease of Phillips, by remarking that the result was, after all, an indirect compliment to the superior genius of Mr. Otis, inasmuch as it demonstrated the conviction, on the part of their mutual constituents, that to degrade Mr. Otis by such a comparatively subordinate office would be like making a common drag-chain of a diamond necklace.

Mayor Quincy was a more vigorous and energetic director of the municipal interests of his native city than any of his successors, and effected most for its advancement and elegance. The establishment of the House of Industry, the House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders, the new avenue to the north part of the city by Commercial-

street, and the Quincy Market-house, standing between two very broad streets, are alone monuments of his taste and enterprise. He transformed, as it were by enchantment, the antiquated town of Boston into the most elegant city of the United States. At daylight, Mayor Quincy mounted his horse, and traversed the streets and lanes of the city, reforming abuses, devising improvements, and performing the duties of a vigilant police-officer. He was founder of the noble fire department, in 1827. Our city exhibits traces of his efficiency never to be obliterated.

We cannot resist here introducing an effective allusion to the Quincy Market-house. At the annual festival for the public schools of Boston, in Faneuil Hall, August 1826, and on the completion of the granite market-house, the Hon. Judge Story, being present, volunteered the sentiment herewith: "May the fame of our honored mayor prove as durable as the material of which the beautiful market-house is constructed." On which, quick as light, Mayor Quincy responded as follows: "That stupendous monument of the wisdom of our forefathers, the Supreme Court of the United States: In the event of a vacancy, may it be raised one Story higher;" which was received with rapturous applause. At the public dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, after the institution of the Story Association, Mr. Quincy gave this sentiment: "The Members of the Bar: Let them rise as high as they may, they can never rise higher than *one* Story." We will relate an incident to illustrate the opinion of Mr. Otis, his successor, in regard to his character for energy of action. On the occasion when Mayor Otis was inspecting the excavation of earth, "where the gravestone of William Paddy and human bones were discovered," Mr. Quincy, who was present, remarked to Mr. Otis that, in the whole of his administration, he had never been accused of disturbing the bones of his ancestors. On this, Mr. Otis archly replied, "Why, Mr. Quincy, I always supposed you never made any bones of doing anything."

During the early period of the mayoralty of Mr. Quincy, in consequence of the destructive fire in Central and Kilby streets, which occurred April 8, 1825, when fifty warehouses of our merchants were destroyed, it was resolved by the city authorities, on the 12th of that date, to effect the construction of reservoirs for protection from fire; and, on the second of May following, a joint committee on this subject, of which Mayor Quincy was chairman, recommended also the establishment of a new fire department, which was organized June 18th of

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that year. On this committee was John Parker Rice, Esq., a native of Princeton, Mass., a resident of Boston since 1818, and a member of the Common Council from ward No. 10, who proposed to the committee the consideration of the subject of obtaining a supply of pure, soft water, for domestic purposes, as well as for security against fire, at the expense and under the control of the city. Mr. Quincy promptly expressed the opinion that the Mayor and Aldermen could not bring the subject before the public, if they wished to retain their official stations, or their due influence. "But," he added, "if you gentlemen of the Common Council will take the responsibility of bringing forward the subject, it shall receive due attention." On the 16th of May, Mr. Rice introduced the following order to the notice of the Council, which was accepted: "Ordered, that the committee on the subject of protecting the city against fire be instructed to inquire into the practicability, expense and expediency, of supplying the city with good, wholesome, soft water, both for the general use of the inhabitants, and for the purpose of extinguishing fire." It is not named on the original record who presented this order; but the Boston Daily Advertiser of that date states that it was adopted on the motion of John P. Rice, who confirms the fact also himself, and further states that the report of the committee on the subject of protecting the city against fire was made and accepted at this meeting; and their duties having thus been brought to a close, a new committee was appointed on the subject of introducing water, and the order was made to conform accordingly. Moreover, it was the opinion of Mr. Rice that Spot Pond was a source that could be rendered and kept more pure, under the control of the city authorities, than any other source. At a meeting of the Council, on June 9th following, it was resolved, on the report of this committee on the subject, that "the Mayor and Aldermen be empowered to cause a survey of suitable points for this object." In the mean time, Mr. Quincy had decided to forward the enterprise; and Mr. Daniel Treadwell was appointed to make a survey, who reported to the city Council, Nov. 14, 1825, his opinion in favor of Spot Pond, in Stoneham. Mr. Quincy decidedly advocated the project in his inaugural address, Jan. 2, 1826, arguing the necessity of "a sufficient and never-failing supply for our city of pure river or pond water, which shall be adequate for all purposes of protection against fire, and for all culinary and other domestic purposes, and capable of being introduced into every house in the city. I deem it my duty to state, unequivocally, that the object ought never

to be lost sight of by the city Council, until effected upon a scale proportionate to its convenience and our urgent necessities. If there be any privilege which a city ought to reserve exclusively in its own hands, and under its own control, it is that of supplying itself with water." During a period of twenty years this vastly important enterprise was a subject of warm controversy, until the breaking up of the earth, by the hands of John Quincy Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., on the embankments of Lake Cochituate, Aug. 20, 1846.

Mr. Quincy was succeeded by Mr. Otis to the mayoralty of his native city, in the year 1829; and President Kirkland having resigned his station as the head of Harvard University in the year previous, Mr. Quincy was elected by the corporation to the presidency, Jan. 15, 1829. The intellectual capacities, energetic manners, and especially the financial penetration, of Mr. Quincy, induced such men as Bowditch, Story and Jackson, to single him as the individual peculiarly qualified to improve the fiscal concerns and control the insubordinate spirit of the students. The inauguration occurred June 2, 1829; and, after the seal of the university and other badges of office were extended to the president elect, by Gov. Lincoln, Mr. Quincy responded in Latin, when he made a happy allusion to the fact of his being unexpectedly called, from the dust and clamor of the capital, to preside over our great literary institution, which elicited a prompt expression of applause from the audience. The president then took his seat in the pulpit, and assumed the academic cap, on which occasion the old house rang again with applause. He delivered an inaugural discourse on the occasion, in which he urged the expediency of concentrating public patronage to one great university, in preference to wasting away the resources of the State upon small institutions, where its benefits would not be generally felt. An apt volunteer sentiment for this university was given at the dinner, which was — "May it unite the beauty, strength and durability, of Quincy granite." The same decision of character, so strongly marked in his city administration, forthwith operated to the benefit of this ancient seat of learning, which, from being heavily encumbered with debt, emerged into the light of pecuniary independence; and he has done more to improve and beautify the premises of venerable Harvard than any of his predecessors. He once said of the university, "May it, like the royal mail packets, distribute good letters over our land."

We cannot forbear introducing an incident illustrative of Mr. Quin-

cy's happy presence of mind. We find it in a letter of William Wirt, addressed to William Pope, Aug. 29, 1829, in which he relates of President Quincy: "He happened, when I made him a visit, to ask me in what college I had graduated. I was obliged to admit that I had never been a student at any college. A shade of embarrassment, scarcely perceptible, just flitted across his countenance; but he recovered in an instant, and added, most gracefully, "Upon my word, you furnish a very strong argument against the utility of a college education."

Mr. Quincy had but just entered on his new sphere of usefulness, when he was called to prepare an address on the celebration of the close of the second century from the settlement of his native city, in the last sentence of which he says: "In all times to come, as in all times past, may Boston be among the foremost and the boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory, of New England." At the festival in Faneuil Hall, Sept. 17, 1830, on this occasion, the following sentiment was advanced by William Hayden: "The Peninsula of Shawmut: Bought by Edmund Quincy, for the benefit of our ancestors. The City of Boston: Improved and embellished by Josiah Quincy, for our benefit."

At the centennial celebration of Harvard College, September, 1836, the Rev. Dr. Palfrey read a passage from the will of the father of President Quincy, by which he bequeathed two thousand pounds sterling to the college, in case his son should die a minor. After computing the relative value of money at the date of the will, and its value at the present day, Dr. Palfrey estimated the conditional bequest to be equal to ten thousand dollars, and forthwith proposed this toast: "Harvard College: A strangely fortunate yet disappointed legatee, who, in losing ten thousand dollars, gained a president." On this occasion, Edward Everett, in allusion to a remark of President Quincy, announced the sentiment, that "his fame shall not be left to a doggerel dirge and a Latin epitaph; we pronounce him, while he lives, in our mother tongue, the ornament of the forum, the senate, and the academy."

President Quincy was remarkable for ready wit on public festive occasions, one of the finest specimens of which appears in his speech at the dinner to Charles Dickens, the famous author of the Pickwick Club, at the Papantis Hall, in Boston, Feb. 2, 1842. When Judge Loring introduced a happy compliment to Mr. Quincy, in an allusion

to Harvard College at the close of an effective speech,— that there is one lesson of hers that we have learned by heart, and would repeat now when we meet her at our own festival; it is, "To give honor to those who in their high office do honor to her,"— President Quincy, amid enthusiastic greetings, immediately replied: "It is n't quite fair, gentlemen; it is n't quite fair. When I received your invitation, I had great doubts on the subject of accepting it; for I saw very plainly that if I did, by some hook or crook, I should be set up for a speech; and I felt like giving myself the same advice that Swift gave to the man. Said the man, 'I have set up for a wit.' 'Well,' replied Swift, 'I would now advise you to sit down.' But I thought that I had laid an anchor to the windward; that I was not to be assailed by toast or sentiment, and that no machinery of any kind would be set to work here to rasp speeches out of dry and reluctant natures. But, gentlemen, I belong to a past age, and you should no more expect a man of three-score and ten to make an after-dinner speech than to dance a hornpipe. Nature is against you; for, to make a good after-dinner speech, many things are required which an old man has not. Such a speech should be witty as well as wise; and, with an abundance of imagination, it should have a sprinkling of salt — the pure Attic. It should be strewn with roses, such as are grown on the sides of Parnassus. There should be alternate layers of the *utile* and the *dulce*, and on the top of all these should be a layer of sugared sentiment. Gentlemen, it is impossible that an old man can compound anything like this, for he is deficient in the two great requisites, memory and fancy. To an old man, memory is an arrant jade, and she is no way delicate in letting him know that, like the rest of her sex, she gives young men the preference. An old man's fancy will neither run nor walk; and still less can it fly, for there is not a pin-feather in its wings. Besides, gentlemen, it is a universal rule, that when a son has set up for himself in the world, and is doing a pretty good business, it is time for the father to retire, lest his presence may give rise to unpleasant comparisons. For to say that the young man beats the old man, would be cruel; and to say, as in this case I fear it cannot be said, the old man beats the young man, would be anything but complimentary." After a round of witty remarks, President Quincy said, "I will detain you no longer, but conclude by giving you a toast, if my treacherous memory will so far serve me. I will give you, Genius — in ———" Here, however, the venerable president's memory *did* desert him; and, after

a brief interval spent in vain attempts to summon her to his aid, he looked pleasantly round, and said: "Gentlemen, a good memory is a great thing, and I will give you all a piece of advice, which it may be useful to you to remember: when you are not certain that you can keep a thing in your memory, be sure to keep it in your pocket." He then, enforcing his precept by example, drew from his own pocket a scrap of paper, and read: "GENIUS, in its legitimate use, uniting wit with purity; instructing the high in their duties to the low; and, by improving the morals, elevating the social condition of man." During the delivery of his speech, Mr. Quincy was frequently interrupted with bursts of applause and hearty peals of laughter; and the happy sally with which he got over his concluding difficulty set the company in a roar, which continued until the president of the company, Josiah Quincy, Jr., arose and said that as the president of Harvard University had introduced to them Samuel Weller, he would take the liberty to read to them one of the sayings of that distinguished personage:

"If ever I wanted anything of my father," said Sam, "I always asked for it in a werry 'spectful and obliging manner. If he did n't give it me, I took it, for fear I should be led to do anything wrong, through not having it." President Quincy had felt an intense desire to know whether the present company was to be composed of any but young men, and said, by way of illustration: "I felt, in regard to the composition of this meeting, much as Sam Weller did. You have all heard of Sam Weller, gentlemen, when he was invited to dine upon veal-pie: 'A weal-pie is a werry nice thing — werry nice; but I should like to know beforehand how it is composed, and whether there is anything there besides *kittens*.'" This was the point to which the president of the meeting alluded.

Amid the arduous duties necessarily involved in the administration of the university, Mr. Quincy prepared an extensive history of this ancient seat of learning, in two volumes, published in the year 1840, with engravings. This work, though deeply lined with personal and sectarian prejudice, exhibits profound research, and furnishes valuable materials for a candid and impartial history. It should be specially noticed that Quincy lashes the Mathers with a caustic severity unworthy of this golden age of toleration. Moreover, is there not a shade of injustice to the memory of our time-honored Hancock? The memoir of Josiah Quincy, Jr., by his son, one of the most valuable works of the sort, representing his revered image in the best expres-

sions, should be printed in a popular form. His History of the Boston Athenæum, with the Biography of its Founders, is another production of his last days, evincing the research of an antiquarian, and the polish of a scholar. He prepared also the Memoirs of Maj. Samuel Shaw, and the Memoir of James Grahame, productions of historical value.

President Quincy, on the inauguration of Edward Everett as successor to the presidency of Harvard University, April 30, 1846, in expressing his grateful sense to the corporation and the faculty, for their friendly concurrence in his measures, remarked, they had received him covered with the dust from the streets of Boston, in which he had been sent to work, as if it had been gathered on the top of Helicon, or in the walks of Plato's academy. He stated that seventeen years ago he proposed Mr. Everett for the presidency, to the eminent Bowditch, who replied, "That may do in twenty years hence, but it will not do now." "Why not?" said Quincy. "The eagle must have its flight," said Bowditch. And so Mr. Quincy was called to the station, who was as much surprised by it, to use his own words, "as if he had received a call to the pastoral charge of the Old South Church," where he was baptized.

The greatest achievement probably ever effected by Mr. Quincy consists of the concise History of Boston from its first settlement, in 1630, and more especially from its incorporation as a city,— a labor which has absorbed many of the best days of his life, during a period of nearly twenty years. This valuable legacy to his native city can only be measured in importance by the inconceivable advantages he secured to its citizens during his administration over its destinies. We know not the man whose decision and perseverance could have conceived and completed such a noble memorial for posterity as our own Josiah Quincy. We know not the writer, in the length and breadth of this city, who has nerved himself to more intense mental labor than the venerated Josiah Quincy. In his address, or rather eloquent appeal, on taking final leave of the mayoralty, on Jan. 3, 1829, Mr. Quincy implied his intention to prepare a history of the city; when he remarked that it was his purpose in another way and in a more permanent form to do justice to those who had favored his most important measures. This farewell exhibit of his six years' administration was prepared as a shield to ward off the calumnies of partisans who wished him to retire from his station. "The public officer," said Mr. Quincy, "who, from a sense of public duty, dares to cross strong interests in their way to

gratification at the public expense, always has had, and ever will have, meted to him the same measure. The beaten course is first to slander in order to intimidate; and if that fail, to slander in order to sacrifice. He who loves his office better than his duty will yield, and be flattered as long as he is a tool. He who loves his duty better than his office will stand erect, and take his fate." Mr. Quincy had been absorbed in a laborious fulfilment of every known duty, a prudent exercise of every invested power, a disposition shrinking from no official responsibility, and an absolute self-devotion to the interest of the city. This is an eloquent defence, comprising thirty-two pages of argument, exhibiting the fact that he retired from the mayoralty when the real estate owned by the city exceeded more than seven hundred thousand dollars, and the debt of the city was six hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars; the income and interest of their real estate, including bonds and mortgages, amounting to fifty-two thousand dollars, while the annual interest of the debt was only forty-seven thousand dollars. Mayor Quincy further exhibits what he had effected for the public health, the popular education, and advance in the public morals.

The last political communication of Josiah Quincy to the people of his native city, with the exception of his successful remonstrance to proposed alterations of the city charter, was presented at a meeting in Faneuil Hall, October 14, 1850, on the expediency of the fugitive-slave law, occasioned by the invitation of citizens without distinction of party, at the head of which was his own name. Mr. Quincy expressed a hope, in his letter to the meeting, that this assembly would not partake of a party or political character, as he had been assured that it was the intention of those interested in this invitation that it should not be a party movement. The meeting was, however, conducted by advocates of the free-soil or abolition project. The Hon. Charles Francis Adams was appointed the moderator; and it was at this meeting that the proposed resolve of Rev. Nathaniel Colver was adopted, declaring, emphatically, "Constitution or no constitution, law or no law, we will not allow a fugitive slave to be taken from Massachusetts." It was in allusion to the policy of this party, that Daniel Webster advanced the bold comparison herewith, in his famous speech at Albany. "It was in Cromwell's time," remarks he, "there sprung up a race of saints, who called themselves Fifth Monarchy Men. A happy, felicitous, glorious people they were; for they had practised so many virtues, they were so enlightened, so perfect, that

they got to be, in the language of that day, above ordinances. That is the higher law of this day, exactly. It is the old doctrine of the Fifth Monarchy Men of Cromwell's time revived. They were above ordinances,— walked about like the man in the play, prim and spruce, self-satisfied, thankful to God that they were not as other men, but had attained so far to salvation as to be above ordinances." We are of opinion that this figure is not too broad to cover the shoulders of many enthusiasts of the free-soil party; at the same time, it is our decided belief, that Josiah Quincy, Charles Sumner, and the almost entire majority of advocates for emancipation, would repudiate such a doctrine. Indeed, we know that our country never had a more devoted advocate of the constitution and the laws than Josiah Quincy.

Mr. Quincy's letter, dated Quincy, Oct. 14, 1850, contains an interesting political reminiscence in his own career, which we will quote:

"I can speak of this subject with a somewhat personal certainty, so far as respects the existence of the feeling prevalent on this subject fifty-six years ago. Sometime about the year 1794, soon after the first law on this subject was passed, I was sent for, as a counsellor-at-law, to appear before one of our acting justices of the peace,— Greenleaf,— to defend a person then on trial, under the charge of being a slave, on the claim of his master for delivery to him. On appearing before the justice, I found the room filled with a crowd of persons, not one of whom I knew, but who were attending the court apparently from interest or curiosity. Among them were the constables, and the agent of the master; but who the other persons were, or what was the object of their assembling, I was ignorant. I entered, of course, on my duties as an advocate; called for the evidence of the agent's authority, and denied the authority of the law of Congress, and of the magistrate under it, to deliver an inhabitant of Massachusetts into the custody of another, unless after trial by jury, according to the constitution of the State. While occupied with my argument, I was suddenly interrupted by a loud noise behind me; and, on turning round, I found, to my astonishment, both the constable and the agent on the floor, and the alleged slave passing out of the room between the files of bystanders, which were opened to the right and left for his escape.

"About a fortnight elapsed, when I was called upon by Rufus Greene Amory, a lawyer of eminence at the Boston bar in that day, who showed me a letter from a southern slave-holder, directing him to

prosecute Josiah Quincy for the penalty under the law of 1793, for obstructing the agent of the claimant in obtaining his slave under the process established by that law.

"Mr. Amory felt, not less than myself, the folly of such a pretence; and I never heard from him, or from any one, anything more upon the subject of prosecution. This fact, and the universal gratification which the result appeared to give to the public, satisfied my mind, that, unless by accident, or stealth, or in some very thin-settled parts of the country, the law of 1793 would forever be inoperative, as the event has proved, in Massachusetts. And the same will, in my opinion, be the case, as I have already said, with the law of 1850."

President Quincy, having represented Suffolk eight years in the national Congress, his native city in the State Legislature eight years, the mayoralty for a period of six years, and the presidency of Harvard University during sixteen years, has retired to his residence on the location of Beacon Hill, now levelled and overspread by elegant dwellings and the granite Cochituate reservoir; the spot from the summit of which was a striking view of Bunker Hill, thus famed by Mrs. Morton:

"Witness yon tract, where first the Briton bled!
Driven by our youth, redoubted Percy fled.
There Breed ascends, and Bunker's bleeding steeps,
Still o'er whose brow abortive victory weeps."

JOHN LOWELL.

JULY 4, 1799. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

"A FREE government," says our orator, "is the very hot-bed of ambition. Ambition is an indigenous plant in democracies, which produces and scatters its seeds like the balsamine, and propagates with indescribable rapidity. In such governments, therefore, there is always a plentiful crop of candidates for promotion,— of proud and haughty claimants, as well as servile beggars, of popular favor. These gormandizers of popularity are no epicures,— they have not very nice discriminating palates. They are ready to taste the sweets of every

office, from the high dignity of the presidency, down to the lowest municipal employment in the State. Still, however, with this humble spirit of accommodation, they cannot all be gratified. The disappointed will pursue their revenge with an acrimony proportioned to the ravenous hunger after fame which impelled them. The mortified ambitious are never in want of tools to carry on the trade of faction. The ignorant, the jealous, and the envious,— the bankrupt in morals and character, and the insolvent in purse,— are the small weapons with which the great leviathans in opposition continually operate. Review the past history of the United States, and what page is there in which the proofs of these principles are not inscribed? Coëval with our government has been an inveterate opposition,— an opposition growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength. At first, small and feeble, it uttered its discontents only in the gentle whispers of disapprobation;— now, bold, hardy and shameless, it thunders its anathemas in the language of rebellion. We have remarked, that faction is the spontaneous production of a free soil; but, like all native plants, it is not destined wholly to destroy the vegetation which surrounds it. It is by the introduction of exotics, alone, that the work of extermination can be effected. In vain would our domestic enemies assail the goodly fabric of our constitution,— vain would be the calumny against our ablest patriots,— feeble and nerveless would be the assaults of our internal enemies,— if they were not supported by foreign gold, and encouraged by external assistance. Without this aid, our infant Hercules would have strangled the rebellious reptile in his cradle. Still our young and vigorous Samson would have burst asunder the cords with which an insidious faction had bound him, if this internal foe had not entered into a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with a foreign adversary."

In the oration of Mr. Lowell, an object of which is to vindicate our Revolution from the misrepresentation and calumnies of those who have endeavored, by its example, to justify that of France, our orator has, with much warmth of coloring and fervor of imagination, exhibited a comparison between the spirit and character of both. The two pictures present a perfect contrast. In that of America, we behold a people distinguished for unsullied virtue, uncorrupted simplicity, and a pure and undefiled religion, impelled by an ardent love of liberty, an unconquerable spirit of independence, a hatred of foreign dominion, and detestation of domestic oppression, calmly and dispassionately

resolve to resist the earliest encroachments of arbitrary power, and pursuing, with moderation and firmness, that one legitimate object, preserving inviolate moral and religious institutions, the principles of justice, the order of civil society, and the rights of persons,—and, when their lofty purpose was accomplished, return to the enjoyment of innocence and repose.

In another passage, Mr. Lowell points out the more imminent and striking hazards to which the United States were then exposed, from the open attacks and secret machinations of the rulers of France, boundless in their ambition, and insatiable in their avarice, whose support was plunder, whose nutriment was carnage, and whose pastime was human wretchedness. He depicted the conduct of the French republic towards surrounding nations, and demands if from so ferocious a monster we have reason to expect forbearance, to hope for its friendship, to trust to its moderation, or to confide in its justice. Those who still cherished the love of peace, and persevered in their faith of the professions of France, he reproaches for their supineness and credulity, reminding them of the opinion of John Adams, then the president, that "there can be no peace without degradation and submission, and no security in negotiation and convention." The law dissolving the treaties and consular convention with France was approved by President Adams, July 7, 1798.

John Lowell was the son of Hon. John Lowell, whom Harrison Gray Otis very graphically describes as being about five feet ten inches in height, and inclined to corpulence. "His gait was rapid and hurried; his conversation, animated and ardent. He appeared to strangers, at first, to speak too much *ex cathedra;* but he was free of all propensity to browbeat or show ill humor. On the contrary, he was the very mirror of benevolence, which beamed in and made attractive a countenance not remarkable for symmetry of feature or beauty; and his companionable talents, though never displayed at the expense of dignity, made him the delight of the society in which he moved, and which he always put at ease. His private character was irreproachable; his honesty and moderation, proverbial. In a satirical and very personal farce, got up by a witty desperado, and which had a great run, he was dubbed by the author — no friend of his — Lawyer Candor; a most appropriate sobriquet, which the world unanimously applied to him. He was most ardent in his attachment to his particular friends, who, in their turn, looked to him as their oracle. His

general health," continues Mr. Otis, "during the time of my intimacy with him, was good, though occasionally inclined to be a *malade imaginaire*, an ordinary symptom of ardent temperament and ethereal genius." He was known to be one of the confidential advisers of the measures that were successfully adopted to suppress that formidable outbreak of Shays' Insurrection, and was appointed judge of the District Court U. S. by Washington, on its institution.

John Lowell, Jr., was born in Newburyport, Oct. 6, 1769. Soon after the town and harbor of Boston were evacuated by the royalists, in 1776, his father removed to the city with his family, where his residence was in the dwelling afterwards occupied by the late Samuel Eliot, Esq., directly opposite King's Chapel. He was for a brief period in the Latin School, but was fitted for college in Phillips' Academy, and graduated at Harvard College in 1786. On this occasion his part was in a forensic dispute on this subject: Whether the happiness of the people consists most in the constitution or administration of government; and in the year 1789, when a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts, he engaged in another forensic dispute, with Isaac Parker, afterwards the chief-justice of Massachusetts: Whether a law making administration between an insolvent by vice and one by misfortune, would tend to the good of society? He studied law with his father, and was admitted to the bar before he was twenty years of age. In preparing arguments, he was laborious and searching. In his manner he was animated, eloquent, vehement, rapid, and highly logical; his memory was tenacious. In his person he was a great contrast to his father, being very short and slender. On June 3, 1793, Mr. Lowell married Rebecca Amory. He was a representative in the State Legislature from 1798 to 1801. He was a member of the corporation of Harvard College from 1810 to 1822, and was an overseer from that period to 1827. He was an honored member of the State Senate.

Mr. Lowell's articles in Russell's Centinel, over the signature of the Boston Rebel, in opposition to the war of the United States and Great Britain, were of a character the most inflammatory of any political writings of that day. His productions were in a highly nervous style, abounding in piquant philippics. His remarks on Madison's war, in a large pamphlet, exhibited the most exciting attack on the democratic administration that emanated from any political writer. His fervid genius and rapid pen poured forth pamphlet after pamphlet, and column

after column in the newspapers, replete with spirit and force and purpose, on the side of the Federal party, in warm opposition to the general government. In these exciting times, a rumor was circulated that some of those who had been exasperated by his political remarks had threatened to burn his house in Roxbury to the ground. This rumor was so far believed, that some of his friends went out or sent out from Boston to offer themselves as the guard of his person and property for the night. Mr. Lowell expressed his belief that his fellow-townsmen were incapable of such an act, and insisted on declining the offer of defence. Indeed, no assistance beyond the limits of the town would in any case have been required; for several of the most respectable inhabitants of Roxbury itself, and of both political parties, voluntarily offered to stand ready to defend to the last extremity. Indeed, Mr. Lowell was an extraordinary man, adapted to exciting times. He was a tenacious sectarian in theology, and wrote with fervent severity. He entered with delight on the pursuits of agriculture. To hear him converse in his farm or his garden, one would suppose that his entire occupation was farming and gardening. He would discuss the qualities of a fruit-tree, or an exotic plant, with the same earnestness, copiousness and tact, that he would have given to a question of politics, law or divinity. Horticulture was also an object of devoted interest, and the periodical was enriched with articles for the florist from his ready hand. His residence in Boston was directly opposite Horticultural Hall, in School-street.

Amid the violence of contending parties, Mr. Lowell's sincerity and integrity were never seriously questioned. His motives were manifestly pure. "He never sought a political office, and never would accept one. Amid all the buffets of the conflict, he never cherished one spark of malice," says Greenwood, "or one root of bitterness, in his heart, which was no place for one or the other; and, as I lately glanced over some of the pamphlets of which he was the author,—not with all the attention they deserved, but with all I could spare,—entertaining the common impression that the zeal of the times and the zeal of his own nature had betrayed him into offensive and uncharitable statements, and remembering also, as I well remembered, the language of mutual exasperation which was everywhere to be heard during that tempestuous period, I was surprised to find how little there was of an objectionable description in these writings; and was rather struck with their power of argument and store of rich illustration, than with their heat.

That night has gone by; and, though the side which he espoused so disinterestedly did not prevail, I am disposed to think that his and his friends' efforts, with all the deductions which may be made from them, contributed to restore the morning." By resolute opposition, they most probably modified the measures of the other party to beneficial results. The winter of 1839 was spent by Mr. Lowell in the West India Islands, which he had visited for his health. He returned with improved health, but very much enfeebled. On the 12th of March, 1840, as he was reading a daily paper in his residence in the city, the summoner came; the paper dropped from his hands, and he expired that very hour, without suffering. He was buried in Roxbury. Dinsmore thus emphasizes:

> "Lowell and Channing may debate,
> As politicians wise and great
> Predict their country's future fate,
> By reasoning clear,
> And show blind rulers of the State
> What course to steer."

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

JULY 17, 1799. ON THE DISSOLUTION OF THE TREATIES AND CONSULAR CONVENTION BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES. FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON.

"It is a day," says our orator, "which will forever be illustrious in our annals. It is the completion of our liberties, the acme of our independence. The Fourth of July will be celebrated by our latest posterity, as the splendid era of our national glory; but the Seventh will be venerated as the dignified epoch of our national character. The one annihilated our colonial submission to a powerful, avowed, and determined foe; the other emancipated us from the oppressive friendship of an ambitious, malignant, treacherous ally. The former asserted our political supremacy, which preserved to us our country from subjection, our liberties from encroachment, and our government from foreign control; the latter united to the same momentous object a declaration of our moral sovereignty, which rescued our principles from subjugation, as well as our persons from slavery; which secured

our cities from massacre, as well as their inhabitants from debasement; which preserved our fair ones from violation, as well as our religion from bondage. In fine, the Declaration of Independence, which dissolved our connection with Great Britain, may be correctly denominated the birth-day of our nation, when, as its infant genius was ushered into political existence, a lambent flame of glory played around its brows, in presage of its future greatness. But the period which sundered our alliance with France may be pronounced the day of our nation's manhood, when this genius had become an Hercules, who, no longer amused with the coral and bells of 'liberty and equality,'— no longer 'pleased with the rattles, tickled with the straws,' of 'health and fraternity,'— no longer willing to trifle at the distaff of a 'lady negotiator,'— boldly invested himself in the *toga virilis*, and assumed his rank in the forum of nations.

"It will, therefore, in all ages be pointed to as a luminous page in our history, when the patriotic statesmen of America, with a decision of character which has shot a ray of enthusiasm into the coldest regions of Europe, cut asunder the inexplicable knot of so contagious a connection, and forever abolished the impolitic and deleterious instrument which had created it; when that memorable treaty, which had linked together two heterogeneous nations in an unnatural, unequal and hateful alliance, after an attenuated life of twenty years, was ignominiously committed to the grave, where, in the language of French philosophy, 'its death will prove an eternal sleep.'"

Robert Treat Paine, whose name was originally Thomas, and changed in 1801 by an act of the Massachusetts Legislature, as he was desirous of being known by a Christian name, abhorring an association of the man who, in his Age of Reason, lost his Common Sense, was born in Taunton, Bristol county, Mass., Dec. 9, 1773. His father was the celebrated Robert Treat Paine, who acted as counsel for the crown, in company with Samuel Quincy, in the trial of the British soldiers for the massacre in King-street; and was, moreover, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, whose residence was at the corner of Milk and Federal streets. Young Robert was early in the school of Master James Carter. In the year 1781 he entered the Latin School, under Master James Hunt; he graduated at Harvard College in 1792, on which occasion he delivered an oration on the Nature and Progress of Liberty,— a theme naturally expected from a scion of the Revolution. He was stimulated to a taste for poetry by the famous

Joseph Allen, the laureate of his class, who inscribed on the college-wall several abusive satirical verses on Paine, who fearlessly repelled him in rhyme; and he once remarked, that if it were not for this circumstance, probably he never should have undertaken a couplet. On leaving college, he entered the store of Mr. James Tisdale, a Boston merchant; but his mind was so much absorbed in poetry, that he made entries in the day-book in verse, and once made out a charter party in the same style. He soon became devoted to the theatre, which, contrary to law, had been established in Board-alley, in 1792, by a small party of actors from England, —

> "And plays their heathen names forsook,
> And those of 'Moral Lectures' took."

The law was abrogated, and in 1793 an elegant brick theatre was erected in Federal-street, on which occasion the prize medal was awarded to him for the best prologue on the occasion. His mind was so averse to mercantile pursuits, that he left Mr. Tisdale in 1794. In October of that year he established a political and literary paper,— "The Federal Orrery,"— in which appeared "The Jacobiniad," a political poem, and also "The Lyars," from both of which passages appear in this volume. So caustic and personal were these productions, that it drew upon him the summary vengeance of a mob, who attacked the dwelling of Major Wallach, with whom he resided, and who gallantly defended his castle, and compelled them to retreat. The son of a gentleman at whom the shafts of wit had been aimed called upon Paine for satisfaction, which was denied. The parties accidentally met,— Mr. Paine presented his pistol, but the assailant fearlessly rushed forward, and violently assaulted him. In 1797 Mr. Paine married Elizabeth Baker, who was a retired actress, and they were forbid his father's dwelling. They were hospitably sheltered in the family of Major Wallach for the period of fifteen months. With tears of gratitude Mr. Paine once remarked, "When I lost a father, I gained a wife and found a friend." In the year 1798 a reconciliation was effected; and it is related that at a congratulatory party the forthcoming sentiments were publicly advanced, "The love of liberty and the liberty of loving;" "Champagne to real friends, and real pain to sham friends." Paine was bold in his views, quick at retort, and sometimes fearfully sarcastic. His genius was certainly of a high order, and his imagination prolific. His talents always commanded

admiration, his wit excited merriment and delight. He was followed and eulogized, honored by social attentions in the higher ranks, and viewed as the first poet of the town. His poem on "The Invention of Letters" was greatly admired, and Washington sent him a letter highly expressive of admiration at its merits. It afforded him a profit of fifteen hundred dollars. "The Ruling Passion," intended as a gallery of portraits, is a rare production, for which he realized a profit of twelve hundred dollars.

In 1798 Mr. Paine wrote the celebrated national song of Adams and Liberty; and never was a political song more favorably received than this patriotic effusion. Visiting Major Russell, of the Centinel, it was pronounced as imperfect, for the conception of Washington was not advanced. The sideboard was replenished, and Paine was ready for a libation, when Major Russell familiarly interposed, and insisted, in his humorous manner, that he should not slake his thirst till he had written an additional stanza, in which Washington should be introduced. Paine paced back and forth a few minutes, and, suddenly starting, called for a pen. He forthwith wrote the following sublime stanza:

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep!"

Paine's eulogy on the death of Washington was serious even to sadness, with the melancholy reflections inspired by that event.

In a political discussion, which was conducted with warmth, in 1807, Mr. Paine once said of the Essex Junto, "Washington was its sublime head, and the tower of its strength; it was informed by the genius and guided by the energy of Hamilton. Since their decease, nothing but the Attic salt of Fisher Ames has preserved it from putrefaction. When the ethereal spirits escaped, the residuum settled into faction. It has captured Boston, and keeps it in tow, like a prize-ship."

In 1799 Mr. Paine became a student at law under the eminent Judge Parsons, at Newburyport, who greatly esteemed him; was admitted to Suffolk bar in 1802; retired from the profession in 1809, and removed to Dorchester; but he soon returned to Boston, and became an inmate at his father's mansion, where he wrote, at the

request of the Jockey Club, "The Steeds of Apollo." This was his last famous effusion. Depressed in spirits, afflicted with disease, and reduced in his circumstances, he died, Nov. 14, 1811.

President Allen remarks of Paine, "There is nothing of simple, natural beauty in his writings; his poetry is entirely unworthy of the praise extended in its favor, and his prose is in bad taste;" while Bradford, on the other hand, was of opinion that Paine resembled Pope more than any English poet, and was always happy in his phraseology: but it is probable the fact lies between the two extremes. Boston may well be proud of his talent, and throw away the weeds that blemish his fame. Everett says that "Paine was a luckless man, but, oh! how sweet a bard!"

> "Never shall his tuneful numbers
> Charm the listening ear again,—
> Cold and silent where he slumbers,
> Genius weeps the fate of Paine."

The Hon. Judge Story remarks of him that he enjoyed reputation, in his day, not since attained by any American poet.

JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND.

DEC. 29, 1799. EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

"AMERICA, without Washington," says Kirkland, "resembles the earth without the light of day. Associated as he was with all we loved and valued in our country, possessions, pursuits and pleasures, for a time, sink in our esteem. We exulted in our country, because it gave him birth; we thought better of our nature, because it produced such a man. The sense of this gift of Heaven increased the fervor of our devotions; and our national felicity seemed to be crowned in Washington. Time has been, when, indeed, his services were more immediately necessary, and the political salvation of his country seemed to depend on the continuance of his life. But if his departure at this time has a less unpropitious aspect upon the public prosperity, yet it cannot be thought unimportant to the momentous interests of the

empire, whilst it arrests our melancholy feelings, and wounds our fond attachment to his name. His sun approached the horizon; yet, with delighted eyes, we gazed on its parting splendor, believing that, if clouds should thicken to a tempest in our political sky, it would shine out in all its meridian brightness, and chase them away. Though he had left the drama to distinguished actors, yet he might again be called out to support a part in some master scene, to which no other man might be found suited. Nay, he was already prepared, if the catastrophe should require it, to step upon the stage, and be the hero of the eventful tragedy into which his country seemed to be hastening. Was the nation to be roused from dangerous sleep? — his name was sounded in their ears. Was faction to be driven from the light? — it was pointed to his awful frown. Was a foreign foe to be deterred from invasion? — it was shown his hand upon his sword. With him its patron, the federal administration would not despair of final support; with him their leader, the armies of America would be ineffectually held up to odium, would be created with facility, and, in every conflict, would feel invincible. In the present dubious aspect of our national interests, everything was hoped, in aid of the present system, from the part which he would take, in case of civil dissension, or increased danger from foreign arts or arms."

John Thornton Kirkland was born at Little Falls, Herkimer county, N. Y., August 17, 1770; entered Phillips' Academy in 1784; graduated at Harvard College in 1789; became assistant teacher at Andover Academy; studied theology, and was a tutor in Harvard College, when he gave the salutatory oration. A singular episode in his college life was his having borne arms in the winter vacation of his sophomore year, during the campaign to suppress Shays' Insurrection. He was pastor of the New South Church, from Feb. 5, 1794, until his induction to the presidency of Harvard College, Nov. 14, 1810, which station he occupied until his resignation, Aug. 27, 1828. He was the Phi Beta Kappa orator at Cambridge in 1798. He married Elizabeth, the only daughter of Hon. George Cabot, Sept. 1, 1827. After his retirement from public life, Dr. Kirkland suffered from the effects of a paralysis, with powers of mind and body considerably impaired; but with the same undisturbed and delightful temper, and with an occasional flash of those clear and profound thoughts, says Eliot, that intellectual humor, and those generous affections, which in previous years had been the delight of all

who knew him. The carelessness which made him write his sermons upon mere scraps of paper, in an almost illegible hand, and the physical indolence which made him neglect to transcribe or arrange them, might excite a smile, rather than provoke a frown; and it has been well said of Dr. Kirkland, that his sermons were full of intellectual wealth and practical wisdom, with sometimes a quaintness that bordered on humor, yet had never been inspired by the peculiar genius of pulpit eloquence. He was president of the Anthology Club. His biography of Fisher Ames is one of the most classic productions of an American mind. After having visited Europe, Egypt, and Palestine, he died at Boston, of an inveterate disease that had long afflicted him, April 26, 1840.

His successor, President Quincy, remarks of him: "Possessing talents of a high order, which he had diligently cultivated, enjoying the friendship and confidence of many of the most influential and eminent men among his contemporaries, combining great sagacity with great knowledge of human nature, he conducted this seminary for a succession of years prosperously and with great popularity. Under his auspices, the standard necessary for obtaining admission to its privileges was raised, its literary character elevated, the general sphere of its usefulness extended, and great improvements effected;" and Dr. Young, his successor in the pastoral care of the New South Church, says of him, in his highly graphic biography, of which a divine of another sect said he did not see how it could be better written, "What style shall I set forth of this excellent man, to whom I never came but I grew stronger in moral virtue, from whom I never went but I parted better instructed? If I speak much, it were not to be marvelled; if I speak frankly, it is not to be blamed; and though I speak partially, it were to be pardoned."

The preaching of Kirkland was of the same character with his conversation, says Young. It was sententious, and full of apothegms. There was not much visible logic or induction in his discourses. The description which he gives of Fisher Ames' writings is strikingly applicable to his own. When the result of his researches was exhibited in discourse, the steps of a logical process were in some measure concealed by the coloring of rhetoric. It was the prerogative of his mind to discern by a glance, so rapid as to seem intuition, those truths which common capacities struggle hard to comprehend. His style is conspicuous for sententious brevity, for antithesis and point. Single ideas appear with so much lustre and prominence, that

the connection of the several parts of his discourse is not always obvious to the common mind, and the aggregate impression of the composition is not always completely obtained. His learning seldom appeared as such, but was interwoven with his thoughts, and became his own.

There was little apparent method, arrangement or connection, in Dr. Kirkland's preaching; so that it was not uncommon for him to bring into the pulpit half a dozen sermons or more, and, on the instant, construct a new sermon as he went along, turning the leaves backwards and forwards, and connecting them together by the thread of his extemporaneous discourse. These scattered leaves resembled those of the Sybil, not only in their confusion, causing many to marvel how he could marshal and manage them so adroitly, but also in their hidden wisdom, and in the fact that when two-thirds of what he had thus brought into the pulpit was omitted,— thrown by, as unworthy of delivery,— the remaining third, which he uttered, was more precious than the entire pile of manuscript, containing, as it did, the spirit and essence, the condensed and concentrated wisdom, of the whole.

Condensation, indeed, continues Dr. Young, was his crowning faculty. It was here, especially, that he manifested the supremacy of his intellect. He always spoke from a crowded and overflowing mind. Although he said so much, you felt that there was much more behind unsaid. He poured himself forth into a full stream of thought, which evidently flowed from a living and inexhaustible fountain. Chief Justice Parsons used to say that Dr. Kirkland put more thought into one sermon than other ministers did into five. And how much weight and wisdom were there even in single sentences of his writings, as when, in his Life of Fisher Ames, he says, "He did not need the smart of guilt to make him virtuous, nor the regret of folly to make him wise;" and when, in the same work, he says, "The admission of danger implies duty; and many refuse to be alarmed, because they wish to be at ease." Such was his wonderful and accurate knowledge of human nature, and his clear insight into the springs of human action, that sometimes, when I have heard Kirkland preach, it seemed to me that he had actually got his hand into my bosom, and that I could feel him moving it about, and inserting his fingers into all the interstices and crevices of my heart. According to Dr. Palfrey, there were twelve hundred graduates of Harvard College who enjoyed his care, having been, at the period of his decease, nearly one quarter part of the whole that had been educated at that institution.

FISHER AMES.

FEB. 8, 1800. STATE EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

In the speech of Hon. Fisher Ames, on Jay's treaty, April 28, 1796, delivered on the floor of Congress, he says: "We are either to execute this treaty, or break our faith. To expatiate on the value of public faith, may pass with some men for declamation. To such men I have nothing to say. To others, I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action? It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

"What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyment be, in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him. He would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any; and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

"I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when

it is violated, there are none when it is denied. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians. A whiff of tobacco-smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. Thus, we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows,— if the victims of justice could live again, collect together, and form a society,— they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice — that justice under which they fell — the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves, to the obligations of good faith."

Fisher Ames was born at Dedham, April 9, 1758, and was the youngest son of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, who was for forty years a noted author of almanacs; of whom it is related, having accidentally entered in one of them the prediction of snow in June, and a snow-storm occurring on the day named, it caused a rapid sale of his almanacs. It is related in the Massachusetts Historical Collections, that Dr. Nathaniel Ames, whose son Nathaniel was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, had two wives, Mary and Deborah, successively of the name of Fisher. The first dying young, but not until after his mother, and her estate having vested in him, gave rise to the famous lawsuit, in which it was first determined that real estate ascended, contrary to the English rule, to the father, as next of kin, by the province law. Dr. Ames was a public taverner at Dedham; and there is a tradition that, after this case was decided, a sign-board was suspended over his door, with the painted figure of the judges, in full-bottomed wigs and robes, among whom were caricatured the two who were of adverse opinion. This being viewed as a contempt of court, it was shortly after taken down. Dr. Ames died at Dedham in 1764, aged fifty-seven years. His son Fisher was born in the Woodward mansion, on the north side of the court-house, opposite the monumental stone, surmounted by a pillar and a bust, erected in honor of William Pitt, for his services to the colonies. He graduated at Harvard College in 1774; studied law under Judge Tudor, and became a counsellor-at-law. In 1788 he was a representative in the State Legislature; and

was elected to Congress for Suffolk county, December 18th of the same year, in opposition to Samuel Adams, and was probably the junior member of the house. He was also a delegate to the State convention on the federal constitution, in 1788 ; and was of the State Executive Council, in 1800. Mr. Ames married Frances, daughter of John Worthington, Esq., July 15, 1792. He continued in Congress during a period of eight years, where he displayed irresistible eloquence ; and, after his memorable speech in favor of the treaty with Great Britain, from which a passage is presented at the head of this article, a member, opposed to Ames, objected to taking a vote at that time, as they had been overwhelmed by his eloquence. One day, when in the bookstore of Manning & Loring, in Boston, on observing their new edition of Perry's Dictionary, which was on the counter, in which words are accented,—"Here is a book," said Ames, "showing us how to pronounce words." After a moment's reflection, he continued, "But we are told that the best standard of pronunciation is the imitation of the best speakers." The residence of Fisher Ames was in the dwelling now occupied by John Gardner, Esq. He died at Dedham, July 4, 1808. The stanzas herewith added were sung in King's Chapel, July 6, 1808, after the delivery of the eulogy of Samuel Dexter over the remains of Fisher Ames, and are ascribed to Rev. Dr. Gardiner:

"As, when dark clouds obscure the dawn,
The day-star's lustre disappears,
So Ames beheld our natal morn,
And left desponding friends in tears.
Soon as the distant cannon's roar
Announced that morn's returning ray,
He feared its early hopes were o'er,
And flew to everlasting day.
O, drop thy mantle, sainted shade,
On some surviving patriot name,
Who, great by thy example made,
May yet retrieve a nation's fame!
The manly genius, ardent thought,
The love of truth, and wit refined,
The eloquence that wonders wrought,
And flashed its light on every mind, —
These gifts were thine, immortal Ames!
Of motive pure, of life sublime ;
Their loss our flowing sorrow claims, —
Their praise survives the wreck of time."

President Dwight, of Yale College, remarked of Fisher Ames that few men have so much good sense, and none with whom I have conversed, a mind so ready to furnish, at every call, the facts which should be remembered, the truths which should be declared, the arguments which should be urged, language in which they might be clearly and forcibly expressed, and images with which they might be beautifully adorned. His imagination was perhaps too brilliant, and too rich. It could hardly be said that any of the pictures which it drew were ill-drawn or out of place; yet it might, I think, be truly said, that the gallery was crowded. The excess was not, however, the consequence of a defective taste, or a solicitude to shine; but the produce of a fancy over creative, always exuberant, and exerting its powers more easily in this manner than in any other. To speak and write as he actually spoke and wrote, was only to permit the thoughts and images which first offered themselves to flow from his lips or his pen.

"Mr. Ames was distinguished by a remarkable and very amiable simplicity of character. In circles where any man would have thought it an honor to shine, and where he always shone with superior lustre, he appeared entirely to forget himself, and to direct all his observations to the entertainment of the company, and the elucidation of the subject. Whenever he conversed, it was impossible to fail of receiving both instruction and delight. But the instruction flowed not from the pride of talents, or the ambition of being brilliant. Whatever was the field of thought, he expanded it; whatever was the theme of discussion, he gave it new splendor. But the manner in which he did both showed irresistibly that they were the most obvious and the least laborious employments of such a fancy. His sense of rectitude, both public and personal, was not only exact, but delicate and exquisite. His patriotism was glowing. Eminent as he was among those who were most eminent, I should more strongly covet his private character;" and President Allen says of Ames, he compelled assent more by striking allusions than by regular deductions, and for charms of conversation was unequalled. Ames was opposed to democracy, as it would end in monarchy; and was an ardent advocate of the Federal party, as being the shield of our constitution.

Though the professional brethren of Fisher Ames held him in the highest respect, they concurred with President Kirkland, who prepared the biography prefixed to his collected works, that he was more adapted for the senate than the bar. It was easy and delightful to him to illus-

trate by a picture, but painful and laborious to prove by a diagram. He was a man of purest morals, of most amiable disposition, and most sincerely beloved by his friends, among whom were some of the most eminent men of that day. He was graphically sketched by Sullivan, "as above the middle stature, and well formed. His features were not strongly marked. His forehead was neither high nor expansive. His eyes were blue and of middling size, his mouth handsome, his hair black, and short on the forehead, and in his latter years unpowdered. He was very erect, and when speaking he raised his head, or rather his chin, with the most projected part of his face. His face had a most complacent expression when he was speaking; and when he meant to be severe, it was seen in good-natured sarcasm, rather than in ill-natured words. It was said that the beautiful productions of his pen were the first flowings of his mind, and hardly corrected for the press. His life is supposed to have been shortened by his excessive anxiety about his country. Many of his predictions have been realized, and some of them in his lifetime. His air, manner and countenance, were those of an honest and sincere man. The condition of the country furnishes abundant proof that he was, politically, a wise man. All his mournful prophecies seem to be in the course of fulfilment."

Fisher Ames once said: "If every gravestone of a departed republic bore a lesson of wisdom and warning, the democrats would shut their eyes rather than look upon it. They have no idea of any principles, excepting their extremes when they are no longer principles;" and, in his Dangers of American Liberty, he asserts "it never happened in the world, and it never will, that a democracy has been kept out of the control of the fiercest and most turbulent spirits in the society. They breathe into it all their own fury, and make it subservient to the worst designs of the worst men;" and in another paragraph exclaims: "All history lies open for our warning,— open like a church-yard, all whose lessons are solemn, and chiselled for eternity in the hard stone; — lessons that whisper,— O! that they could thunder to republics,—'Your passions and your vices forbid you to be free!'"

Upon one occasion, Judge Story related the following anecdote in relation to three great men. "Samuel Dexter," said he, "was one of those men whom, as was said of Burke, if you should meet on a rainy day beneath a shed, you would at once distinguish as a great man. A few moments' conversation with Mr. Dexter showed this; and I remember that when I first met him, not knowing who he was, I

stared in wonderment,— and yet his mind was rather of a brilliant shade than a great one. Mr. Dexter was once in company with Fisher Ames and Chief Justice Marshall. The latter commenced a conversation, or rather an opinion (for he was almost solus in the dialogue), which lasted some three hours. On breaking up, the two former commenced, on their way homeward, praising the depth and learning of their noble host. Said Ames, after a short talk, 'To confess the truth, Dexter, I have not understood a word of his argument for half an hour.' 'And I,' good-humoredly rejoined Dexter, 'have been out of my depth for an hour and a half.' "

In Felt's Memorials of William S. Shaw, we find it stated by Hannah Adams, in a letter to Mr. Shaw, that in the year 1790 she sent a petition to Congress, which Mr. Ames presented at her request, for a general law to be passed which would secure to authors the exclusive right of their publications. We find, on turning to the laws of Congress, that this act, which is entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, etc., was established on the 31st of May, 1790.

The following incident regarding Fisher Ames is worthy of record. There lived in Dedham a farmer of great natural wit and smartness of repartee,— one Joseph Kingsbury,— who had a great partiality for Mr. Ames, yet would never let pass an opportunity of showing his tact, even at the expense of his friend. A town-meeting was held, at which Mr. Ames made an eloquent speech. Kingsbury, in his dirty frock and trousers, had taken a seat in the adjoining pew; and no sooner had our orator finished, than he rose and said, "Mr. Moderator, my brother Ames' eloquence reminds me of nothing but the shining of a fire-fly, which gives just light enough to show its own insignificance;" and down he sat, having thus, at a blow, by exciting the risibles of the audience, defeated the effect of Mr. Ames' eloquence.

In public speaking, Fisher Ames trusted much to excitement, and did little more in his closet than draw the outlines of his speech and reflect on it, till he had received deeply the impressions he intended to make; depending for the turns and figures, says Kirkland, of language, illustrations, and modes of appeal to the passions, on his imagination and feelings at the time. This excitement continued, when the cause had ceased to operate. After debate, his mind was agitated like the ocean after a storm, and his nerves were like the shrouds of a ship torn by the tempest. When Washington died, he pronounced his eulogy before the State Legislature. This performance, though it

contains touches of real pathos, is less impassioned than might at first be expected. The numerous funeral honors paid to the memory of this beloved man had already made a great demand on the public sensibility. Mr. Ames chose rather to dwell on the political events and acts which illustrated his character, than merely to draw tears for his loss: and it abounds in accurate discrimination and sententious wisdom.

From his knowledge of affairs, says Kirkland, and his confidential standing with those who were principals in effecting a measure regarding the public credit, he might have made himself a gainer, along with the public, by the funding system. But he consulted his lively sense of reputation by a scrupulous abstinence from participating in this advantage. He observed upon a calumny, which was uttered not because it was deserved, but because it might be believed, "I have too good proofs of the want of property for surmise to the contrary to have weight; I have much more occasion to justify myself to my family for being poor, than to repel the charge by being rich." His delicate mind and amiable temper made the contests of his public station often irksome. Though he did not allow himself to complain, yet he sometimes felt these irritations with much sensibility. "The value of friends," he observes, "is the most apparent and highest rated to those who mingle in the conflicts of political life. The sharp contests for little points wound the mind, and the ceaseless jargon of hypocrisy overpowers the faculties. I turn from scenes which provoke and disgust me, to the contemplation of the interest I have in private life, and to the pleasures of society with those friends whom I have so much reason to esteem."

Fisher Ames was a devoted member of the Episcopal church in Dedham, and ever entered with spirit and devotion into the service, by audibly responding in the litany and gloria patri. He observed to a friend, one day, after reading "Nelson on the Fasts and Feasts," that he admired the church, though he would wish to be understood that he did not consider all those holy days to be essential. It was observed to him that the Episcopal church differed very widely from the Congregational platform, in her ordination, government, and mode of worship. He replied: "The difference is what I like, and for which I give the church the preference." He directed his parish taxes to be paid to the rector of the Episcopal church, whom he requested, during his last illness, to come to his house and have the church service, and make it familiar to his family. On the Christmas eve of 1807, he had his

house decorated with green boughs, and made some beautiful observations on that ancient custom, which has become as venerable by age as the church catechism. Some time after he was a member of the church, one Madam Sprague proposed to dispose of her pew in the Congregational church at a very low rate, and which was the best pew in the house. He replied to her that he did not desire it. She then said, "If they build a new, splendid meeting-house, Mr. Ames, I presume you will return to the old society." On which he gravely replied: "No, madam; if they erect a meeting-house of silver, and line it with gold, and give me the best pew in it, I shall go to the Episcopal church."

In the poem by John Pierpont, recited at the celebration of the Newburyport Washington Benevolent Society, Oct. 27, 1812, appears this glowing tribute to Fisher Ames:

> "Then a bright spirit, free from every vice
> As was the rose that bloomed in Paradise, —
> A zeal as warm to see his country blest
> As lived in Cato's or Lycurgus' breast;
> A fancy chaste and vigorous as strong
> To holy themes Isaiah's hallowed tongue;
> And strains as eloquent as Zion heard,
> When, on his golden harp, her royal bard
> Waked to a glow devotion's dying flames,
> Flowed from the lips and warmed the soul of Ames.
> Like Memnon's harp, that breathed a mournful tone
> When on its strings the rays of morning shone,
> That stainless spirit, on approaching night,
> Was touched and saddened by prophetic light;
> And, as the vision to his view was given,
> That spirit sunk, and, sighing, fled to heaven."

TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

FEB. 11, 1800. EULOGY ON WASHINGTON. FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS GRAND LODGE.

"His administration was a satire on those who are born to rule," says Mr. Bigelow. "Making the general good the sole object of his pursuit, and carefully distinguishing the attention which was due from

him as an individual to the claims of relation and friendship, from the duties he owed to the public, he never yielded to the influence of private partiality, nor stooped to the low policy of aggrandizing his family by the gifts of office. He bestowed employments on those only who added to integrity the qualities necessary to discharge them. Patient in investigation, and cautious in research, he formed his resolutions with deliberation, and executed them with decision. Conscious of the purity of his motives, and satisfied with the propriety of his determinations,— daily estimating, also, the sacred duty of maintaining the constitutional rights of his office,— he was not to be soothed into dishonorable compliance by the blandishments of flattery, nor diverted from his purposes by the terror of numbers, or the imposing weight of public character. When a revolution, unprecedented in its kind, had involved the European world in confusion, and the flame of war was spreading into other quarters of the globe, neither the insidious attempts of the emissaries of France, nor the treacherous arts of her American adherents, could induce him to hazard our quiet. Though himself a soldier, and equal to the emergencies of war, he perceived not only the true interests of his country, but justice and humanity, enjoined a continuance of peace. He therefore wisely adjusted the misunderstandings which threatened our tranquillity, and resolved on a strict neutrality. Our own experience, and the events which have since transpired in other countries, have fully justified the measure. Yet, strange to tell, disappointed faction, despairing of success in an impeachment of his discernment or understanding, has dared here to arraign the purity of his motives. Circumstances seem to have placed him beyond the reach of suspicion. His wealth was more than sufficient for all the purposes of splendid enjoyment; he had no posterity to inherit hereditary honors; and he was surely too wise not to know that a crown would tarnish his glory,— that his own reputation was inseparably connected with the prosperity of his country,— that his fame would mount no higher than her eagle could soar. What more than he possessed could ambition pant for? What further had the world to bestow? * * * * Animated with a generous philanthropy, our deceased brother early sought admission into our ancient and honorable fraternity, at once to enable him to cherish with advantage this heavenly principle, and enlarge the sphere of its operation. He cultivated our art with sedulous attention, and never lost an opportunity of advancing the interest or promoting the honor of the

craft. While commander-in-chief of the American Revolutionary army, he countenanced the establishment and encouraged the labors of a travelling lodge among the military. He wisely considered it as a school of urbanity, well calculated to disseminate those mild virtues of the heart so ornamental to the human character, and so peculiarly useful to correct the ferocity of soldiers, and alleviate the miseries of war. The cares of his high office engrossed too much of his time to admit of his engaging in the duties of the chair; yet he found frequent opportunities to visit the lodge, and thought it no derogation from his dignity there to stand on a level with the brethren. True to our principles on all occasions, an incident once occurred which enabled him to display their influence to his foes. A body of American troops, in some successful rencounter with the enemy, possessed themselves, among other booty, of the jewels and furniture of a British travelling lodge of Masons. This property was directed by the commander-in-chief to be returned, under a flag of truce, to its former proprietors, accompanied with a message, purporting that the Americans did not make war upon institutions of benevolence."

We find a highly independent and dignified passage in the oration of Mr. Bigelow, pronounced for the Washington Benevolent Society, that deserves to be perpetuated: "Thanks be to God, we still retain the right of expressing our opinions! Nor will we ever surrender it. It is our inheritance. For let it be remembered that our ancestors, from the moment of their first landing on these shores, were always free; that their resistance to Great Britain was not so much the effect of actual suffering, as of apprehension of approaching danger. It was not the resistance of slaves, but of those who were determined never to become such. It is proverbial, in our country, that Boston is the cradle of liberty. It is not so much her cradle as her asylum; not so much her place of nurture as her citadel. If this were her birth-place, she must have been produced at once, as Minerva is said to have sprung forth from the brain of Jupiter, full-grown and complete in armor. Except a short exile at the commencement of the Revolution, this always was, and I trust always will be, her favorite abode."

Col. Timothy, the father of Hon. Timothy Bigelow, married Anna Andrews, of Worcester, an orphan, July 7, 1762. He was an intrepid adherent of the cause of the Revolution; and, after the battle of Lexington, with the assistance of General Warren, effected the removal

of the printing-press and the materials of the printing-office of the Massachusetts Spy, a decided Whig paper, conducted by Isaiah Thomas, founder of the American Antiquarian Society, incorporated in 1812. They were conveyed across Charles River to Lechmere Point, thence to Worcester, and deposited in the dwelling-house of Col. Bigelow, where the operations of this patriot paper were boldly executed. During the Revolution, many towns voted that they would have no slaves; and it is related of Col. Bigelow, that, when solicited to make sale of a slave whom he owned, he replied that, "while fighting for liberty, he would never be guilty of selling slaves." Col. Bigelow, then a major, was captured in the attack on Quebec, when Montgomery was killed. In 1777 he became a colonel in the continental army, and assisted in the capture of Burgoyne. He was active at Saratoga, Valley Forge, and West Point. After the war, he was appointed to the command of the national arsenal at Springfield, and died March 31, 1790, aged 51.

Hon. Timothy Bigelow, the second son of six children, was born at Worcester, April 30, 1767. His elementary education was at the public school of his native town; but the perils of the war suspending school operations, he entered the office of Thomas' Spy, where he was occupied during two years, in which period Benjamin Russell was also employed in the same office. In 1778 he became a pupil of Rev. Joseph Pope, of Spencer, and was finally prepared for college under the care of Hon. Samuel Dexter. He graduated at Harvard College in 1786, and on commencement day he took part in a forensic dispute, whether religious disputation promotes the interest of true piety. Mr. Bigelow engaged in the study of law, under the guidance of Levi Lincoln, senior, at Worcester. Previous to entering college, he first engaged in classical studies under the care of Benjamin, son of Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, of Hingham. Among his fellow-companions preparing for the bar, were Judge Edward Bangs, Joseph Dennie, the essayist, and Theophilus Wheeler. The insurrection of Shays occurring in 1786, these young patriots threw aside Blackstone and the dry study of law, and shouldered their muskets, and marched to Petersham as volunteers, to thwart the treasonable designs of the reckless rebels, who were soon defeated. In 1789 Mr. Bigelow entered on the practice of law at Groton, in Massachusetts. In 1806 he removed to Medford, and practised law in Boston. He was of the State Legislature during more than twenty years. He was Speaker of the House

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during eleven years. He was a State Senator during four years, and of the Executive Council during two years.

In the popular period of Freemasonry, Mr. Bigelow presided during two triennial terms at the head of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts; and, in that capacity, with a splendid escort of craftsmen, in the year 1808, made a journey to Portland, for the instalment of officers of the Grand Lodge of Maine. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and vice-president of the American Antiquarian Society. He was an originator of the institution of Middlesex Husbandmen. His devoted taste for horticulture prompted him to adopt a tasteful plan of ornamental gardening around his mansion at Medford, which his social spirit made the seat of hospitality, and where were exhibited domestic virtues rendering his society as desirable as his public career was eminent. He was profoundly endowed with a knowledge of theology, and was so well versed in Greek and Hebrew as to easily read the Scriptures in the original languages.

In a period of political excitement, when an anonymous writer in Dr. Park's Repertory was pouring out his political philippics, inflaming the whole State, Mr. Bigelow, having a great desire to know who he was, proceeded to the printing-office, where he remarked that he was somewhat familiar with case-work, and requested leave to try his hand; on which, some manuscript copy was passed to him, when, seizing the composing-stick, he set up several lines, and immediately recognizing the hand-writing as that of the famous John Lowell, he quitted the office, rejoiced at the discovery.

There are those living who remember the eminent position sustained by Mr. Bigelow, both in law and politics. They have not forgotten the manly dignity which he sustained in presiding over the Legislature of the State; nor of his remarkable memory, which enabled him to call all the seven hundred members of that house by name, on the second day after they had assembled; nor the unexampled influence which he exercised over that body during sessions of intense political excitement. They may be able to repeat a few of his brilliant sayings and admirable repartees; but this is all that can now be related of his wit, which ever shone at the bar and in the halls of legislation, and enlivened the social banquet, for which he was not excelled by any of his associates, of whom were Strong, Gore, Dexter, and Otis. A few printed orations are all that inform the present day of the clear reason, strong logic, and fervid eloquence, which marked the advocate

and the politician, and which rendered his control over juries and popular gatherings almost unbounded. His exordium on the immortality of the soul, in his oration on Samuel Dana, is worthy of a divine. It should be stated, moreover, that several of his speeches and reports are to be found in the papers of the day, and may still be read by men of taste with applause who embrace his political views, and with veneration by his opponents. Some of those who loved him best can declare how honorable was his legal and political course, and how scrupulous he was in observing the duties of religion. But these memorials are all that can be gathered of this eminent civilian; and before many of these have faded away, a learned scion of the stock, the Rev. Dr. Bigelow, would perform a great public service by gathering memoirs and remains of his venerated father, embracing orations, political speeches, and legal arguments that he has delivered, to be published in a permanent form.

Mr. Bigelow was a ready speaker, and during a practice of thirty-two years he argued more cases than any one of the profession in New England. Possessing rare wit, as we have said, and force of argument, with fluent narrative powers, his society was endeared to all that knew him. His figure was tall, and courtesy graced his manners. He was an ardent friend of the old Federal party. His oration for the Washington Benevolent Society is one of the best specimens of political spirit in that burning period. He was an honored member of the greatly-defamed Hartford Convention. May our country ever have such men as Cabot, Otis, Bliss, Dane, Prescott, and Bigelow,—not forgetting Baylies, Thomas, Waldo, Lyman, Wilde, and Longfellow! The gathering of this venerable convocation was the principal means of hastening the peace with Great Britain, and the contest advanced the glory of the nation.

Mr. Bigelow married Lucy, daughter of Judge Oliver Prescott, of Groton, September, 1791. His children were, Katharine, who married Hon. Abbott Lawrence, minister at the court of St. James. Rev. Dr. Andrew, formerly of Medford and Taunton, minister at large for Boston, and author of Leaves of a Journal in North Britain and Ireland, also Notes of Travels in Sicily and Malta; whose life of philanthropy will sweeten his last days. Hon. John Prescott, formerly Secretary of State, of the Executive Council, and Mayor of Boston, elected in 1849. When at the festival in Faneuil Hall, on the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, September 17,

1830, Mayor Bigelow gave the forthcoming sentiment: "The two most celebrated cradles in history,—the cradle of Hercules, and this old Cradle of Liberty: Both memorable for the energy of their infant occupants in resisting the emissaries of oppression." Edward, a brother beloved, who died in 1838; Francis, a merchant of Boston; and two daughters, one of whom married Henry Stevens, Esq., a merchant of New York. Hon. Timothy Bigelow died in Medford, May 18, 1821.

JOHN DAVIS.

FEB. 19, 1800. EULOGY ON WASHINGTON. FOR THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Was born at Plymouth, Jan. 25, 1761. Graduated at Harvard College in 1781; and when he took his degree, his theme was a poem on "Commencement." He became teacher in the family of Gen. Joseph Otis, a brother of the patriot. He prepared for the bar under the direction of Benjamin, a son of General Benjamin Lincoln, and completed under Oakes Angier, Esq., of Bridgewater. He married Ellen Watson, June 7, 1786, and was elected as a delegate to the convention on the adoption of the federal constitution in 1788, and last of the survivors. Was a senator for Plymouth county in 1795, and a Comptroller of the United States Treasury in 1795. Was appointed by Washington U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts. In 1801 he was appointed by President Adams a judge of the U. S. District Court for this State. Was counsellor of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and member of that institution, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society, from their foundation. Judge Davis was treasurer of Harvard University, member of the corporation and board of overseers of that college, and member of the N. E. Genealogical Historical Society. He was also a delegate to the Massachusetts convention on revising the State constitution, in 1820. He devised the city seal, with this inscription, adopted by Boston on its incorporation, Feb. 23, 1822: "As with our fathers, so may God be with us." Judge Davis resigned his station as district judge of U. S. Court,

July, 1841, on which occasion he said to the court, "It is painful to employ the solemn word dissolved. Our official connection will cease; but reciprocal esteem and good-will will, I trust, remain in continued exercise." Judge Davis was present at the festival in Faneuil Hall on the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, on which occasion he advanced the following sentiment, "History and poetry,— Blackstone's spring and the Pierian spring: 'To keep the Pilgrims' memory green,' Boston is satisfied." This occurred after the delivery of the oration by Quincy, and the poem by Sprague.

Judge Davis was one of the most profound antiquarians in New England. His learned notes to Morton's New England Memorial have done more to incite research into the history of the Pilgrim Fathers than any other work. It created a new era in antiquarian lore; and, had he possessed the active vigor of Camden of Old England, he would have been his rival in New England.

On the occasion of a dinner party, at which Judge Story and others eminent in the legal profession were present, the conversation turned upon the comparative advantages of the different periods of life. Some preferred for enjoyment youth and manhood; others ascribed more satisfactions to old age. When the opinion of Judge Davis was asked, he said, with his usual calm simplicity of manner, "In the warm season of the year, it is my delight to be in the country; and, every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the window, and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them when the moon is up, fill me with indescribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see these leaves falling, one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes; for I experience a new and higher satisfaction, as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond."

The following version of Judge Davis' sentiment on the autumn of life, is from the hand of Allen C. Spooner, Esq.:

"Before my door, in summer's heat,
  Proudly the elms their branches spread;
Cool verdure sprang beneath my feet,
  And shadows played around my head;
Joyful I passed the sultry hours,
And mocked the sun's meridian power.

"But when, with withering hand, the frost
Shrivelled the leaves, and, gaunt and bare,
Their naked arms the elm-trees tossed,
While autumn tempests rent the air,
I mourned the summer's glories fled,
And copious tears of sadness shed.

"When winter came, and, cold and still,
The ice-king forged his frozen chain,
And over snow-clad vale and hill
Midnight assumed her solemn reign,
Forth-looking from my window-bars,
Through the stripped limbs I saw the stars.

"Thus earthly loves, like summer leaves,
Gladden, but intercept our view ;
But when bereft, the spirit grieves,
And hopes are crushed, and comforts few.
Lo ! in the depth of sorrow's night
Beams forth from far celestial light."

Judge Davis once said: "In the happy country which we inhabit, we find from its earliest history principles of polity and rules of conduct have prevailed that give it an honorable rank among the nations, and to which our unexampled growth and prosperity must, in a degree, be ascribed. In its infant condition, a sober regard to the happiness of men, through the whole of their existence, distinguished its illustrious founders. Their scrupulous care to render satisfaction for a scanty portion of grain which the erratic savage had left buried in the sand manifests their delicate regard to justice. And when we follow a Winslow travelling through the wilderness to visit the sick sachem Masassoit, we behold an amiable example of that mercy which droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven. 'Faithful to ourselves,' said the revered Washington, 'we have violated no obligations to others.'" In allusion to the spirit of American social polity, Judge Davis remarked, at another time, "Onward, ever onward, *more majorum* in the march of improvement and advancement of human happiness."

How inexpressibly beautiful was his own estimation of old age! Simplicity and truthfulness, says Dr. Francis, were essential elements of his whole being. No provocation could tempt him to be unjust to any person or subject. The evenness of his mind and the serenity of his spirit had a sedative effect on the ruffled feelings of others. The very atmosphere of his presence was a restraint on impetuosity. He died Jan. 14, 1847.

JOSEPH HALL.

JULY 4, 1800. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Joseph Hall was born April 26, 1761, in Portland-street, Boston; graduated at Harvard College in 1781; student at law with Col. Benjamin Hichborn, and married Anna Adams in 1787; he married a second time, Sarah, a daughter of Ellis Gray. On the evening of the march of the British regulars upon Lexington and Concord, he was despatched by his father to Roxbury, in order to convey intelligence to General Warren of the intended attack. His father had learned at that early period the purpose for which the troops were mustering, through a domestic in the family, who was intimate with one of the nurses employed in the military hospital near the family residence, in Portland-street. In 1786 Mr. Hall was an aid to Major General Brooks, in Shays' Insurrection. In 1788 he was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He was a Boston representative. In 1818 he was appointed High Sheriff of Suffolk. In 1825 he succeeded Judge Dawes as judge of Suffolk Probate, which station he resigned in 1836. Judge Hall died April 15, 1848.

A prominent feature in the character of Judge Hall was a manly and decided honesty, which was exhibited in a striking incident. The treaty with Great Britain, conducted by John Jay, was, like the Mexican treaty of 1847, surreptitiously disclosed previous to its confirmation in the Senate. This treaty was at first violently contested. In Boston opposition to it was decided. On the 10th of July, 1795, a town-meeting was held at Boston, and, amid universal enthusiasm, a vote was passed appointing a committee to report objections to the articles of the treaty, that the same may be returned to President Washington. This committee reported at an adjourned meeting, held July 13; and, according to the town records, this report was unanimously accepted. The record is not strictly correct. One person had the firmness to oppose their measures,—and that man was Joseph Hall. The Rev. S. K. Lothrop, his last pastor, states that he received the facts from his own lips. Mr. Hall stood in the gallery at Faneuil Hall, and, before the question was put, addressed the audience. Being at this time a young man of popular character, and an energetic

speaker, he readily gained listening ears; but the moment it was perceived he intended to advocate the treaty, in opposition to their proposed measures, he was overwhelmed with groans and hisses. He persevered, however, in stating boldly his arguments for approving the treaty, and opposing the doings of the town. Mr. Hall concluded his speech by reprobating a proceeding which he said would have a tendency to unsenatorize the Senate. The citizens, excited already by the publication in the Chronicle, were frenzied by the inflammatory eloquence of Dr. Jarvis, the unrivalled declaimer of the day, who instantly caught the expression. "The gentleman," exclaimed he, "would not unsenatorize the Senate: I will never consent to unpopularize the people." Old Faneuil Hall rang with applauding shouts, and the measure was adopted with acclamation. The public excitement was so strong that mobs paraded the streets of Boston, and in one of which was a riotous procession of watermelon lanterns, with the intention of burning John Jay in effigy. Several of the boys engaged in it declared, when they were taken into custody, that Mr. Benjamin Austin, Jr., had given them one shilling and sixpence each to effect this design; and it was thus celebrated by a satirical poet:

> "To acts of bribery it belongs the prize,
> Let my bold fête of yesternight suffice,
> When half the school-boys in the town I paid,
> Our streets in mob-like phalanx to parade,
> A melon lanthorn on a pole display,
> And burn it for an effigy of Jay."

In less than one year from that time,— on the 27th of April, 1796, — Mr. Hall had the satisfaction of witnessing another town-meeting, so densely crowded that it was necessary to adjourn from Faneuil Hall to the Old South Church, at which, chiefly through the influence of an eloquent speech delivered by Harrison Gray Otis, it was voted, almost unanimously, to address a memorial to Congress, urging that body to make the necessary appropriations to fulfil the stipulations of the treaty. The memorial was signed by thirteen hundred citizens of Boston. At this final meeting the rolling thunder of Jarvis was again heard; but a new and bright planet blazed through the darkness, and dispelled the clouds. Harrison Gray Otis for the first time came before the people on a political question; and they, to their admiration, discovered that the talent of popular eloquence was not a monopoly.

Bishop Cheverus, afterwards a cardinal, in the rapture of his admiration, threw his arms around Otis, and while tears were streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed, "Future generations, young man, will rise up and call thee blessed!"

Dr. Charles Jarvis was one of the greatest orators that ever controlled the people in Faneuil Hall. He was both vehement and ardent; and when he went over to the Jacobin party, the Boston political poet thus apostrophized, in the Federal Orrery of 1795, edited by Paine:

"Much I regret from power thy forced retreat,
By Ames out-voted, and by Woodward beat;
Was it for this, before the listening throng,
You poured the patriot torrent of your tongue?
* * * *
Then shall thy sons, oh goddess, never more
From anti-Federal throats their voices pour.
Your warmest friends will suffer fresh defeat,
And Ames, your bitterest foe, retain his seat;
On our whole corps contempt and scandal fall,
And universal ruin whelm us all.
* * * *
Yet to thyself, regretted Charles, return, —
Bid that warm heart with nobler passions burn;
With conscious pride those twining weeds disclaim,
That kill the laurels of thy former fame."

The candidate for Congress, in opposition to Fisher Ames, besides Samuel Adams, was Charles Jarvis, who, it is said, forsook the old Federal party, and became a leader of the Jefferson party,—an orator of tall, fine person, expression and voice; fluent, accurate and graceful, in oratory; with a head bald, and face rather large, beautifully shaped, an aquiline nose, small, piercing eyes, and remarkably expressive countenance. He was characterized by Gardiner as the Bald Eagle of the Boston seat.

Dr. Jarvis was accustomed to pause in his eloquence, when he had said something which he thought impressive, and to look round upon his audience for the effect; and he never seemed to fail of success. It is said that, in early life, he was one of a party given to fox-hunting and cock-fighting; and, meeting a friend shortly previous to an evening lecture, who inquired if he should attend there, Jarvis replied that he did not know that he should be ready in season. On this, a game-cock, which he had concealed under his cloak, most lustily

crowed, to the surprise of his friend, who was satisfied that his mind was unfitted for devotion at that time.

He was born in Boston in 1748, and married the sister of Sir William Pepperell; was appointed by Jefferson surgeon to the Marine Hospital at Charlestown; in 1788 was a delegate to the Massachusetts convention, and was of the State Legislature until 1796. Dr. Jarvis was elected president of the Society of Republican Citizens, gathered at the State-house July 4, 1803, on which occasion he gave this sentiment: "May the light of Heaven disappear, before the people of this country shall cease to be free." This was probably the first democratic society in Massachusetts. He was of ready conception and acute penetration, highly popular, until his opinions on Jay's Treaty and the French Revolution left him in the minority. Dr. Jarvis, in the last days of his existence, when he had given up all hopes of life, remarked, with composure, that he should not die like a certain French philosopher, who boasted that he died without hope and without fear; for, though he should die without fear, he should not die without hope. Benjamin Austin said of Charles Jarvis, that he was a Demosthenes in eloquence, a Cato in integrity, a Howard in philanthropy, and a Sidney in patriotism. It is said of Jarvis in the poem "The Demos in Council":

> "A fairer intellect, more active mind,
> Warped not from truth and government;
> For his tongue dropt manna, and could sometimes
> Make the worse appear the better reason."

CHARLES PAINE.

JULY 4, 1801. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Charles Paine was a son of Hon. Robert Treat Paine, and born at Taunton, Aug. 30, 1776; entered the Boston Latin School in 1782; graduated at Harvard College in 1793, when he engaged in a conference on the comparative advantages which have resulted to mankind from the mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing; was a counsellor-at-law, a partner of Harrison Gray Otis, and married Sarah, a daughter of Brig. Gen. Charles Cushing, clerk of the Suffolk

courts. He delivered an address for the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, in 1808. Mr. Paine was a young man of great powers of wit and force of character. Had he not died in early life, it is highly probable that he would have risen to eminence. He died in Boston, Feb. 15, 1810.

WILLIAM EMERSON.

JULY 4, 1802. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

"The dust of Zion," says Emerson, "was precious to the exiled Jew, and in her very stones and ruins he contemplated the resurrection of her walls, and the augmented magnificence of her towers. A new glory, too, shall yet overspread our beloved constitution. The guardian God of America — he who heard the groans of her oppression, and led her hosts to victory and peace — has still an ear for her complaints, and an arm for her salvation. That confidence in his care which consists in steadfastness to his eternal statutes will dispel the clouds which darken her hemisphere.

"Ye, therefore, to whom the welfare of your country is dear, unite in the preservation of the Christian, scientific, political, and military institutions of your fathers. This high tribute is due to those venerable sages who established this Columbian festival, to the surviving officers and soldiers of that army which secured your rights with the sword, and to the memory of their departed brethren. You owe it to the ashes of him who, whether considered as a man among men, or an hero among heroes, will command the love and admiration of every future age. Yes, immortal Washington! amidst all the rancor of party and war of opinions, we will remember thy dying voice, which was raised against the madness of innovation: 'We will cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to our national union, accustoming ourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of our political safety and prosperity.' You owe it to his great successor, who has now carried into retirement the sublime and delightful consciousness of having been an everlasting benefactor to his country. Enjoy, illustrious man, both here and hereafter, the recompense of the wise and good! And may the principles of free government which you have developed, and the

constitutions which you have defended, continue the pride of America, until the earth, palsied with age, shall shake the mountains from their bases, and empty her oceans into the immensity of space! You owe it to the civil fathers of this commonwealth, and in particular to him who, thrice raised to its highest dignity, watches over its immunities with painful diligence, and governs it with unrivalled wisdom, moderation, and clemency. You owe it, in fine, Americans, to yourselves, to your posterity and to mankind."

William Emerson was son of Rev. William Emerson, of Concord, Mass., who left his church in 1776 to serve as chaplain in the army at Ticonderoga; and was born at Concord, May, 1769; graduated at Harvard College in 1789, when he engaged in a colloquy on the comparative value of riches, knowledge, and refinement of manners; was installed as pastor of the church in Harvard, 1792, and installed as pastor of the First Church in Boston, in 1799. He was Phi Beta Kappa orator in 1789. In 1805 he was elected the first vice-president of the Literary Anthology Club, and was editor of the Monthly Anthology. It was on his motion, seconded by William Smith Shaw, the vote to establish a library of periodical publications was adopted by the society; and this was the first step towards the establishment of the Boston Athenæum. Mr. Emerson prepared a history of the First Church in Boston, a work which will ever identify him with antiquarian research. He published several occasional discourses, and died May 11, 1811.

He was a devoted student, and of chaste classical taste, both in composition and rhetoric, and was a graceful and dignified speaker. The sweetness of his demeanor, being attended with general courtesy, was a ready passport to the heart. Though he had not the fervor that rouses the many, or the originality to overpower the few, the elegance of his style, united to his natural equanimity and kindness of heart, gave him devoted admirers. He married Ruth Haskins, of Boston, Oct. 25, 1796. His son, Ralph Waldo Emerson, formerly pastor of the Second Church in Boston, is an ingenious writer, of peculiar fame.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

JULY 4, 1803. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

"THE evils which are said to menace our happiness," remarks Sullivan, "are attributed to the monarchical and aristocratical tendencies of our government on the one part, and to its democratical preponderance on the other. We are told that there are men among us who covet distinctions incompatible with the general welfare,—distinctions which will require the radiance of monarchy and the force of obedient legions to cherish and support them. The throne, it is said, must first be established, because it is the fountain of honor, whence is to flow the stream which is to render its partakers illustrious and noble. A throne could be established only by the will of the people, or by military power. Who will be mad enough to expect such a will amongst people who possess the best information, and to whom death and dependence have equal terrors? And whence do the plottings of turpitude, or the dreams of imbecility, pretend to gather that force which is to vanquish a people who have arms in their hands, and whose hearts are the dwellings of valor?

"It is often repeated, that aristocrats will raise the storm of civil discord, and will direct its course to the accomplishment of their designs. Can it be seriously pretended that men, who must be allowed to have some understanding,—men who must know something of the history of their species,—men to whom are secured, by the admired results of legislation, their patrimonial possessions and their fruits of industry,—men who enjoy all that life can give,—will court the bloodiest conflicts, and hazard everything dear to them, to obtain an empty titular distinction? They who tell us that such distinctions are pursued seek to deceive us. They do not tell the truth. Well do they know that, with whatever materials and by whatever hands the fabric of nobility may be raised, it will rise only to fall, and to crush its short-sighted founders. The informed and the opulent ask only that their country may be saved from the horrors of democracy. They want no other nobility than that which springs from the union of wisdom with goodness; a nobility whose orders are registered in heaven; a nobility founded by the Author of the universe.

"It is not from monarchy—it is not from aristocracy—that dangers

threaten; but do they not threaten from democracy? In the affairs of men there is no test of truth but experience; and experience proves that, whenever free governments have been lost, their loss is dated from the innovations of those who pronounce themselves patriots and friends of the people. Our republic is said to resemble that of Carthage more than any other of ancient times. Like us, its citizens cultivated letters, arms, and commerce. It flourished in remarkable splendor during five hundred years, and was that power which opposed the most formidable resistance to the dominion of Rome. The evils which arose from popular turbulence at length enabled the Romans to enumerate among their triumphs the total destruction of the Carthaginian people. Such was the debasement which preceded their last days, that they were reproached with having wept for the loss of their jewels, while the loss of their honor and of their liberties could not command a sigh."

William Sullivan was the second son of Gov. James Sullivan, whose father, John, came from Ireland in 1730, as passenger in a ship which was driven by stress of weather into a port on the coast of Maine, and settled at Berwick, then a town of Massachusetts.

The subject of this sketch was born at Saco, in the District of Maine, Nov. 12, 1774; entered the Latin School in 1781, and was prepared for college under the instruction of Rev. Phillips Payson, D. D., of Chelsea, near Boston; and graduated at Harvard College in 1792, at which time he took part in a conference on law, physic, and divinity. He engaged in the study of law under the direction of his father, was admitted to the Suffolk bar at the July term of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1795, and married Sarah Webb, a daughter of Col. James Swan, of Dorchester, Mass., May, 1802. He soon became an eminent counsellor. At this period, it was his habit to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and closely engage in study. He thus acquired that taste for intense application which led him gradually into such sedentary practice that shortened his days. In the year 1803 he pronounced the oration on our national independence; and it is related that it effected such a strong impression, that it led to his election to the House of Representatives in 1804, and was afterwards elected to the Senate and Executive Council, until his withdrawal in 1830. In 1820 Mr. Sullivan was a delegate to the convention on the revision of the State constitution, and was appointed by the convention to draft an address to the people, which accompanied the amendments, and was published Jan. 9, 1821. He was major of the Independent Cadets, a member of the

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and brigadier-general of the Boston militia. In 1812 Mr. Sullivan pronounced the first oration for the Washington Benevolent Society; a zealous political effort, in which, remarking of Washington, he says: "If, from the abode which his virtues have acquired to him, he can behold the concerns of men,— if the hearts of this assembly are open to him,— he sees that we have continued to deserve his praise and benedictions;" and, in 1814, he was elected president of this political institution, which was opposed to the war with Great Britain. In 1815 Gen. Sullivan, H. G. Otis, and Thomas H. Perkins, were appointed by the State Legislature as commissioners to the government at Washington, to present the resolves of the State in relation to the contest with Great Britain. Gen. Sullivan was one of the committee of the town of Boston who reported a city charter, and was the author of the sections on theatrical amusements, and of the bill providing for the establishment of a police court. He was elected to the city Council, on its institution, in 1822. He was president of the Social Law Library of Suffolk, originated by Hon. Judge Jackson; and in 1824 proposed the establishment of a Historical Law Library. When Lafayette dined with the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, August, 1824, Gen. Sullivan gave the sentiment herewith: "Minerva, Apollo, and the Muses, who have done themselves so much honor this day in their homage to Mars." He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Gen. Sullivan was an elegant belles-lettres scholar, an accomplished gentleman, remarkable for bland and affable manners, and persuasive oratory. His eloquence at Faneuil Hall was truly captivating, but not of so masterly stamp as that of his compeer, Otis. Mr. Sullivan once said, "A man may be a profound lawyer, yet no advocate; but he cannot be an advocate without being a lawyer:" and it may be fairly said of him, that he united both qualities in himself; for his eloquence at the bar and in political assemblies, and his sagacity as counsel, embodied as much effective power as did his rhetoric. What Justice Story remarked, in allusion to Samuel Dexter, may be with great propriety applied to William Sullivan, that no man was ever more exempt from finesse or cunning, in addressing a jury. He disdained the little arts of sophistry or popular appeal. It was in his judgment something more degrading than the sight of Achilles playing with a lady's distaff.

Mr. Sullivan was about six feet in height, and well formed. He was

dignified and moderate in his gait; and rather reserved in manners, on the first approach, but very agreeable on acquaintance. His manners were those of olden time, and would more deeply wound with a formal bow, than many men, less dignified, with a blow. He used to say that dignified civility, founded on self-respect, was a gentleman's weapon and defence. He delighted to have his family about him, and see them happy. His son says of him, in a biographical sketch prefixed to an edition of his "Public Men of the Revolution," published since his decease: "Oftentimes he would steal an hour from his professional duties, to remain after dinner with his children at the table, where agreeable conversation, song and anecdote, softened the cold realities of life, and united more closely the natural ties of affection which bound his circle together. He was attentive to the education of his daughters, and many of his works were originally written with a particular view to their instruction."

In order to illustrate the narrative powers of Gen. Sullivan, we cite a reminiscence of Gen. Knox, in which he was concerned, to whom we have frequently alluded. The son gives this relation, as near as he can remember, in Sullivan's own language. "Generals Knox, Lincoln and Jackson, had been companions in the Revolution; had laughed, eaten and drank, fought and lived, together, and were on the most intimate terms. They loved each other to a degree but little known among men of the present day. After the struggle of the war, they retired to their homes, and were all comfortable in their worldly circumstances, if not rich; but Knox, possessing large tracts of land in the State of Maine, upon the rapid sales of which he confidently relied, imagined himself more wealthy than he was, and lived in luxurious style. He built himself a superb mansion at Thomaston, Me., where all his friends met with a cordial welcome, and enjoyed the most liberal hospitality. It was not an unusual thing for Knox to kill, in summer, when great numbers of friends visited him, an ox and twenty sheep on every Monday morning, and to make up an hundred beds daily in his own house. He kept, for his own use and that of his friends, twenty saddle-horses, and several pairs of carriages, in his stables. This expensive style of living was too much for his means, as he was disappointed in the sale of his lands; and he was forced to borrow sums of money on the credit of his friends, Generals Lincoln and Jackson. He soon found himself involved to a large amount, and was obliged to acquaint his friends of his embarrassments, into which he

had unfortunately drawn them. Lincoln was at that time collector of the port of Boston, and occupied a house in State-street, now torn down, part of which he used for the custom-house, and part he occupied as his dwelling. It was agreed that the three should meet there, and a full exposition of Knox's affairs be made known. I was applied to as counsel on the occasion, and was the first one who came at the time appointed. Jackson soon entered; after him, Knox; and almost immediately, Lincoln came in. They seated themselves in a semicircle, whilst I took my place at the table, for the purpose of drawing up the necessary papers, and taking the notes of this melancholy disclosure. These men had often met before, but never in a moment of such sorrow. Both Lincoln and Jackson knew and felt that Knox, the kindest heart in the world, had unwittingly involved them. They were all too full to speak, and maintained for some minutes a sorrowful silence. At last, as if moved by the same impulse, they raised their eyes. Their glances met, and Knox burst into tears. Soon, however, Lincoln rose, brushed the tear from his eye, and exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, this will never do! We came hither to transact business; let us attend to it.' This aroused the others, and Knox made a full disclosure of his affairs. Although Lincoln and Jackson suffered severe losses, it never disturbed the feelings of friendship and intimacy which had existed between these generous-hearted men."

We will introduce another reminiscence related by Gen. Sullivan. "Soon after the war had been declared, I chanced to be at Saratoga Springs, where I met with the Hon. Calvin Goddard, of Norwich, Ct., and with Hon. Jon. Dwight, of Springfield, Mass. Gov. Griswold, of Connecticut, was also at the hotel, but confined to his chamber. It was the habit of these gentlemen and myself to pay the governor a daily visit; and, when he announced himself too ill to receive us, we strolled into the neighboring woods to talk over the state of the Union, respecting the welfare and durability of which we entertained serious and painful fears. On one of these occasions, it was concluded that a convention should be gathered at New York, during the following September, at which as many States should be represented as could be induced to send delegates. The object of this convention was to determine upon the expediency of Madison's reëlection, by running De Witt Clinton as the opposing candidate for the presidency. Goddard was intrusted with the State of Connecticut, Dwight with New York, and I was to awaken Massachusetts to the importance of this convention,

while all three were to assist in rousing the other States. The convention met at New York, September, 1812; and eleven States were represented by seventy delegates. The convention during two days had been unable to come to any determination; and, on the third day, were about dissolving, without any fixed plan of operation. Hon. Rufus King had pronounced the most impassioned invective against Clinton, and was so excited, during his address, that his knees trembled under him. Governeur Morris doubted much the expediency of this measure, and was seconded in these doubts by Theo. Sedgwick, as well as by Judge Hopkinson. Many of the members were desirous of returning to Philadelphia by the steamboat, at two o'clock, P. M., of the third day. It was approaching the hour, and nothing had been determined, when Mr. Otis arose, apparently much embarrassed, holding his hat in his hand, and seeming as if he were almost sorry he had arisen. Soon he warmed with the subject, his hat fell from his hand, and he poured forth a strain of eloquence that chained all present to their seats; and when, at a late hour, the vote was taken, it was almost unanimously resolved to support Clinton. This effort was unprepared, but only proves how entirely Mr. Otis deserves the reputation he enjoys of being a great orator."

Mr. Sullivan will ever deserve the gratitude of the public for his excellent moral and political productions. The Political Class-book entitles him to the reputation of having first introduced the study of the nature and principles of our government into the schools of our land; and he was promptly followed by Judge Story and President Duer, with works of like nature. Such labors are indications of a return to the days of Socrates and Plato, of Cicero and Quintilian. The Moral Class-book, The Historical Class-book, Historical Causes and Effects, from the Fall of the Roman Empire, 476, to the Reformation, 1517. He published a discourse, delivered for the Pilgrim Society, at Plymouth, 1829; a Discourse on Intemperance, 1832. In 1837 he published a little treatise on "Sea Life: or what may or may not be done, and what ought to be done, by Shipowners, Shipmasters, Mates, and Seamen." He published a highly antiquarian address to the members of the bar of Suffolk, Mass., March, 1824, giving a view of legal practice from the earliest date.

During the last ten years of his life, Mr. Sullivan declined professional business, being only counsellor for a few institutions who were unwilling to lose the benefit of his advice. His last days were devoted

to studies purely moral and historical. He said to an intimate friend, who expressed extreme regret that he had retired from his profession: "I believe I mistook, in my selection of a profession, the course most favorable to my happiness; for I have never been conscious of real enjoyment, or of the true bent of my talents, if I have any, until I devoted myself to literature."

At the centennial celebration of Harvard College, Gen. Sullivan, in concluding an eloquent speech, gave the sentiment: "May the educated conscientiously remember that they are the trustees of knowledge, for the use and benefit of those who have been less fortunate than themselves."

An intimate friend of Sullivan remarked of him: "His manners among his friends and intimate associates were very delightful. He was not forgetful of himself, nor unaware of his talents for conversation; but his habitual kindness of heart and the natural nobleness of his character, gave him, in a very unusual measure, the power of calling out from his guests whatever there was in them which was most interesting; and many a person has left his table with the feeling that, although he might elsewhere have seen men who talked more, he had never been himself so agreeable. Mr. Sullivan never forgot a friend, nor failed to requite, with ample interest, any kindness. He accordingly sought out, and was constantly entertaining at his table, or in the charming evening parties which he gathered in his parlors, persons from various parts of the country, whose only claim was some slight attention paid, perhaps many years before, to Mr. Sullivan, or some of his friends." He possessed extreme pride of character, and never deviated from a certain course of conduct and demeanor, which secured to him the esteem of friends, and the respect of all who came in contact with him, both in public and in private life. His style of writing was simple and clear, full of anecdote, and often conversational. As an author, he shone like a brilliant star. His style was smooth, chaste and classical. His Public Men of the Revolution is almost inimitable for its images of real character. He was a Federalist of the Washington school, and tenaciously opposed to the policy of Jefferson; and his own principles are clearly developed in this work.

THOMAS DANFORTH.

JULY 4, 1804. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

The Monthly Anthology states of this production, that its political sentiments are dignified, and evince that the author glows with a patriotic zeal for the honor and happiness of his country. We take this opportunity to remark that it was pronounced in a superior style of elocution. To the clear and commanding tone of voice, the animated expression, and elegant gesture, of the orator, combined with the justness of the sentiment and its unison with the feelings of the audience, must we attribute the enthusiasm with which it was received. He unfolds the dangers to which our country is exposed from mere faction and party rage, those avenging angels, delighting in the calamity of republics.

"In all governments there must be a preponderating influence,—a sovereign power,—doubtless deriving its origin from the people, but guaranteed by fundamental laws, in order that the liberty of all may not be the sport of the licentiousness of any. There never has, and there never will exist a true democracy. If, says the elegant author of the social compact, 'there were a people of gods, they might be governed democratically; a state so perfect will never belong to man.' In our own government, so happily blended and equipoised the powers of state, that, though sovereignty exists, it may be said never to remain fixed, but, like the vibrations of the pendulum, gives to every part and portion its uniform spring and action. The federal compact is not merely the sketch of liberty; it is the work complete; it is the only government under heaven yet known where every man may be said to exercise his right in the aggregate system of power. Founded in reason and the analogy of nature, like the fair form of the human body, it exhibits the beauty, strength and proportions, of a well-ordered system. The executive is its brain, the judiciary its lungs, and the legislative its whole heart, circulating the very pabulum of its existence, and issuing the powers which warm and invigorate its remotest extremities. As essential to the existence of our bodies as are the brain, lungs or heart, equally as essential are the distinct and independent branches of our government to its life and preservation. Drawn out of the experience of ages, it contains the principles of a republic, sublimely rectified. It is the palladium of your future peace,—a bond of union

and obligation, which, when violated, will convulse to its centre the delicate frame of your liberty."

Thomas Danforth, the son of the eminent Dr. Samuel Danforth, was born in Boston, July 31, 1772; entered the Latin School in 1781; graduated at Harvard College in 1792, when he engaged in a conference on the comparative importance of the American, French, and Polish revolutions, upon mankind; married Elizabeth, daughter of Jarathmiel Blowers, of Somerset, Mass., March, 1800; was a physician; and died in Dorchester, July 12, 1817.

Dr. Danforth delivered a discourse for the Massachusetts Humane Society, in 1808, which was published.

WARREN DUTTON.

JULY 4, 1805. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

While Russell's Centinel remarks of Dutton's oration that it was a spirited and well-adapted production, the Independent Chronicle says, that, had Pitt deputed missionaries to this rescued nation, to debauch the public mind from the fair knowledge of political truth, they could not, in our feeble judgment, have used language more fitted for such purposes. But, as the governor (Strong) sat and heard these declamatory arts without evincing displeasure at their apparent disloyalty, we must resign our opinion to the more correct authority of the public.

Mr. Dutton was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, and married Eliza, daughter of Judge Lowell; was a counsellor-at-law, and the first editor of the New England Palladium; a delegate to the State convention for revising the constitution, in 1820; a representative in the State Legislature, and of the State Senate. In 1800 Mr. Dutton gave the poem at the commencement at Yale College, on the Present State of Literature; and an address to the Suffolk Bar, in 1819.

EBENEZER FRENCH.

JULY 4, 1805. FOR THE YOUNG DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS, AT THE CHURCH OF REV. JOHN MURRAY.

Ebenezer French was born in Boston, and was a practical printer. The oration at the head of this article, and another, delivered at Portland, in 1806, on our national independence, were published, and are in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. French was in early life married to Mrs. Hannah Grice, the widow of Samuel Bangs, of Boston, after having been previously engaged to her beautiful daughter. A rare incident here in romance,— the mother stole from the daughter the heart of her young lover! After the delivery of the oration in Boston, the young Republicans proceeded to Faneuil Hall, where, on partaking a rich repast, the following sentiment was advanced by Benjamin Austin, the great apostle of democracy, who was elected president of the Society of Republican Young Men at this time: "The young Republican orator of the day: May our young men never lose, by the subtlety of their enemies, those blessings transmitted to them by their Republican ancestors." Mr. Austin viewed the people and the constitution of the United States as the real sentinels and palladiums of American independence.

Mr. French was an inspector of the customs in 1810, and in the next year he became a publisher of the Boston Patriot, in company with Isaac Munroe; where they continued until 1814, when they sold the paper to Mr. Ballard, and both removed to Baltimore, where they established a new journal, under the name of the Baltimore Patriot, a paper of wide political influence.

FRANCIS DANA CHANNING.

JULY 4, 1806. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

This oration was not printed. Mr. Channing was born at Newport, R. I., and brother of Rev. William Ellery Channing. He graduated

at Harvard College in 1794, on which occasion he gave the salutatory oration in Latin. In 1801 he pronounced the Phi Beta Kappa oration, and married Susan Higginson, of Boston, November, 1806. He was a counsellor-at-law, a State representative, and Secretary of the Boston Social Law Library in 1810. He died at sea, when on his passage to Rio Janeiro, November 5, 1810.

JOSEPH GLEASON.

JULY 4, 1806. FOR THE DEMOCRATIC YOUNG MEN.

Joseph Gleason was born at Boston, and the son of a truckman, who was a ready speaker at Faneuil Hall caucuses. He married Mary Le Baron, daughter of Gov. Hunt, of Detroit; and was a compositor in the office of the Independent Chronicle, and only eighteen years of age, on the delivery of this oration, which was printed a second time. In the last war with Great Britain he was a captain in Col. Miller's regiment, and in 1816 an army commissary, and major of a brigade. He died at Mackinaw, in 1820.

PETER OXENBRIDGE THACHER.

JULY 4, 1807. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Was born at Malden, Dec. 22, 1776, and son of Rev. Peter, who pronounced an oration on the Boston Massacre in that year. He entered the Latin School in 1785, and graduated at Harvard College in 1796, on which occasion Mr. Thacher engaged in a forensic disputation — Whether reason unassisted by revelation would have led mankind to just notions even of the first principles of natural religion?

He studied law under Governor Sullivan, and was three years a teacher in Exeter Academy.

Mr. Thacher visited Savannah, Ga., Nov. 2, 1802, in company with his father, Rev. Peter Thacher, for the purpose of relief in pulmonary consumption, where they arrived Dec. 3 of that date, and his father expired on the 16th of that month. Mr. Thacher recorded an account of the voyage from Boston, and of the last hours of his father. One incident is related, for the reason that it illustrates the influence and shows the importance of early religious culture. On laying down for the last time, in the early part of the evening, a few hours before his death, he repeated the nursery prayer:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take;"

and, turning to his son, said, "My son, this little prayer I have not omitted to repeat, on going to bed, for forty years. This may be the last time; I charge you never to omit it."

In 1805 Mr. Thacher pronounced the oration for the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He became a counsellor-at-law, and married Charlotte I., daughter of Thomas MacDonough, a British consul. He was Town Advocate for Boston in 1807, and was judge of the Municipal Court for Suffolk from 1823 to the year 1843. He was a member of the Literary Anthology Club, on its institution, in 1805; and a director of the Boston Athenæum, on its institution, in 1807.

Judge Thacher was endowed with great integrity, and firm decision of character, and often stigmatized as a very severe judge; but he was not more rigid than just. He was peculiarly qualified for the period and station, and wisely effected more in the restraint of crime among us than any other man on the bench. He was compelled to deal with the worst passions of men, says the Law Reporter, but there is no act of his life which has left any stain on his character.

The Criminal Cases of Judge Thacher, edited by Woodman, in 1845, is a standard text-book for the bar and the bench. Several of his charges were published, and a copy of them is in the library of the Historical Society. In 1833 the Trial of Ebenezer Clough, for Embracery, was published, with the arguments of Thacher on the case.

ANDREW RITCHIE, JR.

JULY 4, 1808. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

ANDREW RITCHIE was born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard College in 1802, when he gave an oration on "Innovation." He read law with Rufus G. Amory, and married a daughter of Cornelius Durant, a West India planter. He married a second time, Sophia Harrison, a daughter of the Hon. H. G. Otis, and settled on his plantation in St. Croix. He was early a counsellor-at-law in Boston, of which town he was a representative in 1816.

In 1805 Mr. Ritchie gave an oration on the Ancient and Modern Eloquence of Poetry; and in 1818 an address for the Massachusetts Peace Society. He was a tasteful and effective writer, and says, in the oration at the head of this article: "We are not required, like young Hannibal, to approach the altar and vow eternal hatred to a rival nation; but we will repair to the neighboring heights, at once the tombs and everlasting monuments of our heroes, and swear that, as they did, so would we, rather sacrifice our lives than our country."

CHARLES PINCKNEY SUMNER.

JULY 4, 1808. BEFORE THE YOUNG REPUBLICANS OF BOSTON.

BORN at Milton, Jan 20, 1776; graduated at Harvard College, 1796. He was the only child of Maj. Job Sumner, of the continental army in the Revolution, whose ancestry may be traced to 1637. His father was a native of Milton. He entered Harvard College in 1774; but when, after the Battle of Lexington, the students were dispersed, and the college edifice converted into barracks, he joined the army, in which he continued until the peace. He was second in command of the American troops who took possession of New York, on its evacuation by the British, Nov. 25, 1783; and was also second in command of the battalion of light infantry which rendered to Gen. Washington

the last military respects of the Revolutionary army, when, in Dec. 4, 1783, at Francis' Tavern, New York city, he took leave of his brother officers and comrades in arms in terms of warm affection.

After the close of the war, Maj. Sumner was appointed commissioner to settle the accounts between the United States and Georgia; and in this capacity, for several successive winters, visited that State. On the voyage, upon his return from one of these visits, he was taken ill, after eating of a dolphin caught off the copper banks of Cape Hatteras; and, though his vessel made a rapid passage to New York, and he landed without delay, he died on the day after his arrival, Sept. 16, 1789. He was buried with distinguished military honors. Among the pall-bearers at his funeral was Alexander Hamilton. His remains were interred near the middle of St. Paul's church-yard, in New York; and, about one month afterwards, Maj. Lucas, of Georgia, was buried by his side. One monumental stone covers them both, with an appropriate inscription over the body of each. That over Maj. Sumner is as follows: "This tomb contains the remains of Maj. Job Sumner, of the Massachusetts line of the army of the Revolution; who, having supported an unblemished character through life, as the soldier, citizen and friend, died in this city, after a short illness, universally regretted by his acquaintance, on the 16th day of September, 1789, aged 33 [35] years."

At the time of Maj. Sumner's decease, his son was a student at Andover Academy, under Mr. Pemberton, where he was prepared for college. He entered Harvard College in 1792, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1796. Among his classmates with whom he was on terms of friendship was John Pickering, the eminent Greek lexicographer, James Jackson, the head of the medical profession in Boston, Leonard Woods, of Andover, the profound divine. With the latter Mr. Sumner was ever on terms of affectionate intimacy. While in college he developed poetical talents which were then highly favored. He delivered a "Valedictory Poem" before the Speaking Club, when his classmates left that society at the end of the junior year; also, at one of the college exhibitions, a poem entitled "The Compass," which was much admired, and was shortly afterwards printed in a pamphlet. There is now in the possession of his family a copy of Shakspeare and Young's Night Thoughts, inscribed in each as follows, in the beautiful and distinct handwriting of the Rev. Dr. Jenks, a fellow-student and friend of Mr. Sumner, though two years after him in college:

"These volumes are presented to C. P. Sumner, by several members of Harvard University, who are desirous of expressing their acknowledgments for the pleasure afforded by his poem entitled 'The Compass,' and for the honor which it confers upon the literary character of the University." The same poem prompted from another friend, Joseph Story, afterwards the illustrious judge, a few poetical lines, expressive of warm approval of the production, and lively anticipation of his future success. We here transcribe the apostrophe from the autograph of Justice Story, very neatly inscribed on the back of the title-page of a printed copy of this poem, in the possession of Charles Sumner, our Senator to Congress, which may be viewed as a valuable part of his patrimony:

"TO THE AUTHOR.

"Sure some celestial Muse thy pen inspired,
With noblest thoughts thy glowing bosom fired,
To trace, with magic art, the varied line,
And to Pope's smoothness Milton's grandeur join.
Sumner, thy worth Columbia's sons shall own,
Long as the magnet's mighty power is known;
Enraptured seraphs shall thy praise rehearse,
And Fame with laurels consecrate thy verse;
Genius shall place her crown upon thy head,
And future bards revere the poet dead.

"J. S. *June*, 1796."

We cull a passage from "The Compass:"

"May weeping man the era never see,
When as is Carthage shall Columbia be;
When glorious works of art shall mouldering lie,
And threatening ruins hold the distant eye;
Statues of Washington shall sink in dust,
His name unrescued from oppressive rust;
Adams shall sleep unhonored mid the dead,
And Hancock's broken column scarce be read."

On commencement-day, when he took his degree, Mr. Sumner delivered a poem on "Time." He also pronounced the valedictory poem before his classmates, when they completed their studies. The verses herewith, from the valedictory, in apt words picture the kindred friendship among his fellow-classmates:

"From this loved spot to festal-board we go,
And give the cordial hand to friend and foe;

> One firm alliance, one enduring peace,
> From this time forth, shall never cease ;
> Each shall to each a cheering wish extend,
> And live through life befriended and a friend."

All his productions at this early period, as through life, indicate a philanthropic spirit. The happiness of mankind was his controlling passion. Shortly after he left college an incident occurred expressive of this character. He passed a winter in the West Indies. The vessel in which he was a passenger happened to stop at the Island of Hayti, which was then rejoicing in its independence; and the officers and passengers, with other American citizens there, were invited to a public entertainment on the anniversary of the birth-day of Washington, at which Gen. Boyer, afterwards president of that republic, presided. Mr. Sumner, when called upon for a toast, gave the following: "Liberty, Equality and Happiness, to all men;" which so much pleased Boyer, that he sent one of his aids-de-camp to invite the young American to take the seat of honor by his side at the feast.

Mr. Sumner was early associated, as a private teacher, under the Rev. Henry Ware, pastor of the first church in Hingham, and Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, 1805, towards whom he ever sustained relations of friendship. He shortly made a visit to Georgia, partly to settle the estate of his father, and journeyed home by land through the Southern States. On his return, he devoted himself to the study of the law, in the office of Hon. George Richards Minot; and, on the decease of that ornament of Suffolk bar, he finished his initiation under the guidance of Hon. Josiah Quincy, with whom, though differing in politics, he always sustained the relations of warm regard. In 1798 Mr. Sumner delivered the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard College, and the oration on this occasion was delivered by Rev. John T. Kirkland. On Feb. 22, 1800, Mr. Sumner delivered at Milton a eulogy on Washington, which was published at Dedham, and was afterwards embodied in the octavo volume entitled "Eulogies and Orations on Washington," as being one of the best pronounced on the virtues of that illustrious father of the Union.

About the year 1805, when political excitement was warm, William Austin, of the Democratic party, author of Letters from London, in consequence of political differences with Gen. Simon Elliott, in the Chronicle, over "Decius," was challenged by James H., son of the general. Mr. Sumner was the second for Mr. Austin,

and the field of combat was in Rhode Island. One of the parties, Mr. Austin, was slightly wounded by a pistol-shot. Mr. Sumner deeply regretted having taken a part in this conflict, and the subject was unknown to his children until after his decease.

Mr. Sumner early attached himself to the Democratic party. He was a constant and tenacious advocate of the administration of Jefferson. His name appears on important local committees during this period. He wrote in the Republican newspapers, and took part in public meetings. He delivered a public address on the second inauguration of Thomas Jefferson, and also an oration on the 4th of July, 1808, as named at the head of this article. It was published in a newspaper of the period. We find in this production a passage as well adapted to the present political excitement as it was to the fever of embargo and non-intercourse, forty-two years ago: "There is, indeed, no diversity of interest between the people of the north and the people of the south; and *they* are no friends to either who endeavor to stimulate and embitter the one against the other. What if the sons of Massachusetts rank high on the roll of Revolutionary fame? The wisdom and heroism for which they have been distinguished will never permit them to indulge an inglorious boast. The independence and liberty we possess are 'the result of joint counsels and joint efforts,— of common dangers, sufferings and successes;' and God forbid that those who have every motive of sympathy and interest to act in concert should ever become the prey of party bickerings among themselves."

For several years during the period of 1806, and excepting one year, until 1813, Mr. Sumner was clerk of the House of Representatives, when Perez Morton and Joseph Story were speakers, and Marcus Morton, afterwards governor, was clerk of the Senate. In 1810 Mr. Sumner was a lieutenant in the Boston regiment, and his punctilious observance of military etiquette is in the memory of old men among us. Mr. Sumner did not long actively engage in political matters. The care of a large family occupied much of his time. He was married, April 25, 1810, to Miss Relief Jacob, of a respectable family, in Hanover, Plymouth county, and had nine children; of these, only five survive. Mrs. Sumner has been a lovely, devoted mother, who has largely contributed to the formation of their character. Mr. Sumner was a well-read lawyer, and faithful in all that he undertook. He was peculiarly fortunate in the intimate regard of the members of the bar,

and especially that of Chief Justice Parker; but he never engaged in extensive practice.

In 1825 Mr. Sumner was appointed by Gov. Lincoln to the elevated station of sheriff of the county of Suffolk. This office he retained, by successive appointments, down to the time of his decease, in April 24, 1839. Perhaps no incumbent has ever filled that office in this county who made its duties the subject of more careful study. He explored the history and origin of the office in the English law, and its introduction into Massachusetts. Peculiar evidence of this appears in the discourse which he delivered before the court and bar, in the court-house, Boston, June, 1829, on some points of difference between the sheriff's office in Massachusetts and in England. This was published in the American Jurist for July, 1829, vol. 2. It was also published in a pamphlet. It is a valuable production, both in a historical and judicial point. It concludes with personal sketches of his predecessors in office. He relates of Jeremiah Allen, the earliest sheriff whom he ever saw, that he was a rich and a moral old bachelor, of whom it was once jocularly said, in his presence and hearing, that "the sheriff knew very well how to arrest men and to attach women;" a piece of humor well intended and well received, and

"Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man."

Mr. Sumner, through life, was remarkable for his strict and most conscientious integrity. More than one person remarked of him, that he would trust his whole fortune to him, without bond or security of any kind. He felt keenly the responsibilities of his office; and, at times, to such a degree, that he talked of resigning, that he might be relieved from their anxieties. He always preserved his interest in literature, especially in history and poetry; and, in advanced life, he joined in the classical studies of his children. Though at times austere and reserved, his general manners were simple, easy, flowing, and affable. He has been characterized as "the best-mannered man in Boston;" and, to show how near his heart was such a habit, we will cite the sentiment given in Faneuil Hall, August, 1827, at the festival after the annual exhibition of the public schools: "Good learning and good manners: Two good companions. Happy when they meet, they ought never to part." Sheriff Sumner was small of stature, an emaciated, attenuated figure, and a remarkable contrast to Samuel Badlam,

the jailer of Suffolk, the most rotund, ponderous man in Boston, and the Lambert of New England.

There are several occasional poems of his which are still preserved, particularly odes and songs for charitable and political festivals. Among his publications was a letter in reply to one from the Anti-masonic committee for the county of Suffolk, dated Oct. 19, 1829, in which he exposed, in temperate language, the character and pretensions of the Masonic institution. This was published in a pamphlet, and extensively circulated. It is a document marked by great gentleness and forbearance, and some refinement of taste. A published collection of his fugitive pieces would be a memorial of his patriotic spirit.

In giving toasts at public festivals, he was often called upon, and not unfrequently expressed himself in verse. Some of these are very felicitous. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, our model mayor, in calling upon him once, gave as a toast: "The Sheriff of Suffolk: The only sheriff, except Walter Scott, born on Parnassus." The following toasts, given July 4, 1826, might well vindicate this compliment: "The United States: One and indivisible.

> "Firm like the oak may our blest Union rise,
> No less distinguished for its strength and size;
> The unequal branches emulous unite
> To shield and grace the trunk's majestic height;
> Through long succeeding years and centuries live,
> No vigor losing from the aid they give."

We cite another toast, given July 4, 1828, which gives a just tribute to agriculture, and a skilful compliment to Gov. Lincoln, who, like Cincinnatus, though at the head of the commonwealth, was a practical farmer: "Agriculture:

> "In China's realms, from earliest days till now,
> The well-loved emperor annual holds the plough;
> Here, too, our worthiest candidates for fame,
> With unsoiled honor, sometimes do the same.
> Upholding such, our yeomen's generous hearts
> Show a just reverence to the first of arts."

In the latter days of his life he rarely voted, and was reluctant to be called of any particular party; but he always remembered, with satisfaction, his early connection with the old Republican party, and with many of the leaders of the old Federal party he was on

friendly terms. He was invited to be the Anti-masonic candidate for Governor of the State, which he declined. He was also urged to be a candidate for the mayoralty of Boston, at the time when Quincy finally lost his election. But he resolutely declined, preferring the office he held; but adding, with expressive warmth, that he could never consent to be a candidate against his early friend.

His memory will be venerated, in his descendants, long as eloquence, literature, science and purity, are recognized in sons such as Charles, George and Horace Sumner, the second of whom is widely known as a traveller, and by the accuracy and extent of his attainments. He was born Feb. 5, 1817. He was educated in the Boston High School; visited Europe in 1838, and has remained there to this period. While in Russia he enjoyed the peculiar favor of the Emperor Nicholas, and has travelled some time as his guest. Nicholas reposed more confidence in him, for information on this country, than on any other American. He made a voyage round the Black Sea. with the Russian fleet, and also an excursion to the Caucasus. Here he visited and made observations on mud volcanoes, not described before since Marco Polo; visited Constantinople, Syria, the Holy Land, Egypt, and Greece. In the latter country he wrote an elaborate letter on its condition, which was published in the Democratic Review. He then passed a year in Italy, Sicily,—ascending Mount Ætna,—and next visited Germany, Hungary, Holland, Belgium, and France. At Leyden he made curious investigations into the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, especially of John Robinson, published in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He then proceeded to England, and from thence to Spain, where he passed a year. Since his return from Spain, he has resided in Paris, with an occasional visit to England and Germany. In all these countries he has become personally acquainted with those who are most eminent in science, literature, and politics. In Hungary, several years before its unsuccessful attempts at revolution, he formed a personal acquaintance with Kossuth. He has for years enjoyed an intimacy with the great Humboldt, who has expressed a great interest in his conversation and opinions. He was familiarly acquainted with Lamartine and De Tocqueville, in France. The latter, in a recent letter to Gen. Cavaignac, has characterized him as follows: "Mr. Sumner is a man of superior intelligence, very accomplished, perfectly familiar with all European affairs, and knowing

the different parties and politics of Europe much better than any European." He is a member of several learned societies of Europe.

The youngest son of Mr. Sumner, Horace, born Dec. 25, 1824, and educated in the Boston High School, perished in the wreck of the ship Elizabeth, on Fire Island, near New York city, July 18, 1850. He was an invalid, returning from a year in Italy, whither he had been in pursuit of health. Among his companions in misfortune was the Marchioness Fuller Ossoli, her husband and child; but her lofty intellectual character did not excite a stronger interest than the moral excellences of young Sumner. This lady was the daughter of Hon. Timothy Fuller, whom we have sketched as an orator for July, 1831. The Christian Register for July 27, 1850, states that "In the same ship was a young man of the most pure, unambitious, loving and gentle life, whose quiet virtues had singularly endeared him to the few who knew him, and whose death at any time could only be regarded as a blessed dispensation to him, however severe it might be to his friends." Horace Sumner, says the Register, was retiring in his habits and tastes, but his memory will long be cherished by his friends with peculiar interest and affection.

WILLIAM TUDOR.

JULY 4, 1809. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

WAS born in Boston, Jan. 28, 1779, and was the son of Hon. Judge Tudor; was educated at Phillips' Academy, Andover; and graduated at Harvard College in 1796, at which time he engaged in a dialogue on the Advantages of Public Education. Having an ambition for mercantile pursuits, he entered the counting-room of John Codman, an eminent merchant, who early sent him to Paris as his confidential agent; and, after his return to Boston, he sailed for Leghorn, and made the tour of Europe, cultivating his natural taste for literature and literary men wherever he went. In 1805 he was one of the founders of the Literary Anthology Club, the most delightful literary and social institution ever formed in Boston; and in November of this

year embarked for the West Indies, in company with James Savage, for the purpose of establishing a new object of commerce, by the transportation of ice to tropical climates, and the erection of ice-houses as places of deposit. He founded the traffic, as agent of Frederic Tudor, his brother, to his entire approbation. He was a State representative for Boston; and clerk of Suffolk County Courts, in 1816, and a counsellor-at-law. In 1810 he published a Phi Beta Kappa oration, the delivery of which was prevented by his departure for Europe, when he became agent for Stephen Higginson, Esq., in an endeavor to introduce large quantities of English manufactures into the continent of Europe, contrary to the hostile decrees of Napoleon against the rights of neutrals.

In 1815 Mr. Tudor delivered an address for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the object of which was to refute the opinion, that one reason why we have not produced more good poems was owing to the want of subjects,— that the appropriate themes of other countries had been exhausted by their own poets, and that none existed in ours. In this admirable performance, he makes it evident that the scenery and history of our country afford abundant material to the man of genius. His concluding sentence is as follows: "The same block of marble which, in the hands of an artisan, might only have formed a step for the meanest feet to trample on, under the touch of genius unfolded the Belvidere Apollo, glowing with divine beauty and immortal youth, the destroyer of the Python, the companion of the Muses, the majestic god of eloquence and poetry."

In allusion to the novel enterprise of transporting ice to tropical climates, originated by the Tudors, the Hon. Edward Everett renders the following beautiful and emphatic tribute:

"The gold expended by this gentleman at Nahant,"— Mr. Frederick Tudor,—"whether it is little or much, was originally derived, not from California, but from the ice of our own Fresh Pond. It is all Middlesex gold, every pennyweight of it. The sparkling surface of our beautiful ponds, restored by the kindly hand of nature as often as it is removed, has yielded and will continue to yield, ages after the wet diggings and the dry diggings of the Sacramento and the Feather rivers are exhausted, a perpetual reward to the industry bestowed upon them. The sallow Genius of the mine creates but once; when rifled by man, the glittering prize is gone forever. Not so with our pure crystal

lakes. Them, with each returning winter, the austere but healthful spirit of the North,

> '—— With mace petrific, cold and dry,
> As with a trident smites, and fixes firm
> As Delos floating once.'

"This is a branch of Middlesex industry that we have a right to be proud of. I do not think we have yet done justice to it; and I look upon Mr. Tudor, the first person who took up this business on a large scale, as a great public benefactor. He has carried comfort, in its most inoffensive and salutary form, not only to the dairies and tables of our own community, but to those of other regions, throughout the tropics, to the furthest east. If merit and benefits conferred gave power, it might be said of him, with more truth than of any prince or ruler living,

> '—— super et Garamantas et Indos
> Proferet imperium.'

"When I had the honor to represent the country at London, I was a little struck, one day, at the royal drawing-room, to see the President of the Board of Control (the board charged with the supervision of the government of India) approaching me with a stranger, at that time much talked of in London,—the Babu Dwarkanauth Tagore. This person, who is not now living, was a Hindoo of great wealth, liberality and intelligence. He was dressed with oriental magnificence; — he had on his head, by way of turban, a rich cashmere shawl, held together by a large diamond broach; another cashmere around his body; his countenance and manners were those of a highly intelligent and remarkable person, as he was. After the ceremony of introduction was over, he said he wished to make his acknowledgments to me, as the American minister, for the benefits which my countrymen had conferred on his countrymen. I did not at first know what he referred to; I thought he might have in view the mission schools, knowing as I did that he himself had done a great deal for education. He immediately said that he referred to the cargoes of ice sent from America to India, conducing not only to comfort, but health; adding, that numerous lives were saved every year, by applying lumps of American ice to the head of the patient, in cases of high fever. He asked me if I knew from what part of America it came. It gave me great pleasure to tell him that I lived, when at home, within a very short distance of

the spot from which it was brought. It was a most agreeable circumstance to hear, in this authentic way, that the sagacity and enterprise of my friend and neighbor had converted the pure waters of our lakes into the means, not only of promoting health, but saving life, at the antipodes. I must say I almost envied Mr. Tudor the honest satisfaction which he could not but feel, in reflecting that he had been able to stretch out an arm of benevolence from the other side of the globe, by which he was every year raising up his fellow-men from the verge of the grave. How few of all the foreigners who have entered India, from the time of Sesostris, or Alexander the Great, to the present time, can say as much! Others, at best, have gone to govern, too often to plunder and to slay; — our countryman has gone there, not to destroy life, but to save it,— to benefit them, while he reaps a well-earned harvest himself."

Mr. Tudor originated the North American Review, in 1815, and the first four volumes of this national repository of literature, politics and science, are almost entirely from his own hand; and this journal soon exercised an unbounded influence over the American mind. His Letters on the Eastern States, published in 1819, and his volume of collected miscellanies, mark him as one of the ripest scholars of New England. Mr. Tudor published the "Life of James Otis," in 1823, of which it has been remarked that Tudor exhibits Otis, not in a solitary portrait, but, like Napoleon on his brazen column, or Wellington in his silver shield, as the prominent figure in a variety of interesting scenes, the head of an illustrious group. Mr. Tudor was the originator of the present Bunker Hill Monument. It came to his knowledge accidentally that a part of Bunker Hill was for sale; and he ascertained, on inquiry, that the residue embraced the spot on which the American redoubt had been raised, and where Warren fell, and that this might probably be purchased at that period. Mr. Tudor, in the year 1822, expressed a desire to see on the battle-ground "the noblest column in the world;" and witnessed the laying of the corner-stone by the noble Lafayette, June 17, 1825. He died before its completion, which was not effected until July, 1842.

Mr. Tudor was the secretary of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, instituted June 17, 1823, of which John Brooks was its first president, and Daniel Webster was the first orator, June 17, 1825. Mr. Tudor has the reputation of conceiving and originating the city

charter of his native city, in 1822, which was matured and drawn up by the Hon. Lemuel Shaw.

Mr. Tudor, in the next year, was appointed consul for the United States at Lima and the ports of Peru, and again set sail from his native city in Nov. 1823, after which he never returned to his beloved country. In 1827 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio Janeiro; and, while resident in that place, Mr. Tudor wrote a work of imagination, entitled "Gebel Teir," the name of a mountain on the east bank of the Nile, on which, according to an Arabian legend, the birds from all countries of the world annually assemble for the purpose of counsel and debate,—on which he constructed an allegory, by way of report to this supposed assembly of birds, showing his views and opinions on the condition and policy of this country and the nations of Europe. While Mr. Tudor was in Brazil, the Rev. C. S. Stewart, a chaplain in the United States navy, who visited him at the Praya de Flamengo, relates that he was received by Mr. Tudor with the cordiality of a brother, and was admitted at once to the confidence of his bosom. He discovered in him traits truly noble and fascinating, which excited an admiration and an attachment never to be forgotten.

The treaty of Mr. Tudor with the court of Rio Janeiro was the last public service he was permitted to render his country. On the 9th March, 1830, he died of a fever incident to the climate. Mr. Tudor left many manuscripts regarding the countries in which he resided, some of them nearly completed. His official correspondence is also preserved; and it is hoped that all his productions will be published in a connected form, as they are an honor to the literature of this nation.

DAVID EVERETT.

JULY 4, 1809. FOR THE BUNKER HILL ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Everett delivered an oration at Amherst, July 4, 1804, which is one of his best productions, when he remarked: "It was from the assiduous care of our forefathers to make good citizens, their habitual and exalted virtues as such, that our country's prosperity increased by

sure and progressive steps, that the sturdy roots of independence shot deep and spread wide before its branches scarcely appeared, and long before its fruit was anticipated by the imagination. This tree, which may yet prove the tree of life to America, or the upas of her dissolution, has been protected by the memorable heroism of the veterans of our Revolutionary war. From that struggle, its branches have sprung up to luxuriance, and its exuberant fruit clustered on every bough. We vainly call it the work of our own hands, and are elated at the sight of the gorgeous wonder. Ambitious to ascend and enjoy the fruit, we neglect to prune its branches and cultivate its roots. Heedless of the annoying insect and insidious worm which devour, we imagine our toils are ended, and the blessing secure. But as this blessing was growing to our hands before we sought it, ere we are aware it may be taken from us. Common observation shows that we may soon lose, by neglect, what has been acquired by the prudence of years; and that precipitate folly may destroy, in an hour, what has been accumulated by the wisdom of ages. It is to stimulate, not to discourage, our exertion, that all which most adorns private life and sheds lasting lustre on a nation is acquired by assiduous efforts, and maintained by constant care. It is not enough, therefore, that our ancestors were virtuous and brave,— that they were exemplary in private life, and conspicuous for their devotion to the common good of their country. The spirit of gratitude and a laudable pride require that we should commemorate their characters with filial reverence. Our duty to ourselves, our country, and our God, demand more than the empty homage of the tongue. They urge us to revere their example; to make their correct habits and wholesome precepts familiar to ourselves and our children; to view wealth as useless lumber, without the former, and knowledge as worse than vain, without the latter. Pursuing their well-known track, we cannot essentially err. It has 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' for all the vicissitudes of life, from the pure and simple lesson that falls on the listening infant's ear from the lips of the affectionate mother, to those sublime truths which awe our reason, and point the way to heaven. With these sure guides, we have it in our power to convince the doubting world that a republican government is not an idle theory,— that its strength is the union of its citizens, its wealth their public spirit, its stability their virtue, its independence the result of all, and its only mystery the simplicity of its principles, exhibiting, in obvious social duties, the whole theory of its policy."

David Everett was born at Princeton, Mass., in 1769, and was early left an orphan, his father having fallen in military service in the war of the Revolution. He lived and was under the guardian care of relatives at Wrentham, whence he went to the New Ipswich Academy at about the age of twenty-one. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1795, and on that occasion had the honor of the valedictory poem, in which he predicted of our country as follows:

> "The Muse prophetic views the coming day,
> When federal laws beyond the line shall sway;
> Where Spanish indolence inactive lies,
> And every art and every virtue dies, —
> Where pride and avarice their empire hold,
> Ignobly great, and poor amid their gold, —
> Columbia's genius shall the mind inspire,
> And fill each breast with patriotic fire.
> Nor east nor western oceans shall confine
> The generous flame that dignifies the mind;
> O'er all the earth shall Freedom's banner wave,
> The tyrant blast, and liberate the slave;
> Plenty and peace shall spread from pole to pole,
> Till earth's grand family possess one soul."

Having studied law with John M. Forbes, he entered the bar in Boston, and had an office in Court-street, in company with the noted Thomas O. Selfridge, who killed Charles Austin, in State-street; in 1801 was poet for the Phi Beta Kappa celebration at Cambridge; in 1802 he removed to Amherst, N. H., and remained in that town until 1807, when he returned to Boston, and established the Boston Patriot in 1809, devoted to the interests of the Democratic party. It was in the paper that President John Adams, who had become disaffected towards the Federal party, wrote historical reminiscences and political essays.

Mr. Everett was author of a very agreeable little work, entitled "Common Sense in Dishabille," written after the manner of Noah Webster's "Prompter," which should be published in a tasteful form, and widely scattered. He wrote dramatic pieces, one of which — "Daranziel, or the Persian Patriot" — was performed in 1800 at the Federal-street Theatre. Mr. Everett early engaged in politics, and wrote in the Boston Gazette over the signature of "Junius Americanus." He was at this period warm in the interests of the Federal party; but he took sides, in the great division of the party between President

Adams, on the one hand, and that section of the Federal party known as the Essex junto, and inclined in opposition to the latter. Mr. Everett married Dorothy, daughter of Dea. Isaac Appleton, Dec. 29, 1799, who was sister of the eminent Appletons of Boston. In 1811 Mr. Everett published the first number of a Demonstration on the Divinity of the Scriptures in the fulfilment of the Prophecies, being a series of essays, in which he writes: "I have endeavored to prove that the people of the United States of America are distinctly alluded to and characterized by the inspired writers, Daniel and St. John: in one, by the stone cut out of the mountain, without hands; in the other, by the man-child of the church militant. We have seen that those symbols must, upon every principle of analogy and sound reasoning, necessarily represent some new character in the prophetic drama, at or before its grand catastrophe; and that the subject represented must, upon the same principles, be a people or nation deriving their origin from Christendom. Such are the people of the United States. Their origin was the result of no edict or formal act of secular power, as signified by the figurative expression in Daniel. They are the offspring of the persecuted and reforming church, as designated by St. John. They have been the peculiar subjects of that protecting care of Divine Providence, so strongly intimated by those striking symbols which appear to give the first distinct view of them, and so clearly expressed in the further development of their history and character by both these prophets. They have also attained their national independence, as evidently represented by their being caught up to the throne of God, the manifest emblem of sovereign power, and perhaps of the excellence of its form of government." We do not discover that this production ever extended to another number. It comprises forty pages in octavo, and displays great ingenuity of argument. In 1812 Mr. Everett espoused the cause of De Witt Clinton for the presidency, in opposition to James Madison, thus returning to the Federal party. He conducted, also, "The Yankee," and engaged in "The Pilot," which survived but a brief period. In 1813 he removed to Marietta, Ohio, where, before succeeding in establishing a proposed newspaper, he died, Dec. 21, 1813, aged forty-four years.

Mr. Everett had a sprightliness of mind, with a liberal share of wit; rare poetic taste, as his poems show; and was a racy, pungent writer, admirably fitted for popular effect. Mr. Everett, in the winter previous to entering Dartmouth College, in 1791, when a teacher in the

grammar school, at New Ipswich, prepared a little poem to be recited at an exhibition got up in the academic style, composed expressly for Ephraim H. Farrar, to be spoken by him on the occasion, when only seven years of age. We quote this curiosity, as it appears in Bingham's Columbian Orator. It is a rare sample of juvenile wit, and will be famous so long as a youthful orator appears on the floor of a school or an academy:

"You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by:
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's Isle, —
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
May n't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or where 's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where 's the boy, but three feet high,
Whose made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind: —
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good."

It having been a question of contest, for more than half a century, as to whom this little poem may be ascribed, and for whom it was written,— the prevailing opinion being that it was prepared for Edward Everett,— we find in a speech of this gentleman, delivered at Cambridge, after the public school examination in the High School, July 23, 1850, his own declaration to the contrary. After being called on by the mayor to address the company, Mr. Everett, in the exordium, remarked: "May it please your honor, I cheerfully comply with your request that I would say a few words on the present occasion, although I am aware that this respectable company is not assembled to hear me.

I may, in fact, with propriety, use the words of a favorite little poem, which many persons have done me the honor to ascribe to me, but which was, in reality, written by a distant relative and namesake of mine,—and, if I mistake not, before I was born. It begins —

> ' You 'd scarce expect one of *my* age
> To speak in public on the stage.'

This place and the day belong to the young; and, after what we have heard from them, I need not say that they need no assistance from their seniors to give interest to the occasion." And, in the conclusion of an extended speech on popular education, Mr. Everett cautions the scholars against studying too hard in vacation, and advises them, after the fatigues of three months at school, not to engage in work for eight or ten hours a day at home. "I hope your fathers and mothers will not permit it," says Everett. "If you insist upon a half an hour or so in the morning, and as much more in the afternoon and evening, by way of amusement, I do not know that I should greatly object; but take care to have a right good time, and come back at the end of the holidays with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, ready to engage with eagerness in the duties of the new term."

In our outline of the Hon. Edward Everett appears a choice little poem, written for him, and spoken by him at a school exhibition in his native town of Dorchester. The boy who spoke the simple speech written by David Everett, whose name was Ephraim Hartwell Farrar, was writing-master, in 1813, in the elementary school of Lawson Lyon, located on the north side of Dr. Channing's church, in Boston, where sons of our most distinguished families were educated; among whom were boys who have risen to eminence in public life, such as Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, and Rev. William Furness, of Philadelphia; Alexander Young, D. D., Rev. Samuel J. May, Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. Wm. P. Lunt, William H. Gardiner, John Everett, William Parsons, son of the late chief-justice, and the Gilberts, brokers, in State-street. Master Farrar was remarkable for a mild and even temper. A gentler soul never breathed, and his benignant light stroke of the rattan was a striking contrast to the eight severe blows of the button-wood ferule vigorously applied by Master Lyon, the terror of the school. As posterity will ever desire to know the history of the boy for whom the inimitable speech was written, we will relate that he was the youngest son of Rev. Stephen Farrar, the first minister of New

Ipswich, who graduated at Harvard College, 1755. He was born Dec. 8, 1783, and married Phebe Parker in 1825, widow of Jonas C. Champney, by whom he had one daughter. His wife died in 1848; and Master Farrar died in New Ipswich, Jan. 8, 1851. After being many years a teacher in Boston, he became a partner in trade with a Mr. Carleton; and, on returning to his native town, he became the town-clerk, which station he occupied until his decease. He was educated at the New Ipswich Academy; and it was at one of the annual exhibitions of that institution when he was called on to recite this beautiful poem. It is interesting to remark, that at the centennial celebration in that town, September, 1850, when he was an old man, he was called out again to personate the youth for whom that effusion was written; and, immediately rising, merely repeated the first two lines:

> "You 'd scarce expect one of *my* age
> To speak in public on the stage,"

which excited the risibles of the audience.

We cannot be parted from these pleasant reminiscences without introducing Master Farrar's own criticisms on the subject. In writing from New Ipswich, under date of July 27, 1849, he relates that Mr. Everett kept the grammar school in the centre of this town, and got up an exhibition in the academic style, and at this time wrote the lines expressly for and to be spoken by the writer of this communication, then a little boy seven years of age. "The 'Lines' were handed to me in manuscript. After they had been given to me, I had always considered them as in a sense belonging to me, to my native state, my native town. When, therefore, I saw, in the printed copy, the substitution of two words for two in the original, namely, 'Massachusetts' and 'sister,' for 'New Hampshire' and 'Federal,' I thought there was either a gross mistake in the printer, or an infringement upon my rights; this changing the place broke up all my former associations, and entirely destroyed the intrinsic merits of the piece. Whether this was done by the author or not, I am not able to say. I am rather inclined to think the latter was; for he afterwards became a politician of the Jefferson school, edited a paper called 'The Patriot,' and the word 'Federal' became extremely obnoxious to many of that party. This, however, I never quarrelled much about. But that my native State should receive such an insult, I felt very indignant. It seemed to my youthful heart to say, there was one man who might possibly

have some doubts whether New Hampshire could boast as great as any other federal State, — so, to end all dispute everywhere, he would put in Massachusetts; but, after a residence of several years in the very heart of that State, thus becoming more expatriated from the one, and naturalized to the other, and seeing, also, that every little boy read the piece just as if it were his own, I gave over the contest, and became reconciled to the change, with this proviso, that, from that time, every boy who should speak the piece should have the liberty to substitute his own State."

WILLIAM CHARLES WHITE.

JULY 4, 1809. FOR THE BUNKER HILL ASSOCIATION.

On this occasion, Mr. White pronounced a brief oration, after which, another was given, by David Everett. We glean two eloquent passages from his oration at Worcester, which indicate marks of a powerful imagination: "The liberty of the press forms the broad basis of that pyramid of freedom which rises in awful grandeur to the heavens, the majestic monument of our glory. Tear away this, and that superstructure, now the envy and the glory of the world, must fall, a heap of ruins, to the earth. Be it remembered, my countrymen, that against this right the tyrant has ever directed his eye, with jealous vigilance. The slavery of the mind forms the blackest preface to his voluminous despotism. So long as this remains, so long may he securely riot in the miseries of his subjects. He may steep them in poverty to the very lips, and bend and chain down their captive and servile spirits to the lowest deep of debasement. Yet how often have we been told of the kingly benefactions to which literature is indebted! How often has it been vociferated in our ears that the soil of a republic is unfriendly to the growth of the fine arts! This is a theme upon which many of our scholars have dwelt with proud satisfaction. They are welcome to the peevish pleasure of such paltry prejudices. Have these men forgotten that every Athenian was a critic in eloquence? and that a Roman populace has often been alternately soothed and

inflamed by the fire and pathos of Cicero? Let it not be said that the two republics were inauspicious to the fine arts. Were not the Muses passionately wooed by the favorite votaries? Did not the canvas glow with mimic life? and the marble emulate the noble exterior of humanity?"

Here we have an eulogium of Washington, in a highly poetic strain: "How do your finest heart-strings tremble and vibrate at the mention of Washington! He smiled at the tempest; he defied the storm conjured up by the black incantations of ministerial witchcraft, and hurled upon our devoted country by the dreadful machinery of parliamentary furies! No proud abbey boasts the exclusive honor of his precious relics. His solitary grave is hallowed from the profane tread of curious and crowding spectators. In this consecrated spot the poppy shall never fix its downy root, nor the wormwood thrive, nor the thistle shoot its bearded and unsalutary stalk. No; this holy soil is congenial only to those eternal laurels that there spring up, and bloom, and flourish, in thick and emulating clusters! There genius has often knelt in humble and fervent devotion, and rendered up his varied and rival offerings. But, how imperfect, how unworthy, how vain, are his best and brightest gifts! The historian has sat down to his record, — but how cold are his facts, how inanimate his reflections! The sculptor has plied his chisel,— but what art can mould the reluctant marble into the representative of that form and those features where every god did seem to set his seal? The painter has spread his canvas, — but, how faint the resemblance! what an awkward mimicry of the original! So would it still have been, though a Raphael had sketched the design, a Titian had shed his colors, a Guido had lavished his graces, a Salvator had accumulated his sublimities! The poet has poured his verse,— but how far below the subject would have been even their powers, though a Pindar had thrown his bold and heedless hand amidst the strings, or the pathetic Muse had trembled out the tenderest note that ever faltered from her melancholy lyre!"

William Charles White was born in Boston in 1777, and the son of William White, a merchant of Boston, who apprenticed him to Joseph Coolidge, an importing Boston merchant, in whose employ he continued for a few years. A taste for polite literature soon rendered the journal and the ledger irksome to his mind. In 1796, William had written "Orlando," a tragedy, afterwards printed, with a likeness of the author. In the winter of this year, his father visited New York

city, where he remained during a long period. He felt an abhorrence of the drama, and was deeply affected to find his son's passion for it so strong that reproof made him almost insane:

> "A son his father's spirit doomed to cross,
> By penning stanzas while he should engross."

His father writes to a friend in Boston as follows: "William had for some time discovered his propensity for theatric exhibitions, and by all opportunities. I discountenanced in him this inordinate passion. During my absence from Boston last summer, he wrote a play, which, on my return, some of the family mentioned to me. Although I was not pleased with his study and writings in this style, yet I supposed it a good opportunity to turn his attention, and destroy gradually his predilection for the stage. About a month previous to my leaving Boston, he grew sick, and was apparently in a decline. I was very anxious, and postponed my journey for some time. A few days before I left home, he seemed to be in better spirits, and declared himself to feel essentially better than he had been; and when I came away, opened himself in a very dutiful and respectful manner, by observing that his illness arose from his insatiable thirst for the stage; but that his resolution had gained the ascendency of his desires,— and entreated me not to have the least uneasiness respecting him in that particular, for he had determined not to give way to that inclination." However sincere was the promise, it was soon broken. The conflict of filial duty with passionate desire was so violent as to bring its victim to the verge of distraction. Unable to resist his dramatic love, he made his first appearance at the Federal-street Theatre, Dec. 14, 1796, in the character of Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas, and was received with great applause. In a letter of apology, written the next day to his father, he says: "I am sorry I was compelled by violence of inclination to deviate from my promises to you; but life was one series of vexations, disappointment and wretchedness. Pray let this consideration have some weight with you. But, for Heaven's sake, for your own sake, and for my own sake, do not tear me from a profession which, if I am deprived of, will be attended with fatal consequences!" Never did parent mourn more inconsolably for the worst follies or darkest crimes of his offspring, than did the father of the actor over this example of perversity in his family. His epistles are filled with expressions of distress so extravagant that they are only redeemed from

being ludicrous by the deep sorrow they breathe. He thus addresses the tragedian: "Dear William,—for so I will still call you,—my beloved son! stain not the memory of your amiable and tender mother by your folly; break not the heart of your father,—bring not down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, but rouse yourself from this seeming state of insanity! Your youth will excuse you, for once. But, for God's sake, and everything you hold dear, I pray you to refrain, and be not again seen on a common stage!" The temporary success of the aspirant for theatric fame alleviated the sufferings of the distressed parent, and he reluctantly yielded to the advice of friends, and consented that William might occasionally tread the boards, but only in the elevated walks of tragedy. "Let me enjoin it upon you," he writes, "never to appear,—no, not for once,—in any comic act, where the mimic tricks of a monkey are better fitted to excite laughter, and where dancing, singing and kissing, may be thought amusement enough for a dollar. No, William; I had, much as I love you, rather follow you to the grave, than to see you, and myself, and my family, so disgraced."

He appeared as Orlando in his own tragedy, Dezio; as Tancred, in Thompson's Tancred and Sigismundi, Jan. 2, 1797. He personated Romeo, and Octavian, in the Mountaineers, also, on the Boston stage. The tide of popular favor effected what parental admonition and entreaty failed to accomplish. Controversy with the manager arose,—the applause which followed his first efforts grew fainter,—the fit of romantic enthusiasm exhausted itself,—and the earliest exertion of reflection resulted in the determination to adopt the profession of the law. In July, 1797, he entered the office of Levi Lincoln, in Worcester, as a student. In July, 1800, he removed to Providence, where he completed his studies, under Judge Howell, and opened an office in that city. In 1804 Mr. White delivered an oration on the national independence, at Worcester. Not finding business, and being embarrassed for funds, he again resorted to the stage. Dunlap relates, in his History of the American Theatre, that, "On the 19th of January a young man from Worcester, Mass., was brought out with some promise of success, in young Norval. Curiosity was excited, and a house of six hundred and fourteen dollars obtained. He had performed in Boston, when quite a boy, with that applause so freely and often so industriously bestowed on such efforts; had since studied law, and was at this time a tall, handsome youth, but not

destined by nature to shine. He attempted Romeo, and gave hopes of improvement; but much improvement was wanting to constitute him an artist." He played Alonzo, in Columbus; Aimwell, in the Beaux Stratagem; Theodore, in the Court of Narbonne; Elvira, in the Christian Suitor; and Altamont, in the Fair Penitent. In the play of the Abbé de l'Epée he failed altogether in the part of St. Alme, was hissed, and withdrawn by his own consent,—as it was announced to the public, "on finding the character too difficult." About this time was begun, and nearly completed, a drama, with the title, "The Conflict of Love and Patriotism, or the Afflicted Queen," still preserved in manuscript, and never finished. A visit to Richmond, Va., where he performed a few nights, was crowned with success, and he designed to devote his life to the stage. The reverse of fortune in some of his efforts again cured the dramatic mania. In the summer of 1801 he returned to the bar, and established himself at Rutland, Worcester county, where some of his relatives then resided, and where his father, who had become unfortunate in business, soon after removed. He was married to Tamar Smith, the daughter of a respectable farmer of Rutland. The degree of eminence and emolument he attained as counsellor did not satisfy his ambition, and he sought a wider field. He delivered a patriotic oration at Rutland, July 4, 1802. In May, 1809, he prepared to publish a Compendium of the Laws of Massachusetts, printed in that year and in 1810,—a work useful in that period, but soon superseded by a revision of the statutes,—and its publication was attended with great loss of money. The severe but witty comment of an eminent jurist on this work was, that it resembled the tessellated pavement in Burke's description, "here a little Blackstone, there a little White." To superintend the printing of this work, Mr. White removed to Boston in 1810, and formed a professional engagement with David Everett, Esq., of brief continuance. It was in the year previous that Mr. White delivered in Boston the oration named at the head of this article, on which occasion, in the procession, appeared the ship United States, full rigged, drawn by thirteen white horses, with mounted guns, and eight artillery-men on each side. In 1810 Mr. White pronounced another oration on the national independence, at Hubbardston. On the resignation of Judge Bangs, in 1811, he was appointed County Attorney, which station he retained until his death. In 1812 he removed to Grafton, and in 1813 resided at Worcester, when he published the Avowals of a Republican, being

a vindication repelling the charge of apostasy from democratic principles, comprised in forty-eight octavo pages. In 1814 Mr. White removed to Sutton, where he married a second wife, Susan Johonnot, a daughter of Dr. Stephen Monroe, Aug. 13, 1815. He returned to Worcester in 1816, and, during the last years of his life, owing to an organic disease,— the dropsy,— a mortal paleness overspread his countenance, and he died May 2, 1818, aged 41.

Through the whole of his active and singular career, the irrepressible love of the drama was his ruling passion. The Clergyman's Daughter, by Mr. White, a play founded on McKenzie's Man of the World, was first acted on the Boston stage Jan. 1, 1810, was published, and received with great favor. In December of that year Mr. White produced The Poor Lodger, a comedy (adopting the incidents of Evelina, an exquisite tale by Miss Burney), which was also published. He was an editor of the National Ægis.

Mr. Lincoln remarks of him, in the History of Worcester, from which a large portion of this sketch is condensed, that he possessed a high grade of talent which is called genius. In Mr. White's addresses at the bar, there were splendid passages of eloquence; but they were unequal,— although parts were strong, they were not connected, with logical method and clearness. His taste was refined and correct. Greater constancy and perseverance might have raised him to high rank in many of the departments of forensic exertion, literary effort, or dramatic exhibition.

ALEXANDER TOWNSEND.

JULY 4, 1810 FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

In the oration of Mr. Townsend, we find a happy allusion to a prediction advanced in Smith's Wealth of Nations: "The tree of our republican liberty, like the fabled myrtle of Æneas, sinks its roots in blood. To agitate it extremely, might disturb the repose of our fathers. Like Polydore, they would cry to us from the ground,

> 'That every drop this living tree contains
> Is kindred blood, and ran in patriotic veins.'

Let us rally under its branches. Its leaves are healing to the taste. Transatlantic genius long since predicted, when we were one in government with Britain, that in little more than a century, perhaps, American taxation would be more productive than British, and the seat of empire change."

"Riot robbed glory of scarcely a life," says Mr. Townsend. "Not a drop of the blood that was poured out for liberty could be spared for licentiousness. Little mob violence disgraced our proceedings. The din of arms could not drown the voice of law. Men, hurrying on to liberty, still stopped to do homage to justice. The fifth of March, 1770, while it did much to establish our independence, did more to prove we were worthy of it. The very soldiers, viewed in the most odious light, as members of a standing army quartered upon us in time of peace, whose firing upon the populace produced death and liberty, were almost immediately, by that populace, and for that firing, solemnly, deliberately and righteously, acquitted of murder. My friends, this is the greatest glory in our history, the brightest gem in our national diadem. Brutes have passions; men should govern them. We have another instance. In the temple of justice a voice was afterwards heard: 'I will this day die soldier, or sit judge;' and then was suddenly expressed what since, thank God, has proved a permanent feature of the New England judiciary."

Alexander Townsend was born in Boston, and son of David Townsend, formerly a watch-maker in State-street. He graduated at Harvard College in 1802, read law under the eminent Samuel Dexter, was an attorney of Suffolk bar in 1806, and soon became a counsellor-at-law. He was an unmarried man. After the delivery of the oration at the head of this article, the following sentiment was given for the orator of the day, by the president, at the dinner in Faneuil Hall: "May the principles he has this day eulogized long have the support of his talents and his eloquence." Mr. Townsend gave, on this occasion, "Faneuil Hall: May it never rock to sleep the independence it created."

Mr. Townsend was a large owner of real estate in Boston; and was proprietor of the Marlboro' Hotel, originally a dark, unsightly building, which he remodelled in handsome style; and, when advertising the edifice to let, informed those who complained that the building was deficient in light that they had better blame their eyes than the edifice. Mr. Townsend was warmly interested in the political topics

of the day, and frequently engaged in active debate at Faneuil Hall; but was not a popular speaker, more because of his uncouth, declamatory manner, than for want of forcible argument. He died in Boston, April 13, 1835, aged 51 years.

DANIEL WALDO LINCOLN.

JULY 4, 1810. FOR THE BUNKER HILL ASSOCIATION.

WAS son of Levi Lincoln, and born in Worcester, March 2, 1784; graduated at Harvard College in 1803, on which occasion he delivered a poem on "Benevolence." He studied law with his father, settled in Portland, Me., and was appointed by Gov. Sullivan the county attorney of Cumberland; he removed to Boston in 1810, and returned to Portland in 1813. The early decease of the beautiful Miss Caldwell, of Worcester, to whom he was engaged, shortened his days. He was a brother of Governor Lincoln. He died April 17, 1815.

The Bunker Hill Association was originated on the brow of the battle-field, in Charlestown, July 4, 1808, in consequence, probably, of the refusal of the Federal selectmen of Boston to permit the Republican party the use of Faneuil Hall, for the celebration of our national independence, thus subjecting them to the necessity of obtaining a church, or public hall, for several years; which elicited the forthcoming sentiment at the public festival, July 4, 1810, after the delivery of the oration by D. W. Lincoln: "The Republican Orator of the Day: Well might his enemies endeavor to obstruct his passage to a rostrum; the name of Cicero was not more dreadful to the Catilines of Rome than is that of Lincoln to the Essex Junto."

The oration pronounced this day, and another, delivered at Worcester, July 4, 1808, are the only printed memorials of this writer of fine rhetorical power. "Tyrants, beware!" commences our orator, in the peroration. "Dare not to invade the sacred rights chartered to nature's children by nature's God! Dare not to provoke the vengeance of valor, the indignation of virtue, the anathema of Heaven! Restrain the savage myrmidons of thy power from the sacrilegious violation of peace, the prostration of law, the destruction of estate, and

the sacrifice of life! Such were the dictates of reason, ere usurping pride trampled on the prerogatives and immunities of freemen. Such were the arguments of justice, ere legislative voracity wrested from the stubborn hand of labor the wages of toilsome industry. Such were the petitions of loyalty, ere wanton cruelty had curdled the mantling blood of kindred affection, or annulled the hallowed obligation of filial submission. Such were the entreaties of humanity, ere the ministers of royal barbarity were unleashed, ere ruin revelled at his harvest home, or death celebrated his carnival." There were present at its delivery John Adams, Robert Treat Paine, and Governor Gerry, signers of the Declaration of Independence; H. G. Otis, President of the Senate, and Perez Morton, Speaker of the House. Without doubt, the abrupt outbreak of the orator prompted the men of power to gaze at him, as the audience involuntarily cast their eyes upon them, desiring to know who were rebuked. We will cite another passage from the one at this date, in which our orator enlarges on the direful effects of party strife: "Like the enchantment of Circe's baleful cup, party spirit has transformed mankind, unmoulding reason's mintage. It has frozen the current of the heart, and paralyzed the pulses of love. Friendship meets a stranger in forgotten sympathy; fraternity turns aside from alienated affection; and parental tenderness petrifies in filial estrangement. The demon of party spirit has pervaded even to the penetralia, and subverted the altars of the Penates, while, enthroned on the ruins, he triumphs in domestic discord. Party spirit has invaded places most sacred, reverend and holy; has polluted the judgment-seat, and profaned the temples of the Most High. History points to her sanguine leaf, the mournful memorial of party rage. See Marius' spear reeking with gore! Behold, expiring breath lingers on Sylla's blade! Can the drops be numbered that fall from Julius' sword? Can the stains be scoured from Antonius' helm? Mark the rose dripping with blood, where brother falls beneath a brother's hand, where man is unhumanized, and the savage is fleshed in kindred carnage! Father of mercies! let not such be the destiny of my country! Let not the evening star go down in blood! Education can unlock the clasping charm, and thaw the murmuring spell of party spirit. By informing man how little man can know, it will relax the dogmatical pertinacity of ignorance, and infuse a temper of candor and kind conciliation; not the obsequious conciliation which receives and adopts errors, but that which forgives them."

JAMES SAVAGE.

JULY 4, 1811. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

In the peroration of the eloquent performance of Mr. Savage, we have a remonstrance against the commercial encroachments of Napoleon, at the very period when he was the most powerful despot in the world, which evinces a manly and patriotic spirit.

"Can we be deluded, my countrymen," says Mr. Savage, "out of our liberties by him who announces that 'the Americans cannot hesitate as to the part which they are to take;' who declares that 'we ought either to tear to pieces the act of our independence,' or coincide with his plans; who implicitly calls our administration 'men without just political views, without honor, without energy;' and who threatens them 'that it will be necessary to fight for interest, after having refused to fight for honor'? Shall the emperor, who is no less versed in the tactics of desolation than in the vocabulary of insult and the promises of perfidy, deceive our government by assertions that 'His Majesty loves the Americans,'— their prosperity and their commerce are within the scope of his policy? We knew before that his political magazine contains rattles for babies, as well as whips for cowards. Our commerce has, indeed, long been within the scope of his policy, as our merchants and mariners will forever remember. His Majesty, no doubt, does love the Americans, as the butcher delights in the lamb he is about to slaughter, as the tiger courts the kid he would mangle and devour. For such promises, the sacrifice of honor, of interest, of peace, of liberty, and of hope, is required. For such promises, some are willing to stir up former national antipathies, and, when these are too weak for their purpose, to employ new artifices of treachery, to excite the passions of those who are slow to reason; while others promote the design by reproaching opponents with idle words, and threatening them with empty menaces. If Heaven has abandoned us to be so deceived into ruin, on some future anniversary of our national existence we may exclaim, with Antony, in the bitterness of despair:

'They tell us 't is our birthday, and we 'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness;
'T is what the day deserves that gave us breath.
Why were we raised the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as we travelled,
Till all our fires were spent, and then cast downwards
To be trod out by Cæsar?'

"Without adverting to the political questions of our own government, we have, my fellow-citizens, a criterion by which to distinguish the supporters of American independence. They who behold with indifference the freedom of other nations prostrated are no friends of our own. One country after another, in melancholy and rapid succession, is absorbed in the imperial vortex; and some of our citizens are led, by the enmity against England which they are instructed to cherish, to exult in these forewarnings of our destruction. Shall the delusion be corrected? Shall we feel that our own existence is hazarded, when Holland, and Switzerland, and Naples, and Spain, dissolve into the heated mass of French power, like the towering ice-mountains of the pole, as they float towards the south? Shall our rulers 'suffer scorn till they merit it,' and lose the inheritance of valor by the expedients of imbecility? Shall they adhere to error till it becomes treason? Ardent as is my execration of the cowardly policy that submits without resistance to degradation, I should more earnestly abhor the alliance in which many apprehend that we are irrevocably bound. Every part of our body that was sensible to pain has smarted with the lash of French enmity; but the sighs and groans of Europe, from the Baltic to the Hellespont, witness the exquisite torments inflicted by their friendship. Let the spirit of our fathers be evoked from their tombs, to recall their posterity to the recollection of their honorable origin, to the vindication of their ancient glory. There is, we hope, a redeeming spirit in the people, which will restore dignity to government and prosperity to the country,— which will bring us back to the principles of better times, and the practice of Washington,— which will assert our independence wherever the enterprise of our commerce has been exhibited, and make it lasting and incorruptible as the private virtues of our countrymen."

The ancestor of James Savage, who was Maj. Thomas Savage, came to Boston from St. Albans, Hertfordshire, April, 1635, in the ship Planter, Nic. Trarice, master; was one of the Court of Assistants, and a founder of the Old South Church. He was one of those who undertook, in 1673, to erect a barricade in Boston harbor, for security against a fleet then expected from Holland; out of which grew, in less than forty years, the Long Wharf, a small portion of which has continued

ever since, the property of some of his descendants. The father of James Savage was Habijah, a merchant of Boston, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Tudor, whose residence was in Winter-street, on the south side, opposite the Common, where the subject of this outline was born, July 13, 1784. His mother died before he was four years of age, and he early entered Derby Academy, in Hingham, under the tuition of Abner Lincoln, and Washington Academy, at Machias, Me., under Daniel P. Upton. He graduated at Harvard College in 1803, on which occasion he gave an oration in English on the Patronage of Genius. Mr. Savage engaged in the study of law under the late Chief Justice Parker, Samuel Dexter, and William Sullivan, and entered Suffolk bar, January, 1807; previous to which he became a member of the Boston Anthology Society, and was its secretary in January of that year; and being, previous to this period, in declining health, he visited, with his relative and devoted friend, William Tudor, Jr., in 1805, the islands of Martinique, Dominique, St. Thomas, St. Domingo, and Jamaica. He was an original founder and life-subscriber of the Boston Athenæum, in the same year.

Mr. Savage was, during a period of five years, an editor of the Monthly Anthology, which was the first purely literary periodical in New England, conducted by members of the Anthology Society, a literary club of many of our finest scholars, which met at private dwellings, and after supper devoted their time to literary criticisms and general discussions on polite literature, theology, and varied controversy. When this periodical was discontinued, in 1811, New England was without a literary review of like character; and it was not until 1815 that the North American Review, like a phœnix, arose from its ruins, originated by such scions of the parent club as William Tudor and William S. Shaw, to which review Mr. Savage was a contributor.

There is, in the pages of the Anthology, a curious controversy between Dr. J. S. J. Gardiner and Rev. J. S. Buckminster, on the merits of Gray as a poet. This dispute bears some resemblance to the discussions between the romantic and classical schools in literature, says the biographer of Buckminster. Dr. Gardiner maintains, with dry reasoning, that Pope's is the only true model for real poetry. The object of an allusion to this controversy is to introduce an anecdote related by Mr. Savage, then a member of the society. "Controversy," said he, "sprang up in the club, on the literary nature of Gray's Odes; and the war began with a burlesque ode to Winter, by our president, Rev.

J. S. J. Gardiner, who followed it up with one on Summer, also in the Anthology. In the same number, Buckminster gave a forcible defence of the imagery and epithets of the poet, which the next month was replied to by the assailant, and in the following number was strengthened by the other side; and this also was counteracted by another parody of the lyric inspiration, in which Gray's Odes were caricatured. A fourth attempt at the ludicrous, by our president, contained something unguardedly personal from the satirist to his antagonist, which produced strong though silent emotions of sympathy in many of the party. In an instant, the writer threw the inconsiderate effusion into the fire. From that moment, no allusion was made in the club to Gray's merits."

In 1806, when Mr. Savage was a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts, he gave an oration on the progress and advancement of commerce; and in 1812 he pronounced the Phi Beta Kappa oration. Mr. Savage was elected a State representative several times, first in 1812; to the State Senate, first in 1826; to the Executive Council, first in 1830, and is an overseer of Harvard College. In 1819 Mr. Savage visited Demarara. He was elected to the Common Council first in 1823, to the board of Aldermen, first in 1827, and to the school committee. In April, 1823, Mr. Savage married Elizabeth Otis, widow of James Otis Lincoln, Esq., and daughter of George Stillman, of Machias, Me., an officer of the Revolution; by whom he had one son, James, and three daughters, one of whom married Prof. William B. Rogers, of the University of Virginia, 1849; another daughter married Amos Binney, of Boston.

Mr. Savage was a delegate to the State convention on the revision of the constitution in 1820, and was actively engaged in the debates. In a discussion on education, he remarked, the common schools are the children of religion, and religion not the child of town-schools. He hoped that the children would never succeed to destroy their mother. An abstract of his excellent speech against religious tests appears in the printed journal of the convention.

Mr. Savage published, in the year 1825, The History of New England from 1630 to 1649, by John Winthrop, first Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from his original manuscripts: with Notes to illustrate the civil and ecclesiastical concerns, the geography, settlement, and institutions of the country, and the lives and manners of the principal planters. The learned Notes of Mr. Savage to this work

will ever rank him among the most profound antiquaries of his country. But would it detract from the reputed candor of Mr. Savage, should the Notes to a new edition of this work be entirely divested of his own expression of sectarian feeling? Whenever Mr. Savage has restored the true reading, he has accompanied it with a note of reference to the corresponding word or sentence in the first edition as inserted at the bottom of the page. Who will suppose that Gov. Winthrop could say, in speaking of a night which he was obliged to pass in the woods in consequence of losing his way, that it was through God's mercy a weary night, instead of a warm night; or, that one Noddle, an honest man of Salem, was drowned while running wood in a canoe, instead of carrying wood; or, lastly, that all breeches were made up, and the church saved from ruin beyond all expectation, instead of breaches? The good sense and impartiality of Mr. Savage's comments form a singular contrast to the strong and unqualified partiality too often extended by editors towards authors whom they have labored to render famous.

The last days of James Savage are devoted to antiquarian research. "During the summer of 1842," says he, "in a visit to England, I was chiefly occupied with searching for materials to illustrate our early annals; and, although disappointment was a natural consequence of some sanguine expectations, yet labor was followed by success in several. Accident threw in my way richer acquisitions, which were secured with diligence." These comprise gleanings from New England history, extending along one hundred pages in the Massachusetts Historical Collections, of names of early settlers, extracts from records, and an account of rare books and tracts written in New England. May the shade of Prince environ our antiquary! His last, best days are intensely devoted, both by day and sometimes to the last hour of night, in preparing an elaborate work exhibiting the early genealogy of the first settlers of New England; and no subtle divine or civilian ever followed up the minutest point of doubt with more conscientious regard to accuracy, which will render him the most eminent genealogist in America. The very exordium to the oration of Mr. Savage, at the head of this article, exhibits the ruling passion of his mind; for he says: "If the accidental advantage of generous birth may well be a cause of congratulation to an individual, how greatly ought we to exult, my countrymen, on a review of our national origin! Descended from the only people to whom Heaven has afforded the enjoyment of

liberty, with a well-balanced government, the means of securing its continuance in an age of general refinement, in a season of universal peace, our fathers began the controversy which ended in the glorious event that we this day celebrate."

Mr. Savage published, in the New England Magazine for 1832, a History of the Adoption of the Constitution of Massachusetts, a performance of great merit. In the paragraph on popular representation in the Legislature, of which he had been a member, he remarks: "Twenty years ago I had a right to a seat here, when the representatives were seven hundred; and one town favored the commonwealth with its delegate whose constituents were so few that, had an equal proportion through the State been allowed to show equal kindness, the number would have exceeded five thousand and three hundred. A stranger might have been astonished at the manner in which Mr. Kuhn, the doorkeeper, performed his anxious duty; and he would perhaps have irreverently said, that the members had been subjected to the treatment which carcasses undergo from the inspector-general of provisions.

"In the diminution of the State, by the loss of Maine," continues Mr. Savage, in a note, "the relative weight of Hull has increased. Instead of one five thousand three hundred and twentieth, it is now one three thousand and eighteenth of the whole. But it has had no representative since, and I presume never had before." The well-known accuracy of Mr. Savage is proverbial. We know not the man of more scrupulous nicety; but in this point of Hull he is off his guard. The editor of this work, being descended of the far-famed peninsula, of which is an old saying, "As goes Hull, so goes the State," feels some ambition that its representation be accurately stated. The General Court records show that Hull sent John Loring as its representative in 1692; the venerable Benjamin Cushing in 1810; and since 1812, Samuel Loring, the justice of Hull, who was also of the house in the two years previous. The facetious editor of the Boston Courier, Mr. Kettelle, whose sprightly articles over the signature of Peeping Tom at Hull have extended its fame, said of this watering-place: "While stands the Pickerelæum, Hull stands; when falls the Pickerelæum, Hull falls; and when Hull falls, then roof and rafter of Boston town come tumbling after."

One of the most profound instances of antiquarian research in James Savage appears in his argument on ancient and modern dating, comprising the report of a committee of the Pilgrim Society, of which he was

chairman, on the question of the day to be observed as that of the landing of the Plymouth Pilgrims. It has been stated that the Hon. Judge Davis urged an attention to this subject in the year 1830, being of opinion that the date was Dec. 21, instead of the day usually celebrated. Moreover, it is stated in the Perpetual Calendar for Old and New Style, prepared by Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, printed in 1848 : "Our Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1620, O. S. By the New Style, this occurrence would be on Monday, Dec. 21, 1620, and not on Dec. 22, as was erroneously adopted at Plymouth, at the first celebration of that event. This error arose by adopting the correction of eleven days, in use after the year 1700, it not being noticed that this event happened in the previous century, when ten days only were required." The protracted existing doubts on this point induced the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth to appoint a committee, Dec. 15, 1849, to consider the expediency of celebrating in future the landing of the Pilgrims on the 21st day of December, instead of the 22d day. The learned report, prepared by Mr. Savage, tending to establish the former date, was unanimously accepted by the committee; and accepted unanimously, also, by the Pilgrim Society, May 27, 1850. Mr. Savage enlarges, moreover, in this document, which should be perpetuated in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on mistakes in relation to the date of the surrender of Louisburg, to the date of the landing of Endicott, in Salem, of the landing of Winthrop in Charlestown, of the naming of Boston, which Judge Davis ascertained in 1830, and to the mistake of the Historical Society regarding the period of the confederation of the four New England colonies. And, in conclusion, Mr. Savage very pleasantly remarks: "Why should we celebrate a day later, for that of our fathers' landing? The truth should be good enough for us; and that is the only reason for preference of one day to another. When, by habit, the right day has become the day of reverence, it will be wondered why the wrong was so often observed." Indeed, we cannot leave this subject without noticing an error of the American Antiquarian Society, alluded to in the Perpetual Calendar, in adopting Oct. 23, 1492, as the date of the discovery of America by Columbus, for the annual meeting of the society, instead of Oct. 21, which was the actual date, and arising from the same cause as that of the Pilgrim Society. We hope this investigation will prevent the recurrence of similar mistakes, and, with Shakspeare,—

"Let 's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them."

Mr. Savage is a man of untiring industry. He prepared the index to the Ancient Charter and Laws of Massachusetts Bay, and revised the work for the press, published in 1814. He edited Paley's works, and the press-work of American State papers, in ten volumes, selected by John Quincy Adams. He is president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and editor of a few volumes of its Historical Collections, and contributor of many valuable articles in that work, and in the Boston Daily Advertiser. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the New York Historical Society; and is a vice-president, and has been treasurer, of the Provident Institution for Savings in Boston, of which he was the principal originator, on its foundation, in 1816.

HENRY ALEXANDER SCAMMELL DEARBORN.

JULY 4, 1811. FOR THE BUNKER HILL ASSOCIATION.

In this performance of Gen. Dearborn, delivered in the presence also of the State executive, he remarks: "On Bunker's ever-memorable heights was first displayed the lofty spirit of invincible patriotism which impelled the adventurous soldier to brave the severest hardships of the tented field, and endure in northern climes the rugged toils of war, uncanopied from the boreal storm and rude inclemencies of Canadian winters. On that American Thermopylæ, where, wrapt in the dim smoke of wanton conflagration, fought the assembled sovereigns of their native soil, the everlasting bulwarks of freedom, and thrice rolled back the tremendous tide of war, was evinced that unconquerable intrepidity, that national ardor and meritorious zeal, which secured victory on the plains of Saratoga, stormed the ramparts of Yorktown, and bore the bannered eagle in triumph from the shores of the Atlantic to the furthest confines of the wilderness.

"By that destructive battle were awakened the most exalted faculties of the mind. Reason, unrestrained, burst forth in the plenitude

of its effulgence. Man, regenerated and disenthralled, beat down the walls of slavish incarceration, and trampled on the broken chains of regal bondage. The vast resources of an emancipated people were called into generous exertion. An enthusiastic spirit of independence glowed in every breast, and spread the uncontaminated sentiments of emulative freemen over the broad extent of an exasperated republic. The united energies of a virtuous people were strenuously directed to the effectual accomplishment of national independence. During those portentous times were achieved the most honorable deeds which are inscribed on the ever-during records of fame. Stimulated by accumulating wrongs, and elated by the purest feelings of anticipated success, no disastrous events could check the progress of their arms,— no fascinating allurements deflect them from that honorable path which they had sworn to pursue, or perish in the hazardous attempt. Inspired by the guardian genius of Liberty, no barriers could oppose their impetuous career. Like the 'Pontic Sea, whose icy current and compulsive course ne'er feels retiring ebb,' the irrefluent tide of freedom rolls unrestrained. By the courageous virtue of our illustrious heroes were secured those inestimable blessings which we have since enjoyed. To the warriors and statesmen of the Revolution are we indebted for all those distinguished privileges which place the citizens of the United States beyond the predatory vengeance of ruthless oppression. This invaluable inheritance is the prize of slaughter acquired by the lives of contending freemen, secured with the blood of battling patriots."

The father of Gen. Dearborn, who was in the battle of Bunker Hill, and a captain in Col. Stark's regiment, relates that, being destitute of ammunition, the regiment formed in front of a house occupied as an arsenal, where each man received a gill-cup full of powder, fifteen balls, and one flint. The several captains were then ordered to march their companies to their respective quarters, and make up their powder and ball into cartridges, with the greatest possible despatch. As there were scarcely two muskets in a company of equal calibre, it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them; and as but a small proportion of the men had cartridge-boxes, the remainder made use of powder-horns and ball-pouches. Every platoon-officer was engaged in discharging his own musket, and left his men to fire as they pleased, but never without a sure aim at some particular object. He did not see a man quit his post during the action; and did not believe a single soldier who was brought into the field fled until the

whole army was obliged to retreat for want of powder and ball. It is a most extraordinary fact, that the British did not make a single charge during the battle; which, if attempted, would have been decisive and fatal to the Americans, as they did not carry into the field fifty bayonets. In his company there was but one. Not an officer or soldier of the continental troops engaged was in uniform, but were in the plain and ordinary dress of citizens; nor was there an officer on horseback.

Henry A. S. Dearborn was born in Exeter, N. H., March 3, 1783; was the son of Gen. Henry, who married Dorcas Osgood, March 28, 1780. He early entered Williamstown Academy; was first a student at Williamstown College; entered, in advance, at William and Mary's College, Williamsburgh, Va., where he graduated in 1803. He studied law under Hon. William Wirt, and closed his course with Judge Story, of Salem; begun the practice of law in Portland, in 1806, and married Hannah Swett, a daughter of Col. William R. Lee, of Marblehead, at Salem, Mass., May 3, 1807. He became a counsellor-at-law; was deputy-collector of Boston, under his father, in 1811, and his successor as collector of the port of Boston in 1813, which station he occupied until the appointment of David Henshaw, in 1830. Gen. Dearborn delivered the oration on our national independence, July 4, 1811, for the Bunker Hill Association; which, with the Republican Society, were merged in a new society, called the Washington Society, of which Charles Hood was the first president. He was commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in 1816; was brigadier-general of the Massachusetts militia, in 1814; was a member from Roxbury of the convention for revising the State constitution, 1820. He was a Roxbury representative in 1830; of the Governor's Council, of the State Senate, from Norfolk, 1831, and a member of Congress in 1832. He was also the adjutant-general of Massachusetts, 1835. In 1847 Gen. Dearborn was the second elected Mayor of Roxbury, which station he honored to the day of his decease, July 29, 1851.

The reports of the speeches of Gen. Dearborn, in the journal of the convention of 1820, evince force of argument and political sagacity. In his speech on religious tests, he remarked that political opinions were not subject to a test,—why should those upon religion be subject to any? They had no right to compel a man to throw open the portals of the mind, and discover his religious sentiments. He trusted such

oppression would not prevail in this free and enlightened country. There was no authority for it in the Scriptures; and it was not until the third century that persons raised to civil offices were required to believe in any particular religious creed. He had heard it said that this test will exclude immoral and wicked men from office. He asked if such had been the effect of tests in other countries. The offer of a sceptre had induced princes to cross themselves, or to throw off their allegiance to the Pope, just as suited their views of aggrandizement. In England a man goes to take the sacrament, not to repent of his sins, but because he is chosen First Lord of the Treasury. The Declaration of Independence which proclaims, and the United States constitution which prescribes, our rights, require no test — no reason requires a test in the State constitution.

The origin of the Rural Cemetery at Mount Auburn may be traced to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, whose anniversary discourse he delivered September, 1828; and was its first president, when a committee was selected to devise measures for this purpose, in connection with an experimental garden. Gen. Dearborn, while president of this society, was chairman of this committee, and prepared a report, in which an extensive and able exposition was made of the advantages of the undertaking; and, on the 8th of June, 1831, another committee, of which Gen. Dearborn was a member, was appointed to forward this object,— and for sixty days a horse and chaise was ready at his door, that he might traverse the grounds and execute the design. On Sept. 24th, of the same year, the cemetery was consecrated, and Hon. Judge Story gave an eloquent address on the occasion; and much credit should be conceded to Gen. Dearborn for the architectural and rural taste exhibited in the order of Mount Auburn Cemetery. The city of Roxbury is under peculiar obligation to Mayor Dearborn as the originator of Forest Hills Cemetery, consecrated June 28, 1848. In allusion to this noble repository of the dead, the honored Mayor Dearborn remarks of it as "a retired, umbrageous, magnificent, and sacred garden, which will continually augment the number and variety of funereal monuments, as well as insure the erection of such other structures as may be deemed expedient, and so capacious as to entirely supersede the occasion for any other burial-place in that city."

Mayor Dearborn, of Roxbury, had accumulated ninety volumes of manuscript, largely of his own production; among which is the Life and Times of Maj. Gen. Henry Dearborn, including an extensive cor-

respondence with the greatest men of our country, in eleven volumes. He had written a Diary, or journal of his own life and times, and correspondence with famous men, in forty-five volumes. He had written Grecian Architecture, in two volumes folio; a volume on Flowers, with drawings, and compiled a Harmony of the Life of Christ, 8vo., prepared for the instruction of his children, when they were educated. He had written the Memoirs of Commodore William Bainbridge, in 400 pages; a History of the Battle of Bunker Hill, in several hundred pages of quarto, besides literary and scientific works. He was author, moreover, of the Memoirs of Col. William R. Lee, in two volumes quarto. Gen. Dearborn had an extensive library in his romantic cottage in Roxbury, where the intervals of leisure were devoted to his diary and literary research. Would that he had lived to complete the hundredth volume of mental power! No man in New England was more devoted to literature and science. He had great force of intellect, and a large share of varied learning. His unpublished productions will add new illustrations to American history, and would be a valuable legacy to the Massachusetts Historical Society, should they never be published. The most valuable work ever printed of which he was the author is the History of the Commerce of the Black Seas, in two volumes octavo, which has a high character in the North American Review of 1820. Should his residence be destroyed by fire, with all the manuscripts, it would cause a vacuum that never can be filled.

In the peroration of Dr. Putnam's eulogy on Gen. Dearborn we find this glowing passage: "Lie lightly upon his bosom, ye clods of the valley; for he trod softly on you, in loving regard for every green thing that ye bore! Bend benignantly over him, ye towering trees of the forest, and soothe his slumbers with the whisperings of your sweetest requiem; for he loved you as his very brothers of God's garden, and nursed you, and knew almost every leaf on your boughs! Guard sacredly his ashes, ye steep, strong cliffs that gird his grave; for ye were the altars at which he worshipped the Almighty One, who planted you there in your strength."

Mayor Dearborn was a member of the American Antiquarian Society, Massachusetts Historical Society, New England Genealogical Historic Society, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and American Association for Advancement of Science.

BENJAMIN POLLARD.

JULY 4, 1812. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

THE ancestor of this family was William Pollard, whose wife, Anne ———, died in Boston, Dec. 6, 1725, aged one hundred and five years, and left of her offspring one hundred and thirty. She used to relate that she went over in the first boat that crossed Charles River, in 1630, to what has since been called Boston; that she was the first that jumped ashore; and she described the place as being at that time very uneven, abounding in small hollows and swamps, and covered with blueberry and other bushes. In the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society is a portrait of this centenarian, taken in 1723, presented by Isaac Winslow, Esq. Col. Benjamin Pollard, a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1726, Sheriff of Suffolk for thirteen years, and founder of the Boston Cadets in 1744, whose portrait is also in the Historical Society, was father of Col. Jonathan Pollard, who married Mary Johnson; was a goldsmith, whose shop adjoined that of the bookstore of Gen. Knox, and in 1777 was an aid-de-camp to the latter in the Revolutionary War; and Benjamin, the subject of this notice, was his son, born in Boston in 1780, on the site of the Tremont Temple. His teacher was Francis Nichols, in Scollay's Buildings, who was an importer of books from London. He was Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from 1811 to 1815. He was secretary of the State convention for revising the constitution, in 1820; and was the City Marshal of Boston from its incorporation, in 1822, until his decease, November, 1836, aged fifty-six.

Marshal Pollard was very partial to polite literature and politics, and was the reputed editor of two periodicals,— the Emerald, and the Ordeal,— which, it is said, went down at no distant period from each other. Ignorant of this fact, a literary stranger inquired of Robert Treat Paine "what rank this gentleman held among the literati." Paine answered, "He possesses the greatest literary execution of any man in America. Two journals have perished under his hands, in six months." The Ordeal was first issued in January, 1809, in connection with Joseph T. Buckingham; and its objects were, to attack the Democratic party, to review and ridicule the small literary publica-

tions of the press, and to discipline the children of Thespis. Pollard was a vigorous writer. His letters, reviews, and essays on political topics, evinced rare ability. He was an admirer of Ames, Hamilton, Strong, Gore, Lowell, and other Federal authors, and a real hater of Jefferson, Madison, and the writers in the Independent Chronicle. He wrote a review of Giles' speech in the U. S. Senate, on the resolution of Hillhouse to repeal the embargo laws. He addressed, in part, a series of letters to Madison, signed "Marcus Brutus." He wrote on the "Spanish cause," Napoleon being then at war with that country, and showed much vituperation. The political articles in this periodical were in a tone of caustic and vindictive censure, and "rather applied to personages of scale and office," said Mr. Pollard, "than to individuals who, however they might have deserved, have found protection in insignificance."

Mr. Pollard, though not possessing a liberal share of charity toward his political opponents, gave peculiar evidence of a warm spirit of benevolence in the cause of common humanity. He remarked, in an address for a charitable society: "As the faculty of speech marks the chief distinction between man and the brute creation, so the sympathies of his heart are the elevating qualities which exalt him to a rank among celestial beings. And perhaps the divinity of his origin and his destiny is in nothing more fully evinced than in the relief which he extends to his fellow-men in the various vicissitudes of their lives. The majesty of his soul expands by the natural enlargement of his charity, which comprehends the whole human race within its folds; his grovelling appetites and passions are left at an infinite distance below him, and though his feet are fixed upon earth, yet his ethereal essence is combining with congenial spirits in the skies. His common feelings extend beyond the reach of the sudden impulses of ordinary men, as a great river is always superior to a smaller stream, however swelled by accidental accumulations." Mr. Pollard was an early editor of the Boston Evening Gazette, and his talent was mostly devoted to dramatic criticism in that paper. A friend wrote of him, in the Gazette, after his decease, that he had the ready wit of Garrick, and more dignity than Sterne.

Marshal Pollard had the qualities of an orator. His enunciation was clear and sonorous, and he for many years read in a manly and eloquent manner the "Declaration of Independence" at Fourth-of-July celebrations, previous to the delivery of an oration by a speaker

for the occasion. The oration of Mr. Pollard at the head of this article was not printed. Russell's Centinel remarked that the prayer of Rev. Mr. Holley, and the oration, were peculiarly pertinent, animating and patriotic. Mr. Pollard was about six feet in height, with rather a bending of the shoulders. He was highly accomplished in manners, and a finished gentleman. With what graceful ease and dignity he performed the ceremony of introducing the citizens of Boston to the admired Lafayette, in the Doric hall of the State House, August, 1824, is strong in the memory of many who enjoyed the honor. The refined taste and social qualities of Marshal Pollard were better suited for the drawing-room than for the purlieus of the City Hall, or the duties of a police-officer. Marshal Pollard, though amply qualified to devise projects for the prevention of crime, had not the efficiency to execute them. His successors were, Parkman, Weston, Blake, Gibbs, and Tukey. It may be a question whether Francis Tukey is to the municipality what Fouché was to the court of Napoleon; but can there be a doubt that he is the Eugene Vidocq of New England, as regards the vigilant detection of offenders?

EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE.

JULY 4, 1813. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Was born at Holderness, N. H., where he resided in 1815. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1800; was a counsellor-at-law; and married Sarah Creese, daughter of William Stackpole, a merchant of Boston. Was U. S. Attorney to the Circuit Court; a member of Congress for Essex county, Mass., 1806 to 1812. Was a judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. Was a resident of Boston in 1813. Miss Harriet Livermore, the celebrated lecturer, was his daughter. When at Portsmouth, he gave an oration on the dissolution of the political union between the United States and France, in 1799; and an oration on the embargo law, Jan. 6, 1809. He died at Tewksbury, Sept. 22, 1832, aged seventy.

BENJAMIN WHITWELL.

JULY 4, 1814. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Was born at Boston, June 22, 1772; entered the Latin School in 1779; graduated at Harvard College in 1790; was a counsellor-at-law; and married Lucy Scollay, May, 1808. Was deputy Secretary of State in 1816; was poet for the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1806; and died at Hallowell, April 5, 1825. In 1799, at Augusta, he gave a eulogy on Washington.

HORACE HOLLEY.

APRIL 30, 1815. FOR THE WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

This institution was organized Feb. 22, 1812, on which occasion Gen. Arnold Welles was elected president, and William Sullivan, Josiah Quincy, Henry Purkitt, Daniel Messenger, Francis J. Oliver, and Benjamin Russell, were elected vice-presidents. The Washington Benevolent Society was originated, it is said, in the office of Nathan Hale, attorney-at-law, No. 12 Exchange-street. The object of this society was to cherish and disseminate the principles of Washington, and to establish a fund for the aid of those unfortunate members of the institution who are reduced by the pressure of the times to a state of poverty. To effect its objects, they held monthly meetings for debate at the Exchange Coffee-house, when political speeches were delivered by our first men. The meetings were free to all parties. Political editors and party leaders attended; and the society soon increased to more than two thousand members. An oration was delivered annually on the 30th of April, in honor of the inauguration of Washington. The admission fee was two dollars, to constitute a member. The orations were pronounced until the peace of Dec. 22, 1815; and its orators were Sullivan, Quincy, Bigelow and Holley, whose performances, with the exception of the latter, were printed. The

oration of Holley was delivered in the Old South Church. Russell, of the Centinel, remarked of this performance, that it comprised a full and able commentary upon the principles professed by the disciples of Washington; an application of them to the recent events which have occurred since the elevation of the Jeffersonian administration, etc. It is highly probable that the Hartford Convention owes its origin more especially to this institution than to the Essex Junto. In the absence of Holley's oration, we will introduce a beautiful passage from an unpublished manuscript of his, which we have recently perused, where, in enlarging on truly great minds of varied influence, he lastly introduces Washington, "whose judgment presides over almost every other power, where there is but little or no preëminence of genius; where there is no attempt at invention, at great and comprehensive arguments in form; where wonder and novelties have nothing to do with the decisions for practice; where experiment is so mingled with the tried result of past years as not to be distinguished; where there is a clear knowledge of character in the individual state, and an unrivalled judgment to collect, sift, separate, and use for the most valuable purposes, the information thus obtained. Such was the mind of Washington,—and here I stop, declaring the most gratified admiration, and uttering the most fervent prayers for the wider diffusion of this uncommon class of minds."

In the procession of this institution were four hundred boys, in a uniform dress, decorated with wreaths and garlands, each one bearing on his breast a copy of Washington's Legacy, in a morocco-bound miniature volume, suspended by a ribbon. An elegant standard, and twenty banners, were borne by twenty-one youths, on each of which were inscribed patriotic mottoes. These sons of Sparta were drilled for parade in Faneuil Hall; and a complete record of their names, preserved by Lemuel Blake, Esq., one of the managers, and a treasurer of the society, is appended to this volume.

This institution was watched with a keen eye of jealousy. In the Boston Gazette of May 2, 1814, we find an impromptu, on hearing an "envious" Democrat boast of the success of his prayers for rain to drench the Washington roses, on the day of the procession:

"Cease, railer! thy prayer is both foolish and vain,
The Washington rose-tree is safe from disaster;
The gentle effusion of April's soft rain
Will nourish its root, and expand its buds faster.

Nor think for the cloud-mantled sun that it grieves,—
It shall flourish when nature's bright glories are ended ;
Transplanted to heaven, its odorous leaves
Shall breathe their perfume where its Patron 's ascended.
From eternity's soil the Washington rose
Shall draw its nutrition, its bloom never fading,
While the poisonous plant that in Erebus grows
Shall reward, wretched slave, thy profane gasconading ! "

The eloquence of Horace Holley, on the delivery of a sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in 1811, was so overpowering, that a spontaneous acclamation burst forth from the crowd that thronged the doors of the church. He was born at Salisbury, Conn., Feb. 13, 1781, and graduated at Yale College in 1803. On leaving college, he studied law under Peter W. Radcliff, Esq., of New York; and in 1804 he engaged in the study of divinity with President Dwight, at New Haven, and married Mary, daughter of Stephen Austin, of that city, when he was settled at Greenfield Hill, Fairfield. He was at that period a Trinitarian. In 1809 he became an avowed Unitarian, and was the successor of Rev. Dr. West, of the Hollis-street Church, in Boston. In 1812 he was chaplain of the House of Representatives, and one of the school committee.

The ancestor of Horace Holley was one of the early settlers of Connecticut,— probably John Holley, a selectman of Stamford in 1642. An absurd attempt has been made to trace his descent from Edmund Halley, the eminent astronomer of England, who died in 1741, a *great-grandson* of whom was said to be Luther Holley, the father of the subject of this outline.

Mr. Holley was warmly interested in the old Federal party, but never spoke at a political caucus ; and it is related of him, that, after attending a debate in Faneuil Hall, which he entered arm in arm with Samuel Dexter, his personal friend, who decidedly opposed the expediency of the Hartford Convention, Mr. Holley devoted the forenoon service of the next Sabbath to an argument in favor of its objects, pouring out, in strains of eloquence that captivated the audience, one half-hour longer than the usual period. His mind was also intensely absorbed in morals and manners ; and on another Sabbath he enlarged in an exposition of the nature and character of the morals and maxims of the famous Marquis de Rochefoucault, without any reference to the Holy Scriptures for a text from which to preach. He was frequently solicited to publish a sermon, by his parishioners, and also

for the loan of a manuscript; but he uniformly declined the former, and rarely consented to the latter. However, to oblige one of his devoted friends,—Mr. Jackson,—who was a candle-maker, and often made him the gift of a box of candles,—urging the favor of an interchange of light,—he occasionally consented to the request. A female domestic once surreptitiously secreted a manuscript sermon of his under the carpet in his study, which was copied, and then replaced.

Dr. Holley was a fine mechanical genius. Calling, one time, on his bootmaker,—one Mr. Barker,—to settle an account, he offered the man a fifty-dollar bill to be exchanged, who directly sent a boy to obtain small bills for it; on which, Dr. Holley forthwith seated himself on the bench, stitching a shoe with ready facility. The bootmaker jocosely remarked to the divine that he ought to pay for the use of the block. After paying his bill, Dr. Holley very pleasantly threw a piece of silver on the bench, and politely withdrew from the shop. This incident is worthy of Mather Byles, his witty predecessor.

On the 22d December, 1817, Dr. Holley delivered the anniversary discourse on the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth; and Thacher, in the History of Plymouth, relates that the well-known oratorical powers of Dr. Holley were exerted in the happiest manner, and afforded great delight and satisfaction to his numerous auditors. He contemplated the scenery about our harbor, our burial-hill, and the rock; and held a conversation with Dea. Spooner, in the morning, which roused the best energies of his nature, and nerved his faculties to their noblest display. In the discourse, he observed that he had that morning received some new recollections, and made the following allusion to the venerable Dea. Spooner: "Our venerable friend knew and conversed with Elder Faunce, who personally knew the first settlers: so Polycarp conversed with St. John, the beloved disciple of our Saviour." On this occasion, Dea. Spooner officiated by reading the Psalm in the ancient form, line by line,—and thus closed the religious services of this venerable man, who for so many years had constantly been seen in the "deacon's seat" in the sanctuary of God, and who died March 22, 1818, in the eighty-third year of his age.

In 1818 Dr. Holley was elected president of Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky. This passage from the golden ore of Holley, brilliant as the hues of the rainbow, is gleaned from his funeral eulogy over the remains of Col. James Morrison, the most munificent benefactor of this university, printed at Lexington, in 1823:

"When I look over the history of the public institutions of our country,— especially of those devoted to the great cause of education,— I find among their donors, their patrons, the founders of professorships, the names of those who have been most distinguished for their patriotism, their liberal opinions, their services to the state, and their effective philanthropy. Washington, Adams, Franklin, Rumford, and Dexter, among a host of others less distinguished, might be mentioned, as a few of that glorious class of American benefactors and philanthropists to which Morrison has so honorably added his name. Not many have surpassed him in the extent of their munificence, and most are left far behind.

"It deserves to be noted that the venerable sage of Monticello, after having spent years as a diplomatist abroad,— after having witnessed and enjoyed the diversified resources of a European life,— after being raised to the highest honors of his country, and crowned with the wreath of imperishable glory,— after having drank at the fountains of enjoyment in almost every mode of existence,— has at last devoted himself, with the ardor of a young enthusiast, and with the perseverance of a veteran in philanthropy, to the most glorious of all the public enterprises of Virginia, the establishment, completion and endowment, of her State university. What an example is this to illustrate the usefulness of age, the dignity of retirement, the results of experience, the worth of human nature, the value of mind, and an effectual honorable preparation for eternity! The patriot, scholar and philanthropist, of Quincy, too, finds no appropriation of the gifts of fortune so dear to his heart, in the frosts of age and on the verge of the grave, as that which lays a foundation for the permanent union of literature, philosophy, and religion. What a spectacle for European potentates to behold is thus furnished by the plain but enlightened and truly noble servants of our republic, in private life! What a contrast do these benefactions for the best of all purposes exhibit to the blood-stained career of mad ambition; to the selfish, haughty, and cruel doctrines of legitimacy; to the luxuries, debaucheries, effeminacy, and decapitations, of too many of the crowned pageants that glitter through a short and oppressive reign, and are known afterwards only for their want of capacity, usefulness, and virtue! O, my country! long mayst thou boast of thy free institutions, thy equal laws, thy simple manners, thy hardy and independent spirit, thy active patriots, and thy honored statesmen,— not only in public but in private life."

The above production, together with a review of Ely's Contrast of Hopkinsianism and Calvinism, an article in the Western Review, and a few articles embraced in the memoir of his life, are nearly all that remain of his mental efforts. The most successful result of the genius of Gilbert Stuart was the portrait of Horace Holley, finished in 1818, on the day when he left Boston for his elevated station in the west. It was executed for James Barker, Esq., one of his parishioners. Stuart was so delighted with the painting, that he exclaimed to Mr. Barker, "I never wish to paint him again. This is the only picture I ever painted that I have no desire to alter; I am entirely satisfied with it." A friend conversing with Sprague, the poet, regarding this inimitable likeness, advised him to go and see it, for it was worth a pilgrimage of five miles on foot. Sprague replied, "I will go and see it." Our poet remarked that he was not accustomed to speak of handsome men, "but I will say that Horace Holley was a man of great personal masculine beauty." When he ascended the pulpit, in his flowing gown, and, assuming the air and attitude of the orator, bold and expressive, threw his eyes around him on the gazing audience, the scene itself was eloquent. "His voice was mellow, rich, and silver-toned, thrilling at times," says Caldwell, in the eulogium, "with the very essence of melody." His enunciation was clear, distinct, and aptly varied. His manner was graceful and animated, and his action was so effective that the whole audience would be irresistibly overpowered. Holley was, as one remarked, a sun in the firmament of pulpit eloquence, at whose appearance "all the constellations pass away, and make no noise." His widow graphically said of him, in the beautiful memoir which she published, that "he had clear and bright, yet expressive, black eyes. His hair, in his youth, was black, fine, and silky. As he advanced in life, it gradually retreated from his fair, polished forehead, until but a remnant was left upon one of the most classic heads ever displayed to view." What Holley once remarked of Whitefield well applies to himself, that he has left his fame to rest upon the record of his own personal eloquence; and it may be safely asserted that Stillman and Holley were the most eloquent pastors that ever graced the Boston pulpit

President Holley resigned the oversight of the university in 1827, with the expectation of an invitation to a new church in Boston. On his passage from New Orleans to New York, he died of the yellow fever, July 31, 1827, at the early age of forty-six years. His widow

has proved her devotion to the memory of her husband more affectingly than if she had mingled his ashes in her cup, said one, and drank them, to keep his remains ever near her heart. How exquisitely pathetic is her burning narrative of his last moments at sea! "Rest and quietness were out of the question," says Mrs. Holley; "a still, dark room, a bed of suitable dimensions, with constant and careful attendants,— any one circumstance included in the word *home*, had been more than luxury. Let those who would learn the full meaning of that dearest of all names experience a distressing, paralyzing illness at sea, and they will know its full import. Hitherto, no one had expressed a fear of dangerous disease on board, so little do we feel and understand impending evil. It now became calm, and there was time and opportunity to attend to the suffering and helpless. The danger of Dr. Holley's situation became too apparent. His eyes were half closed — his mind wandering. The same medicines were repeated, the doses doubled, and all other means of relief applied, which the kind-hearted, though unskilled, in their goodness could command. The disease, which in its early stages might, perhaps, have been checked, had now acquired force and strength, and soon triumphed over one of the finest constitutions, as well as most brilliant of intellects. The fifth of the disease, and the thirty-first of the month, was the fatal day.

"The sun rose in all the brightness and intense heat of a tropical region. It was a dead calm. Not a breath of air skimmed the surface of the sea, or fanned the burning brow of the sufferer. The writer of this article, who still lay in silent anguish a speechless spectator of the scene, expected, while conscious of anything but distress, to be the next victim; and who, losing at times all sense of suffering in the womanish feeling occasioned by the circumstance of there not being a female hand to perform the last sad offices of humanity, has a confused recollection of horror of the solemn looks of the passengers pacing to and fro upon the deck; of a deathlike stillness, broken by groans and half-uttered sentences; and of a little, soft voice trying to soothe the last moments, and to interpret the last accents, of his dying parent. All this she heard, without sense enough to request to be carried to the spot, or to realize that it meant death. When the groans and spasms had ceased, it seemed to be only a release from pain — a temporary sleep. When all was hushed, and the report of pistols and the fumes of burning tar announced the fatal issue, trusting in that divine Being into whose presence she expected soon to be ushered,— believing, as far

as reflection had exercise, that the separation was but for a little space,—she heard with the firmness of despair, and with silent awe, the parting waters receive the scarce breathless form of him who had been her pride and boast, as he had been the admiration of all to whom he was known,—his winding-sheet a cloak, his grave the wide ocean, his monument the everlasting Tortugas! All this she heard, and lives."

The lament of his lonely and devoted widow will ever affect the heart of sympathy:

"O! had he lived to reach his native land,
And then expired, I would have blessed the strand;
But where my husband lies I may not lie.
I cannot come, with broken heart, to sigh
O'er his loved dust, and strew with flowers his turf;
His pillow hath no cover but the surf:
I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye
Near his cold bed;—he slumbers in the wave.
O! I will love the sea, because it is thy grave."

LEMUEL SHAW.

JULY 4, 1815. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

In the admirable performance of Chief Justice Shaw, we find an explanation of the opposition of a powerful party amongst us to the last war with Great Britain, and a magnanimous and prompt concession that the contest has strengthened the bonds of our political union: "We rejoice in the belief that the danger which we once feared from the ascendency of French power, and the more contaminating influence of French principles, is forever removed. The secret spell, which seemed to bind us in willing chains to the conqueror's car, is forever broken. No sophistry can again deceive us into a belief that the cause of Bonaparte is the cause of social rights, or create a momentary sympathy between the champion of despotism and the friends of civil liberty.

"One of the most alarming points of view in which the sincere opponents of the late war with England regarded that measure was, that it tended to cement and perpetuate that dangerous and disgraceful

connection. The commercial restrictions of America corresponded, in principle and in object, with the continental system of France. We declared war at the moment when Napoleon had prepared the whole force of his empire to strike the last fatal blow against the liberties of Europe, by the conquest of Russia. Of the character of that war we have often expressed our strong and decided opinion; and it is not my design to anticipate the sentence of censure and condemnation which history will pronounce on its authors. Let us rather turn from the revolting subject, to the more grateful task of contemplating the lustre which it has given occasion to shed on the American character. O! who shall hereafter recollect the gallantry of our little navy, the memorable exploits of our ocean heroes, their skill and bravery in battle, their moderation in victory, their dignity even in defeat, without higher emotions of pride and satisfaction in the name and character of an American? That navy, one of the few remaining fruits of better counsels, had survived only amidst the utter contempt and neglect of those whose administration it has since contributed to emblazon. But it has justified the ardent hopes and realized the high expectations of its early and constant friends, and redeemed the reputation of the country. It is now justly the favorite of all; the nation are its patrons, and it must and will be cherished. I certainly mean to bestow the highest praise on the late American army, when I say that, in most instances, they have well sustained the high military reputation which crowned the arms of America in the war of the Revolution.

'Fas est ab hoste doceri,'

"'If,' said Gen. Burgoyne in his memorable defence before Parliament, 'there can be any persons who continue to doubt that the Americans possess the quality and faculty of fighting (call it by whatever name they please), they are of a prejudice that it would be very absurd longer to contend with.' This reputation, the battles of Niagara, of Plattsburg and the Mississippi, will have no tendency to impair. In this review, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to mention, with merited commendation, the courage, the spirit and patriotism, of the American militia. Sensible of the danger as well as the burthen of supporting a large standing force, it has been the policy of America to arm and discipline her citizens; and, in cases of sudden emergency, to intrust the safety of the country, in some measure, to their zeal and courage. The vigorous defence of Plattsburg, of Baltimore and New

Orleans, has well justified the confidence reposed in them. I may add, with pride and with pleasure, that the alacrity with which the militia of Massachusetts recently rallied at the call of their illustrious chief, in whose judgment, courage and patriotism, they justly reposed unlimited confidence, the ardor and discipline they exhibited, the patience and courage they manifested, proved — if proof were wanting — that the soil of freedom will never be surrendered by its proprietors, but with their lives."

Lemuel Shaw was born at Barnstable, Jan. 9, 1781; and was the son of Rev. Oakes Shaw, the venerable pastor of the first church in that town, by Susanna Hayward, his second wife. At the age of fifteen years, young Lemuel entered Harvard College; and, on his graduation in 1800, he engaged in a dialogue with Timothy Flint and Abiel Holbrook, on the excellence of the Greek language. On leaving college, being ambitious to disencumber his beloved father of the expenses of his education, he became usher at the Franklin, now the Brimmer School, then under the direction of the excellent Dr. Asa Bullard. Here we cannot forbear to state that our own Charles Sprague, the immortal poet of Boston, was then a scholar at this public school. Who can estimate the influence of such minds on youthful genius? Mr. Shaw engaged in legal studies, during a period of three years, under the guidance of the famous David Everett, a counsellor, and author of the memorable poem for youthful orators, the first lines of which are —

> "You 'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage."

We find in Felt's Memorials of William S. Shaw a remark of Mrs. Peabody, his mother and a sister of Mrs. President Adams, expressed in her letter to him, dated Sept. 2, 1801 : "Your cousin, Lemuel Shaw, is studying law in Boston. He is a superior young man."

In 1805 Mr. Shaw was an entered attorney of Suffolk bar. He was representative of Boston in the State Legislature during the entire period of the war with Great Britain, from 1811 to 1816; and, on the institution of the Washington Benevolent Society, in 1812, was elected its secretary. Mr. Shaw married, Jan. 6, 1818, Elizabeth, a daughter of Josiah Knapp, a merchant of Boston, who died; and he married, the second time, Hope, a daughter of Dr. Samuel Savage, of Barnstable, to whom a lady made the happy allusion,—"There is Hope in the Judiciary,"— at the centennial celebration of his native town. In

1811 he gave an address for the Massachusetts Humane Society. He was elected to the State convention on the revision of the constitution, where, in his arguments on the judiciary and other points, he evinced great wisdom; and, in the year succeeding, he was one of the editors of the General Laws of the State, revised and adapted to the amendments of the convention.

In the year 1822 we find Mr. Shaw in the State Senate, at which period he was chairman of the joint committee of the Legislature on a city charter for Boston. We venerate the man who devised our chartered rights. It was Chief Justice Shaw, then an eminent counsellor, — the sage of TRIMOUNT,— who drafted the city charter, in the committee of the town, and wrote, also, the act of incorporation establishing the city of Boston, granted by the General Court, Feb. 23, 1822, with the exception of the fourteenth section, regarding public theatres and exhibitions, and the act establishing a Police Court, which were drafted by Hon. William Sullivan, and went into operation at the same time; both acts constituting the system of municipal government. The original bill for a city charter is on file in the State archives, and is partly in the hand-writing of Chief Justice Shaw.

Every avenue to an invasion of the foundation of the city charter should be guarded with a jealous eye. At the period of its construction, a party was strenuous that each ward should elect its own alderman. This was vigorously opposed, as creating the wards into petty democracies, overturning the balance of power in the Council; and even though they be elected on a general ticket, it would lead to a strife of wards. In addition to a share in the legislative power of the Council, they are invested with important executive duties, without regard to local interests. Rather tolerate the minor evils of a conservative charter, than endure greater by submitting to party caprice. In a careful, conservative spirit, Justice Shaw has avoided both the exclusiveness of aristocracy and the arbitrary severity of democracy, weaving the whole system on a purely republican basis. The arguments for the inviolate preservation of the charter urged by the elder Quincy tend to its perpetuity. Our city is indebted to the ocean-bound cape for many of its most eminent civil and mercantile men.

Lemuel Shaw is the successor of Isaac Parker, as Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, over which he has presided since his appointment under Gov. Levi Lincoln, since his inauguration in September, 1830, at which period he was a representative in the

State Legislature. He is senior Fellow of the Corporation of Harvard College, which important station he has honorably filled since his election, in 1834. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Massachusetts Historical and of the New England Genealogic Historical Societies.

During the whole period of his elevation to the head of the State judiciary, Justice Shaw has made records of the legal transactions under his superintendence, comprising nearly fifty volumes, of several hundred pages each, lettered "Minutes of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court," handsomely bound in substantial Russia backs, — thus giving him facilities to recur to former decisions, and learn of the past how to operate on the present. He could not bequeath to the law library of Suffolk any amount of money that would compare with the inestimable value of such a legacy as these volumes of Court Decisions.

With the exception of Theophilus Parsons, a more profound civilian never graced the ermine, in New England. He discerns, at a glance, points in a case, that, to an ordinary intellect, would require protracted reflection. He is unblemished in private life, and greatly esteemed for his courtesy, candor, and ready acts of charity. His sagacity and penetration are proverbial, and his influence on the bench is almost without bound. He is rather corpulent, and near the common height of man, with dark-blue, piercing eyes, that play amid expressive features.

Justice Shaw has ever felt a devoted veneration of his parents. His mother was a lady of more than ordinary powers of intellect; and of his father, the venerable pastor of Barnstable, he thus warmly expressed himself, in a speech at the centennial celebration of that town, Sept. 3, 1839: "Almost within sight of the place where we are still stands a modest spire, marking the spot where a beloved father stood to minister the holy word of truth, and hope, and salvation, to a numerous, beloved, and attached people, for almost half a century. Pious, pure, simple-hearted, devoted to and beloved by his people, never shall I cease to venerate his memory, or to love those who knew and loved him. I speak in the presence of some who knew him, and of many more who, I doubt not, were taught to love and honor his memory, as one of the earliest lessons of their childhood."

He is remarkable for social qualities, and his conversation is often so replete with wisdom and amiable vivacity that one is sure to be the

better for his society. The sentiment here advanced, and given by him at the celebration, so characterizes the man, that it is a choice memento: "Cape Cod, our beloved Birth-place: May it be the nursery and the home of the social virtues,— a place which all her sons and daughters, whether present or absent, may, for centuries to come, as in centuries past, delight to honor and to love." The passage herewith transcribed is taken from the song written for the occasion, by William Hayden, Esq., our late honored postmaster of Boston:

> "To trace your debt to old Cape Cod
> It needs no brush or pallet,—
> There 's Dimmock, Gray, and Thacher, too,
> The Searses, and George Hallett;
> Some service we have done the State,—
> From us you get your law, sir;
> There 's Mr. Bassett — he 's your clerk,—
> And there 's Chief Justice Shaw, sir."

Justice Shaw gave the following sentiment at the first anniversary of the Cape Cod Association, celebrated in Boston, Nov. 11, 1851: "The Cabin of the Mayflower: The Convention Hall of the Pilgrims, from the first dawning of whose light has emanated a blaze of constitutional freedom which has lighted up every mountain and penetrated every valley of our land."

In addition to productions already named, Chief Justice Shaw has published his Inaugural Address; Charge to the Grand Jury at Ipswich, 1832; Address at the Opening of the New Court-house, in Worcester, 1845; Charge to the Jury in the trial of Professor J. W. Webster, in Bemis' edition.

What Justice Shaw said of his predecessor in office may, with great emphasis, be applied to himself: "His judicial character must stand upon the published reports of his judicial decisions, which now form so large a portion of his legal learning. These will form an enduring monument of his fame, and constitute a large claim upon the respect and gratitude of posterity." In transposing what Justice Shaw once said of the law, to the lawyers, we may remark of him, that, having been nurtured by an enlightened philosophy, invigorated by sound learning, and polished by elegant literature, he has been an efficient supporter of constitutional liberty.

WILLIAM GALE.

JULY 4, 1815. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WILLAM GALE was born at Waltham in the year 1792, and graduated at Harvard College in 1810. He became a counsellor-at-law, and practised in the old State-house. He was a warm adherent of the Democratic party, and a frequent contributor to the Chronicle. The papers of the day said of the oration (delivered at the Columbian Coffee-house, for the Washington Society, of which Mr. Gale was president in 1817), that it was a patriotic, spirited and elegant performance. Mr. Gale was the legal solicitor of the Republican Institution, on its foundation, in 1819. Possessing talents tending to an honored eminence, it is related that he descended to habits of inebriation,— an infirmity peculiar to men of literary genius,— which reduced him to poverty, and doomed him to the House of Industry, which, according to the records, he last entered Nov. 6, 1839, when, being attacked with the small-pox, he was removed to Rainsford Island on the 19th inst., where he died, Nov. 21, 1839, aged forty-seven years.

> " Now there he lies,
> And none so poor to do him reverence."

GEORGE SULLIVAN.

JULY 4, 1816. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

WAS a son of Gov. Sullivan, and born in Boston February, 1782; entered the Latin School in 1791, and graduated at Harvard College in 1801, when he engaged in a discussion on the importance of national character to the United States. Was a counsellor-at-law; and married Sarah Bowdoin, a daughter of Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop. He was secretary to Hon. James Bowdoin, when minister to Spain. Was the governor's aid-de-camp, and a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in 1811. Was captain of the New

England Guards. Judge-advocate of the first military division. Was president, in 1813, of Boston Fuel Society for the Poor. Was a representative, and a senator, in the State Legislature. His residence has been, for many years, in New York.

General Humphries, who gave a speech at the dinner of the town authorities, remarked of Mr. Sullivan's performance, at the head of this article : "The orator of the day has been your faithful organ, in pronouncing conciliatory doctrines, in inculcating liberal and independent sentiments, and recommending a just and wise system of policy."

Unlike his eminent brother, William, he was a republican of the Democratic school. He is a member of the New England Historical Society. He is a gentleman of polished manners and truly estimable reputation, and the honored brother of the Hon. Richard Sullivan, of this State.

ASHUR WARE.

JULY 4, 1816. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WAS born at Sherburne, and son of Joseph Ware, a respectable farmer, and born in 1783. He graduated at Harvard College in 1804, at which time he took part in a forensic disputation, Whether the law of nature be equally applicable to individuals and nations. He was a tutor at Cambridge from 1807 to 1811, and professor of Greek from that period to 1815. He was an attorney-at-law in Boston, 1816, and an editor of the Boston Yankee, in company with Henry Orne. In 1817 Mr. Ware removed to Portland, and delivered another oration on our national independence, in that town. In 1820 he was elected a member of the corporation of Bowdoin College, which he occupied until 1844. In 1834 he was president of the Portland Athenæum, and was an officer of the Maine Historical Society. He has been many years, from 1822, Judge of the U. S. District Court of Maine. In 1830 Judge Ware married Sarah Morgridge, and has one son at college. In 1839 he published Reports of Cases argued and determined in the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, from 1822 to 1839, printed at Port-

land. This is a work of great legal learning. Judge Ware was the first Secretary of State for Maine, on its separation, in 1820.

Judge Ware, in early life, entered the field of democracy, and warmly espoused its cause. His brilliant talents, displayed in the two orations, show him a devoted champion for the war with Great Britain, and a decided opponent to the Hartford Convention. They are valuable records of the party feeling of the day. He said of Samuel Dexter, that he indignantly frowned on all attempts to impair the constitution, or sever the Union. We do not believe the judge indulges, after an experience of thirty years, views like the following, extracted from the Portland oration: "Mr. Ames, the oracle of our aristocratic junto, feelingly lamented that we had not in this country the materials for establishing a monarchy similar to that of England. We had no old and great families who were looked up to with that submissive reverence which is inspired by the inherited greatness, the family pictures, if I may so remark, of ancient nobility. But the times are much improved since he wrote. All difficulties vanished before the enterprising geniuses of 1814. This man will surely make a very good Duke of Norfolk, and here is an Earl of Essex waiting for his patent of nobility. A hopeful train of titled great could be quickly formed. But for the king! Who shall we clothe with the awful robes of majesty? Where shall we find the sublimity of genius and the transcendent dignity that is worthy to be encircled by the glories of the crown? Nothing so easy. It is a maxim of the British constitution, which is our model, that a pasteboard king is the best of all possible monarchs; and so we will crown — the sage of Northampton! Queen Mab was busy at her fairy work. Mitres and diadems, and stars and ribbons, were dancing before the eager imaginations of these titled dreamers. But the angel of Peace arrived, and the air-drawn phantoms of the fairies vanished before the wand of the powerful enchanter. The exhilarating visions of a heated fancy, the 'thrones and dominions and princedoms,' the stars and diadems and mitres, just as the pilgrims arrived at the wicket of their political heaven, were taken by this rude cross wind, and,

> "Upwhirled aloft,
> Flew o'er the backside of the world far off,
> Into a limbo large and broad,"

the ancient receptacle of all the abortive and unfinished works of nature, and all the multiformed follies of men, of politician's dreams,

and lover's sighs, and Pope's indulgences, yclept in olden time the 'Paradise of fools.' And there may the sparkling glories of the New England monarchy, the crosses and coronets, that charmed the waking and sleeping fancies of our political regenerator, slumber in undisturbed repose, with the cowls and hoods, the relics and rosaries, of religious delirium, till the day of the general resurrection;" and in another passage of like satirical vein, Gov. Strong is alluded to as our invincible Washington, in frowning majesty, curbing his impetuous steed, at the head of his Northampton chivalry. His very name was a tower of strength, and of whom Paine thus emphasizes in Rule New England:

> "Old Massachusetts' hundred hills,
> Awake, and chant the matin song!
> A realm's acclaim the welkin fills, —
> The Federal sun returns with Strong."

As an offset to the insinuations on the "good Duke of Norfolk," — meaning, we presume, Fisher Ames,— we will quote a sentence from his eulogy on Washington, that "government was administered with such integrity without mystery, and in so prosperous a course, that it seemed wholly employed in acts of beneficence;" and this was an opinion formed after being in Congress during the entire administration of Washington. A royalist would not say this; and Samuel Dexter, the great political rival of Fisher Ames, pronounced the eulogy over his unburied remains.

EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING.

JULY 4, 1817. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

WAS born at Newport, R. I., Dec. 12, 1790. He received at Harvard College, in 1819, the degree of A. M.; was the orator for the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1818; became a counsellor-at-law, and married Henrietta A. S., daughter of William Ellery, Esq., of Newport, April, 1826; has been the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory ever since 1819. At that period he became editor of the North American Review. The oration delivered in 1817 was pro-

nounced in the presence of President Monroe, who was then on a tour through New England. He was author of the Memoir of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, of whom Dr. Allen states that he died while he was reading Tully's Offices, in Latin. The Rev. William E. Channing has characterized his brother Edward as "the antiquary of the family."

Professor Channing resigned his office at the close of the academic year, in 1851, and was one of the oldest of the faculty at that period. The influence he has exercised, in forming and cultivating the taste of so many successive classes, has been surpassed by no one, probably, ever connected with the college. He is himself a writer of a vigorous and singularly pure English style. His taste is severe, and his critical perception keen. The contributions of Mr. Channing, at two long intervals, in the North American and other periodicals, and the admirable lectures delivered to his classes, have impressed the public, both in and out of the college walls, with his rare powers as both writer and critic. One of the most useful of his duties, and at the same time the most laborious and wearisome, has been the reading and correcting the Themes of the students. Perhaps in this way, quiet and unostentatious though it has been, his power has been most genially and permanently felt.

FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY.

JULY 4, 1818. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Francis Calley Gray was born at Salem. He was a son of Lieutenant-governor William Gray; received his preliminary education under the care of William Bigelow and Jacob Knapp, and graduated at Harvard College in 1809, on which occasion he gave an oration in English. He was a private secretary of Hon. John Quincy Adams, in the mission to Russia. He read law with Hon. Judge Prescott, and became a counsellor at Suffolk bar. He has been a representative, a senator, and a member of the Governor's Council. He was a president of the Boston Athenæum; a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and corresponding secretary; a trustee of the State Lunatic

Hospital, at Worcester, on its establishment; a trustee, also, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, at Boston, and a Fellow of Harvard College from 1826 to 1836.

Mr. Gray is one of the most accomplished literary writers among us, and was an early contributor to the North American Review. His performance delivered for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in the year 1816, was printed in the third volume of that periodical. The oration at the head of this article is one of the best productions in the whole range of Boston oratory. In the year 1832 Mr. Gray pronounced a centennial oration on the birth of Washington, in the presence of the State authorities, in which he felicitously characterized the mind of Washington as of "exact proportions, and severe simplicity, without a fault for censure, an extravagance for ridicule, or a blemish for regret." Mr. Gray has somewhat devoted his mind to antiquarian pursuits. He is a devoted member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and has been an editor of several volumes of its published collections. He was the author of Remarks on the Early Laws of Massachusetts Bay; and was editor of the Code of 1641, known as the Body of Liberties, both of which are printed in the collections of this society. One of the productions of Mr. Gray, which indicates the greatest talent, is the treatise entitled "Prison Discipline in America," the basis of which comprises the arguments advanced by himself at the animated discussion on Prison Discipline Reform which occurred during a period of seven adjourned meetings, in the Tremont Temple, in the summer of 1847. Mr. Gray was a vice-president of the Prison Discipline Society, and had been several years chairman of the board of directors of the state-prison at Charlestown. He was a decided supporter of the social system of associated labor, an object of philanthropy to which he was tenaciously devoted, that has long prevailed in our state-prison. An admirable portrait of Mr. Gray, by Alexander, is in the family.

In an oration of Mr. Gray, for the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, delivered in 1842, in which he states that the generation now rising into active life in America is destined to exert a great influence, not only on the fortunes of our country, but of the whole human race, he points out the dangers and duties of the people. We find the following ingenious argument, in this excellent performance, in relation to the ability of the United States to sustain its political freedom. "The question which the statesmen of Europe wish to have

settled is this," says Mr. Gray; "whether a nation, extensive, populous, and wealthy enough to defend itself, unaided, against all aggression, and maintain its fleets and armies without summoning its citizens, on every alarm of war, from their daily occupations and their firesides, to the field, thus letting the mere sound of the trumpet interrupt all the pursuits of peace,— to make all the internal improvements which modern science is perpetually suggesting,— to establish the division of labor, and the competition for success in every pursuit, essential to the perfection of the useful arts,— to promote the cultivation of science and literature, and supply the innumerable wants of civilized life,— whether such a nation be capable of maintaining a system of government, under which the citizens possess equal rights and equal political power, without a degree of anarchy as intolerable as despotism itself.

"Where else in the world can they look for the solution of the question, but to this country, where only the elements of the problem are found united? Already its population has so increased that it is surpassed in this respect by only four European nations; and, at the end of the period we now contemplate, if the rate of increase be the same as hitherto on both sides of the Atlantic, it will be equalled by none but the gigantic empire of Russia. Without meaning to dwell on this point, there is one light in which I would present it to you, somewhat striking. So rapid has been our increase, that the number of persons of European descent now living on the surface of these United States is greater than the whole aggregate number of the dead, of all generations, of the same race, that lie buried beneath it. Surprising as this may seem, it is capable of mathematical demonstration, and this in a form so simple that I will venture to state it even here. Taking a generation to be the period during which as many persons die as existed at its commencement, and supposing the population to be exactly doubled in the period of a single generation; begin your settlement with one thousand inhabitants. At the end of the first generation, you have one thousand dead and two thousand living. At the end of the second generation, you add the same number — two thousand — to both, making three thousand dead and four thousand living, which last number you add to both at the end of the third generation; and, as you add at the end of each generation the same number,— that is, the number living at its commencement,— both to the dead and to the living, the difference between them will always remain the same, and the living will always exceed the dead by the number with which you began. Now,

this is on the supposition that the population exactly doubles in the period of one generation. But our population is found to increase much faster. It doubles in less than twenty-four years, and has done so from the beginning; so that, in fact, the number of the living far — very far — exceeds the whole mighty congregation of the dead. As long as the same rate of increase shall continue,— and nothing has hitherto checked it,— this will always be so; and the child that opens its eyes to the light this day, and lives to see old age, will close them on an empire of one hundred and seventy millions of people. Should our institutions, therefore, be henceforth successfully administered, it will no longer be objected that the population is too small for a satisfactory experiment."

FRANKLIN DEXTER.

JULY 4, 1819. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

"The colonists became independent," says Mr. Dexter, "because they had always been free; for it is only by the long enjoyment of liberty that men could be formed,—for a contest of liberty was their ruling passion; — and, though they disclaimed any wish to be independent until they solemnly declared themselves so, they were always actuated by a spirit that could not leave them long dependent on a foreign power. It was a clear understanding of the principles of civil liberty, and an ardent attachment to it, that were the sole and consistent causes of the Revolution. Not the mere impatience of oppression that sometimes wakes even a degraded people to resistance, to avenge their wrongs, rather than to assert their rights,— which groans and struggles in confinement, till there is no longer anything to be lost, and then breaks out in violence and uproar,— not to change the government, but to annihilate it; not to redress the evils of society, but to sweep away society itself. We have seen such a revolution, and we may be proud that ours had nothing in common with it. We have seen a great nation shaken to its foundations, and bursting like a volcano, only to shower down destruction itself,— leaving its colossal form dark, bare and blasted, with no grandeur but its terrors. Such was not our Revolution; but, like the fire in our own forests, not scattered

by the hand of accident or fury, but deliberately to the root of the growth of ages, which tottered and fell before it, only that from its ashes might rise a new creation, when all was green and fair and flourishing. The world has learned, by these experiments, that civil liberty is not a mushroom, that grows up in a night from the fallen, rotten trunk of despotism; but a hardy plant, that strikes deep, in a sound soil, and slowly gathers strength with years, till oppression withers in its shadow. Our present situation is a living proof of the difference of the two events. Liberty never yet was the work of an outraged and incensed populace,— as well might a whirlwind plant a paradise!"

Franklin Dexter was born in Charlestown, and was son of Samuel Dexter, the profound civilian and famous orator,—of whom Callender unjustly said that "he has a great deal of that kind of eloquence which struts around the heart, without ever entering it,"—and was a warm advocate of the war with Great Britain. Samuel Dexter and Theophilus Parsons were at one time against each other in the court at Dedham. Rufus Green Amory had hunted up all the authorities, and placed a mark at each. Mr. Dexter requested his attorney to take a seat beside him, and hand the authorities as he wished them, which afforded the best possible opportunity of hearing every word that escaped the lips of that great man. Placing one foot upon a chair, and folding his arms across his breast, Mr. Dexter began; and such a stream of reasoning, without noise and without effort, as he poured out for four hours, one never heard before; it was like pouring water from a flask. Parsons made several attempts to interrupt him. At last, Mr. Dexter turned to him and said: "Mr. Parsons, if you have an overflow of wit, have the goodness to reserve it for the close; you have already driven several ideas out of my head." The Chief Justice, Dana, remarked, "Never mind, Mr. Dexter; if he should deprive you of as many more, you would still have enough left for Mr. Parsons." Mr. Dexter was accustomed to pursue his studies in the evening, without the use of a lamp, often till towards eleven o'clock; and so absorbed was his mind that he would quit his office without locking the door, and his landlord, the bookseller on the lower floor, often found it necessary to wait until Mr. Dexter left the office, in order to make it secure for the night. Samuel Dexter is said to have written a condensed analysis of the evidences of Christianity, which is one of the most conclusive arguments ever written by a civilian.

Franklin Dexter graduated at Harvard College in 1812, on which occasion he took part in the discussion, whether extensiveness of territory be favorable to the preservation of a republican government. He is a counsellor-at-law, and married Catharine Elizabeth, a daughter of Hon. William Prescott. He was a member of the city Council in 1825; was commander of the New England Guards, a representative and senator in the State Legislature, and the United States District Attorney for Massachusetts.

When, in July, 1841, the venerable Judge Davis resigned the judicial station, Mr. Dexter was requested, by the members of the Suffolk bar, to make known to him their high sense of respect and veneration; and he performed the duty with felicitous grace, in highly effective terms. "It can rarely happen," said he, "that a judge who is called upon to decide so many delicate and important questions of property and personal right should have so entirely escaped all imputation of prejudice or passion, and should have found so general an acquiescence in his results. Our filial respect and affection for yourself have constantly increased with increasing years; and, while we acknowledge your right to seek the repose of private life, we feel that your retirement is, not less than it ever would have been, a loss to the profession and the public. May you live long and happily,— as long as life shall continue to be a blessing to you, and so long will that life be a blessing to your friends and society."

Mr. Dexter has been an eminent pleader at the bar; and the ingenuity with which he contended against the searching Webster, in the trial of the Knapps for the murder of White, is in the memory of many. Possessing brilliant talents and strong reasoning powers, Mr. Dexter would have risen to elevated public life, had he not retired to the enjoyment of literary ease. The beautiful criticism on landscape painting, from his polished hand, extending through thirty-five pages of the North American Review, in which he discerns no reason why painters should not arise in our day to surpass all that was effected by Claude, Gaspar, or Salvator, and expresses the decided opinion that he has seen no landscapes painted since the days of Titian superior to those of Allston, indicate him to be as tasteful in the fine arts as he has been profound in legal learning. We are of opinion that we neither overstate, nor exaggerate, in the remark that Mr. Dexter has been one of the most acute, logical reasoners at the Suffolk bar, and but few competitors felt safe in an argument with him.

SAMUEL ADAMS WELLS.

JULY 4, 1819. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Was a son of Thomas Wells, who married Hannah, daughter of Gov. Samuel Adams. He was president of the Atlas Insurance Company, and married Margaret Gibbs. Mr. Wells was a tenacious advocate of the Democratic party, and prepared Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Gov. Samuel Adams, his grandfather, comprising three volumes in manuscript, which it is said were disposed of to George Bancroft, the historian. This is to be regarded as a public calamity, unless the purchaser should cause it to be printed. Whitcomb said of our American Cato,

> "Eclipsed by merit, rivals all submit,
> Laying their withered laurels at thy feet."

Mr. Wells was the corresponding secretary of the Republican Institution, originated at the dwelling-house of Mr. Ebenezer Clough, Nov. 16, 1818. Gen. Henry Dearborn was its first president. Its annual meetings occur on the 4th of March. It was incorporated Feb. 18, 1819. The late Hon. James Lloyd founded a political library for this important engine of the party.

In 1820, Mr. Wells was a delegate to the Massachusetts convention for revising the State constitution, and engaged in public debate. At the town-meeting in Faneuil Hall, Jan 2, 1822, on the subject of a city charter of Boston, Mr. Wells moved that the word city be stricken out, and the word town be inserted, as a substitute. He died Aug. 12, 1840.

THEODORE LYMAN.

JULY 4, 1820. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Was born in Boston, Feb. 22, 1792. Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster was his private teacher, at Waltham; entered Exeter Academy in 1804; was a graduate at Harvard College in 1810, became a mer-

chant, and married Mary E. Henderson in 1820, by whom he had Theodore and Cora. He was a representative in 1825, and in 1824 a senator, in the State Legislature. He engaged in military life; was, in 1821, the lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, an aid-de-camp to Gov. Brooks, and brigadier-general of the Boston militia. He was Mayor of Boston in 1834 and '35, a period in the history of the city stained by the spirit of insubordination, and the dark hues of intolerance. This will ever be remembered as the time when the disgraceful Garrison riot, and the destruction of the Ursuline Convent, disturbed the peace of the old metropolis of the Bay State. Gen. Lyman was the author of Diplomacy of the United States with Foreign Nations, 2 vols. 8vo., 1826; The Political State of Italy, 8vo., 1820; Three Weeks in Paris,—the result of his visit to France; and an account of the Hartford Convention, addressed to the fair-minded and well-disposed, favoring the motives of that body, published in 1823. He was president of the Prison Discipline Society; was president of the Farm School three years, and a member of the Massachusetts Historical and the New England Genealogic Historical societies.

Our own city of Boston has never been honored with a more munificent native citizen than was Mayor Lyman, for the last half-century; besides his private charities to the suffering children of abject poverty. It was said of Lyman,

> "He is gracious if he be observed;
> He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity."

Mayor Lyman, on the foundation of the State Reform School, at Westboro', which he originated, was the secret donor of twenty-two thousand dollars to this institution,—a secret not publicly disclosed until after his decease; and by his last will he bequeathed fifty thousand dollars to the same institution, in addition to his previous gifts. He bequeathed ten thousand dollars to the Boston Farm School, which had previously received his gifts, and ten thousand dollars to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He died at Brookline, July 17, 1849.

HENRY ORNE.

JULY 4, 1820. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WAS born at Marblehead, and married Frances Boyd, daughter of William Little, of Boston. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1812; was a counsellor-at-law, and married, a second time, Sempronia, the sister of his first wife; was an eminent advocate, and one of the committee on the city charter. He was a judge of the Police Court, and of the city Council in 1822.

Col. Orne was a leader of the Democratic party, and a ready writer. He was an editor of the Boston Yankee, and a liberal contributor to the Boston Statesman. He was the author of the Letters of Columbus, originally published in the Boston Bulletin, to which are added two letters to Gen. Duff Green, in 1829. They are valuable as unfolding the differences of the Jackson party. Col. Orne finally removed to Oxford, Me. He was a warm-hearted and patriotic man.

CHARLES GREELY LORING.

JULY 4, 1821. FOR THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

WAS last of the orators for the town authorities, of whose performance an eminent politician, the late Dr. William Ingalls, remarked, that it was the only oration on our national independence, that he had ever heard, which had a beginning, a middle, or an end. In alluding to the result of the convention for revising the State constitution, Mr. Loring remarks that it "affords convincing proof of the stability of a government which they so impressively proclaim to be founded on the affections and confidence of its citizens. Let the advocate of the degrading maxim, that man is incapable of self-government, contemplate the scene of moral grandeur which this event unfolds; let him behold the reverence and affection with which the numerous delegates of a free people approach the institutions of their ancestors, to effect those alterations which a change of political situation had rendered essential; let him observe the impressive sense of respons-

ibility, the unity of design, the solemn earnestness, which pervade their deliberations, the dignified and manly deference with which prejudices and preconceived opinions are yielded to the force of truth and reason, and the feelings which prompt a voluntary and simultaneous homage to that revered patriot [John Adams] who happily remains to see, in the pride of its strength, the temple he assisted to raise; let him view, in the result of their labors, a confirmation of all the essential principles of our constitution; and, following them to their homes, let him see them diffusing an increased love and veneration for the institutions of our country, without carrying with them a feeling of party animosity, or local jealousy, to disturb the tranquillity of the republic. Let him look still further, and contemplate the submission of the recommendations of these delegates to the decision of their constituents; and, instead of the eagerness for change, characteristic of every other than a free people, let him view our fellow-citizens rejecting most of the proposed amendments, clinging with fond veneration to the institutions of their fathers, scarce willing to touch, even with a sparing hand, the edifice in which they had so happily and securely dwelt,— and then let him renounce a doctrine so insulting to our race and to God!"

Charles Greely, a son of Hon. Caleb Loring, was born in Boston, May 2, 1794; entered the Latin School in 1804, and graduated at Harvard College in 1812, when he pronounced the salutatory oration in Latin; and, at an exhibition, he gave an oration on "De literis Romanis." He read law in Boston with the Hon. Charles Jackson and the Hon. Samuel Hubbard; and at Litchfield, in 1813, under Hon. Judges Reeve and Gould, of the latter of whom Mr. Loring once remarked: "The recollection is as fresh as the events of yesterday, of our passing along the broad shaded streets of one of the most beautiful of the villages of New England, with our inkstands in our hands, and our portfolios under our arms, to the lecture-room of Judge Gould, — the last of the Romans, of Common Law lawyers — the impersonation of its genius and spirit. It was, indeed, in his eyes, the perfection of human reason, by which he measured not only every principle and rule of action, but almost every sentiment. Why, sir, his highest visions of poetry seemed to be in the refinements of special pleading; and, to him, a *non sequitur* in logic was an offence deserving, at the least, fine and imprisonment,— and a repetition of it transportation for life." Mr. Loring is an eminent counsellor, and married Anna Pierce

Brace, in 1818. His second wife was Mary Ann, a daughter of Hon. Judge Putnam, formerly of Salem, whom he married in 1840. His third wife was Mrs. Cornelia Amory Goddard.

The office of Mr. Loring is on the site of that occupied by John Adams in 1770. In 1834 he prepared the report of the city committee on the destruction of the Ursuline Convent, proposing an indemnity to the Roman Catholics for that outrage. He was for nearly fifteen years the superintendent of the Sabbath-school of Rev. Dr. Lowell's religious society, and has been one of the corporation of Harvard University from 1838. He was a decided friend of the Mercantile Library Association, and drafted its act of incorporation. He delivered for this institution, Feb. 26, 1845, at the Odeon, an address on the Relations of the Bar to Society, exhibiting the moral and political influence of the legal profession. Were Shakspeare now living, he would not include Mr. Loring in the malediction, "The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers." In 1847 Mr. Loring gave an effective speech in the Senate-chamber in favor of the "air-line" railroad route to New York, in contest with Mr. Choate, when it was said of him that he was a cool, deliberate speaker, "with great concentrative power and logical force, while Mr. Choate is all excitement, wit, and imagination." He was the moderator of a political meeting in Faneuil Hall, Nov. 7, 1845, when Webster and Winthrop argued on the Native American abstraction, and was president of the Suffolk Whig Committee at that period. In 1848 he was president of the Webster Whig Club, organized previous to the nomination of Zachary Taylor. His arguments for the Eastern Railroad, Boston and Woonsocket corporations, have been published.

When the coalition Legislature of 1851 proposed to the people to call a convention for an alteration of the State constitution,—which was decided by the people in the negative, at the election of State officers for the year ensuing,—Mr. Loring, who had been requested to speak at a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, Nov. 7th, of that period, having engagements beyond his control, declined the invitation, and addressed a letter to the county committee, from which we make extracts, as it is a fragment in political history worthy of record:

"The only pretence of right to change the constitution in the manner proposed, which I have seen stated or heard of, is the assumed principle that the majority of the people have the right, at any time, and in any manner which may seem meet to them, to change their form

of government; and that this is a right which is not and cannot be controlled by any constitutional compact or provision. The obvious fallacy of which, as it seems to me, consists in confounding the original right to form such a constitution as the majority might elect when entering into the contract, with the assumed right of subsequently violating and breaking it at pleasure,— forgetting that, in morals as well as in the law, although it may be optional whether or not to enter into a compact, no right exists, after its formation, to disregard or violate its obligations.

"This doctrine, thus boldly announced and vindicated, if sound, leads directly and obviously to the conclusion, that the whole or any part of our present constitution or feature of goverment may be changed at pleasure, by a mere expression of the will of a majority of the people, however announced or ascertained; and that a despotism, an aristocracy, an oligarchy, or a pure democracy, in which every citizen votes upon all public measures and appointments, may be at any time substituted for our republican form of government; and that these changes may be made from one to any other, whenever and as often as such majority may see fit to will them. And, however improbable we may imagine such changes to be under existing circumstances, their mere possibility is a true test of the soundness of the doctrine; and their probability, however remote, would be vastly increased, should the public mind become demoralized by the prevalence of such an opinion.

"Under the existing constitution, and the powers of the Legislature, which are wholly derived from it, I perceive no more right in the Senate and House to call or organize a convention of the people for altering the constitution, than exists in any other body of individuals, gathered together for any other purpose, or in any that may choose to unite for that end. And any attempt at such alteration, excepting in the manner provided by the constitution itself, seems to me nothing short of actual revolution,— it being in principle the same thing, whether such change be made by force of arms, or by any other action of the majority coercing an unwilling minority into a surrender of their constitutional rights.

"Our national constitution, and those of many, if not of all, the other States, contain some qualification or restriction of the power of a mere majority of the people to alter their provisions; and are intended for the obvious purpose, among others, of protecting the minority. They are restrictions which the majority have agreed to impose upon them-

selves for the common safety of all, that we may live under governments of law, and not of men; and, unless they are sacredly regarded and obeyed, there can be no such thing as constitutional liberty or protection; and every man holds his life, freedom and property, upon no safer tenure than the arbitrary will of a bare majority of the people, acting, as it often has been, and often again may be, under wild delusion, or the influences of corrupt factions."

Mr. Loring said of Hon. Judge Hubbard, in addressing the members of the Suffolk bar, on his decease, that he had the pleasure of completing his studies under his guidance, and entered the forensic arena under his auspices, as his associate in the profession; and how grateful and refreshing will ever be that recollection of the kind manners, the honest love of truth, and gentleness of spirit, with which he exercised his high powers! and, in directing his address to Chief Justice Shaw, so long the compeer of Judge Hubbard, he described them both as the Achilles and Hector of the forum.

Mr. Loring is one of the profoundest advocates of the Suffolk bar, remarkable for persevering energy,—one who throws his whole soul in his profession, to which he is intensely devoted, and of whom it cannot be said,

> "I have been a truant in the law,
> And never yet could frame my will to it,
> And therefore frame the law to my will."

A competitor at the bar thus characterized Mr. Loring, for the earnestness he ever infuses into his arguments, by the conviction he seems to entertain, for the occasion, that the cause he happens to sustain is founded in truth and in right, whatever that cause may be. "Indeed, I know," continues his rival, "that Mr. Loring would not engage in one, unless he were satisfied that it had two honest sides; and whatever that cause may be, I know that my friend will lend his whole soul to the work. I know that he acquires a deep conviction,—or something that passes for a conviction with others, and probably for the time being amounts to it in his own mind,—that there will be great injustice, alarming injustice, irretrievable injustice, unless the rights of his clients, as he understands them, are maintained." His faithfulness to his cause, and his ability, are proverbial. Mr. Loring is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the New England Genealogic and Historical Society.

GERRY FAIRBANKS.

JULY 4, 1821. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Was born at Dedham, in 1782; was a hatter, on Washington-street, in Boston, and one of the directors of the New England Society for the promotion of Arts and Manufactures. In 1822 Mr. Fairbanks was one of the petitioners of Boston to the State Legislature for a city charter. In 1827 he was an engineer of the city fire department. In 1829 he was president of the Boston Debating Society. He was commander of the Independent Fusileers, and colonel of the Boston regiment. Col. Fairbanks married Mary Sumner. He was an amiable man, of great public spirit. He died in Boston, December, 1829.

JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY.

JULY 4, 1822. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Was born at Salem, Dec. 26, 1793, and a son of Lieutenant-governor William Gray. He married Elizabeth F., daughter of Samuel P. Gardner, Esq., of Boston; was a counsellor-at-law, and of the city Council five years, from 1824; and was eminent for his financial sagacity when in the municipal government, and a most efficient member. He has been a representative, a senator, and of the executive council. While in the Legislature, his keen eye was ever watchful for the interests of his constituents. In 1821 Mr. Gray was the orator for the Phi Beta Kappa Society. In 1834 he delivered an address for the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He graduated at Harvard College in 1811, on which occasion his subject was on the Diversity of Talents among Mankind; and, on an exhibition day, his part was an essay on the Effect of the Passion for Novelty on the Character of English Composition.

In the oration of Mr. Gray, at the head of this article, which is a polished model from the marble quarry, we find a passage relating to

the municipal form of government recently adopted in Boston: "It is no wonder that we should fondly cling to a form of government dear to our honest prejudices,—if, indeed, they do not deserve a better name,—alike from its venerable antiquity, from its similarity to the municipal institutions of our country brethren, and from a recollection of the virtues of those ancestors by whom it was established and preserved. We were at length taught, by a thorough experience, that the administration of our town affairs in person was rendered impracticable by our overflowing population. The frequency of our town-meetings became a heavy and embarrassing burden, and a general attendance upon them was utterly incompatible with a proper regard to our private duties. Our ordinary municipal concerns were naturally managed, and our by-laws enacted, by a small proportion of our whole number; and we had no alternative left but to determine whether that proportion should be an ever-changing assemblage, collected almost wholly by accident, or a body of responsible delegates, chosen by the deliberate suffrages of the majority. Convinced that either the municipal constitution which our ancestors had left us must be changed, or that the good order and good principles which it was the sole object of that constitution to cherish must be impaired, or hazarded, we felt ourselves bound, by a regard not merely to our own good, but to their memory, to sacrifice the means to the end, and to establish, under the sanction of the Legislature, a government of representatives. This has been framed with an accuracy and caution which will appear superfluous to none who rightly estimate the importance of city laws. They are those, of all others, which touch us most nearly. We feel their influence every hour. The neatness and beauty of our streets, our public places, and public edifices,—our general health, the quiet pursuit of our business, the enjoyment of our innocent recreations, our daily comforts and nightly repose,—are all materially dependent on wise and well-executed municipal regulations. Such regulations, by their effect upon our condition, contribute materially, though indirectly, to the formation of our character,—for who does not know how much character is affected by situation, how forcibly our minds and hearts are influenced by our physical circumstances? Still more may the government of every city control and guide the conduct of its inhabitants, by that vigilant and internal police which checks vice at its very spring, and prevents the deeper guilt which more general laws can, at best, only punish. Without such a police among ourselves, the wisest enactments

of our Congress or our Legislatures could do but little to render us a flourishing and happy municipality. This great end, we devoutly trust, will be materially promoted by our new form of government. But let every citizen seriously reflect, that it is still a government of the people, and that the talents and fidelity of our municipal officers can avail us nothing, unless seconded by the prompt obedience and liberal approbation of the inhabitants in general. What, indeed, let us inquire for a moment, is the origin, and what the nature, not only of municipal, but of all public institutions? They are valuable only as instruments for promoting the happiness and virtue of the community where they exist. They spring from the character of the people, and are powerfully effectual in strengthening and improving that character, by their reäction."

CHARLES PELHAM CURTIS.

JULY 4, 1823. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES

In the eloquent performance of our orator, among other topics, we have a review of what would have been the probable condition of this republic, had the British arms subdued our resistance: "Among the privileges of which we should have been bereft, that of freely possessing fire-arms should be included. One of the first acts of the victors would have been to disarm the vanquished. Monarchs are too jealous of their subjects to intrust them with arms, except under the strictest inspection; and the rebellious conduct of the Americans would have brought upon them a severer chastisement than the utmost rigor of this rule of policy could inflict. Instead of our militia,—the great, the ultimate guarantee of our liberties,—electing their own commanders, and performing an easy and honorable service for a few days in the year, our young men would be embodied under officers selected by the crown, subjected to the severity of regular discipline, and compelled to assist the regular troops in fortifying the garrisons, or in overawing the other provinces.

"And let us not imagine, that while Great Britain was pouring forth her resources to support the war,—while she was accumulating

a debt of eight hundred millions sterling,—while she was taxing her subjects until the invention of financiers was exhausted,—that we should have been exempted. No; these provinces would have been required to furnish their proportion of the public expenses, and to sustain their share of the burdensome and protracted contest. To effect this, the odious and demoralizing system of excise, with its penalties and its functionaries, from which, as from the plagues of Egypt, the retirement of the bed-chamber affords no relief, would have been entailed upon us, as it is upon England, forever. To the duties on stamps and importations would have been added a tax upon windows, and another on hearths, taxes on manufactures of every description, taxes on newspapers, and taxes on law proceedings,—the last of which has been emphatically called 'a tax upon distress.' In fine, to borrow the language of an ingenious British writer (in the Edinburgh Review), taxes would have been imposed 'on every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes on warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and in the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material, and taxes on every fresh value that is added to it, by the industry of man. Taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope that hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spices; on the ribands of the bride, and the brass nails of the coffin.'

"Had the arms of Great Britain been fated to prevail, how strongly would she have been tempted to introduce changes in our religious institutions. A considerable portion of the inhabitants of the colonies were already attached to the Church of England; and a beneficed hierarchy is, at the same time, a powerful engine in the hands of government, and a fruitful source of rewards for its friends. On the other hand, freedom of thought and practice in religious matters naturally leads to freedom of inquiry and opinion on political affairs, the growth of which it would not have been the policy of Great Britain to encourage. In place of the ministers of our own choice, to whom we are attached by every tie of friendship and respect, inspired by their virtue and reciprocal esteem, our pulpits might have been filled by beneficiaries of the crown, accompanied by the proctors and consistory courts, and armed with the power of levying contributions for the

maintenance of a worship which we do not prefer, and of a clergy in whose appointment we should have no voice.

"If there are any in this assembly who think this suggestion too unreasonable for belief, I refer them, for an example, to the existing state of Ireland, where an established church, possessing a revenue of six millions of dollars, is maintained, by military force, in luxury and splendor, at the expense of an impoverished people, of whom more than nine-tenths reject its doctrines and embrace another faith. I am ready to admit, however, that the circumstances of the two countries are not entirely parallel; and perhaps the conduct of England towards us would not have been guided, in this particular, by similar views. But it is sufficient, for my purpose, that such a measure had been possible,— it is certain that the valor of our ancestors has rendered it impossible!

"There is another innovation, however, which, if Great Britain had succeeded, I am strongly inclined to believe she would have introduced among us,— I mean, an hereditary order of nobility. Every principle of monarchial policy would have been in favor of such an institution. The viceroy of America would have needed an intermediate class, dependent on the throne as the fountain of honor, to give strength to his administration and dignity to his court. The pride of the richer adherents of the crown would have been gratified by such distinctions; the establishment of a privileged order would have assimilated the provinces more nearly to the mother country; titles had already been conferred on a few individuals; and ribands, and stars, and patents of nobility, are cheap rewards for services in the council or in the field. To support the dignity of the peerage, the entailment of estates, and the right of primogeniture, would, of necessity, have made part of our established law. Property, which is now distributed in equal portions, would, if thus protected, accumulate in the hands of a limited number of great proprietors; and the yeomanry of our country — the independent freeholders of the soil which they cultivate — would be the tenants of some noble landlord. Pensions and grants of public lands would have been unsparingly bestowed; the most strenuous opponents of the Revolution would, of course, have been the chosen objects of royal munificence; and as Monk received a dukedom from the hands of Charles II., Arnold would have merited, at the least, an earldom from those of George III."

Charles Pelham Curtis was born at Boston, June 22, 1792; entered

the Latin School in 18 . graduated at Harvard College in 1811, and was of the Law School; engaged in the study of law under the guidance of Hon. William Sullivan; married Anna Wroe Scollay, March, 1816; and married again, Margaret Stevenson, the widow of Rev. Dr. McKean. Mr. Curtis was the first legal solicitor for the city of Boston, which station he sustained for several years, with great honor to his reputation, and to the benefit of his constituents. He was a member of the city Council four years, from 1822, where his influence in the practical development of the city charter has contributed to its perpetuity. As a representative in the State Legislature, his sagacity and conciliation rendered him one of the most efficient members of that body. He is a counsellor-at-law, and one of the most profound practical pleaders; a whole-souled, courteous man; one of the most talented and most judicious advisers of the Boston bar, remarkable for honest candor. He is one of a very select literary and social party, known as the Friday Night Club, at which Chief Justice Shaw often presides. Mr. Curtis was one of the originators of the Boston Farm School, which grew out of the institution for indigent boys. He is a man of fine literary parts, and has been a frequent contributor to our public journals, especially on political topics.

RUSSELL JARVIS.

JULY 4, 1833. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Was a son of Samuel Gardner Jarvis, and born in Boston; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1810; was a counsellor-at-law, and married Caroline, a daughter of Judge Dana, of Chelsea, V. T.; and married a second wife, Sarah Eliza, a daughter of Thomas Cordis, merchant, of Boston, in 1824. His wife and two daughters lost their lives in the burning of the steamer Lexington, Jan. 13, 1840. In 1828 he became an editor of the Washington Telegraph, in connection with Duff Green. Mr. Jarvis is a radiant halo of his eloquent uncle, the bald eagle of the Boston seat. He is one of the readiest political writers amongst us, and has exercised great influence in the circle of Democracy.

"In breathing our hopes of European emancipation," says the fervent Jarvis, "let not Greece — lovely, interesting Greece — be neglected or forgotten. O Greece! the cradle of the poet and the philosopher, the home of the hero and the statesman,— whose name awakens every sublime recollection, and whose ancient memory is bound to the American heart by every tie that literature, science, or love of liberty can weave,— when the American forgets thee, 'may her right hand forget her cunning!' Where are thy glories now? The feet of barbarians have polluted thy soil, and the siroc of despotism has passed over thee. Thy Acropolis is crumbled in ruins! thy Parthenon lays low in dust! the Muses have fled thy Parnassus! thy Helicon murmurs in vain! the harp of thy Homer is broken! thy Sapphos are mute, and their lyres are unstrung! And could thy sufferings excite no sympathy in the bosoms of thy royal neighbors? Could not one faith, could not the worship of one Lord and one gospel, could not the voice of humanity, call forth the Holy Alliance to protect thee, or restrain them from monstrous combination with thy oppressors? O monarchs of Europe! members of the Holy Alliance! who claim to be Heaven's vicegerents, and to be set over mankind for dispensing that happiness which you profanely say they cannot procure for themselves, — how, in the days of your last account, will the genius of injured Greece stand before you, and point her accusing finger to your crimes! She will say, 'My children sought refuge among you, and you shut your door against them! My daughters were carried into bondage, and your ships transported them! My sons implored your aid, and you gave it to their enemies! My cities were laid in ruins, and you furnished the firebrands! But for you, the barbarian had been long since subdued, and my land the abode of liberty, peace, and happiness! But for you, the fires of Scio had never been kindled, and the blood that now stains every blade of grass in my violated territory would still have warmed hearts more generous than your own!' But, however great the sufferings of this people, however formidable their enemies, or however efficiently aided by Christian kings, yet God will prosper their righteous cause, and scatter confusion among their enemies. The spirit of ancient Greece is waked from the slumber of ages! The tongue of Demosthenes is loosed! the sword of Miltiades is drawn! every strait is a Salamis, and every sailor a Themistocles! a Leonidas starts up in every peasant, and every mountain pass becomes a new Thermopylæ! And not only in Greece shall the Moloch of

royalty be overturned, but in whatever corner of Europe the idol can find worshippers. The reign of kings is a violation of natural right. The cause of mankind is not their cause. The day of retribution approaches! The clouds are gathering! The tempest will soon burst! And when royalty shall be swept away in its avenging fury, the rainbow of Republicanism shall span the heavens, giving promise of lasting peace and security!"

JOSEPH BARTLETT.

JULY 4, 1823. A VOLUNTEER ORATION.

This oration was delivered at the hall in the Exchange Coffee-house, including, also, a poem, an ode, and The New Vicar of Bray,—all written and delivered by himself. He was born at Plymouth, June 10, 1762; graduated at Harvard College in 1782; and married Ann Witherell, of Plymouth. He was a counsellor-at-law in Woburn, Portsmouth, and Boston. Was captain of the Republican Volunteers, in 1788. In 1799 Mr. Bartlett published "Physiognomy," a poem recited before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. He was a senator of York, Maine, 1804; and editor of the Freeman's Friend, at Saco, in 1805, when he delivered an oration at Biddeford, July 4, 1805. Had not Mr. Bartlett descended to habits of inebriation, his influence might have been of the highest order.

He was of highly facetious memory. The passage herewith given is selected from The New Vicar of Bray, recited after the delivery of the oration, at the Exchange Coffee-house:

"We now see much upon the earth,
  Especially in Boston,
Which gives to man a vigorous birth,
  And keeps our souls in motion.
Boston a city now is made,—
  Our officers elected,—
'T is best for every class and trade,
  Our mayor will be respected.
Our Quincy, now, by all admired,—
  The city's pride and glory,—
May he the difference never know
  'Twixt Federalist and Tory.

Quincy, who now rules o'er our land,
Will keep the city safe, sir ;
He 's been found equal to command,
And ne'er neglects her good, sir.
The aldermen will turtle leave,
To rally round the board, sir ;
They to the city charter cleave,—
In those we place our trust, sir."

He was author of a work replete with spicy wit, comprising Aphorisms on Men, Manners, Principles and Things, printed at Boston, 1823. Shortly previous to his decease (Oct. 27, 1827, aged sixty-six years), Mr. Bartlett wrote the following epitaph on himself, which he repeated on his death-bed :

" 'T is done ! the fatal stroke is given,
And Bartlett 's fled to hell or heaven ;
His friends approve it, and his foes applaud,—
Yet he will have the verdict of his God."

Mr. Bartlett, when attending the funeral of John Hale, an estimable citizen of Portsmouth, recited the following epitaph to his memory :

" God takes the good,
Too good by far to stay,
And leaves the bad,
Too bad to take away."

FRANCIS BASSETT.

JULY 4, 1824. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

WAS born at Dennis, Mass. ; graduated at Harvard College in 1810 ; is not a married man. He was a counsellor-at-law, and for many years clerk of the United States District Court, of this State. Has been a representative ; was of the school committee from 1822 to 1826, at which period he was elected to the city Council. In 1839 Mr. Bassett gave the following sentiment, at the Cape Cod celebration, in Barnstable : " Cape Cod : The first-discovered land of the Pilgrims, — it will be the *last* to lose *sight* of their virtues." He is of a truly estimable character, and remarkable for bland and affable manners.

JOHN EVERETT.

JULY 4, 1824. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

John Everett was a son of the Hon. Oliver Everett, and was born at Dorchester, February 22, 1801. He received his preliminary education under the tuition of Masters Lyon, Farrar and Clapp, in Boston, where he distinguished himself as the finest declaimer in the school. He graduated at Harvard College in 1818, when he pronounced an oration on the character of Byron; and at a college exhibition, in the year previous, he gave an oration on the Poetry of the Oriental Nations. He delivered another oration, on the Prospects of the Young Men of America, before the senior class, July 14, 1818. Immediately after his graduation, he accompanied President Holley to Lexington, in Kentucky, where he became a tutor in Transylvania University, and delivered an unwritten oration, in the presence of Andrew Jackson, that was eminently successful. After his return to Massachusetts, Mr. Everett entered the Law School, at Cambridge; soon after which, he visited Europe, and was attached, for a short period, to the American legation at Brussels and the Hague,— his elder brother, Alexander, being chargé d'affaires. On his return to Boston, he read law under the guidance of the Hon. Daniel Webster, and became an attorney at the Court of Common Pleas, in 1825. He served as one of the aids of Governor Eustis. He was a bud of promise early blighted. He died at Boston, Feb. 12, 1826.

Mr. Everett was intensely interested in the politics of the day; and was an active member of the Boston Debating Society, a literary and political institution of elevated character. Having remarkable extemporaneous rhetorical power, and great facility in argument, he shortly became an important leader among these spirited young Bostonians. He had superior poetical genius, as is clearly evinced in an ode to St. Paul's Church; and by another ode, written for the Washington Society (of which he was a member), and sung at Concert Hall, July 4, 1825. The first lines of this patriotic effusion are as follows:

> "Hail to the day, when, indignant, a nation
> To the spirit of armies for justice appealed;
> With pride claimed the right of her glorious station,
> And truth, taught by wisdom, in valor revealed!
> Hail to thy memory, era of liberty!
> Dear is thy sun to the hearts of the free!"

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

JULY 4, 1825. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"IF, in remembering the oppressed, you think the oppressors ought not to be forgotten," says Sprague, "I might urge that the splendid result of the great struggle should fully reconcile us to the madness of those who rendered that struggle necessary. We may forgive the presumption which 'declared' its right 'to bind the American colonies,' for it was wofully expiated by the humiliation which 'acknowledged' those same 'American colonies' to be 'sovereign and independent States.' The immediate workers, too, of that political iniquity, have passed away. The mildew of shame will forever feed upon their memories; — a brand has been set upon their deeds, that even Time's all-gnawing tooth can never destroy. But they *have* passed away; and of all the millions they misruled, the millions they *would* have misruled, how few remain! Another race is there to lament the folly, another here to magnify the wisdom, that cut the knot of empire. Shall these inherit and entail everlasting enmity? Like the Carthaginian Hamilcar, shall we come up hither with our children, and on this holy altar swear the pagan oath of undying hate? Even our goaded fathers disdained this. Let us fulfil their words, and prove to the people of England, that 'in peace' we know how to treat them 'as friends.' They have been twice told that 'in war' we know how to meet them 'as enemies;' and they will hardly ask another lesson, for, it may be that, when the *third* trumpet shall sound, a voice will echo along their sea-girt cliffs — '*The glory has departed!*'

"Some few of their degenerate ones, tainting the bowers where they sit, decry the growing greatness of a land they will not love; and others, after eating from our basket, and drinking from our cup, go home to pour forth the senseless libel against a people at whose firesides they were warmed. But a few pens dipped in gall will not retard our progress; let not a few tongues, festering in falsehood, disturb our repose. We have those among us who are able both to pare the talons of the kite and pull out the fangs of the viper; who can lay bare, for the disgust of all good men, the gangrene of the insolent reviewer, and inflict such a cruel mark on the back of the mortified runaway, as will take long from him the blessed privilege of being forgotten.

"These rude detractors speak not, we trust, the feelings of their nation. Time, the great corrector, is there fast enlightening both ruler and ruled. They are treading in our steps, even ours; and are gradually, though slowly, pulling up their ancient religious and political landmarks. Yielding to the liberal spirit of the age,—a spirit born and fostered here,—they are not only loosening their own long-riveted shackles, but are raising the voice of encouragement, and extending the hand of assistance, to the 'rebels' of other climes.

"In spite of all that has passed, we owe England much; and even on this occasion, standing in the midst of my generous-minded countrymen, I may fearlessly, willingly, acknowledge the debt. We owe England much;—nothing for her martyrdoms; nothing for her proscriptions; nothing for the innocent blood with which she has stained the white robes of religion and liberty;—these claims our fathers cancelled, and her monarch rendered them and theirs a full acquittance forever. But for the living treasures of her mind, garnered up and spread abroad for centuries by her great and gifted, who that has drank at the sparkling streams of her poetry, who that has drawn from the deep fountains of her wisdom, who that speaks and reads and thinks her language, will be slow to own his obligation? One of your purest ascended patriots,—Quincy,—he who compassed sea and land for Liberty, whose early voice for her echoed round yonder consecrated hall, whose dying accents for her went up in solitude and suffering from the ocean,—when he sat down to bless, with the last token of a father's remembrance, the son who wears his mantle with his name, bequeathed him the recorded lessons of England's best and wisest, and sealed the legacy of love with a prayer, whose full accomplishment we live to witness,—'that the spirit of Liberty might rest upon him.'"

Charles Sprague was born in Boston, Oct. 26, 1791. His birthplace was in a two-story wooden house, directly opposite Pine-street, then No. 38 Orange-street. In 1842 this house was destroyed, at an extensive fire. His father, Samuel Sprague, was born at Hingham, Dec. 22, 1753; was a mason, and married Joanna Thayer, of Braintree, a lady of great decision of character, who was highly effective in developing the genius of her son. Hingham was the home of his ancestors during five generations. His father was one of that famous party who destroyed the British tea in Boston harbor, December, 1773, and was a tall and athletic person. When in the hold of one of the tea-ships, where he was actively engaged, one of the party made

signs to him, from below, to cover his face with some disguise; on which, Mr. Sprague hastened to a small house near the head of Griffin's, now Liverpool Wharf, with a wooden chimney, from which he shortly collected a substance that served the purpose hinted at by his unknown friend, when he directly returned to the work of destruction. At this time he was an apprentice of one Mr. Etheridge, who interested himself, also, in this bold and patriotic adventure.

We find, in Thomas' Spy, of January, 1774, the following graphic sketch of this event, which, next to the massacre of 1770, tended to hasten the Revolution:

"As near beauteous Boston lying,
  On the gently-swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
  Three ill-fated tea-ships rode,
Just as glorious Sol was setting,
  On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
  Suddenly appeared in view.
Armed with hammer, axe and chisels, —
  Weapons new for warlike deed, —
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels
  They approached with dreadful speed.
O'er their heads aloft in mid sky,
  Three bright angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
  With fair Liberty between.
'Soon,' they cried, 'your foes you'll banish,
  Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
  Ere the deathless deed be done.'
Quick as thought, the ships were boarded,
  Hatches burst, and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers, help afforded, —
  What a glorious crash they made!
Squash into the deep descended
  Cursed weed of China's coast, —
Thus at once our fears were ended;
  British rights shall ne'er be lost.
Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
  Spread your sails, and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers,
  When they thought to cheat the brave."

Young Sprague, when about five years of age, entered the Franklin School, where he unfortunately lost the vision of his left eye, by a

sudden contact with a door-latch. This event probably accounts, in a measure, for the very limited number of his poetical productions, in after life. The school-house was located in Nassau-street; and the spot is occupied by a modern edifice, called the Brimmer School, in honor of the mayor of that name; and the name of the street is changed to Common-street. His teachers, in the grammar department, were Dr. Asa Bullard and Lemuel Shaw, both of whom were benevolent, sensible, and learned men. The teacher last named, who had recently graduated at Harvard College, and entered this school to acquire funds for his college expenses, was the son of a poor clergyman of Barnstable. He has risen to eminence by energetic perseverance, and is the Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. The writing-master of this school was the noted Rufus Webb. At the early age of thirteen years, young Sprague became an apprentice to Messrs. Thayer & Hunt, importers of dry goods. Boys of the Brimmer School! catch the inspiration of the spot where the genius of Sprague budded forth, and, like him, be ambitious to excel in learning and in manly virtue. Two centuries elapsed before Boston knew a poet like Sprague. Hereafter, may your nursery bloom annually with flowers as unfading.

In the year 1816 Mr. Sprague entered into partnership with his employers, which continued until 1820, when he was appointed a teller in the State Bank; and, on the establishment of the Globe Bank, in 1825, he was elected the cashier, which station he has occupied until this period. His wisdom and sagacity in the conduct of this institution, aided by the directors, has tended to make it one of the safest investments in State-street.

Waterston thus emphasizes of our poet:

> "May not our land be termed enchanted ground,
> When on bank-bills a poet's name is found?
> Where poets' notes may pass for notes of hand,
> And valued good, long as the Globe shall stand?
> The world can never quench that kindling fire,
> Or break the strings of that immortal lyre.
> Sweet, and more sweet, its melting strains shall rise,
> Till his rapt spirit seeks his native skies."

The social qualities of Charles Sprague have been the delight of eminent intellectual men, one of whom was Nathaniel Bowditch, who, being a member of the corporation of Harvard College, and admiring his rare genius, and close devotion to literary habits, without infringing

on the duties of his station in the bank, used his influence to effect for Mr. Sprague an honorary degree at the commencement of 1829, in that college, when he delivered the ingenious poem on Curiosity, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of which he has ever since been a member. What Landor said of another may be effectively applied to Sprague,— for his companionable habits are proverbial, and he never walks from home without a friend at his side:

> "Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
> No man hath walked along our streets
> With step so active, so inquiring eye,
> Or tongue so varied in discourse."

In alluding to the warm-hearted Dr. Bowditch, we take pleasure in introducing two verses of a favorite effusion from the hand of Sprague, which he had often on his lips, entitled the Winged Worshippers, and addressed to two swallows that flew into a church during divine service:

> "Gay, guiltless pair,
> What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
> Ye have no need of prayer, —
> Ye have no sins to be forgiven.
>
> "To you 't is given
> To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays,
> Beneath the arch of heaven
> To chirp away a life of praise."

In May, 1814, Mr. Sprague was married, by Rev. Horace Holley, to Miss Elizabeth Rand. His son, Charles James, was married to Amelia M. Stodder; and his daughter, Helen Elizabeth, who died April, 1851, after the decease of an infant son, was married to Ezra Lincoln, Esq., an aid to Gov. Briggs. Mr. Sprague was elected to the city Council in 1823, '24 and '27, and was active in public debate. His capacities would readily lead him to eminent public political rank, but he prefers the quiet of retired literary and financial pursuits. With a private library of three thousand volumes, in every department of intellect, and a rare collection of paintings and sculpture, his mind ever revels in elevated conceptions. An accurate bust of our poet, by Brackett, is in the care of his son-in-law.

Where is the native poet of Boston who is destined, like our own Charles Sprague, to be a standard national author? Indeed, it may be safely said, that Sprague our poet, and Prescott our historian, will

never become obsolete. One has thus sung of Sprague, in rather cold terms:

> "Great is his merit, — greater still his fame;
> Bright, but not dazzling, burns his steady flame;
> His is the sterling bullion thrice refined,
> Bright from the rich exchequer of his mind.
> Sense, strength and classic purity, combine
> With genius, in his almost faultless line.
> Trained in the olden school, his tide of song
> Bears truth and judgment on its breast along."

Amid a host of competitors, Charles Sprague received the prize, six times, for producing the best poems for the American stage,— an instance unprecedented in our literary annals. Were it not for the quenched light of an eye, he would have been the more universal admiration of his country. He has been compared to Pope and Gray; but he exhibits none of the artificial stateliness of the former, and more than the mellowing sweetness of the latter, excelling both in fervid warmth. Kettell says that we can have no difficulty in foreseeing the perpetuity of such reputation as that which belongs to him. Every sentence is bursting with thought. He deals in no dreamy obscurity; he allows no inharmonious line to pass; — all is finished, and full of purpose.

We know not the particle of dross in the beaten gold of Sprague; for there is not a sentence in all his productions that we would change, either in sentiment or in mode of expression. It was the reply of a friend to Mr. Sprague, who remarked that his poems may do very well to sleep over,—"No, sir; they are like champagne, that keeps one wide awake all the night long." Sprague dares to acknowledge his homage to the Nine, in the very temple of the money-changers; and enjoys, at the same time, the most favoring inspirations of the former, and the unlimited confidence and credit of the latter. The Globe Bank has never failed to make a dividend; and its cashier has never failed to be at his station, on the very day when the books were opened for the purpose, to this period.

When Lord Byron deceased at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19, 1824, a funeral oration was delivered by Spiridion Tucoupi over his remains, and published by the public authorities. The body was embalmed, and sent, May 2d, to Zante, whence it was designed, at the express order of Ulysses Odysseus, Governor of Athens, that he should be deposited in the Temple of Theseus, or in the Parthenon; and it was intended, also, that his heart should be enclosed in an urn, that Greek

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maidens, and other admirers, might weep over it. But his tenacious English friends caused that they should be entombed in the ancestral vault of the Byrons, at Hucknell, two miles from Newstead Abbey. This urn is placed beside the coffin, on which is inscribed, "Within this Urn are deposited the heart, brains, &c., of the deceased Lord Byron." Before the information of the removal of Byron's remains from Greece, Mr. Sprague, presuming that they would remain in the land where his ever-during poem was written, advanced the forthcoming sentiment, at the celebration of independence, July 4th of that year, when the Boston Debating Society, of which he was the vice-president, dined at Rouillard's, in Devonshire-street: "To the memory of the immortal Byron:

"O'er the heart of Childe Harold
Greek maidens shall weep;
In his own native island
His body shall sleep
With the bones of the bravest and best;
But his song shall go down
To the latest of time;
Fame tell how he rose
For earth's loveliest clime,
And Mercy shall blot out the rest."

We have observed the remark of John Quincy Adams regarding Sprague's poem on Art, that "in forty lines was comprised an encyclopedia of description." The idea is poetical, and the expression is worthy the idea. It is, in mere execution, the most happy of all Sprague's productions; and it may be commended to versifiers as a model of correct, condensed, melodious language. In the Ode on Shakspeare, he has soared in his most daring flight; and proved himself as capable of rising into the imaginative, as of flitting about among the realities of human life, with its joys and sorrows. The birth of Shakspeare is thus described:

"There on its bank,
Beneath the mulberry's shade,
Wrapped in young dreams,
A wild-eyed minstrel strayed;
Lighting there, and lingering long,
Thou didst teach the bard his song.
Thy fingers struck his sleeping shell,
And round his brows a garland curled;
On his lips thy spirit fell,
And bade him wake, and warm the world."

On the triumphal entry of Lafayette into the city of Boston, Aug. 24, 1824, an arch was extended across Washington to Dover street, above South Boston Bridge, on the very spot where, when Lafayette left the town in 1787, were the remains of a breastwork, erected during the Revolutionary contest, adjoining Fort-avenue, opposite the present Franklin School. At each side of the arch was planted a tree of oak, and another of pine, about twenty feet in height; and the pillars were tastefully wreathed with evergreens and flowers. The arch itself was decorated with American flags and evergreens; and from its centre a scroll was suspended, bearing the inscription which follows, written, at the impulse of the moment, by our own Charles Sprague, on the day previous to the reception. On passing under the triumphal arch, the thronging crowd witnessed Mayor Quincy, in a barouche with Lafayette, pointing towards the inscription, directing, with animated eye, the special notice of it to the warm-hearted Frenchman, whose patriotic enthusiasm must have been excited to tears:

"WELCOME, LAFAYETTE!

"The fathers in glory shall sleep,
That gathered with thee to the fight,
But the sons will eternally keep
The tablet of gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck,
And we bend not the knee;
But our hearts, Lafayette,
We surrender to thee."

A writer on American Genius remarks of Charles Sprague, in contrast with Robert Southey, that the majestic and sublime march of Sprague, when it is fired by any great and enkindling theme, or the tender and pathetic and soul-melting strains of his Muse, when touched by compassion, grief or love, would ill compare with the wild, desultory, and almost superhuman ramblings and eccentric flights of Southey, where we behold the most brilliant flashes of wit and genius, strangely and confusedly mingled with much that is trash and nonsense.

The oration of Mr. Sprague had a more extensive circulation than any of its predecessors, six editions having been rapidly taken up. Russell said of this performance, that "for purity, simplicity, elegant embellishment of style, and for ardent and patriotic feeling, this effort of self-taught genius has seldom been equalled by the great and learned of the land." Some one said of it, that the electric shock of a

nation's gratitude towards Lafayette, that rolls on undying to freedom's furthest mountains, was eloquently infused in the hearts of the audience. We cite the remarkable passage herewith, from this beautiful production, for the purpose of introducing an effective compliment from Josiah Quincy, then mayor of the city, and because of its patriotic spirit:

"Fear not party zeal,— it is the salt of your existence. There are no parties under a despotism. There, no man lingers round a ballot-box; no man drinks the poison of a licentious press; no man plots treason at a debating society; no man distracts his head about the science of government. All there is a calm, unruffled sea; even a dead sea of black and bitter waters. But we move upon a living stream,— forever pure, forever rolling. Its mighty tide sometimes flows higher and rushes faster than its wont; and, as it bounds and foams and dashes along, in sparkling violence, it now and then throws up its fleecy cloud. But this rises only to disappear; and, as it fades away before the sunbeams of intelligence and patriotism, you behold upon its bosom the rainbow signal of returning peace, arching up to declare that there is no danger."

One may readily conceive the inspiring effect of such conceptions on the warm heart of Mayor Quincy. Doubtless, this splendid oration was the theme of conversation, as the public authorities and invited citizens proceeded in procession to the State-house, after its delivery; and this felicitous sentiment of the mayor was spontaneously elicited at the dinner in Faneuil Hall: "Real Genius: To which everything is easy; which can spring a rainbow over the tempestuous sea of liberty, and inscribe its own glories on the heavens with the sunbeams which constitute it." The toast of the orator, on this occasion, was as follows: "Lords Temporal and Lords Spiritual: The land where wisdom creates the one, and holiness ordains the other; and where absent members can never vote away the rights of the people by proxy." We will give another happily-conceived sentiment of Mr. Sprague, at the public-school festival in Faneuil Hall, August, 1825, that should be had in perpetual remembrance: "May Boston boys remember that Benjamin Franklin began his career as a hawker of ballads in their own streets, and ended it by making treaties with the kings of Europe."

Is not the prediction of a recent English reviewer, in writing on the poetry of America, entirely gratuitous, in stating that we have not one national poet, and that our forests must one day drop down a poet

whose genius shall be worthy of their age, their vastitude, the beauty which they enclose, and the load of gratitude below which they bend, — when such a poet as the fervent, patriotic and compressive Charles Sprague dwells among us, breathing such inspiring remembrances of our forefathers as are melodiously tuned in the Centennial Ode,— a production destined to be revived on every Boston centennial celebration, to the end of time? We unite with the reviewer, in the hope that a poet such as he anticipates will "one day drop down" upon our country; but have we not the like, in Charles Sprague, now breathing amongst us? We will cite a passage to the point, from this patriotic ode:

"Forget? No, never — ne'er shall die
Those names to memory dear;
I read the promise in each eye
That beams upon me here.
Descendants of a twice-recorded race,
Long may ye here your lofty lineage grace:
'T is not for you home's tender tie
To rend, and brave the waste of waves;
'T is not for you to rouse and die,
Or yield and live a line of slaves:
The deeds of danger and of death are done;
Upheld by inward power alone,
Unhonored by the world's loud tongue,
'T is yours to do unknown,
And then to die unsung.
To other days, to other men, belong
The penman's plaudit and the poet's song;
Enough for glory has been wrought;
By you be humbler praises sought;
In peace and truth life's journey run,
And keep unsullied what your fathers won."

The irrepressible thought within him, says a reviewer of Sprague, is the only motive that will account for his productions. In his poetry, after the presence of those general qualities that are indispensable to every poet,— imagination, a seeing eye, mental vigor, an artist's sense of proportion, and a rich command of expression,— the chief quality to be noticed is his severe and chaste simplicity. This is his peculiarity: either he must exercise a rigid power of exclusion in his composition, or else there never was a creative mind more unvisited by confused conceptions, incongruous images, or artificial conceits. His words are as clear as his thoughts; his style is as transparent as his spirit. What an immense distance separates him from the whole mul-

titudinous progeny of modern misty rhapsodists and verse fanciers, so desperately determined on originality, that if they cannot give it to us in the idea, they will make up for it in outlandishness of phraseology, and give us specimens of grand and lofty tumbling, on an arena of fog and moonbeams! It is getting to be understood that a mind of native force, thirsting for wisdom, and having a message to utter, will proclaim itself as certainly from some East India House, Sheffield smithy, London reporter's desk, or Globe Bank in Boston, as from the walks of the professions. And, on the other hand, it is a thing not altogether unknown, that a blockhead should find his way into and quite through a university. It is not worth while to be paralyzed with amazement at either spectacle, as if it were a miracle. Mr. Sprague's writings have no occasion to derive any adventitious distinction from the fact that their author handles bank-notes. They have been judged by their merits, and can afford to be.

There needs no inscription to the memory of Charles Sprague, beside that of Thomas Campbell, on the Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey:

> "My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
> Chaucer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
> A little further to make thee a room;
> Thou art a monument without a tomb,
> And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
> And we have wits to read, and praise to give."

JOSIAH QUINCY.

JULY 4, 1826. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

This second oration of the senior Quincy breathes fervently the spirit of patriotism. He says: "Parents and children! We have come to the altar of our common faith, not like the Carthaginian, to swear enmity to another nation, but, in the spirit of obedience, and under a sense of moral and religious obligation, to inquire what it is to fulfil well our duty to ourselves and our posterity. And while we pass before our eyes, in long array, the outspread images of our fathers' virtues, let us strive to excite in our own bosoms, and enkindle in each

other's, that intense and sacred zeal by which their patriotism was animated and refined. Fifty years after the occurrence of the greatest of our national events, we gather with our children around the tombs of our fathers, as we trust,—and may Heaven so grant! — fifty years hence, those children will gather around ours, in the spirit of gratitude and honor, to contemplate their glory, to seek the lessons suggested by their example, and to examine the principles on which they laid the foundations of their country's prosperity and greatness."

DAVID LEE CHILD.

JULY 4, 1826. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WAS born at West Boylston; graduated at Harvard College in 1817, when he took part in a disputation, whether the power of eloquence be diminished by the progress of literature and science; became a teacher in the Boston Latin School, and married Lydia Maria Francis, author of the Boston Rebels. He was private secretary to Gen. Dearborn, when minister to Portugal, and was an officer in the Spanish American service; was captain of the Independent Fusileers: brigade major and member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery; was a Boston representative in 1827; an editor of the Massachusetts Whig; became a zealous abolitionist, and was author of a pamphlet on the Blessings of Freedom; was a manufacturer of beet-sugar, and settled in the western country. He was a fine classical writer, and very tenacious of his opinions. His oration on National Independence is a highly spirited, classical, and patriotic performance. We will quote a passage: "Dr. Johnson, the pensioned advocate of passive submission, the ministerial pamphleteer of the American Revolution, derives one of his best titles to respect and admiration from a temporary exhibition, on one occasion, of that inflexible firmness and proud independence of character which belong peculiarly to republicans. We admire him for his indignant, yet decorous, reply to Lord Chesterfield,—for his Roman-like contempt of title and wealth, coupled with meanness and hypocrisy; and it may be safely asserted that Chesterfield, with all his wit, his learning, and his eloquence,—all the triumphs of the drawing-room and the honors of the peerage,—has left no action,—nay, that all

his actions together, his accomplishments, his speeches, his sayings and his polished letters; — all do not occupy so large a space, in the memory and admiration of men, as that single republican letter, in which the lexicographer repels the cold and selfish patronage of the peer. Where his own feelings and dignity were concerned, Johnson could assume the port and bearing of a Roman; but, when there was nothing at stake but the dignity and prosperity of these distant colonies, who, he said, 'did not know how to read,' he shrunk again into the obsequious courtier, bribed by an exchequer warrant, and excited to childish glee by a word and a smile from majesty."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AUGUST 2, 1826. EULOGY ON ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

The popular sentiment is more powerfully influenced by the orations and speeches that perpetually rise and enter the public mind, than by any other medium, our free press only excepted; and, though our poets often provide our orators with rockets, shells and artillery, and sometimes win their battles, they are never so well rewarded for their genius as the political orator. What Napoleon once said,— that four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets,— may be very properly applied to such men as Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, in their power over the people. As the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero have passed onward from age to age, and have been received by successive generations with the same sense of force and freshness as when first published, so the condensed orations of Webster and Everett are destined to become the classics of all posterity, and receive like veneration. Indeed, we know not the political orators of America who have unfolded the principles of our constitution with more power and beauty; and the masculine vigor of Daniel Webster forcibly reminds one of the lion-hearted Richard, in Scott's Crusaders, whose muscular power was so effective that he would sever a massive bar of iron with his broad-sword as readily as the woodman rends a sapling with a hedging-bill; while the rhetorical

power of Edward Everett resembles the sultan Saladin, with his nicely-curved scimitar, marked with meandering lines, who applied its fine edge so dexterously to a silken cushion, that it seemed rather to fall asunder than to divide by force.

The eloquent eulogy of Mr. Webster, named at the head of this article, was pronounced on a day selected, it is said, as peculiarly suitable, for the reason that it was the day when the signers of the Declaration of Independence who had not given their signatures on the fourth of July, 1776, rendered it complete by affixing their names. The body of Cæsar was not so much the object of solemn curiosity, as was the eulogy of Mark Antony on his character; and, if possible, as intense was the interest, on this occasion, to listen to Webster's eulogy on the great statesmen. Never, since the pathetic oration of Morton over the remains of Warren, was there a more thrilling effort, in this country, on a similar occasion. "Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory," said Webster, "nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone; but their fame remains,—for with American liberty only can it perish." The conception of the appellation of "the godlike Webster" was originated by the delivery of this inimitable eulogy. The editor of the National Philanthropist, the first temperance editor in the Union, in enlarging on its extreme beauty, in that journal, on the sixth day of August, remarks: "To say of this production that it was eloquent, would be too common an expression to apply to such a performance. It was profound,—it was sublime,—it was godlike." This remark was heralded over the land as of party origin, and was long the source of levity and sarcasm. It is our opinion that the first patriot who received this superlative appellation was Joseph Warren, as may be seen in a poetical tribute written shortly after his decease, and appended to the memoir in this volume.

"It has, perhaps," remarks Edward Everett, in his biography of Webster, "never been the fortune of an orator to treat a subject in all respects so extraordinary as that which called forth the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; a subject in which the characters commemorated, the field of action, the magnitude of the events, and the peculiar personal relations, were so important and unusual. Certainly, it is not extravagant to add, that no similar effort of oratory was ever more

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completely successful. The speech ascribed to John Adams, in the Continental Congress, on the subject of declaring the independence of the colonies,— a speech, of which the topics, of course, present themselves on the most superficial consideration of the subject, but of which a few hints only of what was actually said are supplied by the letters and diaries of Mr. Adams,— is not excelled by anything of the kind in our language. Few things have taken so strong a hold of the public mind. It thrills and delights alike the student of history, who recognizes it at once as the creation of the orator, and the common reader, who takes it to be the composition, not of Mr. Webster, but of Mr. Adams. From the time the eulogy was delivered, to the present day, the inquiry has been often made and repeated,— sometimes even in letters addressed to Webster himself,— whether this exquisite appeal is his or Mr. Adams'."

Before introducing the passage from Webster's eulogy, we will quote, from the autobiography of John Adams, his own remarks in relation to his own speech on that august occasion. We find it under date of July 1, 1776: "It has been said, by some of our historians, that I began by an invocation to the god of eloquence. This is a misrepresentation. Nothing so puerile as this fell from me. I began by saying that this was the first time of my life that I had ever wished for the talents and eloquence of the ancient orators of Greece and Rome, for I was very sure that none of them ever had before him a question of more importance to his country and to the world. They would, probably, upon less occasions than this, have begun by solemn invocations to their divinities for assistance; but the question before me appeared so simple, that I had confidence enough in the plain understanding and common sense that had been given me, to believe that I could answer, to the satisfaction of the House, all the arguments which had been produced, notwithstanding the abilities which had been displayed, and the eloquence with which they had been enforced. Mr. Dickinson, some years afterwards, published his speech. I had made no preparation beforehand, and never committed any minutes of mine to writing. But, if I had a copy of Mr. Dickinson's before me, would now, after nine-and-twenty years have elapsed, endeavor to recollect mine."

For masculine power, there is no rhetoric in the whole range of our national oratory excelling the imagined speech of our great Nestor, which is here introduced with the preceding supposed remarks of John

Dickinson, of Delaware, an over-cautious member of the same patriotic assembly, who, though he never signed the Declaration of Independence, stated afterwards that he was the only member who marched to face the enemy.

In allusion to the Continental Congress, which was about to decide a question involving the fate of the colonies, Mr. Webster says: "Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

"Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration:

"'Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard,—but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England?—for she will exert that strength to the utmost. Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious, subjects. I shudder, before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that

object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasoned and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity,— when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption, on the scaffold!'

"It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness:

"'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,— is not he, our venerable colleague near you,— are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington

be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then,— why, then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

" 'If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their

brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

" 'Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country,—or, at least, the hope of a country,—and that a free country!

" 'But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears,—copious, gushing tears,—not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment;—independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.' "

Daniel Webster was a son of Hon. Ebenezer Webster; was born in Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782, and was the ninth of ten children. That portion of his native place is now a part of Franklin. His mother was Abigail Eastman, the second wife, and a lady of superior intellect. The house in which he was born has been demolished, and not a vestige of it remains, but the cellar. The old elm, planted by his father sixty years ago, near the paternal dwelling, with its luxuriant branches, still flourishes there; and, not far distant, runs Punch Brook, now diminished to a little rivulet. The old well, in which hung an iron-bound bucket, remains, with water as pure as ever. The house

in which Daniel was born stood on the north road, far up the western hill bordering the valley of the Merrimac. In his youthful days, he showed great eagerness for learning, and his constitution was thought too frail for any physical pursuit; therefore, more advantages were rendered to him than to the other boys of the family. His first teacher was Thomas Chase. He could read tolerably well, and wrote a fair hand, but spelling was not his *forte*. His second master was James Tappan, now living, at an advanced age, in Gloucester, Mass. His qualifications as a teacher far exceeded those of Mr. Chase. The worthy veteran, now dignified with the title of Colonel, feels a pride, it may well be supposed, in the fame of his quondam friend. At this period he contracted a great passion for books, having access to the library of Thomas W. Thompson, a young lawyer who boarded in his father's family; and it is related, that, before he was fourteen years of age, he became very familiar with the Bible and the poetry of Isaac Watts, and could recite the whole of Pope's Essay on Man. On the 25th of May, 1796, his father mounted his horse, and young Daniel mounted another, when they proceeded to Exeter Academy, under the supervision of Dr. Benjamin Abbot. Mr. Webster relates of himself at this time, in his autobiography: "My first lessons in Latin were recited to Joseph Stevens Buckminster, at that time an assistant at the academy. I made tolerable progress in all the branches I attended to under his instruction; but there was one thing I could not do,—I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster, especially, sought to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like the other boys,—but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; but, when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the masters frowned; sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated, with the most winning kindness, that I would only venture out; but I could not command sufficient resolution,—and, when the occasion was over, I went home, and wept bitter tears of mortification." The editor acknowledges the liberal use of Everett's Memoir and March's Reminiscences of the great statesman; and the following detail of further incidents in his early life he gleans from Professor Edwin D. Sanborn, who received the relation from the lips of Mr. Webster, and wrote the detail on the same day:

"From the day when he entered Exeter Academy, at the age of fourteen, to this hour, his life has been one uninterrupted scene of mental toil. Aged men, who were familiar with his early life, mention, among their earliest recollections of his childhood, a fondness for books above his years. His father kept open door for all travellers. The teamsters, who came from the north, were accustomed to say, when they arrived at Judge Webster's house, 'Come, let us give our horses some oats, and go in and hear little Dan read a Psalm.' They always called for him; and, leaning upon their long whip-stocks, listened with delighted attention to the elocution of the young orator. This fondness for books first prompted his father to give him a better education than the district school afforded. At Exeter, he had no peer in successful and accurate study. His residence there was brief. The limited means of his father would not warrant the expense of a continued residence at that academy. A cheaper method of preparing him for college was devised. He was placed under the care of Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen, who received pupils into his family on very moderate terms. On entering this family, his father revealed to him his intention of sending him to college. The announcement was received with unbounded exultation. No Roman consul ever received with greater joy a senatorial decree for a triumph! Under Dr. Wood's tuition, with but an imperfect knowledge of the rudiments of the Latin tongue, he read one hundred verses of Virgil at a lesson. He not only read but interpreted the poet. He understood and relished his polished diction. The English dress which the young student put upon the old Roman became him. His recreations then were the same which have occupied his leisure hours in later life. In his rambles among the neighboring woods, his rifle was his constant companion:

————————' linoque solebat et hamo
Decipere, et calamo salientes ducere pisces.'

"His kind Mentor once ventured to suggest his fears lest young Daniel's example, in devoting so much time to his favorite amusements, might prove injurious to the other boys. He did not complain that his task was neglected, or that any lesson was imperfectly prepared. This suggestion was sufficient. The sensitive boy could not bear the suspicion of any dereliction of duty. The next night was devoted to study. No sleep visited his eyes. His teacher appeared, in the morning, to hear his recitation. He read his hundred lines, without mistake.

He was nowhere found tripping in syntax or prosody. As his teacher was preparing to leave, young Daniel requested him to hear a few more lines. Another hundred was read. Breakfast was repeatedly announced. The good doctor was impatient to go, and asked his pupil how much further he could read. 'To the end of the twelfth book of the Æneid,' was the prompt reply. The doctor never had occasion to reprove him again. His study hours, ever after, were sacred. In less than a year, he read, with his teacher, Virgil and Cicero; and, in private, two large works of Grotius and Puffendorf, written in Latin. During the month of July, his father called him home to assist him on the farm. At this time of life, young Daniel had but a slender frame, and was not able to endure much fatigue. The trial of a single half-day brought the boy home with blistered hands and wearied limbs. The next morning, his father gave him his little bundle of books and clothes, and bade him seek his old teacher again. Dr. Wood met him with a cordial greeting, on his return, and assured him that, with hard study, he might enter college at the next commencement. He then had two months to devote to Greek; and he had not yet learned the alphabet. With characteristic energy, he grappled with the task, and achieved a victory of which few can boast. What one of those college idlers, who talk so flippantly about the idleness of Daniel Webster when a student, has prepared himself for a like station in two short months? The students of that day were deprived of many of the comforts and luxuries of life which are now so liberally enjoyed. They usually travelled on horseback. Their dress was entirely of domestic manufacture. When Daniel Webster went to college, he took the least valuable of his father's horses, which would not be missed from the farm, and, depositing his scanty wardrobe and library in a pair of saddle-bags, set out for Hanover. Scarcely had he lost sight of his father's house, when a furious north-east storm began to beat upon the solitary traveller. The rain poured down incessantly for two days and nights. A necessity was laid upon him to be present at the commencement of the term. He, therefore, made such speed as he could, with his slow-paced Rozinante, over bad roads, through the pelting storm, and reached the place at the close of the second day, if not a 'sorrowful knight,' at least, in a sorrowful condition. He joined his class the next day, and at once took the position in it which he has since held in the intellectual world. By the unanimous consent, both of teachers and classmates, he stood at the head of his associates in study; and was as far

above them then, in all that constitutes human greatness, as he is now. After a residence of two years at college, he spent a vacation at home. He had tasted the sweets of literature, and enjoyed the victories of intellectual effort. He loved the scholar's life. He felt keenly for the condition of his brother Ezekiel, who was destined to remain on the farm, and labor to lift the mortgage from the old homestead, and furnish the means of his brother's support. Ezekiel was a farmer in spirit and in practice. He led his laborers in the field, as he afterwards led his class in Greek. Daniel knew and appreciated his superior intellectual endowments. He resolved that his brother should enjoy the same privileges with himself. That night, the two brothers retired to bed, but not to sleep. They discoursed of their prospects. Daniel utterly refused to enjoy the fruit of his brother's labor any longer. They were united in sympathy and affection, and they must be united in their pursuits. But how could they leave their beloved parents, in age and solitude, with no protector? They talked and wept, and wept and talked, till dawn of day. They dared not broach the matter to their father. Finally, Daniel resolved to be the orator upon the occasion. Judge Webster was then somewhat burdened with debt. He was advanced in age, and had set his heart upon having Ezekiel as his helper. The very thought of separation from both his sons was painful to him. When the proposition was made, he felt as did the patriarch of old, when he exclaimed, 'Joseph is not * * * and will ye also take Benjamin away?' A family council was called. The mother's opinion was asked. She was a strong-minded, energetic woman. She was not blind to the superior endowments of her sons. With all a mother's partiality, however, she did not over-estimate their powers. She decided the matter at once. Her reply was: 'I have lived long in the world, and have been happy in my children. If Daniel and Ezekiel will promise to take care of me in my old age, I will consent to the sale of all our property at once, and they may enjoy the benefit of that which remains after our debts are paid.' This was a moment of intense interest to all the parties. Parents and children all mingled their tears together, and sobbed aloud, at the thought of separation. The father yielded to the entreaties of the sons and the advice of his wife. Daniel returned to college, and Ezekiel took his little bundle in his hand, and sought, on foot, the scene of his preparatory studies. In one year he joined his younger brother in college. His intellect was of the highest order. In clear and com-

prehensive views of the subjects studied, he had no equal. He was deficient in no branch of study pursued in college. He was distinguished for classical literature. He also availed himself of private instruction in some departments of study. Professor Shurtleff then had a class of students reciting to him, privately, in theology. Ezekiel Webster joined that class, and wrote dissertations upon subjects proposed by the professor, who still speaks, with unabated admiration, of his character, as an earnest, truthful, and successful student. I once asked the same venerable teacher of the deportment of the younger brother in college. He replied : 'O, sir, Daniel was as regular as the sun. He never made a misstep ; he never stooped to do a mean act ; he never countenanced, by his presence or by his conversation, any college irregularities.' After graduating, at the early age of nineteen, Daniel Webster took charge of the academy in Fryeburg, Me. He left his father's house again on horseback, with his whole worldly effects in a pair of saddle-bags. His salary was three hundred and fifty dollars a year. From such an income, how much, think you, would one of our modern dandies save, after supporting himself as a gentleman should live? Besides the severe labors of the school, Mr. Webster devoted his evenings to a still more irksome piece of drudgery. He recorded deeds in the county records for a moderate compensation. He transcribed, on an average, three deeds each evening ; and two large folios now exist, in his hand-writing, as indubitable proofs of his industry. He received high commendation for his fidelity as a teacher. The records of the trustees bear testimony to their unqualified approbation of his labors, and their sincere regret at his departure. At the close of the year, he visited his brother in college ; and, after paying his own debts, gave to Ezekiel the results of his year's labor, which amounted to one hundred dollars. The attachment of these brothers to each other was truly remarkable. They kept no separate purse, till they were established in business. They labored cheerfully for each other. Daniel submitted to the drudgery of copying deeds, and encroached upon the hours due to sleep to secure the means of his brother's education. Ezekiel taught an evening school for sailors, in Boston, in addition to the fatigues of a large private school by day, to save money to defray, in part, his brother's expenses in completing his professional education."

We have seen a very impressive funeral oration on Ephraim Simonds, a member of the senior class of Dartmouth College, who died at Han-

over, April, 18, 1801, delivered by Mr. Webster, who was also a member of the same class. We will quote a passage from the exordium : "All of him that was mortal now lies in the charnels of yonder cemetery. By the grass that nods over the mounds of Sumner, Merrill and Cook, now rests a fourth son of Dartmouth, constituting another monument of man's mortality. The sun, as it sinks to the ocean, plays its departing beams on his tomb, but they reänimate him not. The cold sod presses on his bosom; his hands hang down in weakness. The bird of the evening shouts a melancholy air on the poplar, but her voice is stillness to his ears. While his pencil was drawing scenes of future felicity,—while his soul fluttered on the gay breezes of hope,—an unseen hand drew the curtain, and shut him from our view." Our young orator, at this time, had been so inspired with the brilliant and fervid style of President Wheelock, that he gave stronger indications of rising to eminence in poetry, than in law or politics. The first published oration of Webster was delivered at Hanover, July 4, 1800. It may be found in the library of the Antiquarian Society.

Mr. Webster completed his college course in August, 1801, and became a student of law in the office of Thomas W. Thompson, the next-door neighbor of his father, who was afterwards a senator in Congress. He remained in his office as a student till, in the words of Mr. March, "he felt it necessary to go somewhere, and do something to earn a little money;" on which, as before related, he became preceptor of an academy, where, among other mental exercises, he committed to memory Fisher Ames' celebrated speech on the British treaty; and he has been heard to say, relates Everett, that few things moved him more than the perusal of this celebrated speech. In September, 1802, Mr. Webster returned to Salisbury, and resumed his studies under Mr. Thompson, with whom he remained for eighteen months.

Daniel Webster went to Boston in July, 1804, and became a student of Christopher Gore, where he engaged, with devoted interest, in the study of special pleading. In March, 1805, he was admitted to practice in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas. At this period, he was offered the clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas, in Hillsborough county, N. H., which he at first was ready to accept; but Mr. Gore opposed it, appealing to the ambition of his pupil, says March;—once a clerk, he always would be a clerk, with no step upward. "Go on," said Mr. Gore, "and finish your studies. You are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty. Live on no man's favor.

What bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence. Pursue your profession; make yourself useful to your friends, and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear." His father was one of the judges of this court, and was very earnest that Daniel should accept the station. Having concurred in the advice of Christopher Gore, he said to his father, "I mean to use my tongue in the courts, — not my pen; to be an actor, not a register of other men's actions;" to which his venerable father replied: "Well, my son, your mother has always said that you would come to something, or nothing,— she was not sure which. I think you are now about settling that doubt for her."

Immediately on his admission to the bar, Mr. Webster went to Amherst, N. H., where his father's court was in session. From that place he went home with his father. He had intended to establish himself at Portsmouth, which, as the largest town, and the seat of the foreign commerce of the State, opened the widest field for practice. But filial duty kept him nearer home. His father was now infirm from the advance of years, and had no other son at home. Under these circumstances, Mr. Webster opened an office at Boscawen, not far from his father's residence, and commenced the practice of the law in this retired spot. Judge Webster lived but a year after his son's entrance upon practice,— long enough, however, says Everett, to hear his first argument in court, and to be gratified with the confident predictions of his future success.

It is related, on the best authority, that at his first term he had no case for trial, that rendered it necessary for him to address the court at Amherst; but he had an important motion to make, not in the order of the docket, for which he had made elaborate preparation. Not being familiar with the course of business, and having seen no favorable opportunity to introduce and argue his motion, after waiting the whole term, till the court stood on its adjournment, he rose, and stated to the court, that he had hoped for an opportunity to bring his motion before the court, and had prepared himself to argue it, but that he now saw there was no time for the purpose. Nevertheless, he was unwilling to omit altogether acquainting the court with his case. With this introduction, he proceeded to make a short statement of the circumstances of his case, and the remedy for which he had proposed to call upon the court; but, at that stage of the court, he would not undertake to argue it, though he had prepared himself for the purpose. When he had

resumed his seat, the chief-justice, Timothy Farrar, turning to his associates, remarked, in an undertone, which was, however, overheard, "That young man's *statement* is a most unanswerable argument," and immediately granted his motion. Mr. Webster has been frequently heard to remark that this incident has had a marked influence on his efforts in after life. It is related of his early appearance in pleading at court in his native State, that in the onset there would be an indication of restlessness; and he would move his feet about, and run his hand up over his forehead through his Indian-black hair, and lift his upper lip, and show his teeth, which were as white as those of a hound; and then he would roll on in such a stream of eloquence, that his power was irresistible.

Mr. Webster was admitted as an attorney and counsellor of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, in May, 1807; and in September of that year, after having become a member of the Congregational church of Salisbury, his native town, on the 13th day of that month, when the Rev. Thomas Worcester was pastor, he removed from Boscawen to Portsmouth, where he remained for nine successive years. It is mentioned by Mr. March, as a singular fact in his professional life, that, with the exception of the occasions on which he has been associated with the attorney-general of the United States for the time being, he has hardly appeared ten times as junior counsel. Mr. Webster was married in June, 1808, to Grace, a daughter of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton, by whom he had five children,— Grace, Fletcher, Julia, Charles, and Edward, who died in the Mexican war. After the decease of his wife, he married a second time,— Caroline, daughter of Hermon Leroy, of New York city.

Mr. Webster was elected to Congress, for the Federal party of that day, November, 1812; and continued four years in the house, and was appointed by Henry Clay, then Speaker, a member of the committee on foreign affairs. He was a member of the committee of the Rockingham Convention, which met at Brentwood, Aug. 5, 1812, and prepared a memorial to President Madison, remonstrating against the war with Great Britain. Mr. Webster was not a member of Congress when the war was declared, nor in any other public station. The principal subjects on which he addressed the house, during the 13th Congress, were his own resolutions, the increase of the navy, the repeal of the embargo, and an appeal from the decision of the chair, on a motion for the previous question. His speeches on these questions raised him to

the front rank of debaters. He cultivated friendly relations on both sides of the house, and gained the personal respect even of those with whom he most differed. Mr. Webster, in 1814, opposed the project for a Bank of the United States, with a capital of fifty millions, as unsound in its principles, and sure to increase the derangement of the currency. In the intervals of Congress, Mr. Webster was occupied, at Portsmouth, in the practice of law. The destruction of his house, furniture, library, and many valuable manuscripts, in the extensive fire that occurred in December, 1813, had so embarrassed his circumstances, that he found it his duty to endeavor to improve his condition. On the return of the peace, Mr. Webster was active in relation to the constitutionality of the tariff policy, and the resumption of specie payments.

Mr. Webster removed to Boston in the year 1818, when commenced a period of about six years' retirement from active political life, during which time, with a single exception, he filled no public office, and devoted himself exclusively to his duties as a lawyer. It was accordingly within this period that his reputation in his profession was established. A large share of the best business of New England passed into his hands; and the veterans of the Boston bar admitted him to an entire equality of standing amongst them. Mr. Webster, on the separation of Maine, was elected to the Massachusetts convention on revising the State constitution, in 1820, when he exhibited great intellectual ability, and with the most eminent success. In 1822 he was elected by the people of Boston to the State Legislature, at which period he was also one of the framers of the city charter for Boston; and in November of this year he was elected to the house of Congress, as successor of Benjamin Gorham. We find the following reminiscence of Mr. Webster, in relation to this period: "It has so happened," once said Mr. Webster, "that all the public services which I have rendered in the world, in my day and generation, have been connected with the general government. I think I ought to make an exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object, in which I could be useful in that position; and, after much reflection, I introduced a bill, which, with the general consent of both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, passed into a law, and is now a law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any other manner than with the ordinary hook and line. With that exception, I never was

connected, for an hour, with any State government, in my life. I never held office, high or low, under any State government. Perhaps that was my misfortune. At the age of thirty, I was in New Hampshire, practising law, and had some clients. John Taylor Gilman, who for fourteen years was Governor of the State, thought that, young man as I was, I might be fit to be an attorney-general of the State of New Hampshire, and he nominated me to the council; and the council, taking it into their deep consideration, and not happening to be of the same politics of the governor and myself, voted, three out of five, that I was not competent,— and, very likely, they were right. So, you see, I never gained promotion in any State government."

Mr. Webster was again elected to Congress for Suffolk; and so great a favorite had he become, that the choice was unanimous, with the exception of three votes. In 1826 he was reëlected to the house; but, before taking his seat, he was elected, by the Legislature, to the Senate in Congress, in place of Elijah H. Mills,— which station he filled until he was appointed Secretary of State, under President Harrison, in 1841. He was succeeded by Abel P. Upshur in 1844, and was reëlected to the U. S. Senate in 1845, which station he occupied until his appointment as Secretary of State, under President Fillmore, in 1850; and never, since the days of Jefferson, the first incumbent, has a president of this Union been honored with a more profound and sagacious counsellor than Daniel Webster.

In the spring of the year 1839, Mr. Webster crossed the Atlantic, making a tour through England, Scotland, and France. His attention was drawn to the agriculture of England and Scotland; to the great subjects of currency and exchange; to the condition of the laboring classes; and to the practical effect on the politics of Europe of the system of the continental alliance. No traveller from this country has, probably, ever been received with equal attention, says Everett, in the highest quarters in England. Courtesies usually extended only to ambassadors and foreign ministers were advanced to him. His table was covered with invitations to the seats of the nobility and gentry; and his company was eagerly sought at the public entertainments which took place while he was in the country. Among the eminent men with whom he contracted intimacy, may be named the late Lord Ashburton. A mutual regard, of more than usual warmth, arose between them. This circumstance was well understood in the higher circles of English society; and when, two years later, a change

of administration in both countries brought the parties to which they were respectively attached into power, the friendly relations well known to exist between them were, no doubt, among the motives which led to the appointment of Lord Ashburton as special minister to the United States. When the Whig party came into power, in the year 1841, Mr. Webster displayed extraordinary sagacity in the negotiation of the treaty with Great Britain, on the adjustment of the long-contested question of the north-eastern boundary, which heightened his renown for diplomatic skill.

When Mr. Webster was elected to Congress over Jesse Putnam, in 1822, he exhibited the same energy of character in behalf of his country that had previously made him the great leader among leaders. He labored for suffering Greece; on the tariff law of 1824; effected a complete revision of the law for the punishment of crimes against the United States; gave a speech on the Congress of Panama; and argued on the revision of the tariff law, and the embarrassments of the contest. His manly course in the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, in relation to the veto of the bank, the rise and progress of nullification, the force bill, the removal of the deposits, the expunging resolution, and the sub-treasury system, are identified with his history. We do not forget his interest in other great national topics, such as the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the Oregon question, revival of the sub-treasury system, and repeal of the tariff of 1842; on a territorial government for the Mexican provinces, on a constitution of State government adopted by California prohibiting slavery, on the anti-slavery agitation relative to the Fugitive Slave Law and the Compromise, and his great speech for the Union. We would have our readers recur to Everett's political biography of Daniel Webster, for a development of his action on these great national topics.

Where is a nobler passage than this of Webster: "I am," says Webster, "where I have ever been, and ever mean to be. Standing on the platform of the general constitution,— a platform broad enough, and firm enough, to uphold every interest of the whole country,— I shall still be found. Intrusted with some part in the administration of that constitution, I intend to act in its spirit, and in the spirit of those who framed it. I would act as if our fathers, who formed it for us, and who bequeathed it to us, were looking on me,— as if I could see their venerable forms bending down to behold us, from the abodes above. I would act, too, as if the eye of posterity was gazing on me.

"Standing thus, as in the full gaze of our ancestors and our posterity,— having received this inheritance from the former, to be transmitted to the latter, and feeling that if I am formed for any good, in my day and generation, it is for the good of the whole country,— no local policy or local feeling, no temporary impulse, shall induce me to yield my foothold on the constitution and the Union.

"I came into public life in the service of the United States. On that broad altar my earliest and all my public vows have been made. I propose to serve no other master. So far as depends on any agency of mine, they shall continue united States,— united in interest and affection,— united in everything in regard to which the constitution has decreed their union,— united in war, for the common defence, the common renown, and the common glory,— and united, compacted, knit firmly together, in peace, for the common prosperity and happiness of ourselves and our children."

Judge Story related, one time, of Chief Justice Marshall, that his great expression was, "It is admitted." As he was a powerful reasoner, it was often remarked, "Once admit his premises, and you are forced to his conclusions; therefore, deny everything he says." Said Daniel Webster to Story, "When Judge Marshall says, 'It is admitted, sir,' I am prepared for a bomb to burst over my head, and demolish all my points." May not the same remark be made of Webster, the invincible defender, as of Marshall, the profound expounder, of the constitution?

The address of Mr. Webster, pronounced on Bunker Hill, June 17, 1825, it is said was modelled, even to its best passages, in Marshpee Brook,— the orator catching trout and elaborating sentences, at the same time. It is further related, that, as the orator drew in some trout particularly large, he was heard to exclaim, "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day." Says Webster, in another passage of the same paragraph: "Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position, appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence."

We find in Everett's biography of Webster some excellent remarks on the preparation of orators for public speaking, where, in allusion to Mr. Webster, he says: "It is not to be supposed that an orator like

Mr. Webster is slavishly tied down, on any occasion, to his manuscript notes, or to a *memoriter* repetition of their contents. It may be presumed that, in many cases, the noblest and the boldest, the last and warmest tints thrown upon the canvas, in discourses of this kind, were the unpremeditated inspiration of the moment of delivery. The opposite view would be absurd; because it would imply that the mind, under the high excitement of delivery, was less fertile and creative than in the repose of the closet. A speaker could not, if he attempted it, anticipate, in his study, the earnestness and fervor of spirit induced by actual contact with the audience; he could not, by any possibility, forestall the sympathetic influence upon his imagination and intellect of the listening and applauding throng. However severe the method required by the nature of the occasion, or dictated by his own taste, a speaker like Mr. Webster will not confine himself 'to pouring out fervors a week old.'" In another passage of this memoir, Mr. Everett, in further enlarging on this subject, says that no one will think that the entire apostrophe to Warren, in his first Bunker Hill oration, as it stands in the reported speech, was elaborated and committed to memory. In fact, there is a slight grammatical inaccuracy, caused by passing from the third person to the second in the same sentence, which is at once the natural consequence and the proof of an unpremeditated expansion or elevation of the preconceived idea. We see the process. When the sentence commenced, "But, ah! him!" it was evidently in the mind of the orator to close it by saying, "How shall I speak of him?" But, in the progress of the sentence, forgetful — unconscious — of the grammatical form, but melting with the thought,— beholding, as he stood upon the spot where the hero fell, his beloved and beautiful image rising from the ground,— he can no longer speak *of* him. Willing subject of his own witchery, he clothes his conception with sensible forms, and speaks *to* the glorious being whom he has called back to life. He no longer attempts to discourse of Warren to the audience; but, passing, after a few intervening clauses, from the third person to the second, he exclaims, "How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of *thy* name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away, the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea,— but thy memory shall not fail!"

We concur with Edward Everett in what he remarks of Webster's famous reply to Hayne, when he says: "Of the effectiveness of Mr.

Webster's manner in many parts, it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water; but I must confess I never heard anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the oration for the crown."

"Sprung from a revolutionary stock," said Caleb Cushing, in a review of Webster's speeches, "nurtured in the very domains of 'the mountain goddess, Liberty,' he rose to fame and usefulness in the bosom of his native State. So surely as the bright stars shall move on untiringly in their celestial paths on high to glad the eye and lead the footsteps of unborn generations of men,— so surely as genius, honor, patriotism, will continue to be prized on earth when the passions of the hour shall have fretted themselves into extinction and oblivion, — so sure is it that the time will come when New Hampshire will esteem it her pride and her glory to have given birth and maturity to Daniel Webster. And yet, such are the corruptions of party, and such the infamy to which it sometimes degrades the daily press, that, as Mr. Webster feelingly remarked in his speech at Concord, it has been his fortune, whether in public life or out of it, to be pursued by a degree of reproach and accusation in his native State such as never fell to the lot of any other of her public men.

"Of the speeches delivered by Mr. Webster in the Senate, those devoted to the great constitutional questions display Mr. Webster without a competitor. By a succession of unrivalled speeches in exposition of disputed texts or constructions of the constitution,— by the profound knowledge of historical facts displayed in them, the acuteness, sagacity and comprehensiveness of view which they exhibit, and the patriotic zeal which animates them in every line,— he has earned for himself a most peculiar and most exalted position in the public eye, as the great expounder and champion of the fundamental law of the Union. So long as the government of the United States shall endure, or the memory of its honor and its liberty survive the overthrow of its institutions,— so long as our example shall occupy a page in the history of human freedom,— so long must the speeches of Mr. Webster be read, studied, admired. On these he may confidently rely for the respect and applause of his country, while living; on these, for a fame lasting as the undying spirit of constitutional liberty itself. Neither in the Philippic orations of Demosthenes, nor in the consular ones of

Cicero, nor in whatever class among the speeches of Burke, or Pitt, or Canning, is there anything more thoroughly imbued and saturated with the very essence of immortality than in these constitutional speeches of Daniel Webster.

"It is one of the characteristic traits of Mr. Webster's speeches,— whether at the bar, in political assemblies, or in Congress,— that there is nothing in them discursive; no digressions from the straightforward path of his argument, no mere episodes of embellishment, no common-place arts of oratory. They are models of severe unity of design, of consummate and beautiful simplicity of execution, like some master-piece of statuary carved in the blended grace and majesty of antique art. He sends forth no scattered rays, to dazzle with their brilliancy, and bewilder while they dazzle,— but pours a steady stream of light, concentrated in a broad beam of effulgence upon the point he would illumine. His mind never stops on the course, like Atalanta, to gather the golden fruits which glitter in its path, and thus ultimately lose the prize of the race in pursuit of the delusive temptations of the moment. For this reason, it is impossible to do justice to any of his more elaborate efforts by bare extracts, when every sentence is an essential part of one grand whole, and nothing can be spared from the finished perfection of the work, nothing added, without marring its excellent symmetry. Yet, amid all the dignity, strength and singleness, which distinguish his productions, there is an occasional vividness of imagery, so apposite, that it seems to be innate in the very substance of the matter, rather than a mere illustration,— like the native lustre of a gem, belonging to the primitive organization of its elements. It is not difficult, therefore, to select passages which, fragments though they be, are beautiful and striking in themselves, and bear witness what that is of which they are but severed parts. You do not see the magnificent temple, in its admirable whole; but even the solitary column, the broken frieze, torn from its pediment, bespeak the grandeur of the Parthenon. The following passage elucidates a great principle, by a happy recurrence to historical facts:

" 'We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come,' says Webster,—'till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers, were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the

colonies, in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution to turn. The amount of taxation was trifling; but the claim was inconsistent with liberty,—and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood, like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion which those less sagacious, and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty, would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw, in the claim of the British Parliament, a seminal principle of mischief — the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it,— nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared,— a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts,—whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' "

The manners of Daniel Webster in public speaking are remarkable. "It is in reply that he comes out in the majesty of intellectual grandeur," says Col. Knapp, "and lavishes about him the opulence of intellectual wealth; it is when the darts of the enemy have hit him, that he is all might and soul; it is then that he showers down words of weight and fire. Hear him then, and you will say that his eloquence is founded on no model, ancient or modern, however strong may be the resemblance to any one of them; that he never read the works of a master for imitation; — all is his own, excellences and defects. He resembles no American orator we have ever heard. He does not imitate any one in the remotest degree: neither the Addisonian eloquence of Alexander Hamilton, which was the day-spring in a pure and vernal atmosphere, full of health and beauty; nor does he strive for the sweetness of Fisher Ames, whose heart, on all great occasions, grew liquid, and he could pour it out like water. Ames waved the wand of the enchantress, and a paradise arose, peopled with

ethereal beings, all engaged in pursuing an immortal career." In Mr. Webster's eloquence, one is sensible that there is a vast and indefinite back-ground of character. The oratory is but as a little jet out of a great reservoir, from which it is not missed. He would at times overwhelm you, and draw himself back again before you recovered your self-possession. The orator is but a fraction of the man,— the man standing indefinitely great behind the mere orator. He is delightfully felicitous in illustration. How effective, for instance, the passage where, in remarking on the vast extent of this republic, the two great seas of the world washing the one and the other shore, in the conception of which, says Webster, we may realize the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles:

> 'Now the broad shield complete the artist crowned,
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.'

"The person of Mr. Webster is singular and commanding," says Knapp. "His height, above the ordinary size, about five feet eleven inches. He is broad across the chest, and stoutly and firmly built; but there is nothing of clumsiness either in his form or gait. His head is very large; his forehead high, with good-shaped temples. He has a large, black, solemn-looking eye, that exhibits strength and steadfastness, which sometimes burns, but never sparkles. His lips, when his countenance is in repose, shut close — Lavater's mark of firmness; but the changes of his lips make no small part of the strong and varied expressions of his face. His hair is of a raven-black, of great thickness, and is generally worn rather short; his eyebrows are thick, more than commonly arched, and bushy,— which, on a slight contraction, give his features the appearance of sternness. But the general expression of his face, after it is properly examined, is rather mild and amiable than otherwise. His movements in the senate-chamber and in the street are slow and dignified. His voice, once heard, is always remembered; but there is no peculiar sweetness in it; — its tones are rather harsh than musical; — still, there is great variety in them. Some have a most startling penetration; others, of a softer character, catch the ear, and charm it down to the most perfect attention. His voice has nothing of that monotony which palls upon the ear; it may be heard all day without fatiguing the audience. His emphasis is

strong, and his enunciation clear, and so distinct that not a syllable escapes any of his hearers. The compass of his voice is so great, that it fills any room, however large, with perfect ease to himself; and Willis, our native poet, who saw him nearly twenty years after the graphic description of Knapp was written, says: "Sombre as the lines of his face are, unlighted with health or impulse, the eyes so cavernous and dark, the eyelids so livid, eyebrows so heavy and black, and the features so habitually grave,—it is a face of strong affections, genial, and foreign to all unkindness. There is not a trace in it where a pettishness or a peevishness could lodge, and no means in its sallow muscles for the expression of an intellectual littleness or perversion. It is all broad and majestic, all expansive and generous. The darkness in it is the shadow of a Salvator Rosa,—a heightening of grandeur, without injury to the clearness. His physical superiority and noble disposition are in just balance with his mind. Webster, incapable of the forecast narrowness which makes the scope of character converge when meridian ambition and occupation fill it no longer, will walk the broadening path that has been divergent and liberalizing from his childhood to the present hour, till he steps from its expanding lines into his grave." At the festival of the Sons of New Hampshire, General Dearborn said of Daniel Webster, "that, on all occasions when he put forth the full energies of his mind, he appeared in the senate-chamber like the lion-hearted Richard in the tournament of Ashley de la Zouch, ready to meet all combatants; and woe betide those who received the ponderous and crushing blows of his mighty intellectual mace!" Mr. Webster was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Massachusetts Historical, New England Genealogic, and American Antiquarian Societies.

Mr. Webster was a remarkable exemplification of an opinion which he expressed to Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, whose church, in Brattle-street, he attended, and also Trinity church, during over thirty years' residence in Boston, that, "what a man does for others, not what others do for him, gives immortality." Our unrivalled statesman died at his residence in Marshfield, October 24, 1852. The immediate cause of his decease was hemorrhage from the stomach and bowels, owing to a morbid state of the blood, consequent upon a disease of the liver. There was, also, dropsy on the abdomen. The cerebral organs were of the very largest known capacity, exceeding, by thirty per

centum, the average weight of the human brain, and, it is said, with only two exceptions,— those of Cuvier and Dupuytren,— the largest of which there is any record. On the day of the interment, the body was placed upon a bier on the lawn in front of his mansion, beneath the branches of a large poplar tree. The cover of the coffin was removed, and the body appeared attired in Mr. Webster's favorite suit,— a blue coat, bright buttons, white vest, white pantaloons, white silk gloves, patent leather gaiter boots, and a white neckerchief, with wide collar turned over. The coffin, or metallic burial-case, was similar in its outlines to the human form when placed in a horizontal or recumbent position, and consisted of an upper and lower shell. The case was enamelled inside and out, and was thoroughly air-tight. Upon the body was a wreath of beautiful flowers, wrought by a girl ten years of age, and another of oak leaves and acorns; a pyramid bouquet of everlasting flowers, and another of flowers, plucked and wrought by Ellen Fletcher, a niece of Mr. Webster, consisting of the common and New Holland myrtle, in which were inwrought snow-white roses, and the clematis specanium, placed on the breast of the corpse. The tomb of Daniel Webster is in the old Winslow burying-ground at Marshfield; and, "from the deck of every ship, bound into or out of the city with which he was so long connected," said the Rev. Ebenezer Alden, at his funeral, "and with whose prosperity, up to his death, he was identified, his tomb shall be visible while time shall last." Since the decease of Daniel Webster there have been published more sermons, eulogies, and orations on his character, than have ever appeared in relation to any eminent public man, excepting, only, the immortal Washington.

SAMUEL LORENZO KNAPP.

AUGUST 5, 1826. EULOGY ON ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

Was born at Newburyport, in 1784; and was educated at Phillips' Academy, in Exeter, where he shone as one of the most brilliant scholars, especially in declamation. He graduated at Dartmouth Col-

lege in 1804, when he entered on the study of law, under Chief Justice Parsons, at Newburyport, and married Mary Ann, daughter of Gen. Amasa Davis. He was an eminent counsellor, and was an active member of the State Legislature. During the late war with Great Britain, he commanded a regiment of State militia, in defence of the coast. In 1824 he became editor of the Boston Gazette; and conducted, also, the Boston Monthly Magazine, one of the most refined periodicals of polite literature, abounding in his own tasteful contributions. In 1826 Col. Knapp established the National Republican, which existed only two years, when he resumed the profession of law, at New York. An anecdote is related of Mr. Knapp, that a certain publisher of a periodical clipped off the end of a contribution from his pen, because it was taking up too much space,— who, when remonstrated with for putting "a full stop" to his article where there should have been only a comma, after several abortive attempts at pacification, said, "O! let it go in, Knapp; let it go in! It is well enough as it is; just look at it; see, now; — beside, you know, nobody will read it. So, what's the odds, Knapp?" The whole article was indignantly withdrawn. He was not always verbally accurate; but his diction was easy and graceful, and he gathered metaphors for illustration with as much ease and taste as a florist selects the beauties of the garden and the meadow. He was honored with the personal friendship and intimacy of Archbishop Cheverus; at whose suggestion he received the degree of doctor of laws from the college at Paris, in France. His biographical memoir of the venerable prelate was one of the most elegant performances of that sort. He was one of the best writers of eulogiums and sketches of character in the Union. His work on eminent lawyers, statesmen, and men of letters, now out of print, is a model for writers of biography. He was a very popular public speaker, being very fluent, easy, winning, and graceful. He was rich in anecdote, grave, lively and humorous. He had a decided disrelish for the technicalities of law; and the best of his days were devoted to literature. Long after the writings of the puny revilers of American genius shall have supplied the grocer with wrappings, and the book-worm with food, the Lectures on American Literature, by S. L. Knapp, will have a place in the library of the scholar, and minister to the instruction of young persons. In defending the literary reputation of others, he has given a work on which his own fame may securely rest. He was author of The Bachelors, and Other Tales, founded on American Incident and Character; Advice

in the Pursuits of Literature; Lives of Aaron Burr, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and Thomas Eddy; and several political orations. He was the editor of Hinton's United States, and the Library of Useful Knowledge. He was author, also, of Travels of Ali Bey in Boston and its vicinity; The Genius of Free Masonry, or a Defence of the Order; Female Biography of Different Ages and Nations; Public Character, comprising Sketches drawn from the Living and the Dead. He died at Hopkinton, Mass., July 8, 1838, aged fifty-four.

WILLIAM POWELL MASON.

JULY 4, 1827. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"THERE are periods of the world," says Mr. Mason, "and portions of the earth, in which whole generations of men may go down silently and unnoticed to their graves, and at least enjoy the privilege of being forgotten; when, if they may not dare to expect the praises of posterity, they may yet hope to escape its reproaches. But such is not the period in which we live, nor such the country we inhabit.

"I will not endeavor to stimulate you to the performance of your duties, by promising you an immortality of fame in after ages. No; this is your birth-right; you cannot lose it. Neglect these duties, ruin your country, and disappoint the world;—yet, fear not, your names shall be immortal,—as immortal as your ancestors'. On the same page of history on which their names and deeds are recorded, and in as imperishable characters, shall yours, also, be inscribed. And when the future heroes of far-distant centuries shall turn back to that page for stimulants to their exertions, future statesmen and patriots look there for lessons of wisdom and virtue, and the future poet draw thence a noble theme for his aspiring muse, your name shall not be passed by unnoticed by them; the same voices that swell with praises and benedictions to the memories of your ancestors shall load yours with execrations and contempt. Let us, my countrymen, escape so disgraceful an immortality. Let us avert so disastrous a termination of our hitherto brilliant career. Let us turn from the

contemplation of the deeds and virtues of our ancestors, from felicitations on our own happy circumstances, and from musings on the many bright and glowing objects which spread themselves out in the splendid prospect before us, and endeavor to expose, whilst we may yet avoid them, some of the rocks and precipices which lay in our path, and which are not the less dangerous because they are decked with flowers. The moralist truly tells us, that the most perfect things of this world yet carry with them the taint of imperfection. The all-glorious works of nature require the constantly sustaining and corrective hand of their great Creator. And in man, and in all the labor of his hands and all the emanations of his mind, are contained the seeds of decay and dissolution. We may not hope to obtain for ourselves, or our country, an exemption from this universal law; but we may hope to effect what is within the power of man to do, what it was meant he should do. We may hope, by constant watchfulness and exertions, to repress the growth of every noxious principle in our nature, and to stimulate and quicken into perfect operation all the great and noble ones."

William Powell was a son of Hon. Jonathan Mason, and born in Boston; and was prepared for college under Rev. Dr. Prentiss, of Medfield. He graduated at Harvard College in 1811, at which time he engaged in a conference respecting the character of New England, as resulting from the civil, literary and religious institutions of our forefathers. He read law under Hon. Charles Jackson; commenced the practice of law as partner with Hon. William Sullivan; is a counsellor-at-law; and married Hannah, a daughter of Daniel Dennison Rogers. At the festival in Faneuil Hall, on the day of the delivery of the oration at the head of this article, Hon. James Savage publicly gave the sentiment, that the orator is the Mason who builds by principle an edifice that shall last till doomsday. Mr. Mason was a Boston representative, and editor of Reports of Cases in the U. S. Circuit Court, from 1816 to 1830, comprising the Decisions of Judge Story, in 5 vols. 8vo. They will honorably class, for learning and daily practice, with the ablest reports of Great Britain. Mr. Mason was seven years treasurer and secretary of the Social Law Library.

BRADFORD SUMNER.

JULY 4, 1828. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

WAS born in Taunton, Mass.; educated at the academy under Mr. Doggett, and graduated at Brown University, in 1808; was a tutor in that college for nearly two years; and read law with Hon. Theron Metcalf during a portion of his novitiate; settled in Boston; and married Amelia Bertody. Is a counsellor-at-law; and was a Boston representative in 1826. He delivered an address for the Massachusetts Peace Society, in 1831, which was published. Mr. Sumner is eminent for chamber counsel, of truly estimable character, and has frequently been a candidate for Congress, and for the mayoralty of Boston; but, not being of the popular party, was always defeated. He is a decided friend of popular education, and has been twice elected to the school committee.

In his oration on national independence, Mr. Sumner advances an opinion that should ever impress the public mind: "I would not predict the dismemberment of our Union at any future period. I would gladly indulge the belief that such an event could never, in the nature of things, come to pass. But nothing is more certain, and nothing more obvious to the common observer, than that all the virtue, and all the wisdom, and all the patriotism, that we can ever hope to exercise as a nation, will be necessary to that equal adjustment of general laws to the various rights and interests of the people which alone can preserve our Union."

NATHANIEL GREENE.

JAN. 8, 1828. ON THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

WAS born at Boscawen, N. H., May 20, 1797, and was son of Nathaniel Greene, a reputable counsellor in that town at the period when Daniel Webster opened an office there. Owing to the pecuniary reverses and subsequent death of his father, in 1807, Nathaniel found himself without a home, dependent solely on his widowed mother, and his own exertions, for support. Having made good progress at the

village school of his native town during the short period of his elementary course, he was enabled to procure a situation in a variety store; but the business of measuring tape and weighing tea was uncongenial to his mind. He had read the Memoirs of Franklin, and it became the great object of his ambition to be an editor. He was entirely absorbed in this desire; and the mode of effecting it was the great theme of his thoughts by day and dreams by night. At length, a prospect opened to his delighted vision. The famous Isaac Hill, who afterwards rose to the highest eminence in political life, established a Democratic paper, in May, 1809, at Concord, entitled the New Hampshire Patriot. This paper was taken where young Greene was a clerk, and he pored over it with great enthusiasm; and, on the fourth of July, 1809, he proposed his service to Mr. Hill, who received him as an apprentice to the printing business. He continued nearly two years in this office; when, finding the prospect of promotion too remote from the editorial station, he engaged in a neighboring office, where, at the premature age of fifteen, he became editor of the Concord Gazette, until January, 1814, when he removed to Portsmouth, where, until the next year, he assumed the charge of the New Hampshire Gazette, published by Messrs. Beck & Foster. In April, 1815, he removed to Haverhill, Mass., where he was in the employ of Burrell & Tileston, for a period of two years, having the entire charge of the Haverhill Gazette, published by them, which he ably conducted. In May, 1817, Mr. Greene made his first appearance as an editor and publisher in his own name, and on his own account, in a new Democratic paper, the Essex Patriot, which he conducted until invited to Boston, for the purpose of establishing another Democratic journal in that city. He complied with this invitation, and established the Boston Statesman, which was issued Feb. 6, 1821, semi-weekly, then tri-weekly, and, finally, daily. It soon became the leading Democratic journal of the State, and bore the same relation to this party as had the old Independent Chronicle to the Republican party, and exercised a controlling influence on the politics of the nation. It has ever been strong for the union of the States.

Here we cannot resist the desire to remark, that, however much the two great national parties of Whig and Democratic may be at variance on the modes of public policy, no candid mind can doubt that patriotic love of country is the moving motive of all the conscientious leaders of conflicting national policy. Is it not a question whether the democracy

of Thomas Jefferson was far more profound and conservative than the democracy of Andrew Jackson, and whether the Whig party of the present day is not more democratic than was the Federal party under John Adams? Indeed, it is our decided opinion, that the unrestrained freedom of party political discussion in our land has strengthened the bonds of the national union; and we heartily respond to the opinion of the immortal Jefferson, that "so we have gone on, and so we shall go on, puzzled and prospering beyond example in history; and shall continue to grow, to multiply, and to prosper, until we exhibit an association powerful, wise, and happy beyond what has yet been seen by men."

The Statesman was not a source of pecuniary profit. Mr. Greene, having always been a decided advocate for regular nominations, and a firm supporter of the accustomed usages of the Democratic party, warmly sustained the nomination of William H. Crawford, in 1823, for the presidency. In this year, Mr. Greene was lieutenant of a militia company, and member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company; but military habits were not congenial to his taste, and he soon laid aside the musket. At this period, a majority of the people of New England were advocates of John Quincy Adams; and the Boston Statesman felt the blighting influence of its unpopular cause, in the diminution of its patrons, and the loss of business. The termination of that contest having evinced that Andrew Jackson, although at the time without a party in New England, had received a larger number of Democratic votes than any other candidate, Mr. Greene directly assumed that fact as the most effective nomination that could be given, and pointed him out as the most suitable representative of all those who had opposed Adams, and who, remarks the Democratic Review, "were resolved to mark their indignant dissatisfaction at the manner in which Mr. Adams had been elected by the House of Representatives, by a determined opposition to his administration." However much the ire of the Democracy may have been excited at this decision of the house, we merely inquire whether they would not have pursued the same course in like circumstances. From that moment, the Statesman gave to the cause of Andrew Jackson, says the Democratic Review, "a firm, consistent, able and efficient support, through the whole struggle which resulted in his election in the year 1828;" at which period Mr. Greene was involved in great pecuniary loss, and in debt to a large amount.

Mr. Greene married Susan, a daughter of Rev. William Batchelder,

of Haverhill; and their son, William B., educated at West Point, formerly a lieutenant in the U. S. army, settled in the ministry at Brookfield, Mass., and married a daughter of Hon. Robert G. Shaw, of Boston.

While editor of the Statesman, Mr. Greene, by an intense application to books, acquired a fine taste for polite literature, and made himself familiar with several languages. In 1833 he published an address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. In 1836 he published a compendious History of Italy, translated from the Italian. He was translator, also, of Tales from the German, 2 vols., published in 1837; and in 1843 he published Tales and Sketches from the German, Italian, and French. He has been a contributor to several annuals, and has a fine poetic fancy.

Nathaniel Greene, in the year 1829, was appointed the post-master of Boston, which station he occupied until the accession of Gen. Harrison to the presidency, when he was succeeded by George William Gordon; — and, although this was one of the first public removals of the new administration, yet one of the last measures of President Tyler was to reinstate Mr. Greene in the same office, which he occupied until after the election of Zachary Taylor, who appointed William Hayden, a former editor of the Boston Atlas, as his successor; but, upon the rejection of the latter by the Senate, Mr. Gordon was again appointed, in 1850. Mr. Greene had the reputation of conducting this department to the entire approval of the national executive, and, by his urbane and conciliatory deportment, to the satisfaction of the public in Boston; and his consistent and untiring devotion to the Democracy will ever endear his name to the party. It was declared of him, in a toast at the public festival after the delivery of the oration at the head of this article, that he "has portrayed the principles of Jackson Democracy with an eloquence and spirit corresponding with the talents and fortitude exhibited by the editor of the Boston Statesman." Since his retirement from public life, Mr. Greene has taken the tour of Europe.

In the course of remarks on the battle of New Orleans, Mr. Greene eloquently urges, in the oration, that the brightest flower in Jackson's wreath of victory was, that "he knew not only to conquer, but to spare. In the trying moment of victory, when the mind is peculiarly liable to excess, he evinced a tenderness for human life which does honor to his heart, and adds lustre to his triumph. The crisis is past,

and the country is saved; he will not pursue a flying enemy, to swell the tide of victory by the unnecessary effusion of human blood,— humanity is not compelled to weep over the laurels of victory. His country had intrusted to his hands the lives of her bravest defenders, and he was not unmindful of the sacred trust. He watched over them with paternal care; and it was his greatest pride to restore them unharmed to the country they had honored, to the sacred homes they had so gallantly protected. This it is which so richly entitles General Jackson to the praise bestowed upon his victorious companions-in-arms, 'The gratitude of a country of freemen is yours, yours the applause of an admiring world.' How changed is the scene, this day, at New Orleans! There is no longer the stern look, the anxious brow, the tear in woman's eye. All, all are joyful, and festivity and triumph rule the hour. The people crowd around, and hail their deliverer. The men who stood by his side when the battle raged hasten to press the hand that waved encouragement to their hearts in that awful moment. Mothers, in the fulness of their gratitude, come forward to present their children for the blessing of the hero who saved the sons of Louisiana from slavery, and her daughters from violation. They will say to him, 'We remember that, on the night when the enemy landed, and you led your forces forth to meet him, you told us "The enemy shall never reach the city;" and well was your pledge redeemed. We offer to you the warm tribute of our gratitude, and will teach our children and our children's children to cherish the memory of their benefactor.' "

JOSEPH HARDY PRINCE.

JULY 4, 1828. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Was born at Salem, and son of Capt. Henry Prince. He read law with Hon. John Pickering, after having graduated at Harvard College in 1819, and practised law in Boston. Was a representative for Salem in 1825. Was appointed an inspector of customs in 1834. He was private secretary for Com. Elliot, of the frigate Constitution, in 1835, on the voyage to France, for the return of Hon. Edward Livingston, the American minister, owing to differences with that

nation. He pursued the practice of law, and in 1848 was appointed to the surveyor's department of customs, at Boston. Mr. Prince has ever been tenaciously devoted to the Democratic party, and was an early advocate for Andrew Jackson. After the delivery of the oration at the head of this article, when Andrew Dunlap moved that a copy be requested for the press, Mr. Prince said, "If I have done anything towards re-kindling the fire of the old Democracy, if I have contributed a pebble to the pile in the cause of principle against corruption, I shall be satisfied." The reply to objections to the qualifications of the old Roman for the presidency is thus impassionedly poured out in caustic severity:

"Stand forth, ye spawners of fustian romance and lascivious lyric! ye ribald rhymesters of Dusky Sally! ye professors of rhetoric! ye modern Priscians! tear from the brow of the war-worn veteran and patriot their hard-earned laurels! Vindicate your claims to political promotion and civil honors! I would be the last to decry the cultivation of a correct and elegant literature. It is our Corinthian column, that gives grace and dignity to our institutions, and adorns and elevates national character. We have yet to see our Augustan age,— the age when Roman literature flourished, and Roman freedom drooped. It is true that men distinguished as orators, poets and philosophers, have risen among us; but we have not yet produced that constellation of literary genius which is to guide and direct posterity. Our business has been to cement and strengthen the fabric, not to adorn it. There is a charlatanism of literature which enervates the intellect, and renders men unfit for the arena of the world,— incapable of leading in government. I would apply to the amalgamation of the two characters of your mere man of literature and statesman the just and happy remark of a very great man — Mr. Brougham — on the expediency of making clergymen magistrates. It is, that the combination produces what the alchemists call a *tertian quid,* with very little, indeed, of the good qualities of either ingredient, and no little of the bad ones of both, together with new evils, superinduced by the commixture. The remark is equally just and applicable on either side of the water,— on the banks of the Thames, or on those of the Charles,— in the Middlesex of England, or the Middlesex of Massachusetts. Who were the ethereal spirits that achieved your Revolution? Who were your John Hancocks and your Patrick Henrys? Who were most of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence? They formed their esti-

mates of human character, not from books alone, but from a close observation of men in all ages, in all times. When Themistocles was asked to play on the lute, he replied, 'I cannot fiddle, but I know how to make a small city a great one.' He could not sing lascivious lyrics, but he had a practical knowledge of mankind. It is true that the Republican candidate is not familiar with the lucubrations of a parson. He was not nurtured in the groves of the academy. He has never sported with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of a Nereis' hair; but he has the great talent of leading men, whether in the council or the field. He had not a wealthy aristocracy to stand his sponsors at the baptismal font, nor the nurses of an imperial court to amuse him with the *innocent ribbons* of royalty. No; the son of the west practised on the useful precepts of the Spartan chief, that the child should be instructed in the arts which will be useful to the man. At an early period of life he gave presages of his future eminence. Emerging from obscurity, fatherless, motherless, friendless, without a drop of his blood in the veins of any living creature, he has exhibited the spectacle of a man buffeting the waves of fortune, struggling with and surmounting the trying vicissitudes of place and condition. Like the mighty rivers of our country, whose sources are in the dark and hidden retreats of the mountains, whose grandeur owes nothing to art, dashing before their impetuous tide rocks, hills and forests, he stands the object of our gaze and admiration."

JAMES DAVIS KNOWLES.

JULY 4, 1828. FOR THE BAPTIST CHURCHES, BOSTON.

Was born in Providence, R. I., July, 1798, and the second son of Edward Knowles, a worthy mechanic; married Susan E., daughter of Joshua Langley, of that city, in 1826. His father died when he was twelve years of age, and he was shortly apprenticed to a printer, where, by great diligence, he was enabled to become a contributor of prose and verse to newspapers, often attributed to writers of maturity. In July, 1819, Mr. Knowles was an associate editor of the R. I. American. He often struck the lyre; and among the most felicitous efforts of his muse may be classed his stanzas attempting to supply the

deficiency of Gray's Elegy in religious sentiment, which, in point of beauty and tenderness, may well compare with the sweet flowers of the English poet. While employed as editor, so carefully did he improve every leisure moment, that he would have his Greek grammar upon the table at the time of his meals. To see this young man as intently occupied in mental nourishment as he could be in his repast for physical nutriment, was often a subject of remark by his companions, and he soon became as familiar with that language as he was with Latin and French; indeed, his progress in study was so efficient, that he was admitted to college in advance of the customary period. He earned the expenses of his education at Columbian College, mainly as editor of the Columbian Star, established at Washington, in 1822. He had entered the Baptist Theological Seminary, at Philadelphia, in 1821, conducted by William Staughton, D. D., and Rev. Irah Chase. On taking his degree, December, 1824, he was elected a tutor of the college, which station he occupied until his ordination as pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston, Dec. 28, 1825.

While a student at college, he delivered an oration, July 4, 1823, at the request of the Eusonian and the Ciceronian societies, which is a pure specimen of polite composition, breathing the fervor of chaste and patriotic sentiment. We glean from it this choice passage:

"Montgomery has beautifully described Columbus, while meditating on his great expedition, as gazing with eager anticipation towards the new world which he hoped to discover.

> '"Light of heaven!" he cried;
> "Lead on; I go to win a glorious bride,
> By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea, —
> Descried to ages, but betrothed to me."'

This bride our Pilgrim Fathers found on these unvisited shores. On her shady bowers no rude spoiler had intruded. None of the corruptions of the Old World had found their way into her bosom. She was worthy to be the bride of our forefathers, and to become the mother of a race of freemen."

Of Mr. Knowles' published sermons, we have no knowledge of more than two, one of which was before the Boston Baptist Association, September 16, 1829. In the same year, he published Memoirs of Ann Hasseltine Judson, missionary to Burmah, — a production which will render his name imperishable. In 1832 he was

elected Professor of Pastoral Duties and Sacred Rhetoric, in the Newton Theological Seminary, and his inaugural address on the Importance of Theological Institutions was printed. In 1829 he published also a Fast sermon, entitled "Spirituous Liquors Pernicious and Useless." Mr. Knowles, as a sermonizer, was so smooth and insinuating, that he captivated many, despite his distant and unsocial habits; but he was warm in his affections toward a few intimate friends. He was of such keen sensibility, that an unkind glance would offend him; and a base slander on his faultless habits probably induced him to leave the pastoral office. Is it not questionable whether the spirit of discipline, in many Baptist churches, is worthy the mantle of Roger Williams?

He occupied the professorship, with close devotion and ability, until his decease, which occurred May 9, 1838, on his return from the Missionary Baptist Convention, at New York. His death was caused by a violent attack of the confluent small-pox; and, to avoid the contagion of his remains, they were laid in the grave at midnight. A devoted friend of Professor Knowles, residing at Newton, wrote the following effusion from the heart, on the impulse of the calamity:

"They bore him at midnight alone midst the gloom
In which night's sable pall had bound him;
No solemn obsequies were sung at his tomb, —
No kindred nor friends stood around him.
No eulogy we would pronounce on his name,
Nor praises of flattery give;
No tombstone we 'd raise to emblazon his fame, —
Without them his virtues will live.
His memory, enshrined in the hearts of his friends,
Shall live when the marble hath perished;
The influence he shed, as the dews which descend,
Shall water the plants which he nourished."

The oration pronounced by Mr. Knowles, at the religious celebration of independence, in the year 1828, on the perils and safeguards of American liberty, clearly evinces that his tact as editor in the political field was equal to his ability in the more elevated sphere of divinity. The passage on the danger from ambitious and unprincipled political aspirants is worthy of any statesman.

One of the strongest indications of the vigorous advance of biblical and classical literature in our republic is the establishment of quarterly periodicals in the principal religious sects, comprising contributions of the highest order of intellect. The Congregationalists have their Bibliotheca Sacra and the New Englander; the Unitarians have their

Examiner, which, for refinement, rivals the North American; the Episcopalians have their Church Review; the Methodists have their Quarterly Review; the Lutherans have their Mercersburg Review; the Presbyterians have their Princeton Review; the Roman Catholics have their Brownson's Review; there is the Universalist Quarterly; and the Baptists have their Christian Review, radiating the light of Newton Theological Seminary. Professor Knowles was the first editor, on its establishment, in 1836, and exhibited in its management great learning and energy. The pastors of every church should advise their people to receive in their families the favorite quarterly of tneir denomination, as a powerful aid to religious and patriotic progress; and more especially should it be in the hands of every student in divinity.

As the annalist of the life and times of Roger Williams, were James Davis Knowles a novitiate of Camden, or Leland, he could not have gathered around him a greater mass of antiquarian lore. He is the first extended biographer of this father of the doctrine that the civil power has no control over the religious opinions of men; and has elaborated a memoir that Robert Southey, of England, gave up in despair, for want of materials; and our own Jeremy Belknap, and more recently, Francis Greenwood, also abandoned, chiefly for similar reasons. The public good requires a new edition of this work, with additions; and no author can write a memoir of Roger Williams, without recourse to this production. Mr. Knowles remarks that the principles of Roger Williams are destined to spread over the earth. The State which he founded is his monument. Her sons, when asked for a record of Roger Williams, may point to her history, unstained by a single act of persecution,— to her prosperity, her perfect freedom, her tranquil happiness; and may reply, in the spirit of the epitaph on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, "Look around."

It is pleasant to glance at this work. Roger Williams was banished by the General Court, Nov. 3, 1635; and often remarked of Gov. Winthrop, that, though he were carried with the stream for banishment, he tenderly loved him to his last breath. He first pitched and began to plant at Seekonk; and, in referring to his situation at this time, he wrote, alluding to the Indians:

> "God's providence is rich to his, —
> Let none distrustful be;
> In wilderness, in great distress,
> These ravens have fed me."

It was probably in the summer of 1636 that Roger Williams removed to the spot near the mouth of Washassuck river, beside a spring; to which, in grateful remembrance of "God's merciful providence to him in his distress," he gave the name of Providence. In 1643 Williams proceeded to England, and obtained, by the aid of Sir Henry Vane, a charter for the colony of Rhode Island. It was at this period that he wrote his celebrated work, entitled "The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience," etc., in which he maintained the absolute right of every man to a full liberty in religious concernments. Mr. Knowles says that Williams is entitled to the honor of being the first writer, in modern times, who decidedly supported this opinion. Bishop Heber concedes this point to Jeremy Taylor, in the Liberty of Prophesying; but all the toleration urged by Taylor was for those Christians only who unite in the confession of the apostles' creed. There is a passage, however, in More's Utopia, written one hundred years before Williams' day, which is said to anticipate everything included in the principles of civil and religious liberty at the present day. But then Sir James Mackintosh questioned whether extravagances were not introduced, in other parts of Utopia, to screen the bold idea, and call the whole a rare sport of wit. Even Locke, in his Essay on Toleration, goes only for a limited liberty; and we must yield the palm to Roger Williams, as the first decided advocate.

The origin of this work is too singular to be lost. A person who was confined in Newgate, on account of his religious opinions, wrote a paper against persecution. Not having the use of pen and ink, he wrote the arguments in milk, on sheets of paper brought to him by the woman, his keeper, from a friend in London, as the stopples of his milk-bottle. In such paper, written with milk, nothing will appear; but the way of reading it by fire being known to his friend who received the papers, he transcribed and kept them. This essay was sent to Mr. Cotton, of Boston. He wrote a reply, of which Roger Williams' book is an examination. The title—"The Bloody Tenet"—is a fanciful reference to the circumstance that the original paper of the prisoner was written with milk. "These arguments against such persecution, and the answer pleading for it, written, as love hopes, from godly intentions, hearts and hands, yet in a marvellous different style and manner:—the arguments against persecution, in *milk;* the answer for it, as I may say, in *blood.*" Mr. Cotton wrote a reply, to which he gave the quaint and punning title, "The Bloody Tenet Washed and made

White in the Blood of the Lamb." Williams rejoined in the same strain: "The Bloody Tenet yet More Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash it White."

Roger Williams enjoyed the personal friendship of John Milton and Oliver Cromwell, which no doubt had a tendency to rouse his ardor for universal toleration. He had a passion for poetry; and the specimens which his Key to the Indian Languages exhibits, though superior to much of the contemporary rhyme in Morton's Memorial and Mather's Magnalia, are inferior, in real poetic feeling and expression, to much of his prose writings.

> "I have heard ingenuous Indians saye,
> In debts they could not sleepe;
> How far worse are such English, then,
> Who love in debt to keepe?
> If debts of pounds cause restless nights,
> In trade with man and man,
> How hard 's the heart that millions owes
> To God, and yet sleepe can?
> Debts paid, sleep 's sweete;
> Sins paid, death 's sweete;
> Death's night then 's turned to light;
> Who dies in sinne unpaid, that soul
> Has lights eternal night."

JOHN WARREN JAMES.

MARCH 4, 1829. INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

In the spirited oration of Mr. James, we have an illustration of the fact that "the great body of the people of New England have exhibited a lofty and generous democratic spirit in every period of their political history, whether colonial or republican; and the endeavor to perpetuate the existence of aristocracy among our people was as clear under the royal race of the English Stuarts, as during the Confederation or the Revolution. At the time when King James the First, of England, was reproving his Parliament for presuming to meddle in matters of state above their capacity, forbidding his subjects in general even to discourse of such affairs, and the homilies of the church were inculcating passive obedience to the divine right of kings,

the democracy of Boston, in the course of the three first years of their new settlement, bid his majesty open and repeated defiance. They set aside his royal charter, established a House of Representatives, took into their own hands the choice of governor, deputy-governor and assistants, and fined the executive council for disobeying their commands.

"A policy of a very different complexion was shortly after pursued by a sinister junto at the same settlement. This party gave its sanction to a compact with certain persons of quality in the mother country, among whom were the Lords Say and Brooke, to induce their emigration to Boston on certain conditions, among which were these: That the new commonwealth, to be instituted for the accommodation of their lordships, should consist of two distinct ranks,—the first to be hereditary gentlemen, and the second common freeholders; and that the governor should always be chosen from the rank of hereditary gentlemen.

"These propositions were accordingly assented to by one of the Boston clergymen of that day, who, in behalf 'of such leading men as he thought meet to consult withal,' admitted that the two ranks of gentlemen, and of the common people, mentioned by their lordships, were sanctioned both by Scripture and the light of nature; and the reverend politician adds this declaration: Democracy I do not conceive that ever God did ordain as a fit government, either for church or commonwealth; for, if the people are governors, who shall be governed?

"It does not appear that the people of Boston assented to this interpretation of the laws of nature and revelation; for they established a government on the principles of a pure democracy, which was continued for two centuries, and then abandoned from necessity.

"To say nothing of the Tories of the Revolution, to whom these doctrines were regularly transmitted, and passing over the well-known sentiments in favor of a distinction of ranks avowed by the Presidential successor of Washington, as well as his recognition of an existing absolute oligarchy, we find opinions expressed in the convention that formed the federal constitution quite repugnant to the general sentiment of the people.

"Some of the most able of that illustrious body announced as settled maxims that, as all communities divide themselves into the few and the many, and as there has always been an aristocracy in every government, ancient or modern, the people would never be safe, unless

this aristocracy were gratified with honors and emoluments; and that we must proceed to the confines of a monarchical, if we would have a solid republican government. Others thought that monarchy would be the best government, if we could have a House of Peers; but we were too poor for that, as there were not in the whole confederacy one hundred gentlemen of sufficient fortune to establish a nobility; and it was insisted that the executive and senatorial branches of government ought to be a wealthy aristocracy, and chosen for life. In fact, a strong party in that convention, representing a stronger out of it, indicated in their opinions but little sympathy with the temper of the people, manifestly undervalued their capacity, and displayed a rooted prejudice in favor of the European theories of government, founded on the assumption of that incapacity.

"But they were afterwards taught their best lessons in the school of the people; and, with whatever contempt a portion of these accomplished statesmen might have regarded the favorite maxim of Locke, that 'the science of politics is nothing more than common sense applied to public affairs,' still there were some among them who profited by the instruction, and became ornaments to the republican party of a subsequent period. They lived long enough to discover that too much reliance might be placed on the patriotism of the government, and too little on the wisdom of the governed.

"The members of this convention were all republicans, so far as they yielded their reluctant assent to the forms of the republican frame of government which they had recommended to their countrymen. Yet it was obvious that an anti-republican spirit might be infused into its administration; and one of its most distinguished framers, at the time of its ratification, declared that its character would depend upon its construction.

"Experience soon justified the prophetic declaration. The spirit of the people, as expressed in that instrument, was exorcised by the genius of philology, and their will interpreted until it passed their comprehension. A technical system of construction was established, which, like the royal prerogative claimed by the Tudors and Stuarts of England, contains an inexhaustible fund of latent powers; so that its authors, as this power is to be usurped by rulers, or liberty dispensed to the people, have found means to take by the spirit what they are denied by the letter, and withhold by the letter what is given by the spirit.

"It is by no means necessary to infer, from these remarks, that the same projects which gilded the visions of the advocates of hereditary gentlemen among the Puritans, or of the hereditary and legislative aristocracy among the members of the federal convention, are still entertained by the existing opponents of democratic principles. We need not do such injustice to their probity or their understandings. This wary and temporizing class of society take special care to change their means, and modify their ends, according to the exigencies of their situation; but the spirit that inspires them is always and everywhere the same. Towering in their 'pride of place,' it is the instinct of these well-trained falcons of the State to wanton at large in airy circles, before they stoop to their quarry."

We here quote a passage of great power, equally adapted to the two great political parties of the Union, which should be emblazoned in every town-house and ward-room, or at every depository of the ballot-box: "If you leave the tents of your fathers, where will you go? Would you seek shelter for your republican principles — would you teach your children to seek shelter for theirs — with those temporary combinations of men, for temporary purposes, which, like the mountain torrent, rise and rage, and die away with the tempest that gives them birth? Or will you join such associations as are made up of unpopular minorities, who have lost, because they did not deserve, the public esteem; and of seceders from your own party, whose principles were too lax for confidence, or whose aims were too high for gratification? Are these the new principles you would purchase at the expense of old? For such novelties, are you prepared to make concessions of principle, to conciliate mutual interests, and, to carry a single point on which you agree, hazard a multitude on which you differ?

"Is it for this you are ready to go where the best creed of the day will be that which will carry the vote of the day; where the shortest road to power will be made the right road; where the friendship of the people must be abandoned for the patronage of the great, and you must become the pliant followers of men, instead of the proud votaries of principle; where those the most unlike the lion will take the lion's share; where you will be insensibly led on to support indiscriminately any administration that will indiscriminately support you; — a course that banishes integrity and confidence out of public proceedings, and confounds the best men with the worst, and is a general previous sanction to misgovernment; where public spirit is swallowed up in cabal,

and party sinks into faction; and where, after having been tost about among the shifting eddies of interest, and made dizzy with a wild rotation of opinions, you are prepared to become a mere free-thinker in politics, ready to propagate any doctrine that stands highest in the price-current of the day? In short, fellow-citizens, as you cherish a manly pride in the stability of a consistent scheme of politics, continue to resist the predatory incursions of disappointed seceders, hair-brained visionaries, and time-serving adventurers from broken-down minorities, who would come among you to delude the weak, and to defame the strong; and may, in the end, as heretofore, drive you from the vantage-ground of victory, and confound you with successive hordes of such disorganizing and restless spirits as the great Scottish novelist describes in one of his graphic fictions,— men who 'will run with the hare and hunt with the hound, and be Whig or Tory, saint or sinner, as the wind stands.' "

John Warren James was born in Boston, in the year 1802, and was the youngest son of Serg. Benjamin James, who was engaged in the Battle of Bunker Hill when only sixteen years of age. Among the throng of spectators on Copps Hill, was a young female, gazing with intense interest to learn the result. This young person was Eunice Jennison, who afterwards was married to the young sergeant, his father. He received his elementary education at Master Tileston's school, and pursued the higher branches at the Providence Academy; after which, he engaged in the study of law under the guidance of William Thurston, a respectable counsellor at Boston. He was one of the originators of the Boston Debating Society, and his name is the first entered on the roll of members. He was one of the readiest disputants of the club; and it was by the animated discussions among them, on the expediency of a city charter imposing new municipal restraints, that the change from town government was hastened. Mr. James was admitted a counsellor-at-law at the Suffolk bar, in 1823, and his success as advocate for a free bridge to South Boston prompted his nomination to the State Senate in 1827; but his election was defeated. He was for ten years a member of the city Council, and prepared the report on the condition of the House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders, established in 1826,— a document of great value, for an elaborate exhibition of the proper management of such an institution. Mr. James, from a long experience in municipal affairs, became remarkably familiar with municipal duties; and, though often

in the minority, his persuasive arguments, advanced with peculiar fluency, often restrained the majority from the exercise of too great a sweep of power, and he has done as much to reform city abuses as any member of the municipality. In 1827 Mr. James was elected president of the Boston Association of the Friends of Ireland for Catholic Emancipation,— and their great object was granted by the British government in the year succeeding.

Mr. James was an active leader of the Democracy; and the address to the people on behalf of the Democratic legislative convention in Boston, extending over ten closely-printed columns of the Statesman of July 12, 1828, was the production of his hand. It is a remarkable document, advocating the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency; and was said to have been the means of the appointment of Andrew Dunlap to the office of U. S. District Attorney, it being supposed that he was the author. In this elaborate round of argument from the warm advocate of Andrew Jackson, when alluding to the admiration of the intellectual acquisitions of John Quincy Adams, upon which his adherents expatiated, Mr. James says, "One is sometimes led to suspect, while listening to their flagrant panegyrics, that, instead of describing that devoted public spirit, that unclouded understanding, and that knowledge of mankind, peculiarly becoming the chief magistrate of a practical and unostentatious people, these executive admirers were indulging their genius in encomiastic disquisitions on a modern Pliny, or another Sir William Jones;" and, in enlarging on the qualifications of Andrew Jackson, Mr. James remarks, that "his varied and successful avocations in the camp, the senate, and the forum, have contributed to enlarge his views, and endow him with a fund of general knowledge of the most useful and practical character. As a writer, he thinks clearly, and expresses his thoughts with an air of thorough conviction, in a style of manly simplicity and freedom." Moreover, Mr. James says that "Jackson has not studied men through the spectacles of books; and would reply to his detractors in the language of Hobbes, a truly learned English philosopher, 'If I had read as much as some others, I should have been as ignorant as they are.' The dramatic terror inspired by the election of military chiefs to the presidency must rapidly pass away, after escaping, unscathed, from the administrations of such generals as Washington, Jackson, Harrison and Taylor. Wisdom and capacity are the standards in the selection of a national ruler, rather than one's vocation.

At the festival in Washington Garden, after the delivery of the oration named at the head of this article, Col. C. G. Greene gave the complimentary sentiment to the orator of the day, that "his genius and eloquence will be associated with the recollections of one of the most glorious triumphs of Democracy — the inauguration of Andrew Jackson;" and Gov. Marcus Morton has been heard to remark of Mr. James, that he was the purest belles lettres scholar in the ranks of the Boston Democracy.

Mr. James was a tenacious opponent of the United States Bank, and prepared twenty-eight resolutions, adopted at a meeting in Faneuil Hall, March 31, 1834, William Foster moderator, declaring that a renewal of its charter would be injurious, "as it drains the country of its gold and silver, and imposes inconvertible and illegal drafts as substitutes, and charges the government giving credit to such paper with deranging the currency; it establishes a standing premium for the encouragement of forgery, by issuing myriads of such drafts, bearing an unknown number of signatures; and votes away its funds for the detection of counterfeiters, whose paper is as legal as the drafts they imitate,— both issues being unknown to the law, and neither party punishable for the offence,— causing, also, revulsions in business, by abundant emissions to-day and despotic contractions to-morrow." These resolutions were sent to Congress, together with a memorial signed by George Alexander Otis, and nearly three thousand residents of Boston.

Mr. James was, at four several elections, a candidate for the Boston mayoralty,— first in 1834; but the Democracy found no favor. He married Julia B., the only child of Ralph Huntington, Esq., April 14, 1836; and was a member of the State Board of Education from 1840 to 1849, during which period the active mind of Mr. James conceived the philanthropic object of an institution for the education of persons in mature life, who, from poverty and other causes, had never pursued a course of common school education, and who could neither read nor write in any language,— and more especially for the instruction of young persons of both sexes not admissible to public schools. He was devotedly seconded, in this enterprise, by the late Dr. John D. Fisher, Dr. Walter Channing, and George B. Emerson, all of whom were eminent in labors of philanthropy. In the winter of 1845, they originated the Boston Institution for the Education of Adults, which continued in active operation for more than three years. Our city government granted the use of the public ward-rooms during evening

hours, but all other expenses were defrayed by the society and its patrons. In the onset, it was delightful to observe the desire of people of various nations to receive instruction. Here you would notice the Irish, French, German and Italian, acquiring knowledge with the facility of youth, diverted from the haunts of city vice. Arrangements were made for a course of free lectures to the pupils, on Food and Clothing, Air and Ventilation, Morals and Political Economy, Human Physiology, Natural Philosophy, and Municipal Law. The programme of this institution, under fourteen specifications, adopted Jan. 31, 1845, is a model for every city and town in the Union. Unsuccessful endeavors have been devised to effect the adoption of evening adult schools, under the patronage of our city authorities; — but, to the honor of New York and Philadelphia be it recorded, this noble project has been established by their city authorities, and thousands, of many nations, are reaping its benefits; and they and their posterity will have occasion to bless the generous Bostonians who originated, here, this new lever of moral power. The period is not remote when our municipality will adopt, also, this useful enterprise, as it will diminish the incitements to crime amongst us,— especially as a statute has been recently enacted by the State Legislature, authorizing every town in the State to tax the inhabitants for the support of such schools.

Prompted by this generous spirit of philanthropy, the natural germination of a pure scion of Bunker Hill stock, Mr. James was one of the originators and first president of the Boston Association of the Friends of Ireland, established November, 1840,— an institution of American citizens and denizens, and natives of Ireland not naturalized, without distinction of sect or party (the president himself being a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church), for purposes connected with the suffering condition of the oppressed sons of Ireland. On the 22d of February, 1841, Mr. James reported an address, of seven columns in extent, unanimously adopted by the Boston Repeal Association, to be presented to the National Repeal Association of Ireland, wherein he stated that for some time the people of Ireland have desired a parliamentary separation from Great Britain, as the only means of individual comfort or national prosperity. "Anxious to be united by political ties, they wish to be legislatively separated,— subject to one imperial crown, and that the English, yet each country to have its own domestic parliament, for the benefit of laws especially adapted to

the peculiar condition of each. In one word, Ireland demands the restoration of her ancient constitution, as irrevocably guaranteed to her by the English Parliament of 1782, but sacrilegiously violated by the fraudulent union of 1800,—of which alone they demand the repeal, as the basis of a new union, to which both the kingdoms may be consenting parties."

This document was read to the National Repeal Association of Ireland, at their meeting in Dublin, April 16, 1841; and, at the same time, a donation of one hundred pounds was announced from the association of Boston, which was received with enthusiastic applause. We find it remarked in Mooney's History of Ireland, that "the address drawn up by John Warren James, Esq., will be preserved in the archives of Ireland while there is one memorial of her history existing. An unexpected vista opened, through which we could distinctly see our road to freedom;"—and Daniel O'Connell said, at this meeting: "It will be heard of along the ridges of the Himmalaya Mountains; it will be read by the Royal Irish at Chusan, or at China; it will be known at the Cape of Good Hope; it will cross over to South America; and it will resound again through the regions of North America. Wherever the English language is known, it, also, will be known,—except in England, where, to the disgrace of that people be it spoken, their ignorance and horrible prejudices are too strong to permit of its being allowed to appear. But they will be held up to scorn and contempt wherever it is seen. The world will wonder how it is that a people so brave, so temperate, so generous, and so moral, as the Irish, have suffered so much persecution; and that, too, from a nation who have never at any time inflicted anything but miseries upon us. Yes; I will stand on that document as on a pyramid, and, looking round to all the nations of the earth, I will demand of them to tell me a single good act which England ever did for Ireland. I tell English statesmen that one thing demonstrated by that lengthy document is this,—that it is not the expression, alone, of the feelings and thoughts of one individual, but that it expresses the feelings and thoughts of the country. For no one man could obtain all the details requisite to enable him to produce that document; they must be the familiar thoughts of the people, and the familiar subject of conversation with each other. It proves that the entire American mind must be impregnated with the same feeling and sentiments; and it proves, also, that not only are those their feelings, but they are ready to act upon

them. It came from Boston, the birth-place of American freedom, the grave of English tyranny; the spot where English force and violence shot down the unresisting Americans, and the spot to which the defeated English troops returned in disgrace and discomfiture, having begun the fight by assassination, and ended it by a flight."

We will quote an effective appeal to Queen Victoria, from the elaborate and argumentative "Address" of Mr. James, so splendidly panegyrized by O'Connell: "Protection and allegiance are reciprocal. This is the conditional tie between the governors and the governed. What has England done to discharge her part of this condition to the allegiance of Ireland? History answers the question, and humanity blushes at the response. And has Ireland, on her part, been a disloyal kingdom? The Tory champion of English loyalty answers, 'That noble race was made for loyalty and religion.' True; always true, and emphatically so now. The Irish are as loyal as generous hearts and warm imaginations can make them. They love their present royal mistress, as they ought to love an amiable, upright, and liberal-minded sovereign. Feeling that they are blessed with a good queen, they look for a completion of the blessing in a good constitution. Victoria owes them no less than this, as a debt of restitution on behalf of her ancestors. Irishmen demand no less than this, in the name of their progenitors, for the sake of the present generation, and in mercy to their posterity. And, while their hearts swell, and their imaginations kindle, with the cherished anticipation of this great act of retributive justice, it is but natural that they should behold in their youthful sovereign what the greatest of orators described in a sister potentate, as she appeared to him, 'cheering and decorating the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy.' O! may no sinister fortune darken this splendid vision, as its precursor was darkened; or harden the royal heart to the imperial luxury of living and reigning in the hearts of an enfranchised people,—a people whom Titus might have sighed to govern; whom Henry of Navarre would have struggled through a life of warfare to have supplied with a chicken in the pot; whom Alfred would have given his crown to have liberated; and to whom Washington would have been the father he was to Americans, and have gone down to the dust of the Emerald Isle with the prophetic consciousness that the redeemed of no age or nation would so consecrate his memory, or defend his acquisitions, as the coming generations of free and happy Irishmen."

JAMES TRECOTHIC AUSTIN.

JULY 4, 1829. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"MASSACHUSETTS is the mother of the Revolution," says Mr. Austin. "Her efforts in its commencement are too honorable to be omitted in the heraldry of her fame. Earliest and alone,—without aid, without allies, connections or confederacy,—singly, by her own will, she dissolved the royal powers within her own territory and over her own people, and assumed to herself the prerogative of independence. When her congress of delegates assembled at Watertown, in defiance of the royal charter, and spurned the representatives of the crown, and assumed the powers of civil government, and took possession of the public treasury, and levied taxes, and established a navy, and commissioned that American vessel of war that first captured a British ship on the ocean, and erected maritime courts, and appointed judges, and administered justice to belligerent and neutral by the law of nations, and raised an army, and nominated officers, and gathered soldiers under the pine-tree banner of Massachusetts, and poured out a rich libation of blood on the battle-field of freedom, the colonial character was at an end. The Revolution had begun. The State was then free, sovereign, and independent.

"Bring to the imagination that band of determined men, assembled at Watertown, unarmed and defenceless, within cannon-shot of a disciplined army; their fortunes in the camp of a military commander, whose dignity they had offended; their persons liable to be seized and sent to Europe, as traitors; their conduct impeached in a public proclamation, and two of them proscribed as rebels, whose offences were too heinous for the pardon of the king. Judge of their anxiety, in that time that tried men's souls; their immense responsibility to the country, whose destiny they directed; to their children, for the protection that was due to them; to posterity, for that political condition which would be a legacy of honor or of shame; to their God, before whom they were answerable, and felt themselves answerable, for all the blood of a war they might accelerate or prevent. How indistinct their vision of the future, even when a strong faith threw its light upon their souls! How difficult their task to keep up the courage of the timid, the hopes of the desponding, the strength of the feeble; to enlighten the ignorant,

restrain the rash, supply the destitute, and impart to all the pure motives which consecrate success. Here was no mad ambition, no lust of power, no allurement of interest, no scheme of personal distinction. Few of them are remembered in history. Yet these are they whose light gave promise of a coming dawn. If they recede from the general gaze, it is in the noon-tide splendor of a brighter day.

> 'They set as sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven.'

"Had these men proved incompetent to the task, the battle for that generation would have been lost when it began. Independence might, indeed, have been obtained, for no foreign power could long hold a continent in its grasp; but the struggle must have been made in this age, and not that; and the desolation of civil war, which marks the times of our forefathers, would have been the melancholy history of our own."

James Trecothic, the son of Jonathan Loring Austin, was born in Boston, January, 1784, and early entered the Latin School, where he received a Franklin medal. We find, in the Independent Chronicle, the youthful oration of Master Austin, gracefully spoken, July 6, 1798, at this school, then under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hunt, it being the town visitation of the public schools. This performance of a youth only fourteen years of age, written by himself and revised by his father, is a striking instance of precocity:

"The anticipation of this anniversary ever excites in our youthful bosoms the most pleasing reflections. On this day, honored with the presence of our political fathers and generous patrons, our little hearts palpitate with various emotions. Emulous, on the one hand, to exhibit to your approbation the various improvements we have made in our several classes; and, on the other, to cultivate with greater ardor those seeds of literature planted by your munificent hand in this primary garden of science.

"From the first settlement of this country, the education of youth claimed the particular attention of our venerable ancestors; but since the American Revolution, it has merited a preëminent distinction, and a more equal and diffusive distribution of learning,—especially, in this metropolis, has been considered by you as highly important to the security, happiness and freedom, of the community.

"As ignorance is the fatal weapon which tyrants wield with so much success, to enslave and debase mankind, so learning, like the flaming sword in the garden of Eden, protects the fair tree of Liberty, and repels every invader who dares to violate even the most tender branch. Education inspires the mind with those exalted sentiments which add lustre to virtue, veneration to the Christian, and dignity to the character of the patriot.

"While, therefore, with so bountiful a hand, you are desirous to make the respective stages of education pleasing and agreeable,—while your liberal efforts are intended to embellish the youthful mind, and supply it with rational and useful entertainment,—it behoves us not to be unmindful of the blessings we enjoy. Here, we may lay a foundation on which the faculties of the human mind may rise to their highest elevation. Cultivated in so luxuriant a garden, we may here become invigorated with those vital principles which, under proper direction, will enable us to fulfil the benevolent designs of public schools, gratify the ardent wishes of our indulgent parents, encourage the efforts of our kind preceptors, and enable us, through life, to serve our God and country with reputation.

"Much, respected sir, is due to your unabated efforts in effecting the laudable designs of our indulgent patrons. On you devolves the task, the important task, 'to rear the tender thought,—to teach the young idea how to shoot.' To your patience, to your assiduity and zeal, we are greatly indebted for smoothing the paths of science, by accurately impressing on our minds the highly necessary rules and principles of grammar, whereby we are enabled to discern the beauties of Cicero, of Virgil, of Horace, and of Homer. Long, sir, may you continue the ornament of your profession, and your pupils ever revere those virtues so highly recommended by your precepts, so eminently displayed by your example.

"In addition to the advantages of literature, may we never be unmindful of the blessings of liberty. We dwell with admiration on the record of that persevering fortitude, and those heroic actions, which, under the blessing of Heaven, completed the freedom and independence of our country. Our youthful bosoms glow with ardor at the recital of those noble sentiments, inspired by Heaven, calculated to ameliorate the condition of all mankind. The impressions they leave on our infant minds we trust will grow with our growth, and ripen with our years. A frequent recurrence to those sublime principles which led to our

emancipation, will ever inspire us to cherish with care, to cultivate with fervent zeal, and to transmit the rich inheritance, unimpaired, to future generations. 'Twas here the celestial spark was blown into a flame, and, like the lightning's flash, rushed through the land, made jarring interests cease, and, by the Almighty's fiat, formed the wondrous union. Quick was the great event, on flattering wings, wafted to distant shores, where nations, who for ages groaned beneath despotic sway, leaped in their chains, poured forth their warmest blessings on this land, and, while regretting theirs, extolled our fortune. Soon, soon may bounteous Heaven dispel those mists of error which hold mankind debased, enslaved, and teach them to revere those rights designed by God to sweeten and exalt existence here below. Columbia's favored sons, who know and highly prize the heavenly gift, will guard it safe from every foreign foe; and, animated with their father's fire, will even dare, in its defence, to die. But it is our fervent wish, aside of conquests or of arms, to spread both far and near its genial influence to the world at large."

Mr. Austin graduated at Harvard College in 1802, on which occasion he gave the salutatory oration. He studied law with Hon. William Sullivan. He became a counsellor at the bar; and married Catharine, a daughter of Vice-president Elbridge Gerry, Oct. 3, 1806. He was editor of the Emerald, a periodical of light literature. He became the town advocate in 1809, and an aid to Governor Gerry in 1812. He was, for a period of twenty years, county-attorney for Suffolk, from 1812, and has been a representative and senator. He was the attorney-general of Massachusetts from 1832 to 1843. In 1820 he was a delegate to the convention for revising the State constitution. In 1835 he was president of the Suffolk bar.

Mr. Austin has been a member of the Board of Overseers for Harvard College from 1826; of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the New England Genealogic Historical and Massachusetts Historical Societies. He delivered an oration at Lexington, July 4, 1815, which was published.

Posterity will ever remember Col. Austin, as author of the Life of Elbridge Gerry, embracing contemporary letters to the close of the Revolution. We know not how better to notice this companion of kindred biographers, than by selecting remarks on its character from the North American Review: "It is neither overloaded with speculation, nor destitute of the reflections necessary to explain, introduce,

and connect the letters of the principal personages of the day. Colonel Austin has avoided an error exceedingly obvious in the composition of a work of this kind,— that of making it a historical sketch of the Revolution. The known events of that period are now so familiar, that, however natural it may be for the biographer of one of its great characters to present a continuous narrative of its occurrences, it is a far more judicious course — and it is that pursued by Col. Austin — to take for granted that the reader knows the history of the Revolution, and to introduce so much of it only as is convenient for the understanding of the peculiar action of his hero, and the material for the first time presented to the reader. On a few occasions, Col. Austin has indulged in reflections of his own, at some length; and at these times has discovered no little vigor and originality of thought, and pointedness of manner.

"Elbridge Gerry is exhibited to us as the confidential associate and coadjutor of the great leaders,— as a distinguished leader himself; and in this imposing and dignified light he has deduced his history to the termination of the war. There is a portion — a very large and active portion of the community — who are prepared, already, for the continuation of the narrative. We believe no man now finds it difficult to do justice to those who opposed or who advocated the adoption of the constitution. There are not many States of the Union to which this ought to be a more tender theme than to Massachusetts. The convention was almost equally balanced,— and the means employed to produce the desired result do not illustrate, as much as could be wished, the power of pure reason. Still, however, we believe we have reached an age when this subject could be treated, without risk of offence in any quarter. The same may be said of the events of a period considerably subsequent, in relation to the younger portion of the community, who have come into life since other events have been the turning points of the politics of the country. But, inasmuch as some of the politicians of the periods specified by Col. Austin are still on the stage, we think he has acted with a commendable discretion, in pausing at the close of the Revolution; and we are quite willing to rest with the same discretion the choice of the moment when the interesting narrative shall be resumed, prepared to welcome it whenever he shall think fit to present it to the American people." The American Quarterly Review, conducted by Robert Walsh, expresses the opinion, on the other hand, that "just in proportion as Elbridge Gerry was viewed as a party leader,

and defamed and misunderstood, in that respect was it material — if his proceedings and dispositions could be vindicated or set in a favorable light — to exhibit his entire course at once, leaving no scope for the suspicion that some fear or mysterious reluctance was felt about showing more than the Revolutionary man. As the biography now rests, an inveterate Federalist, of the old school, might suggest the image of Horace's mermaid, and hint that it was well not to uncover the lower extremities. For ourselves, we shall candidly say, that, in the number of leaders or prominent personages in the momentous party contests of the interval mentioned above, Mr. Gerry is almost the only one of whose merits or demerits we have not been able to form a positive opinion; and we lament still more the continuance of this difficulty, since we have read this narrative of the anterior portion of his existence,— for it certainly has inspired us with a high idea of his Revolutionary spirit and services, and does prove, as his biographer suggests, 'the validity of his title to those large honors which his country bestowed upon him.' "

Col. Austin was a tenacious advocate of the old Republican party, and a decided opponent of the old Federal party, but not, it is said, a member of the Democratic party; and, on the amalgamation of the Whig and a portion of the Democratic parties, in 1827, under the name of the National Republican party, an object of which was to defeat the election of Andrew Jackson, it was at this period that Mr. Austin united with the amalgamation. The high spirit of Mr. Austin, in vindication of the old Republican school, was strongly evinced in his articles published in the Boston Patriot, over the signature of Leolin, in the year 1811, on the subject of resistance to laws of the United States, considered in letters to the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, and regarding the proceedings of a Federal caucus opposed to a new non-intercourse act of Congress, which Mr. Austin declared would have a tendency to dissolve the Union, and lead to a northern confederacy. In allusion to Mr. Otis, it is remarked by Mr. Austin that an orator can be great only when advocating a good cause. "The position is illustrated by the gentleman. Much as I admire his talents, delighted as I am in catching the music of his mind, on this occasion I confess my disappointment. The eagle of eloquence labored in its course. We neither discovered the feather that adorns the royal bird, nor the steady pinion that supports his flight. The gentleman was overwhelmed between the difficulties of denying intentional resistance, and thus subjecting himself to the charge of uttering a ridiculous and unmeaning threat,

or of justifying opposition, and thus incurring the disgrace and ruin of premeditated rebellion."

Some one said of Col. Austin, that he is small in stature, but large in soul. His face is well moulded, long, but exceedingly expressive, and exhibits the man of energy. It is strongly marked with lines; has a full, piercing eye, and something of a sandy complexion. There can be no mistake about his talents; and the whole course of his professional life has been distinguished for decision, correctness, and despatch. When absorbed in any important debate, he commands the most profound attention. He has been a decided opponent of the measures of the anti-slavery party, and wrote remarks on Mr. Channing's opinions on slavery, published in 1835, and a review of his letter to Jonathan Phillips, published in 1839. Mr. Austin delivered a famous speech in Faneuil Hall, Dec. 7, 1837, on the Alton riot, which was published, and in a note, alluding to lawless mobs, he remarks: "The blackened and battered walls of the Ursuline Convent will stand by the half-raised monument of Bunker Hill,

> 'Like a mildewed ear,
> Blasting his wholesome brother.'

So long as it does stand, it will frown contemptuously on any attempt we may make to rebuke the violence of other people, or to admonish them to respect the sanctity of the law." His arguments on the convent riot, in the trial of Buzzell, were printed in 1834.

Mr. Austin has published many State and professional documents, such as, The Commonwealth's Interest in the Bridges and other Avenues into Boston, in 1835; on Enlarging the Jurisdiction of the Court of Common Pleas, 1834; on the Expenses of Criminal Justice, 1839; — also, an Address for the Massachusetts Society for Suppressing Intemperance; an Address for the Massachusetts Mechanic Association; and has been a contributor to the Christian Examiner.

It may well be said of Mr. Austin, that, as counsellor at the bar, as county-attorney, as attorney-general, as a State senator, as an overseer of Harvard College, he has acquitted himself with a ready capacity, and in a manner highly honorable to himself, and to the great benefit of his constituents. Moreover, as a writer on legal and political topics, Mr. Austin has been equalled by but few competitors; and in his declining life may he show forth to the public eye the sequel to the Biography of Elbridge Gerry, a venerable signer of the Declaration of Independence, thus immortalized in the annals of Republican fame.

CHARLES GORDON GREENE.

JULY 4, 1829. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WAS born at Boscawen, N. H., July 1, 1804, and a son of Nathaniel Greene, counsellor-at-law in that town, who was a delegate to the convention for revising the State constitution, moderator, and selectman, and brother of Hon. Samuel Greene, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, in New Hampshire. His parents visited Virginia in 1811, and young Charles was of the party. In 1812 his father deceased; and his mother returned to Boscawen in 1813, when he was placed under the care of his brother Nathaniel, in Haverhill, Mass., subsequently the post-master of Boston, who sent him to Bradford Academy, on the opposite side of the Merrimac:

> "Stream of my fathers! sweetly, still,
> The sunset rays thy valleys fill."

The famous preceptor, Benjamin Greenleaf,— whose pig-tailed queue excited a reverence as profound as was the fear of the tingling ferule, and whose knowledge in arithmetic renders him the Hutton of New England,— was then principal of this institution. Horace Mann once characterized Master Greenleaf as "a huge crystallization of mathematics," and whose practical arithmetics make the best accountants in the old Bay State.

Young Charles was early initiated to the printing business, in his brother's office, at Haverhill, who was editor and publisher of the Essex Patriot; and continued his apprenticeship in the office of Mr. Lamson, at Exeter, N. H. He went to Boston in 1822, to which city his brother had removed, and become the publisher of the Boston Statesman; and was employed in this establishment until 1825, when he settled at Taunton, and published The Free Press one year upon contract, and was its editor during the latter part of the period. He returned to Boston, and published a literary journal,— the Boston Spectator,— edited by Charles Atwood, Esq., when it was united with another periodical, and Mr. Greene's interest in it ceased. He directly resumed an engagement with the Statesman, which continued until 1827, when he removed to Philadelphia, and became partner with James A. Jones, Esq., in the National Palladium, a daily paper, which was the first in Pennsylvania to advocate the election of Andrew

Jackson to the presidency. When he withdrew from that paper, in December, 1827, the U. S. Gazette remarked of him, that he was an able champion of his party, greatly endeared by his conciliatory and unobtrusive deportment. Previous to this dissolution, he visited Boston, and married Miss Charlotte Hill, of that city, Oct. 24, 1827; and in the succeeding spring was engaged in the office of the U. S. Telegraph, at Washington, owned and conducted by Gen. Duff Green, where he remained until after the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency, when he removed to Boston, and became successor to his brother Nathaniel, as joint proprietor and publisher, with Benjamin True, of the Statesman, whose interest in the establishment Mr. Greene, in a few years, purchased, when he became sole owner, and, on November 9th, 1831, commenced the publication of the Boston Morning Post.

Col. Greene has been a representative in the Legislature of this State, and in 1848 was an aid to Gov. Morton. He has been a candidate for the mayoralty of Boston, and for Congress, for presidential elector, and for the State Senate; — but, as the Democracy is rarely a favorite in the old Bay State, a private station is his post of honor, as would a public station be honored in his election. The warmth of his zeal in favor of the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency is strikingly evinced in this glowing passage from an oration, delivered July 4, 1831: "His race is run out. Not a drop of his blood will be left flowing when he is gone; not a lip to say, 'I glory in his memory, for he was my kinsman.' Is it not, my friends,— is it not a spectacle to move and touch the very soul? If there be moral sublimity in anything, it is in unmingled self-devotion to one's country; and what but this could have arrested, on the very threshold of the tomb, the feet of him, who, though he turns to bless his country at her call, sees no child nor relative leaning forward to catch the mantle of his glory?"

Col. Greene is esteemed as much for his blandness and affability as he is for candor and kindness of heart. David Henshaw said of him: "He is the self-made, self-taught man,— the energetic and polished writer; he shows the superiority of real worth over fictitious greatness." The Daily Post is the leading New England political advocate of the Democracy, which, by its generous spirit, is moulding powerful influences on our young men; and will ever be famous for having perpetrated a greater number of effective witticisms than any of its

rivals; and the general good-nature of Mr. Greene is emphatically characterized in the remark of the amiable Mrs. Partington, who said, "I can't see the use of people's quarrelling. It 's very strange that they can't live together in peace and concordance, without all this bitterness and antimony." We would not assert that Mr. Greene is the chronicler of Mrs. Partington, but we do say that the spirit of his paper often partakes of her kindliness. We have seen the puns of this daily as sensibly affect the risibles of the sedate old man of eighty, as they do the merry youths of sixteen. Indeed, we cannot be parted from the celebrated Mrs. Partington, without an allusion to her wedding. "I never know'd anything gained by being too much of a hurry," said the old lady. "When me and my dear Paul was married, he was in sich a tripidation that he came nigh marrying one of the bride's-maids instead of me, by mistake. He was sich a queer man," she continued; "why, he jined the fire department; and one night, in his hurry, he put his boots on hind part afore, and, as he ran along, everybody behind him got tripped up. The papers was full of crowner's quests on broken legs and limbs, for a week afterwards;" and she relapsed into an abstraction on the ups and downs of life.—All parties eagerly read the Daily Post.

The Granite State, a noble place from which to migrate, long proverbial as the political Nazareth of this republic, is ever remarkable for the production of as great statesmen, enterprising sons of commerce, and successful professional men, as may be found in any other State. Mr. Greene is a devoted advocate of the Democratic party, and is as tenacious for its triumph, and is as little likely to espouse the Whig cause, as are the people of his native State; yet we even hope a revolution of political opinion over this granite soil. When democracy was at its zenith in Massachusetts, he once said, "If our old opponents would enter the Temple of Democracy, they must leave their bundle of sin at its gates." We would hope that the Whigs would ever banish their sins, and never enter the temple but to elevate the standard of republicanism, and consign all party intolerance to the shades of oblivion.

Mr. Greene, in the oration at the head of this article, makes a remark regarding the politics of Massachusetts, which indicates the fact that this State and his native State are alike decided, but at directly opposite points. "Old Massachusetts is still in leading-strings. She still follows — though she will not long follow — the blind guides who have always been anxious to persuade her 'that rebellion lay in her way,' and that

she could not choose but find it. The halls of legislation which, but a few years since, beheld Eustis and Morton at the head of a triumphant Democratic majority, now enclose an appalling majority of the Hartford Convention malecontents of 1814. This is a spectacle which the unsophisticated Democrats of Massachusetts contemplate with such sentiments of indignant contempt as the patriotic Frenchman must have entertained when he beheld the Cossacks of the Don and Calmuc Tartars from the wall of China establishing their bivouac in the Elysian Fields of Paris." This is the sharpest party opinion that we have noticed from his pen. The principal object of this oration is to vindicate the policy of reforms in office, and contravene the opinions of Clay and Adams on this point.

Mr. Greene pronounced another oration, already alluded to, July 4, 1831, in Faneuil Hall. This passage is the finishing paragraph of the peroration: "Immortal spirits, who went before us,— ye who have given us the blessing for which the extended pæan of half a world is ringing at this moment! Fathers of our Revolution! year after year throws its new blaze of light upon your virtues. Revolution after revolution, and unresented wrong after wrong, shows of what temper ye were. With unity of heart, compensating for weakness of hand; with inflexible energy, and high resolve, and matchless devotion, making an infant nation stronger than its parent, and setting the bright spirit of Liberty on her high seat, amid the resistance, and with the exacted consent, of armed thousands, hitherto invincible!

> 'Immortal heirs of universal praise!
> Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
> As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
> Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
> And worlds applaud, that must not yet be found!' "

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT.

JULY 4, 1830. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

In the oration of Mr. Everett, we find a passage showing that the author of the draft of the Declaration of Independence — Thomas Jefferson — so highly estimated the honor, as to wish that it might be inscribed upon his tombstone, "The Author of the Declaration of Independence;" and this was done. The committee appointed for pre-

paring this instrument, June 11, 1776, consisted of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston. "It was a singular proof of the force of Mr. Jefferson's character, and of the confidence that was generally felt in his talents and virtues, that, although one of the youngest members of Congress," says Mr. Everett,—"probably the youngest of all,—he was yet placed at the head of this important committee; containing, too, as it did, such men as Franklin and John Adams. To the fervid and active friendship of the latter of these two statesmen, afterwards his political rival, but then his ablest and most ardent coadjutor, he probably owed this distinction, as appears from the account of the circumstances attending the appointment of the committee, given by Mr. Adams himself in his letter to Mr. Pickering, of August 6, 1822. 'Mr. Jefferson,' he remarks, 'came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for their peculiar felicity of expression. Though a silent member of Congress, he was so prompt, frank and explicit, upon committees,—not even Samuel Adams more so,—that he soon seized upon my heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote, and did all in my power to procure him the votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest number, which placed me second.' Mr. Adams then proceeds to remark, that the committee of five met, and, after discussing the subject, appointed Mr. Jefferson and himself a sub-committee to prepare the draft. The sub-committee met in turn; and, after an amicable altercation upon the question which of the two should perform the task,—each endeavoring to devolve it on the other,—it was finally assigned, as was naturally to be expected from the order of the precedence in the committee, to Mr. Jefferson. It ought to be remarked, that it was not the object of either of these patriots to avoid responsibility or labor. Each, with the genuine modesty that belongs to real merit, believed the other to be more capable than himself of doing justice to this most delicate and critical occasion; and each was willing and desirous to sacrifice to consideration for the public good what both very properly regarded as an enviable distinction. That Mr. Jefferson should have been the first to yield was, as I have just remarked, the natural result of his place in the committee. The draft made by Mr. Jefferson having been examined by Mr. Adams, and afterwards accepted by the committee of five, was reported to

Congress without alteration, as it stood in the hand-writing of the author.

"On the first of July, the resolutions moved by Richard Henry Lee, for declaring independence, the further consideration of which, as I have said before, had been postponed from the 11th of the preceding month until that day, were taken up again in committee of the whole, and, having been debated through the day, were reported to Congress. The subject was then postponed until the following day, which was the 2d of July, when the resolutions were taken up in Congress, and, after further debate, finally passed. On the 3d of July, the draft of the Declaration of Independence was reported to Congress by Mr. Jefferson, as chairman of the committee of five who had been appointed to prepare it; and, having been fully considered, and amended in several points, on the following day, which was the 4th of July, was adopted. The original draft, as reported by the author, has since been printed, and brought into comparison with the amended form which appears in the official publication. The alterations made in Congress, though not essential to the effect of the paper, are in general for the better; and give a high idea of the calmness and judgment with which our fathers proceeded in maturing every part of this important and delicate transaction. In this manner was prepared and adopted the celebrated Declaration of Independence."

Alexander Hill was son of Rev. Oliver Everett, a minister of New South Church, in Boston, afterwards Judge of Common Pleas for Norfolk, and was born at Boston, March 19, 1790; graduated at Harvard College in 1806, on which occasion his theme was on "the Effects of the General Diffusion of Literature;" became a counsellor-at-law, and married Lucretia Orne, daughter of Judge Oliver Peabody, of Exeter, N. H., Oct. 21, 1816. He was the orator for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1813. In 1825 Mr. Everett was minister to Spain. He succeeded Mr. Jared Sparks, in 1830, as editor of the North American Review. He became president of Jefferson College, in Louisiana, in 1841, when his inaugural address was published. He was appointed, by President Polk, in 1847, the commissioner to China; and died at Canton, on June 28, 1847, aged 57 years.

The Democratic Review of November, 1847, remarks of Mr. Everett, that, in political life, he rose to the most conspicuous stations, which he owed rather to the elevation of his mind, and the distinction of his character, than to mere party service; for, happily, he was not one of

those who, in the eager pursuit of personal aggrandizement, sacrificed to the hollow shrine of party devotion talents and acquirements destined for a higher purpose and a purer sphere. No; to his honor be it said, that he never

"Narrowed his mind
And gave up to party what was meant for mankind."

Mr. Everett was an eminent writer; and, besides his very useful contributions in the North American Review, we find two very important works, which writers on political economy will ever resort to for light on the subject. We allude to his New Ideas on Population, and his last production, consisting of a letter on the condition of China, in reference to the Malthusian theory, addressed to George Tucker, dated Macao, April 30, 1847, which illustrates the conception, to use Everett's own words, that "density of population, far from being a cause of comparative scarcity, is itself the proximate cause of the comparative abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life which we witness in China, and most other densely peopled countries." He was author of two political treatises on Europe and America, of elevated character, and Memoirs of Gen. Warren and Patrick Henry. Two volumes of his miscellaneous productions have been published since his decease. He was a vigorous writer, ambitious and unfortunate. The political influence of his productions will perpetuate his memory for ages to come.

HENRY BARNEY SMITH.

JULY 4, 1830. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Was the son of Barney Smith, a merchant in State-street; graduated at Harvard College in 1809, when he engaged in a dialogue on the differences in the character of the ancient and modern Greeks; was a counsellor-at-law, and president of the Boston Debating Society. He has been a firm advocate of the Democratic Republican party, and a man of more than ordinary talent. In 1822 he delivered a 4th of July oration at Dorchester. In 1824 Mr. Smith delivered another, at the Marlboro', in Boston. It was said of him, after giving the third oration, at the public dinner, that "he is an uncompromising democrat,

who has sketched the Protean visage of aristocracy in thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

"Why is it," said Mr. Smith, "that some of our politicians cling so fondly to the superannuated perpetuities of the Old World, and view with ill-disguised aversion the improvements of the New? There is a conspiracy of private interest with unprincipled ambition, in England and our own country, to pervert history and misrepresent fact,— to preöccupy the avenues of education, and poison the infant mind with absurd theories and exploded doctrines. Why is Hume, the apologist of arbitrary power, set up as a classic, and put into the hands of children as authentic history? Why is Julius Cæsar lauded in our public schools, and Caius Gracchus stigmatized as a demagogue, when the one overturned the government of his country by a military force, and the other was put to death by a mob of Roman senators, led on by an infuriated high-priest of a false religion? Whence is it that myriads may be sacrificed on the field of battle, by executions, by imprisonments, for the unprincipled ambition of princely power, and not a sigh — not a murmur — is heard in after times to lament their fate; but, if an individual falls a sacrifice to the rage of an indignant populace, goaded to desperation by long-continued oppression, our histories are groaning with the details? Imagination is on the rack to invent some new horror. All that the art and ingenuity of man can conjure up is added to heighten the picture of suffering, or deepen the shade of guilt, until the feeling mind is excruciated with the sense of human depravity. The people are not always aware of their rights, and may patiently submit for a time, as in the days of the Henrys and Elizabeths, to register the decrees of those who usurp the sovereignty over them. But, unfortunately, there can be no statute of limitations to debar them of their unalienable inheritance. In the despotic governments, important changes are sometimes obtained through the horrors of a revolution; but in this country every object of good government is secured through the salutary influence of reform, and a fearless reliance on enlightened public opinion. The spread of intelligence and the consciousness of power among the people will necessarily keep our social, civil and political institutions, in the onward path of progressive improvement."

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

JULY 4, 1831. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

WAS born in Boston, May 2, 1796; and was grandson of William Palfrey, a paymaster-general in the army of the Revolution, and an aid-de-camp to Washington on the occupation of Dorchester, of whom Harrison Gray Otis remarked: "His person was of the middle size, his countenance animated, his gait quick, with a military air; his manners genteel and commanding, and his deportment to me as a boy condescending and affable. I also think I remember the sound of his voice, clear and sonorous; and his image is before me as that of a gentleman of the old school,—polite, manly, and elegant." The father of the subject of this notice, John Palfrey, was in early life a merchant in Demarara, and afterwards a ship-chandler in Boston, who removed, in 1804, to the Territory of Louisiana, where he died in the autumn of 1843, at his plantation of Isle l'Abbaye, St. Martin's; when, among other bequests, he left twenty-two slaves to his son John G., who nobly emancipated them; — and thus, in the language of Sumner, without army or navy, by a simple act of self-renunciation, has given freedom to a larger number of Christian American slaves than was done by the sword of Decatur.

Young John received his elementary education under William Payne, schoolmaster, in Berry-street, who was father of the "Young American Roscius." He was prepared for college, in 1809, at Exeter Academy. When he graduated at Harvard College, in 1815, his theme was, On Republican Institutions as affecting Private Character; and, at a public exhibition, he gave an oration on the Errors of Genius. Mr. Palfrey became a student in theology, and in 1818 was ordained to the pastoral care of the Brattle-street Church; which station he honorably occupied until his appointment to the office of Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in Harvard College, in 1831, which he resigned in 1839. He married Mary, daughter of Samuel Hammond, Esq., of Boston. The oration at the head of this article exhibits sound and practical politics. Its whole doctrine is the principle of life adapted to improve the quality and increase the quantity of individual happiness, and to secure the perpetuity of national glory. He enlarges on three topics essential to our national honor, a hearty attachment to the union of the States, a

care to have the administration in proper hands, and a national literature. In 1839 Mr. Palfrey gave the discourse at the centennial celebration of the first settlement of the town of Barnstable.

Mr. Palfrey published his own autobiography in a letter to a friend, with this motto on the title-page: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

We will continue the history of Mr. Palfrey, in his own language, to the period of his election to Congress in 1847: "In the year 1831, after thirteen years' service in the parochial ministry in Boston, I accepted a professorship in the theological department of the university, and removed to Cambridge. My partial friends in the religious society with which I had been connected objected to my taking that step, and urged that it was not wise; but no doubt of its being taken under a disinterested sense of duty ever reached me from any quarter. My position had been everything that heart could desire; and never more attractive, to say the least, than when I relinquished it. Separating myself from relatives and friends, I left for a place, to be retained, as I supposed, for the rest of my life; where I was to have more labor, less leisure, less compensation, and social position and advantages certainly not superior to what I left behind. Except that I was not in ill health, I took the step under the same circumstances as the same step had been taken just before by the late Rev. Dr. Ware, Jr.; and I have never heard that he was charged with being prompted by political or any other worldly ambition.

"After four years, with a view to add to my pecuniary means, which proved unequal to the wants of an increased family, I became editor of the North American Review. I am ashamed to write of matters of such purely personal concern; but the impudent and false constructions put upon them by those who have felt justified in criticizing so distant a period of my life compel me to the unwelcome task. At the end of four years more,— namely, in 1839,— my situation was this: During five days and a half of every week of the college terms, I was doing harder and more exhausting work, in the lecture-room and in preparation for it, than I have ever done in any other way. I was one of the three preachers in the University Chapel; and, during my turn of duty, in what remained of Saturday after the week's lecturing was done, I had to prepare for the religious service which I conducted on Sunday. As dean (or executive officer) of the theological faculty, I was charged with affairs of administration in that department of the university.

As editor of the North American Review, I was under obligation to lay before the public two hundred and fifty or more closely-printed octavo pages, every quarter. I had in press a work, of some extent and labor, on the Hebrew Scriptures. And imprudently, perhaps, but for apparently sufficient cause, I had engaged to deliver and print courses of Lectures for the Lowell Institute,—which, accordingly, I did deliver, in 1839, 1840, and the two following winters.

"These things united made a task too great for the health and strength of most men. At all events, it was too great for mine. Plain indications showed that I must have some relief, or be crushed, body and mind. My permanent engagements were, the professorship in the university, and the editorship of the Review. In the Review was embarked a large capital, for me; and, to dissolve my connection with it, until there should be an opportunity for an advantageous sale, was not to be thought of, because this would have been to put it out of my power to reïmburse the friends to whom I was indebted for the investment. I did not desire to resign my professorship. Nor did I yet contemplate such a movement. My plan was, to obtain such relief as seemed absolutely necessary, and no more, by a dispensation from a portion of its duties. A recent event had put it in my power to relinquish a part of my income from that source. I accordingly made a communication to the corporation of the college, proposing to give up the less important part of my duties, and with them three-eighths parts of my salary, and submitting a plan by which I thought they might be executed, at less expense to the institution, and without derangement of the system of the department. The corporation, after conference with me by a committee, and consultation among themselves, acceded to my proposal, and passed a vote accordingly. A copy was transmitted to me, and the transaction was complete.

"A few days passed, and the president called upon me, to give me information which, as he very properly said, he thought I ought to possess. He told me that, at a subsequent meeting of the corporation, more full than those at which my proposal had been considered and acted on, dissatisfaction had been expressed with the arrangement on the part of members who had been absent, on grounds having reference to the general policy of the college, and the inexpediency of precedents of this nature. His communication was limited to giving me this information, without any suggestion that further action was expected from me, or was contemplated by the corporation, in the way

of a reversal of what had taken place. But it cost little reflection to show me that I could not, with propriety, take advantage of a vote, which it appeared would not have been passed in full board, against such opinions of a minority. It was equally clear that I must not think of going on as I had done. Accordingly, on a revision of the whole subject, I announced my intention to resign at the end of the academical year. This was done with perfect good feeling on both sides; of which feeling towards myself the most flattering evidence was afforded, in documents placed in my hands by the authorities of the college. I did not remain in Cambridge, where I had lived eight years, as, according to the theory lately broached of my movements, I should have done, to pursue objects of political ambition. I removed, in the autumn, to Boston, advertising my house in Cambridge to let, — which was effected in the summer of the next year. And this is the whole story of my separation from the college,— an event unexpected and undesired by me, and connected with no ulterior views, beyond the preservation of my life and health. My object in it has been preposterously misrepresented. There is not a shadow of proof, nor have I any recollection or belief, that I had then any more thoughts of a course of life like that into which unexpected circumstances have since led me, than I now have of becoming the Emperor of China.

"Having lived in Boston two years, engaged in my studies, in the management of the North American Review, and in the preparation and publication of my Lectures before the Lowell Institute,— not writing a line for any newspaper, nor seeking political associations of any kind, nor thinking of politics more than every tolerably well-informed person, with whatever pursuits, may be supposed to do,— I was elected by my fellow-citizens of that place to represent them in the General Court of the commonwealth, for the years 1842 and 1843. It has been said and printed, that, by way of introducing myself to political life, I became a frequent attendant at the primary meetings, after my removal to Boston. To the best of my knowledge and belief, I never was in a primary meeting until after I had taken my seat as representative in the General Court. To the best of my knowledge and belief, I never was in a primary meeting but three times in my life; namely, on the 6th of January, and the 31st of August, 1842, at Boston, and on the 21st of September, 1847, at Cambridge. To the best of my knowledge and belief, no solicitations — not so much as any hints — from me led to my nomination for the General Court. If any one supposes

that he knows anything to the contrary of this, I desire him to make it public.

"Though I took a part in other measures,— for the responsibility of a representative was upon me,— my regular business in the house was that of chairman of the committee on education, a place assigned to me without the slightest motion, and, I will add, without the slightest expectation, of my own. It was a place, however, I suppose, not unsuitable for a person of my habits, as it has been repeatedly filled by clergymen, before and since. And it procured me a pleasure of the choicest kind. With others of that committee, I was subsequently placed on a special joint committee, to whom were referred the subject of the continuance of Normal Schools,— the first provision, for only three years, having then expired,— and a proposal for the establishment of school-district libraries. The committee determined that resolves should be reported to continue the Normal Schools, and establish the libraries; that they should be introduced in the house, and that I should prepare and take charge of them in that body. Under circumstances of no little difficulty, these were carried through, and became a law on the 3d of March, 1842. I look back upon that day as the date of the most useful public service I ever rendered, excepting, only, the day of my first vote in the Congress of the United States.

"In 1843, by reason of straitened circumstances,— the causes of which there is no need to explain, but which were not such then, or at any other time, as to occasion to any person the loss of a cent by me, — I disposed of the property and relinquished the editorship of the North American Review, which, as things stood, was inadequate to my needs, and looked about for some advantageous employment of my time. Should it be asked, why, released from other engagements, I did not seek to resume my former profession, there are those who will understand why one should be reluctant to return to that profession, when relinquished, as a resource for a livelihood. From time to time, as opportunity has occurred, I have freely given other reasons, in my judgment of great weight; and am always ready to do so to any one who has a curiosity on the subject. I shall, probably, be thought to have already thrown off reserve quite sufficiently as to these personal matters, without going further, now, on this point. I will but add, that, since retiring from the University, in 1839, I have published three octavo volumes on important subjects in theology; and I may, hereafter, lay before the public some further evidence that I have not

forsaken the studies proper to the clerical profession, but, on the contrary, have devoted to them more time than the routine of parochial services would have allowed me to command.

"The administration of the State government was changed by the result of the fall election of 1843, and it was understood that there would be a change in the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth. My desire to be considered a candidate having been made known to my friends, I was elected to that office by the General Court in the following January. I hope that in the four years I held it the commonwealth received no detriment from me.

"The duties of the secretary's office, of so different a description from the employment to which I had been accustomed, may well be supposed to have been found, at first, somewhat irksome and distasteful. But use and method made them easy, and not unpleasant. If not very interesting or intellectual, they were, at all events, not at all exhausting; and, by method and diligence, I found myself able to perform them with exactness within such a daily allowance of time as to leave considerable leisure for more congenial pursuits. The emolument, joined to my private resources, was enough to enable me to live with frugal comfort, and educate my children. In short, I was living very satisfactorily, and desired nothing different. But so it was not ordered. Though, while a representative in the General Court, I had been sent as a delegate from Boston to the Whig State convention, in September, 1842, and though I made two or three speeches in the presidential contest of 1844,— the annexation of Texas being already a pending question,— it was in the autumn of 1845 that I first became connected, in any material way, with political transactions. If I mistake not, that was a time when Christian man or Christian minister might well think that it did not misbecome him to take an interest in public affairs. For my part, I am most confidently of the opinion, that the cause of truth and righteousness, of God and of man, demanded quite as much active service, at that time, in the popular assemblies, as in the pulpits, of the land. In the summer of 1846, my friend, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, having assumed the editorship of the 'Boston Whig,' I contributed to that journal a series of twenty-six numbers, entitled 'Papers on the Slave Power.' They attracted some attention, and were presently after collected in a pamphlet, which passed through three editions."

In the autumn of 1846, overtures were made to Mr. Palfrey to

become a candidate for Congress in the fourth congressional district, as successor to Benjamin Thompson, who had made known his intention to withdraw, which Mr. Palfrey declined; but such an earnest desire for his services was expressed, that, "after much and long hesitation, I yielded to the representations which were made to me," said Mr. Palfrey, "that, as a matter of public duty, I was bound to recede from my position. I am glad that I did not then know all the personal consequences which were involved in that decision. I fear that I might not have had spirit to encounter them; and then some approbation of my conscience, which I now possess, for duty since honestly performed, would have been lost." Mr. Palfrey was elected to Congress for the December session of 1847, until after the March session of 1849; and this appeal to the public was published after ten attempts at his reëlection had been defeated. This political memoir, extending along twenty-eight pages, is interesting. We cannot forbear quoting one more passage, regarding the loss of old friends: "Up to the age of fifty years," says he, "I suppose very few men had more; and whether I, on my part, have been constant in friendship,— whether I have been easily provoked, or alienated in high party times, or in any times,— let those who have tried me answer. The little slights and affronts by which the common associates of former days find it suitable to express their disapprobation are disagreeable, no doubt; but they are not much more. The change in friends of as many years as make up half the recognized term of human life,— the coldness of some, the separation from others, the loud and acrimonious hostility of others,— is not altogether the same thing. It is pretty common for me, of late, to meet 'hard unkindness' altered eye,' in faces which from boyhood before never looked at me but with kindness and smiles. I have been addressed with rude language in the streets, when accosting some old acquaintance. Persons whose youth I have tried to serve do not recognize me as we pass. I dare say it is very manly, and all that, to say that one cares nothing about such things. But that is a virtue beyond my mark. I do care for them; probably too much. I care for them so much, that I devoutly thank God that he did not let me know to the full extent what was coming, when I took my course. Had I known it, I hope I should have had the courage to do precisely as I have done. But no man is entirely certain of himself; and, had I fully seen what I was incurring, it is possible that I might have flinched. As it is, I am safely past the flinching point."

Mr. Palfrey is a political Abolitionist, of the Free-soil party, and is a decided advocate of the cause. While some were of opinion that his vote against Winthrop as the Speaker of the House in Congress was an ineffaceable stain on the honor of Middlesex, others proclaimed that it was probably one of the most useful acts of his life; and John Quincy Adams is said to have exclaimed, after the delivery of his celebrated abolition speech in Congress, "Thank God! the seal is broken!" Was it consistent in Mr. Palfrey, who acted in Congress unpledged, to endeavor to secure pledges from Mr. Winthrop in regard to the constitution of those committees which have especial *surveillance* of subjects connected with war and slavery? Some say his former conservative spirit gave him a more elevated influence than his radicalism will ever effect.

Mr. Palfrey is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and pronounced a valuable semi-centennial discourse before the institution, Oct 31, 1844. While Mr. Palfrey applauds the society for an undeviating devotion to its interests, his opponents remark that it would be a happy circumstance if the quotation he so pertinently applied to them could be adapted to himself, as regards his political career. He remarks to the society, it should be ours to justify it in saying,

> "While I remain above the ground, you shall
> Hear from me still, and never of me aught
> But what is like me formerly; — that's
> Worthily as any ear can hear."

Mr. Palfrey is a man of varied learning. Though his style is, at times, rather involved with qualifying clauses, we often find great beauty of diction. He published two discourses on the History of the Brattle-street Church. He wrote the Life of William Palfrey, Paymaster-general in the Army of the Revolution; Practical Discourses on Domestic Duties; Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities, 2 vols. 8vo.; Lowell Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, 2 vols. 8vo.; and many other productions. There can be no question of the patriotic motives of Mr. Palfrey in political matters, any more than of his devotion to the interests of general literature and humanity.

WILLIAM FOSTER OTIS.

JULY 4, 1831. FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON.

Was born in Boston, Dec. 1, 1801, and the son of Harrison Gray Otis, and Sally Foster, his wife. He entered the Latin School in 1813; graduated at Harvard College in 1821, where he took part in a conference on the state of physical science, oratory, fine writing, and metaphysics, in England, during the reign of Queen Anne; read law with Harrison Gray Otis, Jr., and Augustus Peabody; became a counsellor-at-law, and married Emily, a daughter of Josiah Marshall, Esq., a selectman of Boston, May 18, 1831, who died Aug. 17, 1836, aged 29.

Mr. Otis was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in 1828; a major in the Boston regiment, a judge-advocate, a representative to the State Legislature, and president of the Young Men's Temperance Society.

At the public festival in Faneuil Hall, after the delivery of the oration for the young men of this city, the following sentiment was given to the orator of the day: "Rich in the hereditary possession of the virtues and talents of his ancestors,—far richer in possessing the hearts of the present generation."

We will quote the peroration of this performance: "Do we suppose that we can shed our liberty upon other countries without exertion, and let it fall upon them like the dew which stirs not the leaf? No; liberty must be long held suspended over them in the atmosphere, by our unseen and unwearied power. The more intense the heat which oppresses them, the more must it saturate and surcharge the air, till, at last, when the ground is parched dry, when vegetation is crisped up, and the gasping people are ready to plunge into destruction for relief, then will it call forth its hosts from every quarter of the horizon; then will the sky be overcast, the landscape darkened, and Liberty, at one peal, with one flash, will pour down her million streams; then will she lift up the voice, which echoed, in days of yore, from the peaks of Otter to the Grand Monadnock; then will

> 'Jura answer through her misty cloud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.'

"We are asked upon what is our reliance in times of excitement; what checks have we upon popular violence; what compensation for

human infirmities; what substitutes for bayonets, dragoons, and an aristocracy? I answer, the religion and morality of the people. Not the religion of the State; not the morality of the fashionable. Thank Heaven, our house is of no Philistine architecture! Our trust — our only trust — is where it ought to be,— the religion and morality of the whole people. Upon that depends, and ought to depend, all that we enjoy or hope. Our strength is in length, in breadth, and in depth. It is in us, and must be felt and exercised by each one and all of us, or our downfall is doomed. For we are the people; we are our governors; we are the Lord's anointed; we are the powers that be, and we bear not the sword in vain. And upon us is the responsibility; humble and obscure, domestic and retiring, secluded and solitary, we may be,— but ours is still the great national trust, go where we will; and to God are we, one and all, accountable. Our responsibility is with us; it weighs upon us; it overhangs us, like the dome of this house; its universal pressure is the great principle of our protection. If the just rules of religion and morality pervade through all its parts, the prodigious weight is gracefully sustained; but if vice and corruption creep in its divided circles, the enfeebled fabric will yawn in dread chasms, and, crumbling, will overwhelm us with unutterable ruin!"

TIMOTHY FULLER.

JULY 11, 1831. FOR THE ANTI-MASONIC SOCIETY.

WAS son of Rev. Timothy Fuller, of Princeton, Mass., and was born at Chilmark, July 11, 1778. He graduated at Harvard College in 1801, on which occasion he took part in the discussion, whether occupancy creates a right of property. He was two years a teacher in Leicester Academy, and read law with the father of Gov. Levi Lincoln, of whom he acquired his Democratic views. He studied law, and practised in Boston, having his residence at Cambridge. His remarkable logical acuteness, unwavering integrity, and habitual philanthropy, aided by unwearied application, won for him rapid distinction. As a speaker, he was remarkable for ready address and forcible language, producing popular effect. He was an active and spirited leader in the Anti-masonic movement of 1831, and was president of the Anti-masonic

convention of Massachusetts. He espoused the cause of Democracy, and his political opinions are made very obvious in an oration he delivered at Watertown, July 4, 1809. Mr. Fuller was a senator of his native State from 1813 to '16; was a representative from Middlesex for Congress during the period from 1817 to '25. He was speaker of the house, in the State Legislature, in 1825, and one of the governor's Council in 1828.

Mr. Fuller was an earnest advocate for the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency; and that distinguished patriot owed his most elevated station, in no small degree, to his untiring efforts. He had put forth his energies to elevate Mr. Adams to the chair of his native State, but without success.

Mr. Fuller made several noted speeches in Congress, among which was his caustic philippic on the Seminole War, that attracted marked attention. He was chairman of the naval committee, and his labors in that department are held in grateful remembrance. In the last years of his life, he withdrew from business, and retired to Groton. A favorite project with him was to write a history of the United States, and that object he hoped to accomplish in his retirement, from the ample materials he had gathered during his public career; but his decease, on the 1st day of October, 1835, removed him before his plan had ripened for completion. Mr. Fuller married Margaret Crane, of Canton, and had seven children, one of whom was Margaret, who married the Marquis Ossoli, of Italy,—a lady highly estimated in the literary world, who perished in the wreck of the ship Elizabeth, on Fire Island, near New York, July 19, 1850. Though Mr. Fuller was involved in the outlay of time and money incident to a political life, he left a handsome fortune accumulated in his profession.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

JULY 4, 1832. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"CITIZENS of Boston," says our orator, in the peroration of this performance, "you are now assembled where, more than half a century ago, your fathers stood, and where, half a century hence, your children will probably stand, to celebrate the glories of the American Rev-

olution. May the orator of that day speak of a confederated republic, stretching from ocean to ocean, filled with arts, and civilization, and freedom! May he speak of the fathers of the Revolution as the instruments of establishing and extending the blessings of liberty over this land, and over the world! May he appeal to the then living constitution of our country, as an abiding witness of the wisdom and foresight of men who framed an instrument which a century could scarce improve! May he kindle the patriotism of his hearers by pointing to the monument that rises over the spot where Warren fell, and to the fields throughout our land that were wet with the blood of the victims in the cause of independence! But, in the height of his enthusiasm, may he pause and testify of the men of this generation. May he say, and say truly, that they gained a victory more glorious than was ever won on a tented field; that the men of the east and of the west, the manufacturer of the north, the planter of the south, overcame selfishness, and immolated local interest on the altar of peace and union;— that, drawing wisdom from the experience of the past, and weighing the consequences of their actions on the future, they calmly and deliberately sacrificed temporary and transient views to the permanency of ancient friendship; — that they transmitted unimpaired the constitution of the United States, the palladium of their own and their country's liberty, to their descendants, and deserved the name of the preservers and perpetuators of the peace, liberty and happiness, of these States, then and forever one — united — indivisible!"

Josiah, son of Josiah Quincy, was born at Boston, Jan. 17, 1802, in Pearl-street, nearly opposite the old Boston Athenæum. He was prepared for college at Phillips' Academy, Andover, and graduated at Harvard College in 1821, on which occasion he engaged in a discussion with Warren Burton, on the elegant literature of England and France. He read law with William Sullivan, became a counsellor-at-law, and married Mary Jane, daughter of Samuel R. Miller. He was lieutenant of the Boston Light Infantry, an aid-de-camp to Gov. Lincoln, and commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He was a member of the city Council in 1833, and its president in 1834 to '37. He was a member and president of the Senate in 1842. He was elected mayor of Boston from 1845 to '49. Owing to his financial skill in the direction of the Western Railroad enterprise, during twelve years of the most perilous period of its course, it had become one of the safest investments in the stock market; was treasurer, also,

of the Vermont Central Railroad. His veto, as chairman of the Board of Aldermen, in May, 1847, on the exciting license question, redounds as greatly to his honor as the enterprise of Long Pond; and elicited two famous songs, one of which was on "The Man that Dared Stand Alone," and the other beginning with,

> "God bless the Mayor's casting vote!
> A thousand hearts exclaim."

Mr. Quincy was elected treasurer of the Boston Athenæum in 1837, and retained the station for fifteen years. He deserves the reputation of having been the chief instrument in effecting the erection of the present splendid edifice of the institution, on its delightful location in Beacon-street, by the endorsement of his name to very great amounts, in times of pressure, and as chairman of the building committee. Thus this noble institution is as much under obligation to Josiah Quincy, Jr., for its present prosperity, as to William Smith Shaw for its origin.

It is related of the Quincys, that on the day after the election of the junior to the presidency of the Senate, in 1842, a gentleman, meeting them in State-street, remarked that it was a singular circumstance there should be two presidents in the same family, at the same time; on which, President Quincy senior, breasting himself with dignity, replied, "There is a difference, however, in magnitude, as one star differeth from another star." Whereat, President Quincy the junior archly remarked, "That is true enough, father; for you are the president of boys, while I am the president of men."

When the young men of Boston had a public festival in honor of Charles Dickens, Feb. 2, 1842, Mr. Quincy presided; and, in allusion to the remark of the president of Harvard University, that it was a very good thing for a man to carry his toast in his pocket, lest his memory might fail, Mr. Quincy stated that he had so far acted upon that principle as to prepare a toast which he had hoped would draw a speech from Gov. Davis; but he unfortunately had kept it in his pocket too long, for the governor had retired. The toast was, "The Political Pilots of Old England and New England: Though their titles may be different, they observe the same luminaries in the literary, and steer by the same stars in the moral, horizon." The effective speech of Mr. Quincy on this occasion — a Welcome to Charles Dickens — appears in the Boston Book for 1850.

When the telegraph wires were stretched from Boston to Salem, in

December, 1847, and were in full operation, the following message was transmitted: "The mayor of the city of Salem sends his compliments to the mayor of the city of Boston, congratulating him on the completion of the new bond of union between the two cities." To which Mr. Quincy, with his usual felicity, made reply: "The mayor of Boston reciprocates the compliments of the mayor of Salem, and rejoices that letters of light connect the metropolis with the birth-place of Bowditch." This reminds one of a happy allusion, in a burning address of Horace Mann to his constituents, on the subject of slavery: "My words have been cool as the telegraphic wires, while my feelings have been like the lightning that runs through them." The junior Quincy is one of the rarest wits amongst us. He once remarked, with as much truth as humor, at a military festival, that it has been discovered that intemperate conviviality is not the only bond of military union; — that rum, mixed with gunpowder, is not the only means of inspiring courage; and that men who *can stand alone* are best fitted to stand by one another.

The fame of the Long Pond Water Works will ever be identified with the two Mayors Quincy, senior and junior. To Mayor Quincy the senior we yield the palm as being the first mayor who publicly advised and urged, in his inaugural address, January, 1826, the universal introduction of water through all the streets, lanes and avenues, of the city, either from Charles or Neponset rivers. To Mayor Quincy the junior we yield the palm as being the leader who promptly effected the project; and to Loammi Baldwin, an eminent engineer who died in June, 1838, we concede the reputation of originating the conception in 1827, and devising the enterprise, Oct. 1, 1834, of procuring the source of supply from Long Pond. The Union Water Convention of delegates from each ward in Boston, which held its first meeting at Tremont Temple, June 9, 1845, and elected Charles Allyn Wells, Esq., president, was the great moving cause of forwarding this enterprise, which was completed under Josiah Quincy, Jr. The act of the State for supplying the city of Boston with pure water from Long Pond was approved by Gov. Briggs, March 30, 1846. Is not the name of "Cochituate," on the city ordinance, a palpable misnomer, establishing a Water Board in December, 1849? This magnificent enterprise, completed at the expense of not less than five millions of dollars, transcends any other public work ever effected by the people of Boston. It has been felicitously said of the younger Quincy, that he has written his name

in water, yet it shall last forever. The imaginative vision of posterity shall see it written in letters of light, in the rainbows of the fountains. The people of Boston have never found him dry, and he has taken care they never shall be so.

When Mr. Quincy attended a public festival in honor of the visiters at the industrial exhibition in Montreal, October, 1850, he remarked, in an effective speech at the table: "Where is civil liberty enjoyed in a higher degree than in this, or in that other British country, the other side of the Atlantic? There is one difference, though, that is not so very great an one as might at first sight appear. You — all of you — bow down to the sovereign Lady, collectively. We bow down to one sovereign lady, each for himself. This is the only difference; and I fear we cannot all say, as you can of your lady, that our sovereign lady is, as a wife and mother, an ornament and honor to her sex, the first in virtue, and the first in place."

At the first celebration of the Cape Cod Association, in Boston, Nov. 11, 1851, a pleasant incident was elicited by the following toast: "The Elder and the Younger Quincy:

> While for the *former*, Time, with gentle hand,
> And all reluctant, slowly turns the sand,
> The *latter* shows *some* marks — we hope unfelt —
> Of early snows that summer will not melt.
> I crave their pardon, but must ask, for one,
> How shall we know the father from the son?"

This sentiment excited great merriment. Hon. Josiah Quincy *junior* rose, in the midst of the universal laughter, and cried out, "Gentlemen, I introduce to you *my son*, who sits on the right of the 'chair.'" The venerable President Quincy then rose, was greeted with cordial welcome, and proceeded to speak, with *severity*, of the disobedience of *some* sons. He was very happy in his remarks. He concluded by giving as a toast, "The Inhabitants of Cape Cod."

Mr. Quincy, Jr., now responded to his half of the sentiment above given; and, among other things, said that he "was a wise child that knew his own father, and then gave: "The Sons of Cape Cod: May they always be better men than their fathers."

EDWARD GOLDSBOROUGH PRESCOTT.

JULY 4, 1832. FOR THE BOSTON REGIMENT.

WAS grandson of Hon. William Prescott, a leader in the Battle of Bunker Hill, whom Washington described as "Prescott the brave." It is related that when Gen. Warren came up to the works, a short time before the action, on Bunker Hill, with a musket in his hand, Col. Prescott proposed to him that he should take the command, as he understood he had been appointed by Congress to be major-general, the day previous. Warren replied, "I have no command here; I have not received my commission. I come as a volunteer, and shall be happy to learn service from a soldier of your experience." Daniel Webster says, "If there was any commander-in-chief in the field, it was Prescott." Frothingham's Siege of Boston is the most reliable statement extant of the scenes around the head-quarters of the great American Revolution. The father of Edward was born at Pepperell, Aug. 19, 1762, and married Catharine G., daughter of Thomas Hickling, Esq., of the Island of St. Michael's, December, 1793. He was an Essex senator in 1805, of Gov. Gore's Council in 1809, judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Suffolk, and in 1820 a delegate of the convention for revising the State constitution.

Young Edward was born in Salem, Mass., Jan. 2, 1804. His elementary education was at Brighton, under the tuition of Jacob N. Knapp, a brother of the celebrated biographer and lawyer, who will ever be remembered as the teacher, also, of William Hickling, the most eminent American historian, a brother of Edward, whose researches in Spanish, Mexican and Peruvian annals, — the more attractive in a soul so remarkable for modesty and gentleness, — brighten the family escutcheon. He afterwards became a pupil of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, a scholar of the school of Parr, who made his pupils men, as well as scholars. He was further prepared for Harvard College under Master Carter, of Lancaster; and graduated at college in 1825, when he engaged in the study of law under his venerated father, and soon became a counsellor at the Suffolk bar. He was naturally eloquent, acquitting himself fluently, and, from the force of his own convictions, impressively. When at that bar, he received frequent applications in eminent cases, as the counsel most likely to be effective, by his popular

address, in the interests of the prisoner at the bar. He was a member of the Boston city Council from 1830 to 1835, and a representative to the State Legislature. Previous to 1832, he delivered an oration on our national birth-day, at Pepperell; and in this year he was elected commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and was the colonel of the Boston regiment. He was, for a period, editor of the New England Galaxy, originated by Mr. Buckingham, which he conducted with a fair and liberal spirit. The oration of Mr. Prescott, delivered for the city authorities of Boston, July 4, 1833, was published.

Col. Prescott remarks, in the oration at the head of this outline, that "the whole field of our literature is left unexplored. Our previous situation, and the times themselves, have heretofore rendered this necessary. Our inhabitants, for a long period struggling for freedom, afterwards found themselves impoverished, and obliged to contend for existence. It was not until of late years that we have found leisure to become a literary nation, or the power to encourage native talent. Both are now ours, and a territory lies before us such as has never yet been wandered over, fraught, even in our brief history, with deeds of daring and endurance which far outstrip the bright coloring of fiction, and scenes of romantic and sublime interest which may challenge the world. These are the newly-opened quarries out of which native genius has already begun to hew for itself immortality; and from which, such men as Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Percival, Sprague, and a host of others of our young countrymen, have drawn the materials of their early fame."

In his earliest childhood, Mr. Prescott made it his chief delight, it is said, to enact the pastor. Seldom has it happened that a life has wandered further astray than his,— dissolute, perhaps, even as the immortal Col. Gardiner,— from this its earliest promise, to bring it out so clear, and full, and beautiful, at last. From the immediate centre of what the world calls pleasure, says Bishop Doane, with everything that could infatuate the heart and overwork the brain,— in professional success, in official station, in worldly prospect,— Mr. Prescott, by God's grace, escaped. Previous to taking holy orders, Mr. Prescott remarked to a friend, "I have served the devil long enough, and I will henceforth devote myself to God." He gave the whole power of his soul to divinity, prayer, and Christian effort; and most

firmly, from the pure love of his boy's heart, in the parish of St. John's, at Salem, N. J., over which, about the year 1836, he became the rector, and ever sent out, towards the wide world from which he was rescued, warm thoughts of joyful gratitude that he had escaped its snares. He was always anxious to show that he had taken this stand, and was to shrink, on no occasion, from avowing himself a true follower of the Cross. He was married by Bishop Doane, in St. John's Church, New Jersey, in the year 1835, to Miss Margaret J. Smith, of that parish. He loved the sanctuary and its worship. He would have lived in it. Its very nails and hinges had for him, says Doane, a sacredness. Our rector had devoted so much of his life to military ambition, that, long after he had entered the clerical profession, his mind would dwell upon it; and one day, meeting an early military associate, at the Astor House, in New York city, who informed him that a military review was to take place up in the city, Mr. Prescott remarked he could not repress his desire to witness the scene, and they proceeded directly to the spot.

The sermons of Mr. Prescott were of high ability and eloquence, and fruitful in doctrine and practical sentiment; and should be rescued from oblivion, as their appearance to the public eye would advance the reputation of theological literature, and extend the growth of piety in our republic. As a catechist for the youth of his parish, he was intensely devoted to the work, and displayed peculiar tact, endearing himself to the young lambs of the flock. At length, the slow decay which wasted his life brought him, as men say, to his death. On the 8th of April, 1844, he took passage from Boston for the Azores Islands, hoping the restoration of his health. The pale cheek, that warmed itself into a smile of melancholy, is colder now than the salt wave that moans his lonely requiem. Prescott waits in the deep caves, a thousand fathoms down, until the sea shall yield her dead. The beautiful surplice, made for him by his dear mother, in which he ever gracefully officiated, Mr. Prescott bequeathed to his closest friend, the Rev. William Croswell, of Boston, who, on receiving it, remarked that it would be a suitable winding-sheet for himself; and, on his recent sudden decease, the surplice of Prescott enshrouded the remains of Croswell. What over-payment of a father's best exertions, of a mother's least reserving sacrifices, a ministry for souls like that of Edward Goldsborough Prescott!

ELEGIAC.

[Written in a copy of Milton, presented by the late Rev. Edward G. Prescott, who died on his passage to the Azores, on the third day after his departure from Boston, on board the Harbinger, April 11, 1844.]

"*Eheu quantum minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse.*" *

Thy cherished gift, departed friend,
With trembling I unfold,
And fondly gaze upon its lids,
In crimson wrought and gold:
I open to its dirge-like strain
On one who died at sea, —
And as I read of Lycidas,
I think the while on thee!
Thy languid spirit sought, in vain,
The beautiful Azores,
But, ere it reached the middle main,
Was wrapt to happier shores;
As in a dream-like halcyon calm,
It entered on its rest,
Amid the groves of Paradise,
And islands of the blest,
Kind friends afar, at thy behest,
Had fitted bower and hall,
To entertain their kindred guest,
In ever green Fayal:
In greener bowers thy bed is made,
And sounder is thy sleep,
Than ever life had known among
The chambers of the deep!
No mark along the waste may tell
The place of thy repose,
But there is ONE who loved thee well,
And loved by thee, WHO knows;
And though now sunk, like Lycidas,
Beneath the watery floor,
Yet THIS great might who walked the waves
Shall thy dear form restore.
Though years may first pass by, no time
HIS purpose shall derange,
And in HIS guardianship thy soul
Shall suffer no sea-change;
And when the depths give up their charge,
O, may our welcome be,
With thine, among Christ's ransomed throngs,
Where there is no more sea!

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

ST. PETER'S PARSONAGE, AUBURN, October, 1844.

* "Alas of how much less value it is to be conversant with such as remain than to recollect thee!"

ANDREW DUNLAP.

JULY 4, 1832. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WAS born at Salem, Mass., Sept. 21, 1794, and was the only son of the late James Dunlap, a reputable merchant of that city, and a native of Ireland. He was a scholar of the famous Rev. Dr. Bentley, and from his earliest childhood was esteemed as a boy of brilliant parts. On leaving Harvard College, where he graduated in 1813, he entered on the study of law, under John Pitman, Esq., a counsellor of Salem, afterwards the U. S. District Judge for Rhode Island. On the completion of his legal course, which he pursued with devotion, he was entered as an attorney in his native city. He soon became distinguished for his eloquence and zeal in his profession. In 1819 Mr. Dunlap gave an oration for the young men of Salem, on the fourth of July, which excited great admiration, and was the occasion of flattering letters to the young orator, from the early Presidents Adams and Jefferson. He removed to Boston in the next year, where he married Lucy Ann Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Samuel Fales, Esq., merchant of Boston. Here his effective eloquence made him a popular advocate, especially in criminal cases, and opened to him a wide field of professional practice. He delivered orations in 1822 and in 1832, in Boston, on our national birth-day. He was warmly attached to the Democratic party, and became a favorite speaker at their political meetings; and was an early advocate of the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency, and was friendly to his administration to the day of his death. In 1827 Mr. Dunlap was elected as a representative for Boston, and was defeated the same year in a contest for the State Senate.

Mr. Dunlap was appointed, in March, 1829, the Attorney of the United States for the District of Massachusetts. The important duties of this office he discharged until within a short period of his decease, with professional courtesy most winning towards the bar and the bench, with generosity unrivalled towards prisoners, and with clearness and fidelity to his station. That he was tenacious for his political principles was ever obvious: he gave the following sentiment at a public festival, July 4, 1829: "The Ebony and Topaz of the Political World: The aristocracy who pretend that they alone are qualified for

superior stations, and the common people destined to labor — for the liberties of mankind." He resigned the station a few months previous to his decease, feeling admonished, by the disease which eventually terminated his existence, and was then casting its shadows over his path, to retire from active labor, and not choosing "to lag superfluous" in his office when the power of fully sustaining its burdens no longer remained. His resignation drew from Hon. Joseph Story, and also from Hon. Judge Davis, testimonials expressive of their affectionate personal regard, and of their decided approbation of his official conduct. The hope was indulged by his friends that a tour to the south would restore his health; but it proved unavailing, or only protracted, for a short period, the hour of his final departure. He returned from Washington, whither he had gone, to his native town, where he died in the bosom of his family connections, July 27, 1835.

One of his last sentiments — uttered at that period when the mind looks with clearness through all the events of life, even though the eye of the countenance be dim — is worthy of remembrance, says Charles Sumner, who prepared and edited the Treatise on the Practice of Courts of Admiralty in Civil Cases of Maritime Jurisdiction, published in 1836,— a work which would perpetuate his memory, though his eloquence and patriotic fervor were unknown. He said, that one of his happiest reflections, at that moment, was, that, in the whole course of his professional life, he had never pressed hard upon any man. He was, indeed, a man of generous impulses. All his feelings were strong, and were the great source of his eloquence. What he did was the act of his whole heart. And no man's heart beat quicker than his, at the call of patriotism or philanthropy. We are quoting Sumner, mostly. He was fearless in his conduct, kind towards his inferiors, and amiable towards all around him. His public addresses were in a style vigorous, warm, and often impassioned, like his whole character. In the responsible duties of a wide practice, he was invariably prompt, conciliatory and honorable, as he was able, learned, and indefatigable. His arguments to the court and jury often attested, not only a large acquaintance with the books of his profession, but, also, with those of literature and general knowledge. Some of them are preserved in the Reports of the Circuit Court of the United States for the First Circuit, and in those of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Mr. Dunlap, in his defence of Abner Kneeland, who was charged with the crime of blasphemy, advanced a manly exposition of the rights

of conscience, which will be read with interest long after the excitement of the trial shall be forgotten. May the scourge of infidelity ever be averted from this republic !

In the oration of Andrew Dunlap, at the head of this outline, written in a style of great eloquence, we find a passage breathing the true spirit of the Revolution, in a manly tone: "The purity of the character of the American Revolution sheds lustre on its history. It was a contest, not of ambition, but of principle. Those who shone in the council and gained laurels in the field were not pursuing the shadow of false glory. Their sole desire was to secure the freedom of their country. They knew that the conflict would be arduous, exhaust the resources and shed the blood of an infant people. With the courage of heroes they united the mild virtues of philosophers and philanthropists, and never appealed to arms till the measure of injuries was full, till all hope of redress vanished, and the only alternative left was that before of Brutus and the Romans,— to live freemen, or die slaves. If there ever was a people under the sun who were armed in honesty, and could with sincerity appeal to Heaven for the sublime purity of their motives and purposes, it was the people of America bursting the ties which had united them for more than a century to Great Britain.

"The world acknowledged the justice of our cause. France and Holland became our friends, and the great Frederick of Prussia left on record, in his works, a condemnation of the wickedness and madness of the British government. After the loss of thirteen provinces, a hundred thousand of the lives of his subjects, and a hundred millions of their treasure, the British monarch was compelled to acknowledge American independence. Many of the most inveterate enemies of America became convinced of their errors. Even the celebrated General Burgoyne recanted his political heresies, and confessed, in the House of Commons, that the principle of the American war was wrong. Yet this convert had been one of our most violent persecutors. He had, to use his own language, thrown himself at his majesty's feet, and solicited the honor of crushing those wilful outcasts, the American rebels, to whom he afterwards surrendered, at Saratoga. It was this general who denounced upon our country devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror, and threatened to let slip those dogs of war, his savage auxiliaries, the employment of whom the great friend to America called in vain upon the lords bishops to oppose with the sanctity of their lawn, and whose merciless aid had been secured at a

war-feast, where, as an eminent English historian relates, the king's minister-plenipotentiary to the poor Indians was invited to banquet upon a Bostonian, and to drink his blood. The violators of our rights at length received the punishment of their transgressions. It was the last wish of Lord Chatham that the vengeance of the nation might fall heavy upon the ministry. It was the hope of Mr. Fox that they might be sent into ignominious retirement, with the curses of their country upon their heads. That wish was accomplished, that hope was realized. The malediction of the country followed them, and the reprobation of posterity will forever rest upon their memories. Is it not a subject of the proudest reflection, that our country was right, as well as successful; and that the American Revolution as much deserves admiration for the lustre of its political virtue, as the brilliance of its military triumphs?"

Andrew Dunlap, beside being the legal pleader of government, was, as we have seen, the rhetorical advocate of measures devised by the managers of party political machinery: indeed, he was the most popular orator of the Democracy. At the public dinner in Faneuil Hall, of which he once said that the soul of our ancestry ever filled the consecrated spot, Mr. Dunlap gave this characteristic sentiment: "The Republican Party: By maintaining the purity of their principles, they maintain the rights of the people; by preserving union in their ranks, they preserve the union of the States."

JOHN WADE.

JULY 4, 1833. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Was son of Col. John Wade, and born at Woburn, September, 1808. He was early educated at Lexington Academy; graduated at Amherst College in 1830; and was one year a student at the Law School, in Cambridge. He read law two years under Bradford Sumner, Esq., of Boston; was an attorney of the Court of Common Pleas in 1833; and married Ann Elizabeth Warfield, of Baltimore, where he finally settled. The oration of Mr. Wade was published in the Boston Daily Post, shortly after its delivery. He died in Baltimore, Oct. 22, 1851.

AMASA WALKER.

JULY 4, 1833. FOR THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES OF BOSTON.

WAS born at Woodstock, Conn., May 4, 1799. His father removed, in the year 1800, to that part of Brookfield since incorporated as North Brookfield. He was early educated in the public school, and partly fitted for college under the tuition of Rev. Dr. Snell. Among his fellow-students at this period were the late Dr. Mead, of New York, Judge Cheever, of Albany, and William Cullen Bryant, the poet. Ill health compelled him to withdraw from mental studies; and, at the age of fifteen, he was employed in the store of Col. Charles Henshaw, at North Brookfield. When of age, he entered in partnership with the late Allen Newhall, Esq., at West Brookfield, with whom he continued during a period of more than two years. In the days of his minority he had saved the amount of one hundred and thirty-six dollars, which was his capital for business. His father aided him with a few hundreds more, and his net profits there were soon twenty-five hundred dollars. In 1823 he removed to Methuen, and became an agent to the Methuen Manufacturing Company, at a salary of only six hundred dollars; but, previous to his withdrawal, it is said, the company made him the offer of twice that sum, which he declined. While here, Mr. Walker originated a literary society, in connection with the late Timothy Claxton, which afterwards erected what is known as Lyceum Hall. In the year 1825 he became a commission-merchant at Boston, in South Market-street, and engaged in the wholesale shoe business, which he continued until 1840, when, owing to ill health, he sold his stock to Messrs. Emerson, Harris & Potter, his former partners. Mr. Walker was one of the first in his line of business to open a trade with the western part of our country, in the extension of which he aided largely in our metropolis.

While a citizen of Boston, Mr. Walker was actively engaged in originating and sustaining the Boston Lyceum, in 1829, which commenced its operations in Chauncey-place Hall. It increased in members and popularity, until even the Tremont Temple did not afford suitable room for those who desired tickets. Mr. Walker was its first secretary, and was author of its first report; afterwards its president, and, during nearly fourteen years, one of the board of managers. This was the first institution of that character in New England, except-

ing one said to have been established at Worcester, in 1825; and was the first society of young men in Boston that admitted ladies to its lectures. Vigorous efforts were required in its operations, and to have it properly conducted, during the earliest period of its existence; and the eagle eye of Mr. Walker watched its course with jealous care. Shortly after his removal from Boston, the institution was dissolved, giving way to the Mercantile Library Association, and other popular kindred institutions.

Mr. Walker was one of the earliest advocates of the establishment of that glory of New England, the Western Railroad; and wrote and spoke warmly in advocacy of the measure, then deemed visionary. He was energetic in efforts to obtain subscribers to the stock; was one of the directors, for three years, on the part of the stockholders; and, in 1840, was a director on the part of the State.

He was, at an early period after he came to Boston, actively engaged in political life, and was often nominated for city and State offices. In 1837 he was a candidate for Congress, in opposition to Hon. Richard Fletcher, and received the entire support of the Democratic party in that canvass. He was nominated, also, for the office of mayor by the same party. Mr. Walker has ever been an advocate of immediate emancipation, and was for many years connected with the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society. In 1848 he was elected, by the Free Soil party of North Brookfield, a State representative. In 1849 he was elected to the State Senate by the coalition of the Democratic and Free Soil parties. In 1850 he was the Free Soil candidate for lieutenant-governor; and, in October of the same year, he was president of their convention, held at Worcester. In 1851 Mr. Walker was elected Secretary of State, by the Legislature. He has been devoted to the temperance cause, taking the lead in numerous meetings and conventions. He was president of the first total abstinence society ever formed in Boston; and few persons, not employed in public lectures, have endured more laborious efforts than the subject of this memoir.

Arduous as have been the mercantile pursuits of Mr. Walker during the greater part of his life, a taste for literature has been cultivated, and every leisure moment has been devoted to mental improvement, especially acquiring a familiarity with the French language and scientific knowledge. Having turned his attention, for many years, to the careful study of political economy, he received, on his retirement from mercantile life, an appointment as professor of that science in the col-

lege at Oberlin. He removed thither, in 1842, with his family, and remained there until the next year; when, his health being impaired, he returned to the old homestead, in North Brookfield,—his parents having deceased,—and became president of the lyceum in that town. Mr. Walker early married Emily, a daughter of Dea. Jonathan Carleton; and, at her decease, he married Hannah, a daughter of Stephen Ambrose, Esq., of Concord, N. H.

After his return from Oberlin, having been appointed a delegate to the first International Peace Convention, in London, Mr. Walker embarked for England, and attended the sessions of that assembly, when he was elected one of its vice-presidents. A committee of five gentlemen was appointed to bear a memorial to Louis Philippe, King of France, on the subject of arbitration between nations. Mr. Walker was of this committee, and visited Paris with his colleagues. Louis Philippe was then at the zenith of his power, and gave the delegates a very gratifying reception, in his palace, at Neuilly. After this, Mr. Walker returned to England, and spent some time in travelling over that country, and in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. In October of that year, he left England. In 1849 he again visited Europe, as a delegate to the Peace Congress, at Paris. In that Congress he took an active part, and was one of its officers. After the adjournment of the Congress, he travelled through Belgium into Germany, and up the Rhine as far as Frankfort on the Maine, and thence to England. Here, in company with Elihu Burritt, he travelled, attending various peace-meetings; and visited Scotland, also, for the same purpose. For the last few years, Mr. Walker has devoted his time chiefly, in connection with Mr. Burritt, to the peace movement; and has discharged the duties of corresponding secretary of the League of Human Brotherhood, of which Mr. Burritt was president.

If Mr. Walker has ever been distinguished for one purpose more than another, it has been for his bold and uncompromising advocacy of unpopular reforms, when few had the courage or disposition to attempt it. As an illustration of this, we might mention his vigorous opposition to the popular doctrine, in 1840, that "a national bank was necessary to regulate exchanges." This opinion — then almost universally supported by the mercantile community — Mr. Walker combated in the most decided manner; and so deep was the impression he made on the audiences he addressed, that it is said his services were in so great request, that he had on hand, at one time, nearly a hundred

applications, from as many towns in New England, to lecture on the currency. At no period in his life did he encounter greater obloquy than that while opposing the renewal of the national bank. Although Mr. Walker resided at Oberlin but one year, he continued his connection with the college for nearly six years, giving an annual course of lectures, which were received with intense interest by the students, and which are understood to be in a course of preparation for the press. At the late commencement of Middlebury College, Mr. Walker received the honorary degree of Master of Arts. However much conflicting parties may differ from Mr. Walker on points of political and moral reform, we cannot withhold the tribute of admiration at his persevering energy in mercantile pursuits, and untiring vigor in public political life.

The oration at the head of this article was delivered in the presence of twelve societies of young men, of one of which, the Boston Lyceum, Mr. Walker was the President; and three hundred and seventy members of these institutions were in the procession, to listen to its delivery, with suitable banners. The names of these societies we perpetuate, for the honor of our city: The Young Men's Marine Bible Society; Boston Young Men's Society; Young Men's Association for the Promotion of Literature and Science; The Franklin Debating Society; Laboring Young Men's Temperance Society; Lyceum Elocution and Debating Society; Mercantile Library Association; Mechanic Apprentices Library Association, and the Boston Lyceum.

It was said of this oration in the Daily Advocate, edited by Benj. F. Hallett, that "it was admirably fitted to excite a spirit of emulation in moral and mental improvement in young men. It was sound, sensible, instructive and eloquent, in appeals to the best feelings of our nature," and excited repeated bursts of applause from the audience. We would single the forthcoming as a fair specimen of the general spirit of this performance.

"The influence of associations like ours," says Mr. Walker, "formed upon popular principles, is peculiarly calculated to obliterate those distinctions of caste which exist in all communities; and, unless common fame be a great liar, are found especially in Boston. The advantages these societies afford to young men of all classes to elevate their condition are so great, that, if properly improved, there cannot long be those marked distinctions which have hitherto prevailed, operating as a barrier to general improvement, and as the bane of social

intercourse. This tendency is a truly republican one, and is a matter of just complacency. The greater and the more perfect the community of interest and equality of condition that exist among any people, the more secure the enjoyment of equal rights and equal liberties. No one class can oppress the rest, unless possessed of superior power and advantages. If no one possesses this preëminence, all are safe. The proposition is a plain one. We will only further remark, in relation to this, that any approximation towards aristocratic distinctions in society is to be deprecated, as both unbecoming and injurious.

"We are not of the number of those who delight in raising spectres of ruin. We have little feeling in common with such as indulge in gloomy forebodings, and utter melancholy predictions, concerning the future destiny of our beloved country. We would rather inspire in the public mind a well-grounded confidence in the stability of our free institutions, and a firm assurance of their ultimate perfection. Our views do not harmonize with those who, in the prospective of our country's fortunes, perceive the certain indications of decay and death; — quite the reverse. A glorious and enchanting prospect opens on our eyes, as we cast them down the vista of the future; and, although we well know that not only the liberty and happiness of a great nation, but of the world, are suspended on this first grand experiment of self-government, we feel that they are safe. As a nation, we are fast rising in the scale of morals; intelligence is every day becoming more widely diffused; and the spirit of improvement, in all that contributes to the perfection of human society, is abroad in vigorous and efficient action. We are aware, indeed, that the glorious work is only begun, but we anticipate its final and triumphant completion with all the assurance of a perfect faith. We would engage in it, not with the excitement of fear, but with the stimulus of hope. We know there are many who will differ from us in this view we take of our country's prospects. They fancy they clearly perceive, in the bitter animosities of party strife, and the unblushing depravity of party leaders, sure and fatal indications of the corruption and premature dissolution of our republican government. It is undoubtedly true that there never existed, at any previous period of our country's history, so much political intrigue and party management as at the present time. Men are bought and sold, assigned and transferred, with surprising convenience and facility, while political somersets are but the diversions of the day.

"The science of party tactics has arrived at a high degree of per-

fection; and, under the direction of those able professors, which are found in all political parties, the beauties and advantages of the system certainly bid fair to be very fully developed. Now, it may be asked, is there not great danger in all this? If there were no counteracting influence,— if there were no check to these evils, no power sufficient to correct these abuses,— they would probably eventually corrupt our government, and overturn our liberties. Fortunately, there is a power which can say to the angry surges of profligacy, 'Hitherto shall ye come, and no further.' That power is the elective franchise, which a virtuous and intelligent people can wield with irresistible energy and effect,— which they will thus wield, whenever they feel the practical evils of such abuses. Hitherto, the people have never realized the effect of the mischief,— consequently have never been incited to action. They have, indeed, seen the despicable game of party shuffling,— they have witnessed the paltry scramble for office,— but they have not felt their own liberties endangered by all this. The great and important interests of the nation have not been sacrificed; therefore the people have not been aroused;— but let these abuses become more flagrant,— let them encroach directly on the rights of the community,— and the people will awake, and at a blow crush the heartless monster of unprincipled ambition. They will then feel the necessity of adopting the principle that moral integrity is an indispensable qualification for office, and will cease to bestow their suffrage on the candidate of a party, without regard to private character. The time will come, we trust soon, when those who have trampled on the laws will not be thought best qualified to sustain the laws,— when those who have insulted the moral sense of the community will not be thought the safest guardians of public virtue."

CALEB CUSHING.

JULY 4, 1833. FOR THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

WAS born at Salisbury, Mass., Jan. 7, 1800, and was son of Capt. John Newmarch Cushing, an enterprising ship-owner of that town. He was fitted for college at the public school; graduated at Harvard College in 1817, when he gave the salutatory oration, and was of the law school in 1818; was the poet for the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1819.

When a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts, he delivered an oration on the durability of the Federal Union; and, in 1819, was appointed a tutor in mathematics and natural philosophy in Harvard College, which station he occupied until July 13, 1821, when he delivered a truly pertinent farewell address, which had a strong tendency to enkindle a decided spirit of ambition in the minds of the youthful sons of Harvard. He remarks to the students: "Whatever profession you may severally choose, it will be your happiness to know, and contribute to prove, that, in this country, at least, every man is the artificer of his own good or ill fortune; since neither can any one appeal to the possession of rank as a substitute for personal worth, nor to the absence of it as impeding him in the pursuit of honor. Should any want of prosperity be our lot, in the plans of future usefulness which we may have formed, we ought to reproach ourselves alone for the failure, saying, with the Roman patriot:

'Men, at some time, are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.'

"You can decide whether fortune shall be in your hands, or you in hers,— whether you shall be driven onward upon the tide of time, unheeded or unheeding, or whether you shall not rather sail over its waters in the security and pride of conscious mastery over the wind and the wave."

He entered on the study of law under Ebenezer Moseley, Esq.; and, on the celebration of our national birth-day, in 1821, Mr. Cushing delivered an oration for the Debating Club of his adopted town, in which he said: "As the grandest invention ever yet bestowed upon the human race is that of political societies, so there is a grander still which remains; and that is a Federal Union, embracing within its ample jurisdiction all the civilized nations of the globe." In 1822 he was an entered attorney in the courts of Essex county, and gave a 4th of July oration for the Light Infantry Company of Newburyport. In 1825 he was elected a State representative; and in the next year he was seated in the State Senate, and published a History of Newburyport. He came out this year, also, with a treatise on the Practical Principles of Political Economy. He had previously translated a work from the French on Maritime Contracts for Letting to Hire. He pronounced a eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, in Newburyport, at this period, where he pursued the successful practice of the law until 1829.

He married Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Judge Wilde, of Boston, Nov. 23, 1824.

When but twenty-six years of age, Mr. Cushing was a candidate for Essex district to the House of Congress; and was accused of recommending himself in the Boston Patriot, October 14, 1826, as a suitable incumbent, which he indignantly disavowed, in an eloquent defence, published on the last day of that month. He remarks: "It has been said, if the author was my friend, he would put me in the way of knowing him, or of exculpating myself,— but the assertion is altogether gratuitous. Junius was friendly to Burke, and yet he would not incur the risk of exposing himself, even to clear his friend from an injurious suspicion. The shafts of calumny were assailing the greatest and the best, and should I murmur if they chanced to descend upon my humbler head? The Father of his Country was compelled to mourn in bitterness of spirit, that, after all his toils and services, he was libelled in language fit only to be applied to a vulgar pickpocket. Have not our seniors beheld Hamilton accused of robbing the treasury? Sullivan, of cheating a poor man in an ordinary bargain? and Jefferson. of being a common defaulter? Nay; scarce two years have gone by, since, just before an election, the highest man in this nation was sued on a charge of petty fraud." So powerful was the prejudice on the public mind, in this accusation, that our young candidate was not elected.

Were it not for this disappointment, it is highly probable that the literary world would never have been favored with three valuable productions, which were the result of the tour over Europe with his accomplished wife, from 1829 to 1832, shortly after this untoward misfortune. In 1832 was published Letters Descriptive of Public Monuments, Scenery and Manners, in France and Spain, written by his wife, in two volumes, which convey a highly decided conception of her intellectual and moral powers. In the same year, Mr. Cushing published his Reminiscences of Spain,— the Country, its People, History and Monuments,— in two volumes. He came out, this year, also, with a Review, Historical and Political, of the late Revolution in France, and the Consequent Events in Belgium, Poland, Great Britain, and Other Parts of Europe,— in two volumes. In this year, moreover, he pronounced his admirable oration at Newburyport. In 1834 Mr. Cushing addressed the American Institute of Instruction; and gave, also, a eulogy on Lafayette, for the young men of Dover, N. H., and a reply to Cooper, the novelist.

After such striking evidence of mental power and perseverance, Mr. Cushing rose above the shafts of calumny, and was elected, in 1833 and 1834, by the town of Newburyport, to the State Legislature, when he acquired great fame by his speech on the currency and public deposits, which was published. Having thus prepared the way to public regard, Mr. Cushing again threw the gauntlet for a seat in Congress, and was elected by Essex district in 1835, which station he occupied until 1843. While in Congress, his literary pursuits ran parallel with his interest in national politics; for we find him a frequent contributor to the North American Review, in his tasteful articles on the legal and social condition of women, and a review of "Boccaccio." The history of his country is familiar to his mind as household breathings, as his articles on Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci clearly indicate. Mr. Cushing gave an oration before the literary societies of Amherst College, Aug. 23, 1836, on the subject of popular eloquence, and its power in our republic. We wish, said a reviewer, that one in a hundred of the orations which come upon us by the thousand, were a hundredth part as good. His style as a writer, like his manner as a speaker, has been, generally, too formal, and moves with a stately, buskined tread. His elements were taken too freely from the Latin part of our vernacular tongue, to the neglect of the pithiest and raciest words and sayings which grow upon the old Saxon stock.

In the oration at the head of this outline, Mr. Cushing remarks that the Colonization Society utterly disavows any sentiment or design of ill will towards the colored citizens of the United States. "Our purposes in respect of them are dictated by benevolent consideration for their welfare. We may, it is true, be mistaken in the means we adopt for their intended good,— all means are liable to err; but, if we err in this matter, it is an error of the head, not the heart. And, for myself, I profess that the emigration from among us of all the colored inhabitants of the country would, in my opinion, occasion a chasm in the various walks of industry, which I am at a loss to see how we should supply; and, therefore, I am not prepared to admit that their removal would be for our interest. At the same time, I cannot sympathize in any partial scheme of alleged philanthropy, which, out of anxiety for the welfare of the blacks, would totally disregard that of the whites; I cannot desire to see my country plunged into the horrors of a servile insurrection, or of civil war; nor can I abstain from raising my voice

against measures which, in my apprehension, sap the very foundation of the Union."

Mr. Cushing gave another oration at Springfield, July 4, 1839, on the material growth and territorial progress of our country. The acquisition of Louisiana was obtained by a flagrant violation of the constitution, language sanctioned by the great Jefferson himself. One object of our orator was to repress an undue ambition to widen our national bounds. He moreover pronounced, this year, for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, an oration on the errors of popular reformers, in which he displayed great ability, and a ready rhetorical power.

Mr. Cushing has ever had the reputation of great ambition. Would that all men of talent among us had the nerve of Caleb Cushing; and, instead of burrowing unknown, would elevate themselves in elevating the standard of the public welfare! "I am also accused of youth and ambition," says he, when his motives were impugned. "As for the heinous fault of not being an old man, I may say, with Chatham in his youth, that I hope time will mend it, and that the charge comes with ill grace from some, to whom age has arrived, without wisdom. But, in seriousness, it is needless to be wiser than the constitution. And I am yet to be informed what there is culpable in a pure and single-hearted ambition, with a willingness, when called, to enter the career of public service, which the republican institutions of our happy country open to all its citizens,—to the low alike with the lofty." We remember the remark of a lady of his adopted town, who, on seeing John Quincy Adams and Caleb Cushing walking together, on Pennsylvania Avenue, at the capital, said she felt proud for her native State, that it had such men; and this reminds us of the felicitous epigram from the pen of Hannah F. Gould, another lady of Newburyport, and somewhat eminent in poetry, that, even though he were under ground, he would still be pushing; and a political opponent also said of him that there was no fear "he would ever use any other than means worthy of his elevated character to push himself to those distinctions which would be the certain meed of his abilities, if his politics were of a more popular cast." As the epigram of Miss Gould, and the gallant reply of Caleb Cushing, are ever in request, we here insert them both:

"Lay aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing;

He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And, even though dead, will be pushing."

The response:

"Here lies one whose wit,
Without wounding, could hit, —
And green grows the grass that 's above her;
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself for a lover."

The most effective display made on the floor of Congress, by Caleb Cushing, was in the winter session of 1836, when Benjamin Hardin, of Kentucky, the carving-knife of John Randolph, "whetted on a brick-bat," attacked the character of the New Englanders, and attributed to them, in all their acts, grovelling and mercenary motives. Hardin was a most provoking and annoying enemy,— with his deformed finger, crooked like an audacious note of interrogation, his livid face peering, with a sneering expression, into that of his adversary,— a seeming arrogant tone of voice,— his left hand thrust, country lawyer like, with due elegance and grace, into his breeches pocket; — altogether, he was enough to worry the most resigned; and, had Job been afflicted with a speech from Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, he would have bounced, like a parched pea, from his stabular mound, seized upon the adjacent pitch-fork, and scattered death and destruction around him. He aimed at cod-fishery, wooden nutmegs, and tin-peddling; and said that Caleb Cushing came from a section of country where the people could see a dollar with the naked eye as far as through a telescope. Mr. Cushing replied to this philippic in a calm and dignified speech. He reviewed the history of New England, proved her sons the worthy descendants of the sturdy old Plymouth Pilgrims, and wove a masterly defence, of great strength and beauty, that even silenced the heretofore unabashed Kentuckian. That debate gave rise, in part, to an excellent article in the North American Review, entitled Misconceptions of the New England Character, ascribed to his hand.

Mr. Cushing was never found slumbering at his desk. His voice was often resounding in vindication of important national interests. His speeches were vigorous and effective. The land distribution, right of petition on slavery, executive usurpation, claims on Oregon, expenses of the Indian department, were right manfully discussed. In Congress, he was seated on the left of the speaker. His person is of the

common height, and well-proportioned; his face intellectual and handsome; his eye quick and piercing. He has somewhat the rounding shoulders of a student. He shines in polite literature, as he does in polite society. As a public debater he ranks high, and has been one of the most efficient actors of the Whig and Democratic parties. His manner was calm and subdued. He seemed to have studied his mode of address; and, if anything, was rather formal. His voice was guttural, and, in attempting to attain a proper level, he reduced his tones to too low a scale; and when he was up, it struck the spectator that he was listening to a public lecturer, rather than an eloquent statesman pouring forth his thoughts to an American Congress. At a much later period, Mr. Cushing has been disencumbered of these defects. Whatever Cushing said was characterized by purity of style and depth of reflection. On all subjects he applied himself with diligence, and his extensive learning enabled him to speak sensibly and effectively on all topics in which he engaged.

In 1840, Mr. Cushing became the avowed champion for Harrison, and wrote an outline of the life and services — civil and military — of that eminent man, urging his elevation to the presidency. This tract was showered all over the land. On the decease of Harrison, Mr. Cushing openly espoused the measures of President Tyler, by whom he was nominated three times as Secretary of the Treasury, and was rejected by the Senate. In July, 1843, he was appointed the commissioner to China for the United States. President Tyler addressed the following letter to the emperor, written by Daniel Webster, then the Secretary of State:

Letter to the Emperor of China, from the President of the United States of America.

"I, John Tyler, President of the United States of America, which States are (here follow all the names, closing with Michigan), send you this letter of peace and friendship, signed by my own hand.

"I hope your health is good. China is a great empire, extending over a great part of the world. The Chinese are numerous. You have millions and millions of subjects. The twenty-six United States are as large as China, though our people are not so numerous. The rising sun looks upon the great mountains and rivers of China. When he sets, he looks upon rivers and mountains equally large in the United States. Our territories extend from one great ocean to the other; and on the west we are divided from your dominions only by the sea. Leav-

ing the mouth of one of our great rivers, and going constantly towards the setting sun, we sail to Japan and to the Yellow Sea.

"Now, my words are, that the governments of two such grand countries should be at peace. It is proper, and according to the will of Heaven, that they should respect each other, and act wisely. I, therefore, send to your court Caleb Cushing, one of the wise and learned men of this country. On his first arrival in China he will inquire for your health. He has strict orders to go to your great city of Peking, and there to deliver this letter. He will have with him secretaries and interpreters.

"The Chinese love to trade with our people, and to sell them tea and silk, for which our people pay silver, and sometimes other articles. But, if the Chinese and the Americans will trade, there shall be rules, so that they shall not break your laws or our laws. Our minister, Caleb Cushing, is authorized to make a treaty to regulate trade. Let it be just. Let there be no unfair advantage on either side. Let the people trade, not only at Canton, but also at Amoy, Ningpo, Shangan, Fuhchang, and all such other places as may offer profitable exchanges, both to China and the United States, provided they do not break your laws nor our laws. We shall not take the part of evil-doers. We shall not uphold them that break your laws. Therefore, we doubt not that you will be pleased that our messenger of peace, with this letter in his hand, shall come to Peking, and there deliver it; and that your great officers will, by your order, make a treaty with him to regulate affairs of trade, so that nothing may happen to disturb the peace between China and America. Let the treaty be signed by your own imperial hand. It shall be signed by mine, by the authority of our great council, the Senate. And so may your health be good, and may peace reign.

"Written at Washington, this 12th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1843. Your good friend."

Mr. Cushing, previous to his departure on this mission, made himself familiar with the Manchou language, as best adapted to his intercourse with the court, it being more copious and expressive, as also less figurative and obscure, than the Chinese. The emperor, and many of the high officers of State were Manchous; and to each of the Supreme Boards constituting the cabinet there was a Manchou as well as a Chinese president.

In July, 1843, our minister sailed in the steam-frigate Missouri, which was destroyed by fire, August 22d of that year, off Gibraltar. He fortunately rescued all his official papers from destruction; and, without awaiting the instructions of government, directly proceeded on his mission, by the way of Egypt and India, to China, and in six months succeeded in the negotiation of a treaty, which was signed at Wanghia, July 3, 1844. It was ratified by Taukwang, the Emperor of China, and finally exchanged by the United States and China, Dec. 31, 1845. Thus Mr. Cushing had the proud satisfaction of being the first foreigner who ever negotiated with "the Son of Heaven" upon equal terms, and secured for the United States an honorable standing in the Celestial Empire.

During this journey, among other useful pursuits, he prepared a highly valuable article on the peculiar geographical position and unique physical characteristics of Egypt, dated Suez, Oct. 3, 1843, which he forwarded to Francis Markoe, Esq., corresponding secretary of the National Institute, at Washington. Mr. Cushing returned from China through Mexico, having made almost a complete circuit of the globe, by land and sea, within a belt of forty degrees, in the period of less than one year.

Mr. Cushing has proved himself abundantly qualified for any political station. He was elected, in 1846, a representative of Newburyport to the State Legislature, and in the subsequent year was a candidate for the office of governor of his native State. The war with Mexico having been declared, Mr. Cushing warmly advocated an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars for the benefit of the Massachusetts volunteers in that service, which was rejected by the Legislature. He was elected colonel of this body of volunteers in 1848, and in a few months was appointed a brigadier-general; and was in command of the volunteer regiments of Virginia, South Carolina and Mississippi, on the front of the line at Buena Vista, under Major General Taylor. Hostilities having ceased on this general division, he was transferred, at his own request, to the line of Major General Scott, under whom he served until the peace.

On his return to the United States, Gen. Cushing was elected, in 1849, to the State Legislature, as a representative of Newbury; and, as has been related of his ancestor, Judge Cushing, of Scituate, he was the life and soul of the Court. A political opponent, writing of Caleb Cushing in regard to a political debate in which he was engaged, in the

Legislature, said that he never saw sophistry and sounding verbiage cut up into small bits more expeditiously, nor in more masterly style, than was done by the logical scimitar of Caleb Cushing. The flash of the blade, and the keenness of the edge, were alike incomparable. There was no escape from the blows of that steel. And a political friend said of him, that few men have either the intellectual or the physical capacity to do what he has accomplished; and when the session is over, and the people look back calmly upon the measures and reforms which will have been effected, they will see the impress of Gen. Cushing's mind stamped upon all the most important changes which have been effected.

In the manly and patriotic document, written by Caleb Cushing, on the nature of the opposition to the Fugitive Slave Act, and its tendency to dissolve the Union, he says: "Why do any of the people of Massachusetts condemn the extradition *act?* Why the extradition *clause* in the constitution? We have the answer to this inquiry in the avowed ulterior objects of the abolitionists proper, as distinguished from the Free Soilers, which abolitionists are the men who lead the agitation, and under whose apparent leadership so large a mass of men have, unreflectingly, suffered themselves to come to be ranked. They are logical. They object to the extradition law because their avowed aim is to abolish negro slavery in the United States by extra constitutional and revolutionary means. They object to the extradition clause of the constitution for the same reason. They object to the constitution itself, because it stands in the way of abolitionism. They propose and advocate nullification, and the dissolution of the Union, in perfect good faith, as being the only means of separating themselves from slavery, and ridding themselves of all participation in the responsibility of its continuance in the south." Is this imputation justifiable?

In connection with this subject, we here present Mr. Cushing's peroration to the spirited oration delivered at Newburyport, July 4, 1832: "This Union is a vast fabric of political forethought, sagacity, and comprehension. Its builders were the master minds of the New World. Shall we, like a spendthrift heir, lavishing in an hour of riot the treasures amassed by the parental wisdom from which he has degenerated,— shall we scatter our splendid heritage to the winds? I will not believe it. I appeal to the spirits of our fathers to look down from their blessed abode on high, to watch over our interests, and to give us of the fire of patriotism kindled at their own holy altars. Illustrious

and ever venerable men! Ages yet to come, as they flourish under the immunities which you have bequeathed to them, shall applaud your wisdom, and unborn generations shall be proud to emulate your virtues, and to animate their great resolves by the contemplation of your example. The long line of your descendants, who peacefully reap the advantages which your blood purchased for them, shall gratefully cherish your memory. Posterity can erect no more splendid monuments to your fame, than are the public institutions which your wisdom planned, and your heroism established. The colleges you endowed, the free schools you founded and protected by law, the nicely-balanced adjustment of the powers of government you devised, the religious ordinances you sustained, the sage and just laws you enacted, the sober, industrious and enterprising population which such laws and institutions fostered, and the system of defence and revenue which supports and binds together the whole,— these are the imperishable memorials of your renown, to which every year, in the lapse of time, instead of tarnishing their lustre, shall but add new vigor, freshness, and brilliancy."

Caleb Cushing was the first mayor of Newburyport, in 1851; and a feature in the city charter, probably adopted at his suggestion, is that the mayor shall receive no salary. He is the most public-spirited man in the city. Two fortunes having descended to him by will, he is liberal in his gifts, and in the provisions he makes for the benefit of the public. He is ready, at any time, to throw open his house to the public, and convert his gardens and orchards into pleasure-grounds, and to furnish entertainment, when expedient. His generosity, in this way, flows on like a river; and the noble reception extended to the one hundred and twenty-five members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of which he is the commander, will be memorable in the history of that venerable body. As mayor, he is out early on horseback, like the elder Quincy of Boston, with a watchful eye upon all police duties. He inquires of men in every occupation, and every locality, and of every kind of association, regarding the wants of the city; and listens to suggestions tending to public benefit. He never forgets a person, however obscure, who has ever conferred upon him a personal favor; and he is sure, in some way, to bestow a mark of his approbation. These traits, and the reputation they have given him of being a noble-hearted man, enabled him, when a Whig, to command a large portion of the Democratic votes in his vicinity; and now, while he is a Democrat of

the old line, to get the votes of a large portion of the Whigs, whenever required. Few men have the good sense to direct their ambition into a channel like this; and such course, on the part of Mr. Cushing, fully accounts for his popularity at home. He has been twice elected mayor by an almost unanimous vote. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. In 1852 he became an associate justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court.

RICHARD SULLIVAN FAY.

JULY 4, 1834. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Was born at Cambridge; a son of Hon. Judge Fay; graduated at Harvard College in 1825; was of the Law School, and a counsellor-at-law. He married Catharine Leavitt, daughter of Dudley Pickman, Esq., of Salem. He was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and of the Boston city Council in 1835.

FREDERICK ROBINSON.

JULY 4, 1834. FOR THE TRADES UNION.

Was born at Exeter, N. H., in 1799, and entered the academy in 1821. Like Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, he rose from the shoemaker's bench to eminent political station. He was a self-taught lawyer, and became president of the Massachusetts Senate, in the administration of Gov. Morton, in the year 1843; and was the means of abolishing special pleading in the courts of justice, seconded by Robert Rantoul, Jr., Esq.,— a reform which the famous John Gardiner failed to effect, in 1786. Mr. Robinson married Mary Hutton; was the warden of the Massachusetts State Prison, and of the State Senate in 1851.

This was a joyful day for the Boston Trades Union, as the law for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, which was drafted by Mr. Robinson, and ably sustained by him in its passage through the Legislature, took effect this day. The oration was delivered on Fort Hill.

The respective trades appeared in procession, embracing more than two thousand persons, with banners and emblems. A beautiful printing-press, and a superb frigate completely rigged and manned, drawn by twenty-four white horses, gave effect to the parade.

EDWARD EVERETT.

SEPT. 6, 1834. EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE.

WHEN the eloquent Everett pronounced his first great oration, at the age of thirty, on the circumstances favorable to the progress of literature in the United States of America, amid the fathers, fellow-graduates and students, of his venerable Alma Mater, and in presence of Lafayette, whom he beautifully apostrophized,—"Welcome! thrice welcome to our shores! and whithersoever your course shall take you, throughout the limits of the continent, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall give witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, 'Welcome! welcome, Lafayette!' "— the performance was received with great applause. When published, it received greater favor than any oration ever delivered at this ancient seat of learning, and doubtless had an influence in shaping his future course of life. We bless the day; for, by this rhetorical inspiration, there has been showered upon our republic a body of orations and speeches, founded on the declaration of independence and the national constitution, destined to be the admiration of all future generations. Fortunate is it for our republic that Everett has trod in the paths of Cicero; and, though we question not his capacity to have brought out some great production on a single subject, of enduring fame, yet the embodiment of his national orations, in a connected, classified form, comprises a great work itself, of more practical, sublime and enduring nature, than the most elaborate disquisitions of the most profound authors in the Union. More highly favored than most orators in our land, Edward Everett has enjoyed his own fame, from the blush of youth to the decline of maturity; and this reminds one of the opinion of Thomas Jefferson regarding his oration before Lafayette: "It is all excellent, much of it is sublimely so; well worthy of its author and his subject, of whom we may truly say, as was said of Germanicus,

'*Fruitur fama sui.*'" Oratory is as clearly the inspiration of Everett as it was of Cicero; and, like him, is so interwoven in his physical and mental constitution, that he has excelled most of the rhetoricians of his age.

In a lecture delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, on the 28th of January, 1852, Mr. Everett contrasted the immigration now going on to the United States with the invasion of the Roman empire by the barbarous nations of the north and east, and intimated the opinion that the number of immigrants to America since 1790 (which, with their natural increase, are supposed to be five millions) might equal the number of the barbarians who established themselves within the territories of Rome. Mr. Everett then proceeded as follows:

"With this amazing fact, the comparison ends. The races that invaded Europe came to subjugate and lay waste; the hosts that cross the Atlantic are peaceful emigrants. The former burst upon the Roman empire, and, by repeated and continuous blows, beat the mighty colossus to the ground. The emigrants to America, from all countries, come to cast in their lot with the native citizens, and to share with them this great inheritance of civil and religious liberty. The former were ferocious savages, half-clad in skins, speaking strange tongues, and worshipping strange gods with bloody rites; the latter are natives of the same countries from which our fathers went forth, and belong, with them and with us, to the one great and blessed household of the Christian faith. The former destroyed the culture of the ancient world; and it was not till after a thousand years, that a better civilization grew up on the ruins. The millions who have established themselves in America, within the last sixty years, are, from the moment of their arrival, gradually absorbed into the mass of the population, obeying the laws, moulding themselves to the manners of the country, and contributing their share to its prosperity and strength.

"It is a curious coincidence, that, as the first mighty wave of the hostile immigration that burst upon the south of Europe, before our Saviour, consisted of tribes of the great Celtic race, the remains of which, identified by their original dialect, are still to be traced in Brittany, in Wales, in the highlands of Scotland, and especially in Ireland,— so, by far the greater portion of the new and peaceful emigration to the United States consists of persons belonging to the same fervid, impulsive, and, too often, persecuted race. I have heard, in

the mountains of Wales, and in the highlands of Scotland, the Bible read, and the Gospel preached, in substantially the same language in which Brennus summoned the Roman senators to surrender the capitol; and in which, in the time of Julius Cæsar, the mystic songs of the Druids were chanted in the depths of the primeval forests of France and England. It is still spoken, with some variety of dialect, by thousands of Scotch, Welsh, and Irish emigrants, in different parts of the United States,—some of whom speak no other language.

"I regard this Celtic race as one of the most remarkable that has appeared in history. Whether it belongs to that comprehensive Indo-European family of nations which, in ages before the dawn of history, took up the line of march from lower India, and, moving westward, by a northern and a southern route, diffused itself through western Asia, northern Africa, and the greater part of Europe,—or whether, as others suppose, they belong to a still older family, and were themselves driven down upon the south and west of Europe by the overwhelming irruption of the Indo-European race,—I pretend not to decide. However this question may be settled, it would seem that now, for the first time, as far as we are acquainted with the history of what are usually classed as distinct Celtic tribes, they have found themselves in a truly prosperous condition, in this country. Driven from the soil to which their fathers have clung through all the storms and vicissitudes of twenty centuries, they have at length, and for the first time, found a real home in the land of strangers. Having been told, in their native country, in the frightful language of political economy, that at the great table which Nature daily spreads for the human family there is no cover laid for them, despairing and heart-broken they have crossed the ocean, and here, upon a foreign but friendly soil, have found shelter, employment, and bread.

"This 'Celtic exodus,' as it has been called, is, to all the parties concerned, as it seems to me, by very far the most important event of the day. To the emigrants themselves, it is often literally passing from death to life. It holds out a hope of restoring the prosperity of Ireland, by reducing her surplus population, and establishing a healthy relation between labor and capital. It benefits England in the same way; for there one of the greatest troubles has been, that the native laborers of the sister isles are engaged in a death-struggle for that employment and bread, of which there is enough only for one of the

parties. We, in our turn, come in for our share of the benefit; for a chief difficulty with us has been, that our labor is obliged, in all departments of industry common to Europe and America, to sustain a competition with the underpaid labor of the old world. In the mean time, the constant influx into the United States of hundreds of thousands of efficient hands supplies the great want of a new country,— that is, labor,— gives value to land, and facilitates the execution of every species of private enterprise and public work.

"I am quite aware that this favorable picture has its dark side. There are inconveniences and sufferings,— evils, if you please,— incident to emigration, on both sides of the water. There is an untold amount of hardship and privation, on the part of the emigrant; and, on this side of the ocean, there are serious inconveniences, although their gravity is, I think, exaggerated. It cannot, however, be denied that our alms-houses, our hospitals, and our asylums, are overcrowded with foreign inmates,— that their support is a burden to the public,— and that the resources of private benevolence are heavily drawn upon.

"It is said, even, that, in consequence of the greater liberality of her public establishments, Massachusetts, in proportion to her population, supports more than her share of poor foreigners,— that they are sent in upon her from her sister States and the British provinces. If this is so, it is a wrong, as well as an evil. But the evil and the wrong might be corrected, by judicious legislation, firmly administered. In the mean time, Massachusetts might do a much worse thing, with a portion of her surplus means, than feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and give a home to the stranger, and rekindle the spark of reason in the mind of the poor lunatic, even though that lunatic may have been (as I am ashamed, for the honor of humanity, to say has once, at least, been the case) set on shore in the night from a coasting vessel, and found in the morning, in the fields, half dead, from cold, and fright, and hunger.

"'But they are foreigners,' you say. And what, in the name of Heaven, were the Pilgrim Fathers, when the poor, half-clad savage, on Plymouth beach, met them with the cry of 'Welcome, Englishmen'? Foreigners, are they? — Indeed! Is half the Union ready to plunge, with all the resources of the country, into a conflict with the military despotisms of Eastern Europe, in order to redress the wrongs of races which feed their flocks on the slopes of the Carpathians, and reap — not for themselves — the fields which are watered by the

tributaries of the Danube,— and shall we talk of the hardship of relieving destitute strangers, whom the providence of God has guided across the ocean and laid down at our very doors?"

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, April 11, 1794, and was a son of Oliver Everett, who married Lucy Hill. His father was the predecessor of President Kirkland, of the New South Church, in Boston, and was afterwards Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Norfolk. His birth-place was an antique, gable-roofed, wooden edifice, at the "Five Corners," now occupied by Mr. George Richardson. His primary teacher was Miss Lucy Clapp, a daughter of Noah Clapp, who had been the town clerk for half a century.

"My ancestors, from the first settlement of the country, were born and bred in the prosperous town of Dedham," said Mr. Everett, in after life. "I am proud of my descent. My forefathers were very humble men,— farmers and mechanics,— and devoted themselves to a most unambitious career. They left nothing to their descendants, of either fame or fortune, but a good name. There is a charm in a single visit to one's native spot. I have not been able, even for a single day, to breathe the air of those fields, where my fathers have lived and acted their humble part for two hundred years, without experiencing emotions that words fail to describe.

'I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh your gladsome wing,
My weary soul ye seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.'"

"My own honored father," he remarked, on another occasion, "was born and grew up to manhood here in the same humble sphere; and, as I came back to breathe the native air of my race, I must say, that, with the greater experience I have had of the cares and trials of public station, the more ready I am to wish that it had been my lot to grow up and pass my life in harmless obscurity, in these peaceful shades, and, after an unobtrusive career, to be gathered to my sires, in the old Dedham grave-yard, where,

'Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'"

"When I first went to a village school," said Mr. Everett,—"I

remember it as yesterday; I seem still to hold, by one hand, for protection (I was of the valiant age of three years), to an elder sister's apron; with the other, I grasped my primer, a volume of about two and a half inches in length, which formed, then, the sum total of my library, and which had lost the blue-paper cover from one corner — my first misfortune in life; — I say, it was the practice then, as we were trudging along to school, to draw up by the road-side, if a traveller, a stranger, or a person in years, passed along, and 'make our manners,' as it was called. The little girls curtsied; the boys made a bow. It was not done with much grace, I suppose,— but there was a civility and decency about it which did the children good, and produced a pleasing impression on those who witnessed it. The age of school-boy chivalry is past, never to return. These manners belong to a forgotten order of things: they are too precise and rigorous for this enlightened age."

"My education began at the free schools of my native village of Dorchester," said he, on another occasion, at a meeting in Boston, "and of this, the beloved city of my adoption. The first distinction which crowned my humble career was the Franklin medal, at the reading-school in North Bennet-street, when I was not much higher than that table; and, if my tongue is ever silent when it ought to speak the praises of the common schools of Massachusetts, may it never be heard with favor in any other cause!" and, in reference to education, Mr. Everett further emphasized, in an oration at Williams College: "I would rather occupy the bleakest nook of the mountain that towers above us, with the wild wolf and the rattlesnake for my nearest neighbors, with a *village school*, well kept, at the bottom of the hill, than dwell in a paradise of fertility, if I must bring up my children in lazy, pampered, self-sufficient ignorance."

His preceptors in the public schools of his native town were Rev. James Blake Howe and Rev. Wilkes Allen. It was in one of these schools that the youthful Everett recited, at an exhibition, a poem, generally supposed to begin with these words:

"You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

In order to ascertain the fact regarding this matter, which has been a question of doubt for half a century, the editor of this work applied to Dr. Harris, of Gore Library,— a son of the late Rev. Dr. Harris,

who baptized the infant Edward, April 13, 1794,—and learned that the poem alluded to was not the one spoken by him, but the following, as prefixed to the letter, dated Cambridge, Feb. 1, 1850, in which Dr. Harris stated, "I have seen copies of these lines, differing slightly and variously from the foregoing, which, according to my recollection, agrees more nearly with the original than the others. I mean to say, that the lines now sent are nearer to the original than other copies that I have seen. The 'little orator' has become a great one." The expression "little roan" applies to the color of Edward Everett's hair.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

[Lines written for Edward Everett, when a child, by the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris.]

Pray how should I, a little lad,
In speaking, make a figure?
You 're only joking, I 'm afraid, —
Do wait till I am bigger.
But, since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I 'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.
I 'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan-colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.
Said Neighbor Joe to Farmer John,
"Arn't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little, useless colt, sir?"
Said Farmer John to Neighbor Joe,
"I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do, when he 's grown up."
The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt, you think, is I, —
I know it by your smiling.
And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so — I 'll make my manners.

After some time spent at a public school, under Master Tileston, and at a private school in Boston, kept by Ezekiel Webster, the elder brother of the great statesman, he entered the public Latin School, under Master Bigelow, from which he was removed to Exeter

Academy, in 1807, where he remained for six months before entering college; and, in allusion to this period, he once remarked, that "there was no philosophical or scientific apparatus furnished at the schools, in my day, with the exception, as I remember, in a single instance, of a rickety gimcrack that was called a planetarium, and showed how the heavenly bodies do not move. As for a school library, there was not, in any school I ever attended, so much as half a dozen books bearing that name. There was, indeed, at the academy at Exeter, which it was my good fortune to attend for a few months before I entered college, a library, containing, I believe, some valuable, though probably rather antiquated volumes. It was my privilege, while I was a pupil, never to see the inside of that apartment; — privilege, I say, for it was the place where th severer discipline of the institution, in rare cases of need, was administered.

'Hinc exaudiri gemitus et sæva sonare
Verbera.'

"We little fellows got to have the most disagreeable associations with the very name of library. I ought to add, in justice to our time-honored preceptor, good Dr. Abbott, that the use of the library for any such purpose was of very rare occurrence. He possessed the happy skill, which I am gratified to say has not died with him, of governing a school by persuasion and influence, and not by force and terror. So late as when I went to the Latin School in Boston, the boys had to take their turn — youngsters, some of them eleven and twelve years of age — of getting up before sunrise, in the winter, and going to the school-house (some of them a long distance, and at times through streets blocked up with snow), to 'sweep out school,' as it was called, and exercise their ingenuity in making wet wood burn, and a foul chimney draw smoke."

When Everett entered Harvard College, he was the youngest member of his class; and, on his graduation, in 1811, his subject was, "Literary Evils;" and, when a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts, the topic of his oration was the "Restoration of Greece." In 1812 Mr. Everett was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard college, at which period he delivered a poem for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, on the American Poets, which afforded indications of forthcoming eminence in a youth of eighteen. This performance was privately printed, for distribution among his friends. We glean a few extracts from this patriotic effusion:

"Lo, Faneuil's dome! where Freedom's infant days
Learned the first notes of Liberty to raise;
Where Quincy's high career of worth was run,
Who blessed his country when he gave his son;
Where the first Otis trod the paths of fame,
And dropt his mantle when he gave his name.
Hail, glorious pile! shall not your simple towers
Fill the wide compass of the boldest powers, —
Ascend, like Babel, with the eagle's flight,
And reach the heavens in fame, as that in height?
The hoary sire of ages yet to come
Shall point his offspring to your honored dome;
To the fond traveller's eager notice show
The hall above, the market-house below.
There came our sires to feed the patriot heart,
And here they came to feed a different part;
From each to each, at proper times, they move,
And bought their meat below, and gave their vote above.
And mark, not far from Faneuil's honored side,
Where the old State-house rises in its pride.
But, oh, how changed! its halls, alas! are fled,
And shop and office fill their slighted stead.
There, where the shade of Hancock's glory dwells,
A saddler hammers, and a grocer sells!
Hats fill the hall where councilled wisdom sate,
And Rea sells shoes where Bowdoin ruled a state!"

We turn to a passage of a different order, where Everett predicts of future poets:

"Here our own bays some native Pope shall grace,
And lovelier beauties fill Belinda's place.
Here future hands shall Goldsmith's village rear,
And his tired traveller rest his wanderings here.
*   *   *   *
Fitz James's horn Niagara's echoes wake,
And Katrine's lady skim o'er Erie's lake."

The best poem from the hand of Everett is the Dirge of Alaric, a favorite piece for declamation. The law was the profession of his first choice, but he yielded to the influence of the eminent Joseph Stevens Buckminster, to whose church his family belonged, and studied divinity while officiating as tutor; and, in 1813, became his successor over Brattle-street Church, during which period he wrote the invincible Defence of Christianity, in reply to the noted George B. English, a deistical writer. The popularity of Mr. Everett was unbounded, during his ministry.

The Hon. Judge Story, who attended public worship at the capitol, in Washington, in February, 1820, to hear Edward Everett, then on a visit there, when he delivered his famous sermon, "Brethren, the time is short," relates, in writing to a friend, that he omitted "some passages, and in their stead introduced beautiful extracts from his sermon on the future prospects of America. The sermon was truly splendid, and was heard with a breathless silence. The audience was very large; and, being in that magnificent apartment of the House of Representatives, it had vast effect. I saw Mr. King, of New York, and Mr. Otis, of Massachusetts, there. They were both very much affected with Mr. Everett's sermon; and Mr. Otis, in particular, wept bitterly. There were some very touching appeals to our most delicate feelings, on the loss of our friends. Indeed, Mr. Everett was almost universally admired, as the most eloquent of preachers. Mr. King told me he never heard a discourse so full of unction, eloquence, and good taste."

In 1815 Mr. Everett was appointed the professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College, which station he occupied until 1826. Shortly after his induction, he visited Europe. He arrived at Liverpool just after the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and was detained in London until after the battle of Waterloo. From thence he went, by the way of Holland, to Göttingen, which was at that time the seat of the most distinguished German university. He resided there more than two years, employed in the study of those branches of ancient and modern literature appropriate to his new sphere. He visited Prussia, Holland, and many of the German cities, making the acquaintance of learned men of the day. He passed the winter of 1817–18 at Paris, employed in literary pursuits, especially in the study of the modern Greek. In the spring of 1818 he crossed the English channel, and passed several weeks in London, at Oxford and Cambridge. In the autumn he returned to France, and travelled through Switzerland on the way to Italy. He passed the winter in Rome, giving his mind to ancient literature and antiquities, enjoying constant access to the library of the Vatican, and the intimate acquaintance of Canova, then occupied on the statue of Washington. Gen. Theodore Lyman was his fellow-traveller, during most of the tour after leaving Germany. They went in company to the Ionian Islands and Greece, and were kindly received at Yanina by Ali Pacha, to whom Mr. Everett brought a letter of introduction from Lord Byron. After luxuriating in the enchantments

of Greece, they visited the plain of Troy, Constantinople, and Adrianople; crossed the Balkan, near the road afterwards taken by the Russian army, and then proceeded, through Wallachia and Hungary, to Vienna, to Paris and London, returning to the United States after an absence of nearly five years.

Shortly after his return from the tour over Europe, Mr. Everett remarked, in an oration: "For myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat,— to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits and institutions, under which I have been brought up. I wander, delighted, through a thousand scenes, which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us,— of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers. The pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic,— yea, a holy land,— rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west."

He resumed the duties of the professorship at Cambridge, and engaged also in the editorial care of the North American Review, which he conducted until 1824. It became the great periodical of the nation. His vigorous contributions, on various important questions connected with the literature, history, public policy and foreign relations of the country, identify his character with our national history. In May 8, 1822, Mr. Everett was married, by Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, to Charlotte Gray, a daughter of Hon. Peter C. Brooks.

The fame of Edward Everett, as a scholar, runs back to his boyish days. It was, however, the Phi Beta Kappa oration, at Cambridge, in 1824, remarks Professor Felton,—from whose article in the North American Review we have mainly condensed this relation,— that placed him before the public as one of the most accomplished orators who had ever appeared in America. The occasion was a singularly happy

one,— the visit of Gen. Lafayette, in his old age, to the country, whose liberties he had bravely fought for in the chivalrous days of his youth. The ardent, enthusiastic, and unanimous welcome, which rang from city to city, as the noble and heroic old man moved on through the successive stages of his great ovation; the excitement of the thronging multitudes, of the descendants of his companions in arms, who poured out from hamlet and village, and town and city, to meet him, to follow him, to listen to his words, to gaze upon his friendly and venerable countenance, and to bless him with the warm benedictions of full and grateful hearts; — all these inspiring circumstances had spread a festal joy, unexampled in the history of the country, preparing the minds of men to respond to the inspired voices of eloquent speakers,— to beat in full accordance with the thrilling memories of the past,— to swell with the exulting anticipations of the future. The immense multitude who were present in Cambridge on that anniversary will never forget the deep interest of the occasion. The plaudits and congratulations were rapturous, as they received among them the beloved guest of the nation, and breathless and absorbing was the attention with which they listened to the discourse of Mr. Everett, as it reached, with its rich harmonies, the remotest parts of the old church, crowded to its utmost capacity with eager and expectant throngs. The old-fashioned square pews were filled, and every inch of space on the top of the narrow railing which encloses them was occupied by persons who, unable to find seats or standing-places, remained perched upon these sharp edges, hour after hour, wholly unconscious of the discomfort of their uncertain elevation. Mr. Everett's subject was fortunately chosen for such an assembly of lettered men, and fell in admirably with the joyous and triumphant spirit of the occasion. It was redolent of the most refined scholarship, — the most exquisite learning, drawn from the highest fountains of knowledge. It was the earnest plea of a republican scholar, in defence of republican institutions in their bearing upon the cultivation of letters and science. The argument was conducted with consummate ability and taste. None left that assembly without having their confidence in the intellectual destinies of their country increased by its close reasoning and glowing appeals. The orator was then in his early manhood, with the fresh dews of youth still lingering about him. Most of the audience had never listened to his voice or looked upon his countenance before, though his literary renown had already filled the land; and the music of his speech came upon them with the effect of

a delicious novelty. To many of them was given, on that day, the first conception of classical oratory,— those triumphs achieved by the combination of the gifts of genius with matured and profound studies, and with a thorough knowledge of the principles and a careful training in the practice of the art; employed upon subjects of deep and immediate concern to the hearers, and holding undivided possession of the soul, while tasking all the mental energies of the speaker. So Demosthenes moved the passions and swayed the minds of the Athenian assemblies, as he addressed to them, from the Bema, those carefully meditated orations by which, year after year, he controlled the policy of the Athenian commonwealth. So Cicero compelled the feelings of the surging multitudes of the Roman forum to obey the movements of his eloquence, as the mighty ocean tides follow the path of the serene orb of heaven, whose attraction nature forbids them to resist.

When President Jackson visited Bunker Hill, June 26, 1833, he was conducted to a raised platform near the monument, where he was addressed by Edward Everett in an eloquent congratulatory speech, when the president made a pertinent reply; and was then presented with a box made from the timber of the United States frigate Constitution, containing "a grape-shot dug up from the sod beneath our feet," says Everett, "and a cannon-ball from the battle-field of New Orleans, brought from the enclosure within which your head-quarters were established. They are preserved in one casket; and, on behalf of the citizens of Charlestown, I now present them to you, in the hope that they will perpetuate in your mind an acceptable association of the 17th of June, 1775, and the 8th of January, 1815,— the dates of the first and last battles fought under the American standard. The spot on which we are gathered is not the place for adulation. Standing over the ashes of men who died for liberty, we can speak no language but that of freemen. In an address to the chief magistrate of the United States, there is no room for one word of compliment or flattery. But with grateful remembrance of your services to the country,— with becoming respect for your station, the most exalted on earth,— and with unanimous approbation of the firm, resolute and patriotic stand, which you assumed, in the late alarming crisis of affairs, in order to preserve that happy Union under one constitutional head, for the establishment of which those streets were wrapped in fire and this hill was drenched in blood,— with one heart and one voice, we bid you welcome to BUNKER HILL!" On the decease of President Jackson, the above-mentioned

casket passed, by bequest, into the hands of Nicholas P. Trist, formerly consul at Havana, who disposed of the same to Bowen & McNamee, silk merchants, of New York, by whom it was presented to M. Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, December, 1851, when on his visit to the United States.

The apostrophe of Mr. Everett to Lafayette, in his oration, was equal in effect, perhaps, to anything of the kind in ancient or modern oratory, and the whole production is a most beautiful and scholarly plea for letters in republican States. Between this and the speech on the Sacred Scriptures, the last speech contained in the collection of Mr. Everett's orations published in 1850, in two volumes, 8vo., which forms a fitting close of religious solemnity, to the manifold strains that fill the intervening periods with their rich enchantments, we have had from his lips a series of orations, discourses, addresses and speeches, on a remarkable variety of occasions and topics, for a peculiar variety of objects, in different countries and many places. He has given the people elaborate literary orations, delivered before college and other societies; discourses in commemoration of the founding of our New England institutions; orations for anniversary celebrations of the great battles of the Revolution; fourth of July orations; eulogies on illustrious patriots, as Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Lafayette, and Adams the younger; lyceum lectures; speeches at public dinners, and other festivals; temperance addresses; the like for charitable, literary, agricultural and scientific institutions, and legislative committees,— extending, in all that are printed in a connected form, to the number of eighty-one; a third more than Demosthenes wrote in his whole life, and nearly as many as are extant of Demosthenes and Cicero together,— much exceeding, with one exception, the productions of any other political orator in our republic. The number of orations and speeches of Daniel Webster, published in a connected form, is eighty-five. This refers, however, to the collection of Mr. Webster's speeches in three volumes. The recent edition is in six volumes, and the number of speeches contained in them is proportionably greater. As regards orations alone, Everett has pronounced more than any other man.

When the representative of Middlesex, Hon. Timothy Fuller, declined another election to Congress, in 1824, Mr. Everett was a candidate for the succession. It was his intention to retain his station in Harvard College, as did John Quincy Adams, who filled the professor-

ship of rhetoric and oratory whilst in the United States Senate. He was elected by a handsome majority; but it was decided by the corporation of the college that his station was vacated by accepting a seat in Congress. In December, 1825, he found himself at the capital, in a new sphere of life, in which he engaged for ten years, devoting himself, both on the floor and in the committee-room, to the discharge of the public business and the performance of the duties especially assigned to him. During his whole term of service in Congress, he was on the committee on foreign affairs, and for a part of the time was its chairman. His political career in Congress was highly important to the public interests; and the last act of Mr. Everett was in furnishing the minority report of this committee, on the French controversy, in 1835. His speech on that subject is said to have been commended by Louis Philippe, in the highest terms. It was in this year that he withdrew from the councils of the nation.

Mr. Everett was a beautiful specimen in Congress of what a politician should be; for he never descended to personal invective, in contending with political adversaries, ever observing a dignified and manly independence, in a generous spirit; and, of consequence, impassioned sarcasm was never heaped upon him. Indeed, it may be truly asserted, that no eminent statesman among us has more clearly escaped the shafts of passionate partisans than our own Edward Everett.

In the year 1834 Mr. Everett pronounced the eulogy on Lafayette, for the young men of Boston. Its peroration is remarkably impressive. The portrait of Washington on the western wall of Faneuil Hall, where it was delivered, illustrates some of the allusions. After remarking that the great principle of the Revolutionary fathers and the Pilgrims — the love of liberty protected by law — was the rule of Lafayette in his political course, he makes past history, and the associations of the old cradle of liberty, and the memorial rites in which they are engaged, repeat the monition: "Blood which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips! — (alluding to the bust of Lafayette, on the platform) — teach us the love of liberty protected by law!"

The patriotic tendencies of Edward Everett's mind have been thus characterized by our own classic Hillard, in language well worthy the subject. "His mind," says Hillard, "is not moved in remote regions

which lie in that soft, ideal light, so dear to the intellectual voluptuary. He has not shrunk from the homely earth, and the open day. Bunker Hill has been to him a more magic word than Marathon. His learning has borne a practical stamp. The stream of living life has flowed through his mind, and made it productive of rich harvests as the times have need of. To make the history of his country attractive, to inspire a deep veneration for its great men, to develop its industrial resources, to draw from the past lessons for the guidance of the future, to awaken a thoughtful and generous patriotism, to call the attention of scholars to native virtues and homeborn worth, to teach our young men that lives better than Plutarch's are lying at their feet,—these are the ends to which his powers and his attainments have been devoted; and, as the ends were noble, so has his success been triumphant." As was said by Ben Jonson of Bacon, so captivating was his eloquence, "the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end."

Gov. Everett was the founder of a new era in the cause of education among the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, and rose above the strong current of opposition. The Christian Examiner, in an article on this subject, thus emphasizes: "The value of the services of Gov. Everett, under these disadvantageous and perplexing circumstances, cannot be over-estimated. He wrote the several annual reports of the board; and, as chairman of most of the sub-committees, he also discharged a great amount of labor, and bore the constant burden of responsible care. His indefatigable fidelity, his conscientious and enlightened prudence, his extraordinary discretion as a statesman, and his profound enthusiasm in the cause, were what the crisis absolutely needed. While justice to the secretary demands the tribute which we are about to render, it also requires us to acknowledge that no other hand, perhaps, than that which then held the helm of State, could have safely piloted the little bark through the rough sea of jealousy and opposition." In relation to the indomitable coadjutor of Gov. Everett in the reform, the governor himself once generously remarked: "I honor, beyond all common names of respect, the distinguished gentleman — Horace Mann — who for twelve years has devoted the indomitable energy of his character to this noble cause. He will be remembered till the history of Massachusetts is forgotten, as one of her greatest benefactors. I reflect, with satisfaction, that the Board of Education was established on a recommendation which I had the honor to submit

to the Legislature; and that I had the privilege of coöperating in its organization, in the choice of its secretary, in the establishment of the normal schools under its patronage, and in the other measures which marked its opening career." Of the Western Railroad he observed, in 1835, "that next to the great questions of liberty and independence, the doors of Faneuil Hall were never thrown open on an occasion of greater moment to the people of the city and the State."

We find in the Memoirs of Hon. Judge Story the following tribute to Gov. Everett, from a letter addressed to him, dated May 30, 1840; but we must take exception to the intimation that Mr. Everett has not furnished "a great work for posterity."

"When I look back upon your administration, I do it with feelings of lofty pride and unmixed pleasure. It was all I could have wished. It was wise and patriotic, guided by the right spirit and the right principle, and conducted with a deep regard for morals and justice, and infinitely removed above the injustice and the follies of mere party. It was just such as a Christian magistrate ought to pursue, and a Christian people feel a pride in supporting. To have a scholar and a gentleman, second to none among us in all the attributes of taste and genius and learning, our governor, was to me, I confess, a source of exultation. To see him rejected by the people, when his fame had been among their best possessions, was to me a startling proof of their frail and unsteady judgments, and a lesson of the gratitude of republics, which has come over my heart with many saddened thoughts respecting our future prospects. You can have nothing to regret in all this; but we have much for lamentation and bitter sorrow.

"My dear sir, allow me to say one word more respecting yourself. You have, I trust, many years before you of health and labor. What I desire is, that, in addition to the many beautiful — ay, exquisitely beautiful — specimens of your genius, which we have had upon occasional topics, you would now meditate some great work for posterity, which shall make you known and felt through all time, as we your contemporaries now know and esteem you. This should be the crowning future purpose of your life. *Sat verbum sapienti.* If I should live to see it, I should hail it with the highest pleasure. If I am dead, pray remember that it was one of the thoughts which clung most closely to me to the very last."

Among the subjects of great public interest to which Mr. Everett has devoted his attention, agriculture holds a large share. In one of

his speeches, delivered at Dedham, after alluding to the disposition of settlers, in a new country, to destroy trees, when they should protect and propagate them, he remarks: "There are, in the interior of New England, a great many noble trees, planted eighty or one hundred years ago; and most certainly nothing grows out of the earth, and man can put nothing upon it, so beautiful. I hope, my friends, we shall let our children and grandchildren enjoy the great comfort to be derived from this source. Sir Walter Scott represents one of his characters as saying that his father used to tell him to be always putting down a tree. 'It will be growing, Jock, when you are sleeping.' It will be growing, sir, when we are sleeping to wake no more. The acorn which you cover with a couple of inches of earth, the seedling elm which you rescue in your garden from the spade, will outlive half a dozen of our generations. Cicero speaks of it as a kind of natural foresight of the continued existence of man, that 'men planted trees which were a benefit to a coming generation.' Yes, sir; and if every man, before he goes hence, would but take care to leave one good oak or elm behind him, he would not have lived in vain. His children and grandchildren would bless his memory."

The conception of Cicero, that men planted trees that were to be a benefit to coming generations, reminds one of an impressive incident regarding James Otis, the great patriot, which occurred at Andover, a few weeks before his sudden death. One morning, when he gave indications of being strongly agitated, Otis took a hatchet and went to a copse of pines, standing on a rising ground a few yards from the house, and passed all the forenoon in trimming away the lower branches of the wood. When Mr. Osgood, with whom Otis resided, came to invite him to dinner, he said, with great earnestness, "Osgood, if I die while I am in your house, I charge you to have me buried under these trees;" and then added, with a little touch of humor that shone forth like a bright gleam in a tempestuous sky, "you know my grave would overlook all your fields, and I could have an eye upon the boys, and see if they minded their work." May the young students and laborers of Andover be incited to perseverance, when they view the trees around Otis' burial-place, and imagine his eye upon them!

Mr. Everett was chosen Governor of Massachusetts in 1835, and for three succeeding terms; and was followed by Judge Morton, in 1840, who was elected by a majority of one vote. He labored assiduously for the moral, commercial and political interests of the State, especially

effecting the noble objects of the Board of Education and the Western Railroad.

He embarked for Europe in June, 1840, passing the summer in Paris, and the succeeding year in Florence. It is related that, previous to the departure of Mr. Everett from Boston, when present at a public dinner, Hon. Judge Story gave as a sentiment, "Learning, genius and eloquence, are sure to be welcome where Ever-ett goes." On which, Mr. Everett promptly gave, "Law, Equity and Jurisprudence: All their efforts to rise will never be able to get above one Story." On the recall of Andrew Stevenson, the minister to the court of St. James, in 1841, Mr. Everett was appointed his successor, where he remained until the accession of President Polk, when he was succeeded by Louis McLane. As minister to the most important empire in the world, he acquitted himself with an ability and dignity highly honorable to his exalted station.

He arrived in London, to enter upon the duties of his mission, at the close of the year 1841. Among the great questions, remarks the Whig Review, "which were at that time open between the two countries, were, the north-eastern boundary, the affair of Mr. McLeod, and the seizure of American vessels on the coast of Africa. In the course of a few months, the affair of the Creole followed, to which were soon added Oregon and Texas. His position must have been rendered more difficult by the frequent changes which took place in the department at home. Between Mr. Webster, who retired in the spring of 1843, and Mr. Buchanan, who came in with Mr. Polk in 1845, it was occupied, successively, by Messrs. Legaré, Upshur, and Calhoun. From all these gentlemen Mr. Everett received marks of approbation and confidence. * * * * * *

"The congressional documents are the only sources open to the public from which may be learned the nature of the subjects which Mr. Everett brought to a successful issue. Among these were several claims for the seizure of vessels on the coast of Africa, and large demands of American citizens for duties levied contrary to the commercial treaty between the two countries. In reference to the latter, Mr. Everett obtained an acknowledgment of the justice of the claims, and proposed the principle of offset, on which they were, soon after the close of his mission, liquidated and paid. He obtained for our fishermen the right of taking fish in the Bay of Fundy, which had been a

subject of irritation and controversy between them and the provincial authorities for thirty years. He procured, at different times, the release from Van Diemen's Land of fifty or sixty of the misguided Americans who had embarked in the Canadian rebellion of 1838. It will be remembered, however, as we have already observed, that a small part only of his correspondence has been brought before the public."

He returned to Boston in the autumn of 1845. President Quincy having previously resigned the care of Harvard University, the friends of that institution united in the request that Mr. Everett would accept the presidency. He was inaugurated to this important station April 30, 1846, when the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop gave this sentiment, at the public dinner: "This occasion, which witnesses the consecration of the highest genius of our country to its noblest service. President Everett continued closely devoted to the best interests of Harvard College, until he was compelled, by the state of his health, to resign the office; and was succeeded by Jared Sparks, June 20, 1849.

He has been, for several years, president of the American Antiquarian Society, vice-president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a member of the Massachusetts Historical, New York Historical, and New England Historical Genealogic Societies, and of the Antiquarian, Geographical, and Agricultural Societies, of Great Britain.

It has been well said of this prince of orators, that, as long as clear and logical reasoning wins the assent of the understanding, as long as true eloquence stirs the blood, as long as ease and grace of style approve themselves to the taste, so long will the compositions of Edward Everett be read and admired. He is, essentially, a rhetorician, and, unless France may furnish one or two exceptions, the most accomplished living. Whatever is requisite for rhetorical success, Mr. Everett possesses. To the most varied culture, he adds an immense and various learning, a memory equally retentive and prompt, great facility and felicity of expression, a ready power of association, and a wit and humor which seem always to be ready when the occasion calls for them. No knight rode in the tournament arrayed in more glittering armor, continues a reviewer, or more dexterous in the use of his weapons. He has enough of imagination; he has the quick and kindling sensibilities without which there is no eloquence; and, above all, he shows a wonderfully quick perception of the state of mind in

those whom he addresses. He seems to have more than a double share of nerves in his fingers' ends. If there be truth in animal magnetism, he ought to be one of the most impressible. He possesses that greatest of charms, an exquisite voice,—round, swelling, full of melody, particularly emotional; naturally grave, and with a touch almost of melancholy in some of its cadences, but, like all such emotional voices, admirably suited to the expression of humor, and of rising from a touching pathos into the most stirring, thrilling and triumphant tones. There is such harmony between thought and style, manner and voice, that each gives force to the other, and all unite in one effect on the hearer.

We know not how so well to compress a view of his services and character, as in the comprehensive language of Daniel Webster, at the Norfolk Agricultural Society's first anniversary meeting: "We all remember him,—some of us personally,—myself, certainly, with great interest in his deliberations in the Congress of the United States, to which he brought such a degree of learning, and ability, and eloquence, as few equalled, and none surpassed. He administered, afterwards, satisfactorily to his fellow-citizens, the duties of the chair of the commonwealth. He then, to the great advantage of his country, went abroad. He was deputed to represent his government at the most important court of Europe; and he carried thither many qualities, most of them essential, and all of them ornamental and useful, to fill that high station. He had education and scholarship. He had a reputation at home and abroad. More than all, he had an acquaintance with the politics of the world, with the law of this country and of nations, with the history and policy of the countries of Europe. And how well these qualities enabled him to reflect honor upon the literature and character of his native land, not we only, but all the country and all the world know. He has performed this career, and is yet at such a period of life, that I may venture something upon the character and privilege of my countrymen, when I predict, that those who have known him long and know him now, those who have seen him and see him now, those who have heard him and hear him now, are very likely to think that his country has demands upon him for future efforts in its service."

In addition to the speeches contained in the two volumes, Mr. Everett is the author of some publications which have appeared separately: such as the Defence of Christianity, before alluded to; an

Essay on the Claims of Citizens of the United States on Foreign Governments, which originally appeared in the North American Review; a Life of General Stark, which appears as the first article in Mr. Sparks' Library of American Biography; and a Biographical Memoir of Mr. Webster, forming the introduction to the new edition of his works. The speeches and reports of Mr. Everett in Congress, and his other political speeches and writings, would probably form a collection as large as that of his miscellaneous orations and speeches. Above a hundred articles are stated to have been written by him in the North American Review, and many in other journals. A hope was expressed, by Judge Story, in the letter above cited, that Mr. Everett would devote himself to the preparation of some elaborate work. It would appear, from the following paragraph in the preface to the collection of his orations, that he has contemplated such an undertaking:

"It is still my purpose, should my health permit, to offer to the public indulgence a selection from a large number of articles contributed by me to the North American Review, and from the speeches, reports and official correspondence, prepared in the discharge of the duties of the several official stations which I have had the honor to fill, at home and abroad. Nor am I wholly without hope that I shall be able to execute the more arduous project, to which I have devoted a good deal of time for many years, and towards which I have collected ample materials,—that of a systematic treatise on the modern law of nations, more especially in reference to those questions which have been discussed between the governments of the United States and Europe since the peace of 1783." On the decease of Daniel Webster, Mr. Everett became his successor as the Secretary of State in the national cabinet.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

JULY 4, 1835. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"It cannot be denied that we have been, for some time past, growing indifferent to the celebration of this day," says Hillard. "It was once hailed — and some who hear me can remember the time — with emotions too deep for words. The full hearts of men overflowed in the copious, gushing tears of childhood, and silently went up to heaven on the wings of praise. With their own sweat and their own blood

they had won their inheritance of peace, and they prized it accordingly. They were yet fresh from the great events which we read of as cold matters of history. The storm had passed by, but the swell of the troubled waters, rising in dark-heaving ridges, yet marked its duration and violence. All things then wore the beauty of novelty, and long possession had not dulled the sense of enjoyment. The golden light and glittering dews of the morning were above and around them. The wine of life sparkled and foamed in its freshly-poured cup. The lovely form of Liberty — to us so familiar — seemed like a bright vision, newly lighted upon this orb, from the starry courts of heaven; and men hung, with the rapture of lovers, upon her inspiring glances and her animating smiles. But a half-century has rolled by, and a new generation has sprung up, who seem to think that their social and political privileges belong to them as naturally as air and light, and reflect as little upon the way in which they came by them. The very magnitude of our blessings makes us insensible to their value, as the ancients supposed that the music of the spheres could not be heard, because it was so loud. The whole thing has become to us an old story. We have heard so much of the spirit of Seventy-six, and of the times that tried men's souls, that we are growing weary of the sound. The same feeling which made the Athenians tired of hearing Aristides called the just, makes us tired of hearing this called a glorious anniversary. But that man is little to be envied who cannot disentangle this occasion from the secondary and debasing associations which cling to it,— from its noise, its dust, its confusion, its dull orations and vapid toasts, — and, ascending at once into a higher region of thought and feeling, recognize the full, unimpaired force of that grand manifestation of moral power which has consecrated the day. A cold indifference to this celebration would, in itself, be a sign of ominous import to the fortunes of the republic. He who greets the light of this morning with no throb of generous feeling is unworthy of a share in that heritage of glory which he claims by right of the blood which flows in his degenerate veins. That man, had he lived sixty years ago, would most surely have been found wanting to his country, in her hour of agony and struggle. Neither with tongue, nor purse, nor hand, would he have aided the most inspiring cause that ever appealed to a magnanimous breast. The same cast of character which makes one incapable of feeling an absorbing emotion, makes him incapable of heroic efforts and heroic sacrifices. He who cannot forget himself in admir-

ing true greatness, can never be great; and the power of justly appreciating and heartily reverencing exalted merit is, in itself, an unequivocal sign of a noble nature."

George Stillman Hillard was born at Machias, Maine, Sept. 22, 1808. His mother, a daughter of Gen. Stillman, died when he was an infant. He entered the Boston Latin School in 1822. His reminiscences of this schoolhouse, when it was demolished, in the year 1844, as given in the Boston Book of 1850, are very impressive. "Certainly there were no intrinsic charms in the building to commend it to the affectionate remembrances of the boys. There never was any thing more bare, more tasteless, more uncouth," says Mr. Hillard. "The walls were the blankest, the seats the hardest, the desks the most inconvenient, that could be imagined. 'Going out' was such a farce! It was only exchanging a room with a roof for one without; and, really, not big enough for a well-grown boy to swing a kitten in. But what did we care for all this? Youth and hope, and light hearts, are such mighty magicians! How they gilded and colored those walls! What more than regal tapestry they hung round their naked desolation! with what roses they empurpled that dusty floor! what beauty they shed around that narrow staircase!" After enlarging on the advantage of a spacious public schoolhouse, and the fierce democracy of the scholars, Mr. Hillard continues: "There is no better illustration of Homer than the daily course of a public school. His heroes are grown-up boys. Like them, they speak out the whole truth. Like them, they call names. Like them, they weep honest tears, and laugh hearty laughs. When a boy chances to make an ass of himself, by word or deed, with what distinctness is the fact communicated to him! He is never left to grope his way by inferences. Would that we could all be boys again, for one day! What faces we should see in Court-street and State-street! I pass daily, in the streets, some of my old school-fellows. To me they are always boys. I see the blooming looks of childhood through those strong and manly lines. And yet, how many are changed! Such cold, money-getting eyes are turned upon me! Some have protuberant waistcoats, and are growing almost gouty. Some have that compressed lip and furrowed brow which speak of suppressed grief,— of that unspoken sorrow whose darkling current mines away the heart unseen. In some, the natural face is so changed that it looks like a mask. Some — many — are unaltered. With them, the flavor of youth is unimpaired. Towards them,

the dark cloud has not been turned. With them, the boy has flowed into the man, as the brook expands into the river. As I pass by these early companions, with a cold nod of recognition, I have often longed to stop them, and say to them, 'Tell me, in ten words, your history. Where do you feel the pinch of life?'" After allusions to his teacher and certain favorite schoolmates, Mr. Hillard writes of the higher advantages of culture now enjoyed. "We were compelled," says he, "to feed on such husks as the Gloucester Greek Grammar, Lemprière's Dictionary, and a Delphin Virgil, with an *ordo* meandering along the margin,— things now as much out of date as wigs and three-cornered hats. I hear now in the school a sound of 'logical predicates,' as strange to my ears as nouns and verbs were to Jack Cade's. These fine lads are striding after us with seven-leagued boots." Mr. Hillard entered Harvard College in 1824, and to his latest life has never forgotten that period when, with heart full of fear and satchel full of books, he went to be examined before entering college, and there breathed the atmosphere of letters. We cannot forbear embodying here a very agreeable reminiscence of Mr. Hillard in regard to Edward Everett, who was a professor in the college when he became a student in that institution: "We recall, certainly with no complacent sense of superiority for the colder heart of manhood, the boyish enthusiasm with which we ourselves hung upon his accents in those days. He seemed to express and embody our dreams of an accomplished scholar and a finished man. To miss hearing him, whenever he addressed the public, was an annoyance which rose almost to the dignity of a misfortune. And to this day, we confess an incapacity to apply anything like an impartial judgment to his earlier discourses, because they are so indissolubly associated with all the entrancements and illusions of youth. The fresh gales of the morning blow around as we read, and the dew of hope lies bright once more upon the untried world. To us, there are words between the lines. Faces, now unknown on earth, throng back upon us, and we listen again to voices locked in the rugged cell of death. In that Nestor-like disparaging comparison, so apt to come with coming years, we have sometimes asked ourselves, not merely whether there was any one now capable of awakening such enthusiasm in young natures, but whether the feeling still survived,— whether any fairy shapes of enchantment yet lingered in the morning twilight of life, unscared by the invading blaze of useful knowledge." At a college exhibition, in 1817, Mr. Hillard delivered an oration on the

Abuses of Genius; and, when a candidate, in 1831, for the degree of Master of Arts, he gave another oration, on the Dangers to which the Minds of Young Men in our country are exposed. He was a student in the Law School of the college until he graduated, in 1832, when he read law with Charles P. Curtis, Esq., and was an attorney at the Suffolk bar. Mr. Hillard is an eminent counsellor. In 1835 he married Susan T., daughter of the late Judge Howe, of Northampton. In 1845 he was elected to the city Council, of which he continued a member until July, 1847, and was two years its president. He has been a representative to the State Legislature, and was elected to the Senate in 1849.

The manly and decided course of Mr. Hillard, in the State Senate, elicited from Hon. Daniel Webster, in the United States Senate, a warm response. In his remarks on legislative instructions to representatives in Congress, Mr. Webster made a happy allusion to Mr. Hillard, March 7, 1850. He said it had become quite too frequent a practice for State Legislatures to present resolutions in Congress on all subjects, and to instruct us here on all subjects. "I took notice, with pleasure," said Mr. Webster, "of some remarks on this subject, made the other day, in the Senate of Massachusetts, by a young man of talent and of character, from whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the Senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever, to be forwarded to members of Congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered, expressive of the sense of Massachusetts as to what their members of Congress ought to do. He said he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To their own master they must stand or fall, and that master is their constituents." Mr. Webster further remarked: "If the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time affects the interests of all other States, I should no more regard her political wishes or instructions, than I would regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbiter or referee to decide some important private right, and who might instruct me to decide in his favor."

A journalist, in noticing the oration of Mr. Hillard on our national independence, remarks that "it is full of passages of the highest eloquence, couched in language of a Tyrian dye." The clear fountain of such a mind as his should not cease to pour forth copious streams for intellectual refreshment. Who would not learn a lesson from his beautiful little moral of "A Patch on both Knees, and Gloves on"? He

is the purest classical scholar, of his generation, in the Boston bar. Who, that has heard his public lectures, can ever forget his silvery voice, its melodious intonations, and his graceful manner? He is perfect master of a soft and beautiful diction. His style is never entangled among the brambles of Carlyle, whose eccentric language and figures are, for the most part, as thorns to good taste; and a critic, in allusion to his oration on the Relations of the Poet to his Age, says that the exquisite and flowing sentences seem allied to music, and touch the outward sense, as well as stir the fancy and excite the reflective powers. What Mr. Hillard felicitously remarks in regard to the orations of Edward Everett, may be justly applied to his own productions: "We do not find in them careless defects, redeemed by careless graces; nor epigrammatic point; nor that picturesque Mosaic which is made up of chips of aphorisms and crystals of poetry; nor those terse and racy expressions which take the wings of proverbs and fly over the land; nor those inimitable felicities of phrase, which dart from the heart of genius like lightning from the cloud."

The introduction and notes of Mr. Hillard to an edition of the Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser, in five volumes, published at Boston, in 1839, give him a name among the very few imperishable writers of New England. He says of the Faerie Queene that it is the delight of imaginative youth, and of men who have preserved, in manhood, the freshness of early feeling, and ceased not to reverence the dreams of their youth. He who, at forty, reads the Faerie Queene with as much delight as at twenty, is pretty sure to be a wise and a happy man.

Mr. Hillard is author of a Memoir of Henry R. Cleveland, and a Memoir of Capt. John Smith. His twelve admirable lectures for the Lowell Institute, on the character and writings of John Milton, should be published in a permanent form, as they are identified with his own literary history.

JEROME VAN CROWNINGSHIELD SMITH.

JULY 4, 1835. FOR THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH BOSTON.

WAS born at Conway, N. H., July 20, 1800, and was son of Richard Ransom Smith, a respectable physician; and his mother was Sarah

Cummings, of Hollis, N. H. Had a degree from Brown University, in 1818; and M. D. at Williams College, where, in 1822, he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, in the medical department, located at Pittsfield, under the name of the Berkshire Medical Institution, which, by an act of the Legislature, became an independent institution. He married Eliza Maria, daughter of Sheriff Henry Clinton Brown, of Pittsfield, Mass. He was a student in surgery under the eminent Dr. William Ingalls, of Boston. Dr. Smith had a genius for statuary, and executed, with artistical skill, busts of Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Bishop Eastburn, and others.

Dr. Smith established the Boston Medical Intelligencer, in quarto, and was the editor. It had long been known as the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, when it assumed the octavo form. He was its conductor through more than forty volumes, and it is a good index of his mind. He prepared valuable notes to a Boston edition of Cooper's Surgery. He was editor of the Boston Weekly News Letter, in two volumes octavo, published in 1825-26,—an excellent local historical chronicle, scarcely extant, as the copies were mostly destroyed at a great fire in Court-street, at the same time when a part of the manuscript of Gov. Winthrop's History was also destroyed. He prepared a History of the American Indians, published anonymously, by Clark. He revised an English reprint of the Mother's Medical Guide, with additions. Dr. Smith was author of a practical treatise on the Economy, Habits and Culture, of the Honey-bee; and of the Revelations of Mrs. Fox, an amusing satire on Animal Magnetism, with caricatures by Johnston. He was editor of six volumes of Scientific Tracts, and of Memoirs of Andrew Jackson, when first a candidate for the presidency. One of his best productions is the Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts. His Class-book of Anatomy, with engravings, exhibits a mind well furnished with elementary science. As editor of the American Medical Pocket-book, he aided medical science. His contributions to Bowen's Picture of Boston constitute the most valuable part of that work. He has done much for the Boston Almanac. Dr. Smith has kept a diary of historical and general information, regarding Boston, for a period of more than twenty-five years, recording facts of municipal history not elsewhere to be gathered. It will be a valuable legacy to the Massachusetts Historical Society. Dr. Smith has been a man of untiring industry.

In 1826 Dr. Smith was elected the Port Physician for Boston, in

which capacity he vaccinated more persons, perhaps, than any other physician in New England. In 1837 he was elected to the State Legislature, and succeeded in effecting an alien law regarding foreign paupers, for the collection of a capitation tax on foreigners arriving at any port in Massachusetts; which tax was devoted to defraying the expenses of poor and sick emigrants, until the declaration of the United States Supreme Court, at Washington, deciding that the collection of funds was unconstitutional. Dr. Smith has been a useful member of the school committee, and was a justice of the peace. In 1848 he was again elected to the Legislature, and was chairman of a special joint committee on alien paupers. He prepared a statistical document on the present condition and future influence that the great influx of foreigners is destined to exercise over the condition of our country. In the same year, and in 1852, he was a candidate for the mayoralty of Boston. He was succeeded, in the quarantine department, July 1849, by Dr. Henry G. Clark. No man has been more familiar with the nature of small-pox and kindred loathsome infections, or more zealously devoted to the cause, than the subject of this memoir.

Dr. Smith was an early advocate for the universal introduction of pure water at the expense of the city of Boston; and delivered an address at the Masonic Temple, Feb. 5, 1834, before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and in presence of the city authorities, urging reasons why pure water should be adopted by the city, and proposing a schedule for the supply of one hundred thousand persons from Jamaica Pond. The last, and not least, important service of Dr. Smith, was in the gathering of the sons of New Hampshire at the great hall of the Fitchburg depot, Nov. 7, 1849. It was on his invitation that a few friends met at his residence, No. 12 Bowdoin-street, and in the basement-room decided, Oct. 9, 1848, to attempt the first universal gathering of the whole brotherhood of a State, in the United States. He has been a frequent lecturer on scientific subjects. His extensive erudition, and remarkably bland and social manners, render his society highly captivating. In the spring of 1850 he made the tour of Europe and Asia, and was a constant contributor to Boston journals during his travels. He is author of a Pilgrimage to Egypt and Palestine.

The oration of Dr. Smith on our national birthday is almost the only purely historical performance in this collection. It relates the ancient history of Mattapan Neck, the noble feat of Washington on the heights of Dorchester, and its annexation to Boston by the annexation

of South Boston Bridge, in 1804. He remarks that the preservation of Boston, and the political redemption of North America, was effected on Dorchester Heights.

We cannot resist the pleasure of alluding to an impressive incident that occurred during the delivery of this oration. There was present in the audience a venerable person, then supposed to be one hundred years of age, who was addressed by the orator, on rising from his seat, supported on one side by Col. Henry Purkitt, and by Maj. Benjamin Russell on the other side of him, amid the whole audience, standing and gazing with intense interest. It appeared afterwards, however, that the aged veteran had mistaken his age; as, according to the Boston records, he was born August 25, 1742, being ninety-three years of age. A Memoir of George Robert Twelves Hewes, one of the Boston Tea Party of 1773, was published, written by B. B. Thacher. He died at Little Herkimer, Herkimer county, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1840, aged ninety-eight. Dr. Smith said:

"Nearly the last of that fearless company of patriots who constituted the celebrated Boston Tea Party is now before the audience,— the venerable relic of a century. This is Mr. George Robert Twelves Hewes, who will be one hundred years old on the 5th day of the coming September, formerly a citizen of Boston,— and who, on the verge of eternity, earnestly desired to revisit the early scenes of youth, that his eyes might be gladdened with objects in which they once delighted. How wonderful! One hundred years of age! — yet in the full possession of his faculties, and susceptible of all the enjoyments and pleasures of social intercourse.

"Let the youth who have this rare opportunity of gazing upon the features of this extraordinary,— this last man, as it were,— remember the circumstance, that in their old age they may say to their children, they saw, on the 4th of July, 1835, a man who assisted in throwing into the ocean three cargoes of tea, in order to resist the exactions of foreign taskmasters. And may the spirit which animated him on that remarkable occasion live in them and their posterity, while home has endearments, and true patriotism exists in the land which gave them birth! Venerable old man! May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon your frosted head! Since you were born, three hundred millions of human beings have probably gone down to the grave; and yet you are spared, by Divine Providence, to be a living monitor to us, to cherish our precious institutions, and to transmit them unimpaired

to succeeding generations. Though you come to the land of your childhood leaning upon a staff, and feeling your dependence on the charities of a selfish world, you are surrounded by friends who feel that their prosperity is referable to the privations, sacrifices and personal labors, of you and your brave associates in arms. May your last days be peaceful, calm, and happy; and with your last breath, I beseech you, invoke a blessing on our common country!

> 'May your last days in one smooth channel run,
> And end in pleasure, as they first begun.' "

THEOPHILUS FISKE.

JULY 4, 1835. FOR THE TRADES UNION.

WAS born at Wilton, N. H., and married, at Cazenovia, N. Y., May, 1851, Susan, daughter of Hon. Justin Dwinette. The subject of Mr. Fiske, in the oration at the head of this article, was on Capital against Labor. It was delivered at Julien Hall. At this period he was editor of the Workingman's Advocate. He removed to Virginia, in 1841, and published the Political Reformer. He entered the ministry, and was for a period the pastor of a Universalist church in Philadelphia; has since become a practical biologist, or mesmerizer.

JOSEPH STORY.

OCT. 15, 1835. EULOGY ON CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL. FOR THE SUFFOLK BAR.

IN the eulogy before us, Justice Story thus expressively enlarges on the capacity of Marshall as the expositor of constitutional law: "It was here that he stood confessedly without a rival, whether we regard his thorough knowledge of our civil and political history, his admirable powers of illustration and generalization, his scrupulous integrity and exactness in interpretation, or his consummate skill in moulding his own genius into its elements, as if they had constituted the exclu-

sive study of his life. His proudest epitaph may be written in a single line,— Here lies the Expounder of the Constitution of the United States. I am aware of the force of this language, and have no desire to qualify it. The task which he had to perform was far different from that which belongs to the debates in other places, where topics may be chosen, and expressed or avoided, as the occasion may require. In the forum, there is no choice of topics to be urged, there are no passions to be addressed, there are no interests to be courted. Critical inquiries, nice discriminations, severe inductions, and progressive demonstrations, are demanded upon the very points on which the controversy hinges. Every objection must be met and sifted; and answered, not by single flashes of thought, but by the closest logic, reasoning out every successive position with a copious and convincing accuracy.

"Let it be remembered, that when Chief Justice Marshall first took his seat on the bench, scarcely more than two or three questions of constitutional law had ever engaged the attention of the Supreme Court. As a science, constitutional law was then confessedly new; and that portion of it, in an especial manner, which may be subjected to judicial scrutiny, had been explored by few minds, even in the most general forms of inquiry. Let it be remembered, that, in the course of his judicial life, numerous questions of a practical nature, and involving interests of vast magnitude, have been constantly before the Court, where there was neither guide nor authority, but all was to be wrought out by general principles. Let it be remembered, that texts which scarcely cover the breadth of a finger have been since interpreted, explained, limited and adjusted, by judicial commentaries, which are now extended into volumes. Let it be remembered, that the highest learning, genius and eloquence, of the bar, have been employed to raise doubts and fortify objections; that State sovereignties have stood impeached in their legislation, and rights of the most momentous nature have been suspended upon the issue; that, under such circumstances, the infirmities of false reasoning, the glosses of popular appeal, the scattered fire of irregular and inconclusive assertion, and the want of comprehensive powers of analysis, had no chance to escape the instant detection of the profession. Let these things, I say, be remembered, and who does not at once perceive that the task of expounding the constitution, under such circumstances, required almost superhuman abilities? It demanded a mind in which vast reaches of thought should be combined with patience of investigation, sobriety of judgment, fear-

lessness of consequences, and mastery of the principles of interpretation, to an extent rarely belonging to the most gifted of our race.

"How this gigantic task of expounding the constitution was met and executed by Chief Justice Marshall, let the profession — let the public — decide. Situated as I am, I may not speak for others upon such an occasion. But, having sat by his side during twenty-four years; having witnessed his various constitutional labors; having heard many of those exquisite judgments, the fruits of his own unassisted meditations, from which the Court has derived so much honor,— *et nos aliquod nomenque decusque gessimus*,— I confess myself unable to find language sufficiently expressive of my admiration and reverence of his transcendent genius. While I have followed his footsteps,— not as I could have wished, but as I have been able, at humble distances,— in his splendid judicial career, I have constantly felt the liveliest gratitude to that beneficent Providence which created him for the age, that his talents might illustrate the law, his virtues adorn the bench, and his judgments establish the perpetuity of the constitution of the country. Such is my humble tribute to his memory. *His saltem accumalem donis, et fungar inani munere.* The praise is sincere, though it may be perishable. Not so his fame. It will flow on to the most distant ages. Even if the constitution of his country should perish, his glorious judgments will still remain to instruct mankind, until liberty shall cease to be a blessing, and the science of jurisprudence shall vanish from the catalogue of human pursuits."

Joseph Story, a son of Dr. Elisha Story, was born at Marblehead, Mass., Sept. 18, 1779. His father was a native of Boston, an active actor in the Tea Party of 1773, and a surgeon in the army of the Revolution. His primary education was received in the academy of his native town, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Harris, and Michael Walsh, the noted author of the Mercantile Arithmetic. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1798, on which occasion his theme was a poem on "Reason." He pursued the study of law with Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, of Marblehead, where he attempted to read Coke on Littleton, in the folio edition, thatched over with those manifold annotations which cause the best-trained lawyer "to gasp and stare." As he strove in vain to force his weary way through its rugged page, he was filled with despair. It was but for a moment. The tears poured from his eyes upon the open book. Those tears, says Sumner, were his precious baptism into the learning of the law. From that time forth, he persevered

with confirmed ardor and confidence, without let or hindrance. He pursued his legal studies at Salem, under Judge Samuel Putnam. In 1801 he was admitted to the Essex bar, and it is said was the only avowed Democrat at that period among the lawyers of that county. This obstacle to his success soon gave way to his attainments and peculiar tact for his profession.

He has often avowed that literature was his earliest passion, which yielded to the stern requirements of duty beckoning him to the toils of professional life; and those who knew him best cannot forget that this sentiment pervaded his days, remarks Sumner, as with the perfume of flowers. Being ardent in poetic fancy, and of a brilliant imagination, his leisure time was devoted to the weaving a poem, published in 1804, on the Power of Solitude, the idea of which was conceived by the sentimental work of Zimmerman. A collection of his poetical effusions are gathered in the second edition of this volume. This production, though a favorite effort of the author, as it is related, like the Paradise Regained to the taste of Milton, never heightened the power of his influence as a poet, and it has slowly passed away from the bookseller's shelves, as a thing of mediocrity; yet the gushings of a warm heart stream down its pages. It has been expressively said of perishable poetry, that it is unnoticed by men, and abhorred by the gods.

In 1804 Mr. Story delivered at Salem a Democratic oration on our national independence. In allusion to Jefferson, he says, in this oration, "The fame of our illustrious administration is not left to the perishable breath of man. It is recorded in deeds which shall descend to posterity, and give immortality to national gratitude. Jefferson has not lived for his own age. The hand which traced the Declaration of Independence may crumble in the dust, but the labors of thirty years devoted to the public service have insured a title to a glorious perpetuity." So ardent was he in political zeal, that he engaged in a personal rencounter, it is related, with Gen. Haskett Derby, in one of the streets of Salem. In 1805 he was elected to the State Legislature, of which he was a member until his election to Congress, in 1809, where he served only during that session, when he declined being a candidate. In 1810 he was again elected to the State Legislature. In 1811 Mr. Story was chosen Speaker of the House, and resigned Jan. 12, 1812. When in the State Legislature, he exerted a controlling influence on judicial reform, religious taxation, and other objects. Mr. Story has the traditionary reputation of originating the project of newly forming the

senatorial districts, for the purpose of insuring a Democratic majority in the Senate. It is highly probable, however, that the Hon. Samuel Dana, who was President of the Senate in that session, was the originator of this measure, which was caricatured in the Boston Gazette of March, 1812, by an engraving, executed by E. Tisdale, a miniature painter, representing the new order of districting in the form of an unsightly skeleton, and was first exhibited in the Centinel office. Washington Allston, calling there with James Ogilvie, a lecturer on oratory, and noticing the figure, remarked to Russell, the editor, "What an odd-looking creature is this! it looks like a salamander." On which Ogilvie, quick as light, replies, "Why, let it be named Gerrymander, for the governor." We relate this on the authority of Dr. Joseph Palmer, who had the statement from Benjamin Russell. This impolitic districting effected a reäction, giving the Federal party a decided majority in the Legislature; the districts were altered to their former order, and the Federalists had the ascendency for twelve succeeding years. The history of the Gerrymander is a beacon for political intolerance.

When in Congress, Mr. Story proposed an increase of the navy, and exerted every nerve for the repeal of Jefferson's Embargo Act, which was effected; and Jefferson said, "All this I ascribe to one Story, a pseudo Republican." Mr. Story said, in a letter written in 1812, "Mr. Jefferson has honored me, by attributing to my influence the repeal of the Embargo Act. I freely admit that I did all I could to accomplish it, though I returned home before the act passed. The very eagerness with which the repeal was supported by a majority of the Republican party ought to have taught Mr. Jefferson that it was already considered by them as a miserable and mischievous failure." Mr. Story, after this, became greatly dissatisfied with the Democratic party, and favored the Republican party, but not with so much zeal, preferring, with singleness of heart, a devotion to his profession. It is evident that the striking disparity between the generous policy of Washington and the severe and exclusive measures of Jefferson decided the discerning mind of Story to an abandonment of Democracy. Indeed, Justice Story stated, in a letter dated Jan. 23, 1831: "I was always, at all times, a firm believer in the doctrines of Washington; and an admirer of his conduct and principles, during his whole administration, though they were to me matters of history. I read and examined his principles, and have made them, in a great measure, the rule and

guide of my life. I was, and always have been, a lover, a devoted lover, of the constitution of the United States, and a friend to the Union of the States. I never wished to bring the government to a mere confederacy of States, but to preserve the power of the general government, given by all the States, in full exercise for their protection and preservation."

Mr. Story was married, in 1805, to Mary Lynde, daughter of Rev. Thomas Fitch Oliver, an Episcopal clergyman of Salem. She was a lady of rare literary knowledge, and warm affection, who died in a short period; and he married a second time,— Sarah Waldo Wetmore, of Boston, Aug. 28, 1808, by whom he had all his children.

The station of an associate judge of the U. S. Supreme Judicial Court was vacated, November, 1811, by the decease of Hon. William Cushing, of Scituate, who had occupied it from the organization of the government. It was offered to John Quincy Adams, who declined. President Madison then nominated Joseph Story, who was at that time only thirty-two years of age,— an instance unprecedented in this republic, or of Great Britain, of such a youthful appointment. His fervent love of truth, and sound legal learning, evinced that never was a measure more amply justified in the result. In 1829 Justice Story was appointed professor of the Dane Law School of Harvard University, and settled at Cambridge. In 1820 he was a delegate to the convention for revising the State constitution, where he exerted his powers to secure the independence of the judiciary.

In the excellent Memoir of the Life and Times of Judge Story, edited by his son,— a work of inestimable value, especially to the law student,— appears a relation of his literary and domestic habits, which we herewith take pleasure to insert:

"From the time this work [Commentaries on Bailments] was completed, my father had been engaged upon his 'Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States;' and, towards the latter part of the year 1832, he completed the manuscript, and began to print, having been only about a year and a half in writing the three volumes of this learned and elaborate work. When it is considered that this was accomplished in the intervals between his double duties as professor and judge,— each of which would seem to be sufficient to occupy, if not to exhaust, an intellect even of energy and power,— his fertility of mind, and great resources, as well as his power of enduring continuous labor, appear extraordinary. During the period occupied in the

writing of these Commentaries on the Constitution, three months of his time had been spent in attendance on the Supreme Court at Washington, where he had borne his full part in preparing the judgments of the court; he had also attended all his circuits in Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and written the opinions of that year, reported in the first volume of Sumner's Reports; he had corrected and printed his Commentaries on Bailments, carefully examining every proof and revise; he had lectured from two to three hours, every other day, in the Law School, while he was at Cambridge; he had attended at the moot-courts; and, besides all this, he had written the address at the consecration of Mount Auburn, the notice of Chief Justice Parker, had conducted an extensive correspondence, and had been ill nearly a month.

"The secrets by which he was enabled to accomplish so much in so short a time were, systematic industry, variation of labor, and concentration of mind. He was never idle. He knew the value of those odds and ends of time which are so often thrown away as useless, and he turned them all to good account. His time and his work were apportioned, so that there was always something ready for the waste time to be expended upon. He varied his labor, never overworking himself on one subject, never straining his faculties too long in one direction, but recreating himself by change of occupation. '*Le changement d'ètude est toujours relâchement pour moit,*' said D'Aguesceau of himself; and so my father found it. He never suffered himself to become nervous or excited in his studies; but, the moment that one employment began to irritate him, he abandoned it for another, which should exercise different faculties. When he worked, it was with his whole mind, and with a concentration of all his powers upon the subject in hand. Listlessness and half attention bring little to pass. What was worth doing at all, he thought worth doing well.

"And here it may be interesting to state his personal habits during the day. He arose at seven in summer, and at half-past seven in winter,—never earlier. If breakfast was not ready, he went at once to his library, and occupied the interval, whether it was five minutes or fifty, in writing. When the family assembled, he was called, and breakfasted with them. After breakfast, he sat in the drawing-room, and spent from a half to three-quarters of an hour in reading the newspapers of the day. He then returned to his study, and wrote until the bell sounded for his lecture at the Law School. After lec-

turing for two, and sometimes three hours, he returned to his study, and worked until two o'clock, when he was called to dinner. To his dinner (which, on his part, was always simple) he gave an hour; and then again betook himself to his study, where, in the winter time, he worked as long as the daylight lasted, unless called away by a visiter, or obliged to attend a moot-court. Then he came down and joined the family, and work for the day was over. Tea came in at about seven o'clock,— and how lively and gay was he then, chatting over the most familiar topics of the day, or entering into deeper currents of conversation with equal ease! All of his law he left up stairs in his library; he was here the domestic man in his home. During the evening he received his friends, and he was rarely without company; but, if alone, he read some new publication of the day,— the reviews, a novel, an English newspaper; sometimes corrected a proof-sheet, listened to music, or talked with the family, or, what was very common, played a game of backgammon with my mother. This was the only game of the kind that he liked. Cards and chess he never played.

"In the summer afternoons he left his library towards twilight, and might always be seen by the passer-by sitting with his family under the portico, talking or reading some light pamphlet or newspaper, often surrounded by friends, and making the air ring with his gay laugh. This, with the interval occupied by tea, would last until nine o'clock. Generally, also, the summer afternoon was varied, three or four times a week, in fair weather, by a drive with my mother of about an hour through the surrounding country, in an open chaise. At about ten or half-past ten he retired for the night, never varying a half-hour from this time."

Sir James Mackintosh has said of his Decisions of Admiralty and Prize, that they were justly admired by all cultivators of the Law of Nations. Story's opinions have often been cited as authority in Westminster Hall; and the Chief Justice of England has made the remarkable declaration, with regard to a point on which Story had differed from the Queen's Bench, that his opinion would at least neutralize the effect of the English decision, and induce any one to consider the question as an open one. In a debate in the House of Lords, he was characterized, by Lord Campbell, as greater than any law writer of which England could boast, or which she could bring forward, since the days of Blackstone.

At a meeting of the Suffolk bar, Sept. 12, 1845, occasioned by the decease of Hon. Judge Story, which occurred on the 10th instant, Daniel Webster remarked that Justice Story has, in some measure, repaid a debt which America owes to England; and the mother can receive from the daughter, without humiliation and without envy, the reversed hereditary transmission from the child to the parent. By the comprehensiveness of his mind, and by his vast and varied attainments, he was best fitted to compare the codes of different nations, and comprehend the results of such research. And Judge Davis, speaking of his legal opinions and well-digested commentaries, remarked, at this meeting, that they are a treasure for his country, and of civilized man in every region, and will be gratefully admired and cherished so long as the light and love of all good learning shall remain unextinguished.

We cannot withhold the warm tribute of Charles Sumner, who was long a devoted student at the feet of our profound jurist, and had cherished towards him a strong affection: "It has been my fortune to see, or to know, the chief jurists of our times, in the classical countries of jurisprudence, France and Germany. I remember well the pointed and effective manner and style of Dupin, in the delivery of one of his masterly opinions in the highest court of France. I recall the pleasant conversation of Pardessus, to whom commercial and maritime law is under a larger debt, perhaps, than to any other mind, while he descanted on his favorite theme. I wander, in fancy, to the gentle presence of him, with flowing silver locks, who was so dear to Germany,—Thibaut,—the expounder of the Roman law, and the earnest and successful advocate of a just scheme for the reduction of the unwritten law to the certainty of a written text. From Heidelberg I fly to Berlin, where I listen to the grave lectures and mingle in the social circle of Savigny, so stately in person and peculiar in countenance, whom all the continent of Europe delight to honor; — but my heart and my judgment, untravelled, fondly turn, with new love and admiration, to my Cambridge teacher and friend. Jurisprudence has many arrows in her golden quiver, but where is one to compare with that which is now spent on the earth?" In all coming time, our courts of justice will concede to Joseph Story the enviable fame of such liberal interpretations of the common law, and enlightened judicial decisions, that we hope what Vincentio says, in Measure for Measure, regarding the statutes and decrees of Austria, may never be said of this republic:

"We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep.
Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, — in time, the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared, — so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose."

HENRY WILLIS KINSMAN.

JULY 4, 1836. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES

Was born at Portland; graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1822; read law with Daniel Webster, and became his partner in practice, in 1827. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Willis, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass. He was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in 1830; was captain of the City Guards; was a member of the Boston city Council in 1832, and was of the State Senate in 1841. He was the collector for Newburyport in 1841, and was again appointed by President Taylor, in 1849, to the same station.

DAVID HENSHAW.

JULY 4, 1836. FOR CITIZENS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE, AT FANEUIL HALL.

In this bold and manly performance, our orator says: "We are wont to look back and compare our republic with the ancient republics of Greece and Rome. The constitutions of those renowned nations, in turn the mistresses of the world, were raised upon foundations so radically different from our own, surrounded by circumstances and influences so foreign from those of the present age, that they can no more be compared with us, than we with the Chinese. Our government is, *sui generis*, the first of its race. It sprung into life from the voice of the people, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter. We can

only measure our progress by comparing the different epochs of our own history. By this measure, we shall find that we have made great advances. We shall perceive that, as Democratic doctrines have prevailed,— as the Democratic party has held the reins of power,— so has our progress in free principles been accelerated. The pomp and stateliness of aristocratic forms, under their rule, have yielded to a simpler garb, and a more civil deportment, in your public functionaries. The moneyed aristocracy was curbed during the administration of Jefferson; and the shackles upon the press, which the preceding administration, regardless of the constitutional restrictions, had imposed, as the most important step in their march to arbitrary power, were taken off in Jefferson's time. The human mind was emancipated. Mental slavery, so far as the laws of the United States could apply to it, was abolished. The freedom of action, as well as the field of thought, was enlarged. New force was given to the will of the majority, exercised within constitutional limits. The whole course of the national government, which was previously fast verging towards monarchical principles, was changed, and the ship of State put upon 'the republican tack.' Time brought with it new abuses. The rigid Democracy of Jefferson had given place, in the government, to loose political principles. A moneyed aristocracy had planted itself in a fortress, which it had occupied and strengthened for half a generation, which it thought impregnable, and by means of which it fondly hoped to rule the country. The whole system of our national government was rapidly tending to a complete change.

"The government was levying taxes to be spent on internal improvements. It was draining the people of the old States, who had made their own roads and bridges and canals, to pay for like improvements in the newer sections of the Union. It was taxing the whole community, under a ruinous tariff, for the purpose of fostering or regulating the labor of a class. It was rapidly absorbing the power of the States, and suffocating the liberties of the people. While retrograding from just principles at home, the government was fast losing its character abroad. Our despoiled citizens called in vain for redress from the spoiler, for protection from their country. Gen. Jackson took the helm. He was called into power by the spontaneous votes, the unbought suffrages, of the people. On him the hopes of the nation reposed. He has not disappointed them. He has redeemed his pledges. He has far surpassed the most sanguine anticipation of the people. The

veto upon the Maysville Road Bill closed the wasteful drain, from the public treasury for internal improvements. The principle of reducing the taxes to the wants of the government has been fully recognized. The national debt has been extinguished; the spoiler has been called to his reckoning, and compelled to pay for his robberies. The character of the country has been elevated in the eyes of the whole civilized world; and every American abroad moves in more safety, and is treated with more respect. The moneyed monster, with its hydra heads, which designed to crush and strangle our liberties in its venomous folds, has been prostrated by the blow of this modern Hercules. But its heads are not yet seared. The attention of the people has been aroused to the enormities of the paper-system,— to the evils of an excess of credit currency; and, under the auspices of this administration, they are enlarging the specie basis, and resuming the use of hard money. Gold, which for a generation had disappeared from view,— which had never met the eye of the younger portion of the community,— is now getting into circulation. Gen. Jackson has done more than any man living to bring back the government to the republican path, to protect our commerce and extend its bounds, to elevate the national character abroad, to restore the rights of the people at home, to confine the action of the national government to its legitimate objects, and to keep it within the prescribed limits of the constitution. His administration will occupy the brightest page of American history. He will illustrate the age in which he lives. His fame will commingle with the fame of Washington, and after time will rank them together, as the fathers of their country, the benefactors of the human race."

David Henshaw was born at Henshaw Place, in Leicester, April 2, 1791. His grandfather, David, was the son of Daniel Henshaw, who married Elizabeth Bass; and was born at Boston, August 19, 1744, in Rainsford-lane, now Harrison-avenue, in the house adjoining the birth-place of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. His father was the youngest of fourteen children, and settled at Leicester, where he died, May 22, 1808, aged sixty-three years. David, the father of the subject of this outline, was married, by his father, Daniel Henshaw, Esq., to Mary, daughter of Nathan Sargent, Feb. 17, 1773. Their fifth son, David, was educated at Leicester Academy, when he was apprenticed, in Boston, to the house of Dix & Brinley, druggists. During this period, he devoted his leisure to the acquirement of useful knowledge, perfecting his mind in science and several languages. In 1814 he became a

partner in this business with his brothers and David Rice. In 1826 Mr. Henshaw was elected to the State Senate, for Suffolk. In 1828 the Legislature created a board of internal improvement; and Mr. Henshaw, though not of the dominant party, was elected to that board. He was one of the earliest advocates for the establishment of railroads, and was highly efficient in forwarding the Worcester Railroad, viewing it as the pioneer of the line to Albany, over which the western trade would roll to Boston. He continued of this board until it was dissolved. He was elected a director of the Worcester Railroad from its foundation until this period.

In 1830 Mr. Henshaw was appointed, by President Jackson, to the collectorship of the port of Boston; and was a director, also, of the United States Bank. He resigned the office of collector in 1836; but, at the request of the president, it was withdrawn. He again resigned it, on the accession of President Van Buren; but, on request, he retained the station until he was succeeded by George Bancroft. On retiring from this office, the officers of the revenue presented him a chastely wrought silver pitcher, after a model of one taken from Herculaneum, by Jones, of Boston, with a silver stand, or salver, on which was inscribed, "To David Henshaw: From the officers of the revenue associated with him while Collector of the port of Boston. A token of their esteem. Feb. 3, 1838." A very flattering letter was also sent, signed by John Crowningshield and fifty-two others. In that year he retired to the paternal estate at Leicester. In 1839 he was elected representative by his native town. It is related that he made a powerful argument in favor of a liberal construction in all cases of contested election. He was a tenacious advocate for the annexation of Texas. On the accession of John Tyler to the presidency, Mr. Henshaw was appointed the Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Henshaw has invariably been a tenacious advocate of the Democratic party. In 1839 he was invited to attend the celebration of national independence at Abington; and, in a letter of acceptance, he remarked, "I consider myself, in some degree, an 'Old Colony' man, having descended, in one branch of my ancestry, from John Alden, one of the Pilgrims who arrived in the Mayflower, in 1620." The following toast was given, by the committee of arrangements, at the festival: "Hon. David Henshaw,— a Hercules in intellect, and a Democrat in principle: We are proud to learn that he is a descendant from the Old Colony."

This Democratic Hercules, whose club is as a broken lance to the invulnerable buckler of the vigorous Webster, submitted to a wider sweep of indiscriminate proscription, while at the head of the Boston custom-house, than any of his predecessors,— when it was wished the Democracy were conveniently small, as numerous factions were rushing into their ranks, hungry for office. But the removals were immediate, and the contention in the political hive shortly ceased. Mr. Henshaw's oration in Faneuil Hall, at the head of this article, is a manifesto of Democratic principles, in a manly tone. In the opinion of the opponents of David Henshaw, the letters of Henry Orne, over the signature of Columbus, published in the Boston Bulletin, in 1819, and gathered in a pamphlet of eighty-four pages, as also Derby's Sketch of the Origin and History of the Statesman Party of Boston, comprising one hundred and seventy-two pages, are material aids to our political history,— excepting a few mistakes naturally arising from the ebullition of party rancor,— revealing a system of management and intrigue unprecedented in the annals of New England, ever to be had in remembrance as a beacon to posterity. We readily concede to David Henshaw great native capacity and political integrity; but the radiation of the satellites around him, like the halo encircling the moon, ever indicated a storm. It was in allusion to this period that the venerable Harrison Gray Otis remarked, within a few weeks of his death, as follows: "I regard the administration of Gen. Jackson as the fountain of all the subsequent abuses, and refer every Whig to his own knowledge and recollection of the inroads made upon the constitution by that iron-willed oppressor." It has been further stated, that President Jackson was more independent and more daring in his character than President Jefferson; and, therefore, at times, the more arbitrary, and the more dangerous as the ruler of this republic.

In December, 1827, Mr. Henshaw published, in the Boston Statesman, a series of articles, entitled Observations occasioned by the Remarks on the Character of Napoleon, etc., in the Christian Examiner; which severely repel the opinions of its author, the Rev. Dr. Channing, who viewed Napoleon as the greatest despot of modern history. A political opponent said of this production, that it was a Quixotic attack on one of the greatest writers of the age, which resembles, in more than one point, the scene of the windmill. In 1831 Mr. Henshaw published Remarks on the Bank of the United States, the object of which was to exhibit the futility of objections to the establishment of

a national bank, founded on the resources of government,— opinions which he afterwards modified. He was one of the originators and directors of the Commonwealth Insurance Company, created in 1824, the most of which stock was invested in the Commonwealth Bank, and ended in a total ruin, on the failure of the bank, in 1835. Judge Hubbard's Report, relating to the failure of the bank, with the testimony of witnesses examined by the legislative committee, February, 1838, is an interesting relic of banking operations. Mr. Henshaw was also a director of the Warren Association of Stockholders in South Boston real estate, of which the Mount Washington House was a portion. In 1839 he published letters on the internal improvement and commerce of the west,— a production that will ever redound to his credit.

Mr. Henshaw has the reputation of having prompted President Jackson, when at the Tremont House, in Boston, June, 1833, to issue the order for the removal of the government deposits from the United States Bank. On the failure of certain favored banks at the west, to which deposits were removed, President Jackson vented bitter maledictions against certain injudicious advisers, and out of this arose the subtreasury measure of Martin Van Buren. Mr. Henshaw was opposed to a strong protective tariff; and said, at a public dinner, in 1832, that "the political tariffites, like the mistletoe of the majestic oak, fastened upon the manufacturing interest, absorbing its power and paralyzing its health." In 1844 there was published a refutation, by his friends, of the calumnies against David Henshaw, in relation to the failure of the Commonwealth Bank, and the transfer of South Boston lands to the United States. It was comprised in a pamphlet of sixty pages.

We cannot close the sketch of this leader of New England Democracy, before relating his case at law against Samuel H. Foster, warden, and the inspectors of ward No. 7, in Boston, for refusing to receive his printed vote for a representative to the General Court, presented May 11, 1829, believing it not to be a legal vote, because it was a printed one; and they rejected it solely on that account. In the decision of Chief Justice Parker, the authority of Livingston was cited, who contended that wherever the contrary does not appear from the context, *writing* not only means words traced with a pen, or stamped, but printed, or engraved, or made legible by any other device. The practice had been to elect many town officers by hand vote, and, probably, in some instances, representatives had been so chosen. It became nec-

essary, therefore, to prescribe that the choice should be made by ballot; but even the word ballot itself is ambiguous, and therefore it was required that representatives shall be elected by written votes. Now, if writing was "to express by letters" according to the chirographers, which may as well and better be done by writing with types than in manuscript, no inference can be drawn, from the terms employed, against the use of printed votes. Suppose one manuscript vote, and others copied from it by machinery,— would these latter be legal votes? Suppose lithographic votes,— which was said to be the character of the one tendered by the plaintiff. The supposed inconveniences, from the substitution of printed for manuscript votes, are probably, in a great degree, imaginary. It is said it may be the means of introducing caricatures, or libellous pictures, upon the ticket; but is it not quite as easy now? The picture may be stamped, and names of candidates written over or under it, and the vote will be legal. It has been done, and probably will be done again, in times of fervid struggle. In the common and statute law of this commonwealth and Great Britain, both now and at the time of making the constitution, the use of the word writing, to express instruments generally printed, was familiar. Thus, a bond is a writing obligatory, though printed; a promise in writing, to avoid the statute of frauds, may be printed. The statute of Anne, respecting promissory notes, speaks of notes in writing, and yet nothing is more common than to see them in print. Justice Parker rendered judgment against the defendants. Mr. Henshaw died at Leicester, Nov. 11, 1852.

EDWARD CRUFT, JR.

JULY 4, 1837. FOR THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WAS born at Boston, May 7, 1811; entered the Latin School in 1821, and graduated at Harvard College in 1831; was a counsellor-at-law, and of the city Council in 1834–35. He settled at St. Louis; was never married; and practised law in the office of the Hon. Judge Crum, author of the Missouri Justice, who remarks, in the preface to that work, that he "is greatly indebted to the learning and professional skill of Edward Cruft, Jr., Esq., of the St. Louis bar, to whose accurate and critical supervision these subjects, in their course of preparation, were especially committed." He died at St. Louis, Apr. 22, 1847.

JONATHAN CHAPMAN.

JULY 4, 1837. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

In the highly patriotic performance of our orator, it is remarked: "We extend our fortifications, and enlarge our navy,—and it is well. But how is it with the real citadels of that which we would defend — the principles and hearts of each citizen? A love of order, a respect for right,— honesty, political, as well as private,— contentment with the inevitable inequalities of temporal conditions which Providence has ordained,— an honest endeavor to improve our situation, but coupled always with the feeling that, as republican citizens, we are measured, not by its elevation, but by the fidelity with which we fill it, whatever it be,— a regard for the law, which considers the necessity for a military police, whether permanent or temporary, as the next dreadful thing to the invasion of a foreign foe,— an enlarged patriotism, individual self-control,— these are the cheap yet priceless defences of our nation's freedom, and without which forts and armies and navies are idler than the winds. But are these the things which mark our times? Is the internal fortress of freedom, which each citizen has in charge, guarded as it should be? Is there no crimson upon our cheek, as we commune with the past, in the solemnities of this day? It was the possession of these only supports of freedom, and the wonderful development of the principle of individual self-government, which sustained our fathers, in their heroic enterprise,— bound them to it and to each other, when there was no other earthly government which they acknowledged, and enabled them to stand forth to posterity in the noble attitude of genuine freemen. This is the key to their whole history. In simplicity, in purity, in a sense of individual responsibility, they planted the tree of liberty. The thin soil of the rocky mountains was its only nurture,— but, behold its majesty! We may have transplanted it to the deep soil which prosperity has enriched, but where is its vigor? Its sap may be more abundant, but where is its purity? It may be more comely to the eye, but how wrestles it with the storm?

"It was upon the basis of this liberty, founded upon individual fidelity, that, when the conflict was over, our republican government was established. Its founders, as wise in the council as they had been val-

iant in the field, though they acknowledged and obeyed the true principle of freedom, were aware that the time had not come when it was to be trusted alone,— that there would yet be employment for magistrates and laws; and that, accordingly, an outward government was still indispensable. But what kind of a government? Their answer was ready: a government that, recognizing and based upon the true notion of liberty,— as resting, in fact, upon the principles of individual obligation,— should, in its form and operation, tend to the development and perfection of this principle; whilst, at the same time, it possessed an external power sufficient, in all cases, to supply its want or perversion; — or, in briefer language, a government that should give every citizen an opportunity of being a good one, from his own true idea of freedom, if he would,— but compel him to be one, if he would not. This is the theory of our government; and, in this provision for the development of the individual self-government, on which liberty rests, consists the distinction between a republican government and a despotic one. The mere outward object of both is the same, — to govern the people, and to preserve order. The difference is in the means, and in the consequent effect upon individual character; and this is a mighty difference. I seek no other consideration, to give unspeakable value to our republican institutions, than this their characteristic — their basis upon and tendency to develop the true foundation of rational freedom. Submission to external, visible force, on which the despot relies, is in its nature degrading; but obedience to the inward, unseen monitor, to which a free government appeals, is always exalting. Despotism is a self-perpetuating curse. In all its forms, it makes and keeps its subjects fit only for its iron rod. But the government that is based upon the self-government of each citizen has an upward tendency; and if they who live under it will but give it free play, and not cramp or pervert it, it will carry them up with it."

Jonathan Chapman was born at Boston, Jan. 23, 1807, and was a son of Captain Jonathan Chapman, a selectman of Boston, who married Margaret Rogers. He was educated at Phillips' Academy, in Exeter, in 1817, and graduated at Harvard College in 1825, on which occasion he enlarged on the patronage expected by literary men from the present age; and, when a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts, he gave an oration on the spirit which should accompany our republican institutions. He pursued his legal studies under the guidance of Chief Justice Shaw, and became an eminent counsellor. He

married Lucinda, daughter of Hon. Jonathan Dwight, of Springfield, by whom he had one son and four daughters. He indulged an early military spirit, and was commander of the Rifle Rangers, an aid-de-camp to Gov. Everett, and a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He was elected to the city Council from 1835 to 1840; was elected mayor of the city until 1843.

On the opening of steam navigation between Liverpool and Boston, Mayor Chapman gave the sentiment herewith, at a public festival in a pavilion in front of the Maverick House, in East Boston, July 22, 1840: "Old England and New England: Oceans may divide them, and different forms of government may distinguish them; but so long as their merchants can raise the steam, they cannot be kept asunder." And, at a festival for the four hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing, June 26th of the same year, he gave: "The Art of Printing: May it improve men's minds as much as it has elongated their tongues."

During the period of his mayoralty, the famous dinner was given in honor of Charles Dickens, the facetious writer, whose sketches of character in humble life are unrivalled by any author of any date. It occurred at the Papantis Hall, Feb. 2, 1842, on which occasion Mr. Chapman gave an effective speech. Mr. Quincy, who presided, inquired, after the speech of George Bancroft, if gentlemen remembered the excursion made by Mr. Pickwick, and his companions, Snodgrass and Winkle, to Dingley Dell, and the particulars of that melancholy ride? Presuming that they did, he would not detain them with a narration of them, but would merely read the pathetic words of Mr. Pickwick, in reference to the horse which he could not get rid of on that occasion. "It's like a dream," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, "a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about all day with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of." Gentlemen, continued Mr. Quincy, I will give you: The horse that Mr. Pickwick could not get rid of, and the Mayor that nobody ever wants to get rid of. On this, Mayor Chapman, after a sprightly preface, abounding in flashes of wit, related an imaginary interview with Hon. Samuel Pickwick and the by no means dishonorable Mr. Samuel Weller, at his office, the object of which was to entreat protection for the editor of the Pickwick Club. "Indeed," says Mr. Pickwick, "we should never have consented that he should visit this strange country, unless some of us should have been secretly sent to take care of him; for we have learned that you are a curious

people here,—that, as it has been said, whom the gods love die young, so whom the Americans love they utterly kill with kindness." "Yes," interrupted Mr. Weller, unable longer to repress his feelings, "it is currently reported, in our circles, that, when the Americans fancies a stranger, they makes him into weal-pie and devours him." "Hush, Samuel," said Mr. Pickwick, "don't use hard words. Never get into a passion, especially in foreign countries, where you don't know the customs. But, Mr. Mayor, this is my source of trouble, and I come to complain that your people seem determined to extinguish our editor. I have been trying to get at him for a week, but have not dared to trust my gaiters amidst the crowds that surround him. I tremble when I hear of two dinners in one day, and four suppers in one night. I fear you have designs upon his life; nay, that you mean to eat him up." Sir, interrupted I, do I understand you aright? Do you mean to insinuate that the American people are cannibals? Do you use the words in their common sense? "O, no, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, resuming his blandest expression; "I respect and honor the American people,—I mean to say that they are cannibals only in a Pickwickian point of view. But, besides my personal attachment, I desire this man's life to be spared, for the sake of science, and for the cause of humanity and of the Club. Think not that the Club has been sleeping whilst its editor has been visiting the poor-houses and hovels, touching your hearts, and making you better men, by his truthful descriptions. We have been gathering materials, and are doing so still. Even your own country may furnish some of these materials. Not, however, I assure you, for the purposes of bold and coarse personalities, either of praise or of censure, but for the delicate and beautiful touches of character,—those life-like and soul-stirring descriptions,—those pictures of humanity, which show that, behind the drapery of human forms and distinctions, the true element of a man is a warm and beating heart. These are the purposes for which we are at work,—purposes, sir, for which, though I, Samuel Pickwick, say it, the editor of the Pickwick Club has no superior upon the face of the earth. I pray you, therefore, said he," rising to a pitch of enthusiasm which almost choked his utterance; "I pray you to protect him. Let him not be overrun. Let him not be devoured. Spare him to return again to the halls of the Club. Spare him, sir, and the blessings of Winkle, Tupman, Snodgrass, Pickwick, and the whole race of Pickwickians, shall be on you and yours." Having thus

uttered himself, and leaving his respects for you, sir, and for this assembly, he took his leave. Finding myself most particularly honored by this interview, I give you as a sentiment,—The Hon. Samuel Pickwick, and the Pickwick Club and its editor: "May they never say die,"—

> "And when they next do ride abroad,
> May we be there to see."

No one among us was more ready at repartee, and numerous are his witticisms to be found on record. He was an effective political writer for the Boston Atlas. As chairman of the Whig State Central Committee, he drafted a manly and ingenious set of resolutions, during the Harrison campaign, adopted as a model by the party in the principal States. His abilities were equal to any civil or political station, and he was a contributor to the North American Review and the Christian Examiner.

It was the great object of his ambition, during the whole of his official career as the mayor of his native city, to reduce the city debt, and diminish the expenditures; and he saved more to the city, by a course of rigid economy, than any of his predecessors, or of those that have succeeded him. Indeed, the name of Chapman should be synonymous with the conception of economy, for his carefulness was as unbounded as was the profuseness of Quincy and Otis before him.

Mayor Chapman, after reviewing the financial condition of the city, in his second inaugural address, and proposing plans of economy, remarks: "It would be pleasant and exciting, I know, to find ourselves furnished with ample means, and called upon to embark in large and striking enterprises. No one would enjoy such a state of things more than myself. But, if I am right in my view of the true interest of our city, in its present condition, the homelier and less captivating duty awaits us, of husbanding resources and superintending details. It is remarked by one of my most distinguished predecessors, the present president of Harvard College, in his history of that institution, that 'those who limit and economize are never so acceptable to mankind as those who enlarge and expend.' And he adds, therefore, that no higher obligation rests upon history, than to do justice to men on whom these unpleasant and unpopular duties devolve. Let me only add, in conclusion, that there is for all of us, whatever may be our station, and alike in public and private life, a higher ground of reliance than what other men may either think or write,—the simple consciousness of having done what

we deem our duty, without reference to the question whether it be popular or unpopular."

Mr. Chapman was an editor of the Practice in Civil Actions, and Proceedings at Law in Massachusetts, by Hon. Judge Samuel Howe, published in 1834. His talents, education and eloquence, made him conspicuous in this community, says Dr. Putnam; while the integrity of his character, the unfeigned kindness of his manners, and his generous, frank and magnanimous spirit, won for him an unusual degree of affection and confidence. Perhaps it was without precedent, that so young a man should be called to preside over the municipal affairs of so large a population; and yet, Mr. Chapman's administration was as much distinguished for calm discretion in emergencies, and a careful financial economy, as for the grace and felicity with which he presided and spoke on public occasions. He steadily shunned political preferment, because he feared that its excitement might be unfavorable to that moral tranquillity and health which he prized above everything. His chief delight was in his home; and it is as seated there that we would prefer to draw his portrait, if we were permitted. His sunny face, his warm heart and candid speech, bound his friends to him with a singular strength of attachment. He was a temperate advocate of the temperance cause, and delivered an address for the Young Men's Temperance Society of Boston, in 1832. Mr. Chapman died at Boston, May 25, 1848, aged forty-one years.

HUBBARD WINSLOW.

JULY 4, 1838. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Was born at Williston, Vt., and graduated at Yale College in 1825. He was a student in divinity at Yale and at Andover. He was settled as pastor of the First Church at Dover, Dec. 4, 1828, and was dismissed Nov. 3, 1831. He married Susan, daughter of Hon. Pliny Cutler, of Boston. He became the pastor of Bowdoin-street Church, and successor to Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., Sept. 26, 1832, which station he resigned March, 1844. The oration at the head of this article was on the means of the perpetuity of our republic, and is a liberal and enlightened performance. Mr. Winslow is a useful and

efficient member of the city school committee, and principal of a female school of elevated character. During his ministry, he was a devoted pastor, a persuasive preacher, of fervid imagination, and fine classical attainments. Among his publications are the Young Man's Aid, which has been reprinted in England and Scotland; Sermons on Christian Doctrines; Discourses on the Doctrine of the Trinity; Social and Domestic Duties; Are you a Christian? Self-examination, reprinted in Scotland; and the Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, a work of sound principles.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

JULY 4, 1838. FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WAS born at Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1805, and was son of Capt. Abijah Garrison, who was a West India trader, a good navigator, and a poet. His mother was Fanny Lloyd, a lady of superior intellect, whose hair, when it was unbound, like that of Godiva, fell around her like a veil. His father dying when he was very young, William was employed in the family of Dea. Ezekiel Bartlett, and sent to the grammar-school. His mother removed to Lynn, where he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, from whence she removed to Baltimore. Disliking the cobbler's last, Dea. Bartlett sent him to a cabinet-maker, in Haverhill; which was also so irksome an employment, that at last the printing-office was esteemed best for him, and he was sent to the Newburyport Herald, where, enjoying advantages of mental culture, he became very happy, and was an anonymous correspondent of Mr. Allen, the editor, until he was discovered by Hon. Caleb Cushing, who was at that time in active legal practice, and a temporary editor of that paper. At this period, William originated an Apprentices' Debating Society; and, during the absence of the editor at Alabama, he conducted the Herald, being then but nineteen years old. William, having completed his term with Mr. Allen, in December, 1825, visited his dear mother at Baltimore, who shortly after deceased; and he returned to his native town, where he established "The Free Press," a journal which soon failed, for want of patronage. With a heavy heart, Mr. Garrison proceeded to Boston, and was employed in the office of David Lee Child, editor of the Massachusetts Journal. In 1827 he was

employed in the office of the National Philanthropist, edited by Rev. William Collier, a tender-hearted philanthropist, whom he succeeded.

During this period, the mind of Mr. Garrison was absorbed in an abolition paper,— The Genius of Universal Emancipation,— published at Baltimore, conducted by the benevolent Benjamin Lundy. In 1828 he removed to Bennington, Vt., and established "The Spirit of the Times," a journal devoted to the support of John Quincy Adams to the presidency, at the same time espousing the cause of abolition. So intense was his ardor for emancipation, that Benjamin Lundy persuaded him to devote his talents to the journal at Baltimore, as being a wider field of labor, whither he removed in 1829. Here Garrison became so tenacious for the doctrine of Immediatism, that Lundy's banner of Gradualism was lowered, and the slave-holders determined to crush the paper by law. Garrison was fined, and imprisoned one month, when he was liberated by a kind stranger. Soon after his release, he became an advocate for the American Colonization Society; but, believing that this institution recognized the right of property in the colored race, he renounced its interests. It may be proper to state here, that Mr. Garrison gave an address, July 4, 1829, at Park-street Church, Boston, in behalf of the claims of the colonization enterprise; and this was probably his last appeal for that object.

Mr. Garrison, in company with Isaac Knapp, established, Jan. 1, 1831, the Liberator, at Boston; which, for several years, was issued from an upper room in the Merchants' Hall, on Water-street. It was here that the first Anti-slavery Society in America was originated by William Lloyd Garrison, consisting of only twelve members. In 1832 he published his Thoughts on American Colonization,— a production denouncing its object, comprising two hundred and forty pages, and an address on the progress of the abolition cause. The Liberator, by its great zeal and tenacity, so highly inflamed the public mind, that its editor was denied membership to the Boston Debating Society; and the Governor of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the head of Garrison, and the enactment of that State has never been repealed. We here furnish a copy of this document:

"STATE OF GEORGIA: }
IN SENATE, NOV. 30, 1831. }

"*Resolved*, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, in general assembly met, that the sum of five thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby, appropriated to be paid to any per-

son, or persons, who shall arrest, bring to trial, and prosecute to conviction under the laws of this State, the editor or publisher of a certain paper called the Liberator, published in the town of Boston and State of Massachusetts; or who shall arrest, bring to trial, and prosecute to conviction under the laws of this State, any other person, or persons, who shall utter, publish or circulate, within the limits of this State, said paper, called the Liberator, or any other paper, circular, pamphlet, letter or address, of a seditious character:

"And that His Excellency the Governor is hereby authorized and requested to issue his warrant upon the treasurer for said sum of five thousand dollars, in favor of any person, or persons, who shall have arrested and brought to trial, and prosecuted to conviction under the laws of this State, the editor or publisher of the Liberator; or who shall have arrested and brought to trial, or prosecuted to conviction under the laws of this State, any other person, or persons, who shall utter, publish or circulate, within the limits of this State, said paper called the Liberator; or any other paper, circular, pamphlet, letter or address, of a seditious character; — and that these resolutions be inserted in the appropriation act. *And Resolved further*, That His Excellency the Governor cause the foregoing resolutions to be published in the public journals of this State, and such other papers as he may think proper, and pay for the publication thereof out of the contingent fund.

"Approved Dec. 26, 1831.

"WILSON LUMPKIN, *Governor.*"

This proclamation widely extended the notoriety of Garrison, and tended to greatly increase the number of his followers. In 1833 he visited England, where he was cordially welcomed by Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, Macaulay, Mary Howitt, Harriet Martineau, and other philanthropists, many of whom signed a protest against the American Colonization Society. He returned to New York; and, on his arrival, placards were posted around the city, inviting a public meeting, "to hurry him to the tar-kettle." Mr. Garrison married Eliza, a daughter of George Benson, of Brooklyn, Conn., Sept. 4, 1834.

Soon after the arrival of George Thompson at Boston, in September, 1835, a gallows was erected, one night, directly opposite the dwelling of Mr. Garrison, with two ropes suspended therefrom, and on the crossbar was this inscription,—"Judge Lynch's Law." One of the ropes

was intended for Thompson, and the other for Garrison. On the 21st day of October following occurred that memorable outrage of an infuriated populace, which has ineffaceably stained the noble city of Boston. There had existed for a period here a Female Anti-slavery Society. The president of this little party, Miss Mary Parker, had announced a meeting to take place in the Anti-slavery Hall, No. 46 Washington-street, on Oct. 21, P. M., when several addresses might be expected on the occasion. It was anticipated that George Thompson would be one of the speakers; but, that there might be no pretext for disturbance, he left the city before the meeting. Various newspapers denounced the meeting, shopkeepers petitioned the city authorities against it, placards were posted in the streets, and a reward of one hundred dollars offered to any one who would be first to convey Thompson to the tar-kettle. A great concourse of people filled the hall, before the time of meeting, on that day; and, notwithstanding the excitement, the meeting was called to order by the presiding lady, who read a portion of Scripture, and offered up a fervent prayer,— soon after which, the ladies withdrew, amid the abuse of the populace. Mr. Garrison, who had conducted his young wife to this meeting, was observed by the populace, who, disappointed at not finding George Thompson, the more immediate object of their wrath, resolved forthwith to seize him, exclaiming, "Garrison is here! We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!" For a moment, their attention was diverted to the destruction of the anti-slavery sign, when Mayor Lyman earnestly besought him to effect his escape from the rear of the building. Preceded by a devoted friend, Mr. John R. Cambell, Mr. Garrison dropped from a back window on to a shed, and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground. We will conclude this narrative in the language of Mr. Garrison: "We entered into a carpenter's shop [kept by Luke Brown], through which we attempted to get into Wilson's Lane, but found our retreat cut off by the mob. They raised a shout as soon as we came in sight; but the proprietor promptly closed the door of his shop, kept them at bay for a time, and thus kindly afforded me an opportunity to find some other passage. I told Mr. Cambell it would be futile to attempt to escape. I would go out to the mob, and let them deal with me as they might elect; but he thought it was my duty to avoid them as long as possible. We then went up stairs; and, finding a vacancy in one corner of the room, I got into it, and he and a young lad [John Bolan] piled up some boards in front of me, to shield me

from observation. In a few minutes, several ruffians broke into the chamber, who seized Mr. Cambell in a rough manner, and led him out to the view of the mob, saying, 'This is not Garrison, but Garrison's and Thompson's friend, and he says he knows where Garrison is, but won't tell.' Then a shout of exultation was raised by the mob, and what became of him I do not know; though, as I was immediately discovered, I presume he escaped without material injury. On seeing me, three or four of the rioters, uttering a yell, furiously dragged me to the window, with the intention of hurling me from that height to the ground; but one of them relented, and said, 'Don't let us kill him outright.' So they drew me back, and coiled a rope about my body, probably to drag me through the streets. I bowed to the mob, and requesting them to wait patiently until I could descend, went down upon a ladder that was raised for that purpose. I fortunately extricated myself from the rope, and was seized by two or three of the leading rioters, powerful and athletic men, by whom I was dragged along, bareheaded (for my hat had been knocked off and cut in pieces on the spot), a friendly voice in the crowd shouting, 'He shan't be hurt! He is an American!'—[Aaron Cooley, who protected his person at the moment.] This seemed to excite sympathy in the breasts of some others, and they reiterated the same cry. Blows, however, were aimed at my head, by such as were of a cruel spirit; and, at last, they succeeded in tearing nearly all my clothes from my body. Thus was I dragged through Wilson's Lane into State-street, in the rear of the City Hall, over the ground that was stained with the blood of the first martyrs in the cause of LIBERTY and INDEPENDENCE, in the memorable massacre of 1770; and upon which was proudly unfurled, only a few years since, with joyous acclamations, the beautiful banner presented to the gallant Poles by the young men of Boston. What a scandalous and revolting contrast! My offence was in pleading for LIBERTY,—liberty for my enslaved countrymen, colored though they be,—liberty of speech and of the press for ALL! And, upon that 'consecrated spot,' I was made an object of derision and scorn, some portions of my person being in a state of entire nudity.

"They proceeded with me in the direction of the City Hall, the cry being raised, 'To the Common!' whether to give me a coat of tar and feathers, or to throw me into the pond, was problematical. As we approached the south door, the mayor attempted to protect me by his presence; but, as he was unassisted by any show of authority or force,

he was quickly thrust aside. And now came a tremendous rush on the part of the mob, to prevent my entering the hall. For a time, the conflict was desperate; but at length a rescue was effected by a posse that came to the help of the mayor, by whom I was carried up into the mayor's room.

"In view of my denuded condition, one individual, in the post-office below stairs, kindly lent me a pair of pantaloons; another, a coat; a third, a stock; a fourth, a cap, &c. After a brief consultation (the mob densely surrounding the City Hall, and threatening the safety of the post-office), the mayor and his advisers said my life depended upon committing me to jail, ostensibly as a disturber of the peace. Accordingly, a hack was got in readiness at the door; and, supported by Sheriff Parkman and Ebenezer Bailey, Esq. (the mayor leading the way), I was put into it without much difficulty, as I was not at first identified in my new garb. But now a scene occurred that baffles the power of description. As the ocean, lashed into fury by the spirit of the storm, seeks to whelm the adventurous bark beneath its mountain waves, so did the mob, enraged by a series of disappointments, rush like a whirlwind upon the frail vehicle in which I sat, and endeavor to drag me out of it. Escape seemed a physical impossibility. They clung to the wheels, dashed open the doors, seized hold of the horses, and tried to upset the carriage. They were, however, vigorously repulsed by the police. A constable sprang in by my side, the doors were closed, and the driver, lustily using his whip upon the bodies of his horses and the heads of the rioters, happily made an opening through the crowd, and drove at a tremendous speed for Leverett-street. But many of the rioters followed even with superior swiftness, and repeatedly attempted to arrest the progress of the horses. To reach the jail by a direct course was found impracticable; and, after going in a circuitous direction, and encountering many 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' we drove up to this new and last refuge of liberty and life, when another desperate attempt was made to seize me by the mob,— but in vain. In a few moments, I was locked up in a cell, safe from my persecutors, accompanied by two delightful associates,— a good conscience and a cheerful mind. In the course of the evening, several of my friends came to my grated window, to sympathize and confer with me, with whom I held a strengthening conversation until the hour of retirement, when I threw myself upon my prison-bed, and slept tranquilly. In the morning, I inscribed upon the walls of my cell, with a pencil, the following lines:

" 'Wm. Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a "respectable and influential" mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine, that "all men are created equal," and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God. "Hail, Columbia!" Cheers for the autocrat of Russia, and the sultan of Turkey!

" 'Reader, let this inscription remain till the last slave in this despotic land be loosed from his fetters.'

"In the course of the forenoon, after passing through the mockery of an examination, for form's sake, before Judge Whitman, I was released from prison; but, at the *earnest solicitation of the city authorities*, in order to tranquillize the public mind, I deemed it proper to leave the city for a few days, accompanied by my wife, whose situation was such as to awaken the strongest solicitude for her life."

Mr. Garrison, in 1840, attended the World's Convention, in London, as an agent of the American Anti-slavery Society. He was one of the originators of the Anti-Sabbath Convention, which held its first gathering at Boston, in the Melodeon, March, 1848.

We doubt not the sincere devotion of William Lloyd Garrison to his favorite cause of immediate emancipation; but his published pamphlets and newspaper articles abound in a spirit of intolerance, sweeping censure, and rash, injurious judgment, tending to defeat the grand purpose of the contest. The endeavor to extend liberty forthwith to the slave, by the fierce, bitter, and exasperating spirit of fanaticism, has more firmly bound the chains of servitude than when abolition societies were founded. They partake largely of the prevailing ultraisms of the land. We doubt not Garrison's strength of principle in sympathy for the oppressed. Indeed, we hope the Liberty Bell will resound over the whole compass of this mighty republic, until the lash of every overseer is thrown away; but the system of affiliated Societies, held together by passionate eloquence, is to be deplored, and their intolerant spirit is without a parallel in any great work of reform in the land. "Let the Union be dissolved," said orator Douglas, at Syracuse; "I wish to see it dissolve. I welcome the bolt, be it from heaven or hell, that shall shiver it to pieces!" The twenty years' excitement for immediate emancipation is defeated, and the impressive theme on the mind of every philanthropist must be how to soften the hard fate of the enslaved, and what is the wisest plan of device for effacing the curse from our country. We admire the intense devotion of Garrison

to the cause of liberty, in the same ratio that we deplore his intemperate zeal. Indeed, we know nothing in our language breathing so strongly of the spirit of disunion, as the ten violent anathemas of Garrison, in his "accursed" article denouncing the American Union.

IVERS JAMES AUSTIN.

JULY 4, 1839. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"Not solely to those who sanctioned the federal constitution by their names," says Mr. Austin, "should its glory be ascribed. They who, poising themselves on their personal character, dared dissent from some of its principles, are entitled to more gratitude than posterity has bestowed. Had the advocates of a stronger government succeeded in the convention,—had the president been invested with the useless tinsel of a regal title, and the fatal brilliancy of royal authority,—this anniversary would not now be hailed as the jubilee of freedom. If the executive, rising above the darkness of faction, make the national interest his cynosure, experience has proved that liberty is not endangered by the energy of government.

"But if, descending from the elevation intended by the framers of the constitution, he mingles in the turmoil of political contest, placing himself first, his party next, and his country the last, in his thoughts, experience has equally proved that tyranny may be concealed by republican robes. The opponents of the constitution distrusted human virtue. They foresaw that the 'golden sceptre' of executive authority might become 'an iron rod to bruise and break' the disobedient. They exerted their influence to diminish its power. Whether such apprehensions were founded in wisdom, modern experiment will be able to decide. The problem is yet unsolved, whether American freedom has most to dread from the strength or weakness of the federal head. Executive power has already proved a formidable foe to popular virtue;—whether an invincible foe, coming events will shortly declare.

"However mistaken the opponents of the constitution may have been in the extent of their objections, their opposition lowered the high tones of those who desired more energy in the government. It is well that the ultraism of neither party prevailed; but, were the executive

stronger, republicanism, in this age, would be in danger of dissolution. The minority of the convention had a large, if not a principal share, in the compromise it effected. The spirit of independence animated their souls. It raised them above personal considerations. It led them to sacrifice at the shrine of their country the reward of long and successful toil for its welfare. If few in number, greater their praise. The cause of opposition was to them the cause of truth. They fearlessly maintained it;

> "And, for the testimony of truth, have borne
> Universal reproach, — far worse to bear
> Than violence; for this was all their care,
> To stand approved in sight of God,
> Though worlds judged them perverse."

Ivers James Austin, son of Hon. James T. Austin, was born at Boston, and entered the Latin School in 1822; pursued his education at the United States Military Academy, in West Point, where he graduated in 1828; engaged in the study of law in the Law School of Harvard College, where he received an honorary degree in 1831; in the same year he entered the Suffolk bar, and pursued his legal studies in the office of his father, and became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He has been the commander of the Rifle Rangers, lieutenant-colonel of the Boston regiment, and its judge-advocate. He was of the school committee in 1836 and 1837. His elaborate report, as chairman of a sub-committee on the reörganization of the public schools of Boston, is a highly valuable document. In 1838 he was elected a representative to the State Legislature. He became a counsellor-at-law; and married Elizabeth Turner Amory, Oct. 9, 1846. Mr. Austin possesses an unusual share of legal knowledge, and is remarkable for soundness of judgment. He has been a frequent contributor to the Law Reporter; and his account of the origin of the Mississippi doctrine of repudiation, in that journal, was so highly esteemed, that it was printed in Illinois, Mississippi, and this State, in a separate form. He furnished a valuable article for Willis' American Monthly Magazine, on the facilities for vice and intemperance in the Tremont Theatre; and has contributed, also, to the North American Review and the Biblical Journal. His article on the nature and claims of the Military Academy at West Point is of great national spirit.

THOMAS POWER.

JULY 4, 1840. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

WAS born at Boston, Oct. 8, 1786; and his birth-place was on the estate next above the Golden Ball in Hanover-street, where Benjamin Franklin was employed in the shop of a tallow-chandler. He graduated at Brown University in 1808, and engaged in the study of law, under the guidance of Hon. Judge Jackson. He became a counsellor-at-law in 1811, opened an office at Northfield, where he practised law for a period of four years, when he settled at Boston, and was, during a period of seven years, an efficient member of the primary school committee. He married Elizabeth Sampson, of Duxbury, a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers; and was the clerk of the Boston Police Court, from the foundation of the city government. It was in the office of Mr. Power, who conceived the idea, that it was decided to plant the four rows of beautiful elm-trees that flourish on the main street of Northfield.

Mr. Power possesses a highly poetical vein, besides great capacity in the legal profession; and whatever he attempts he executes with all his power, whether as author or in his vocation at court. He is a fervid national poet. His Log Cabin Song, which was sung by the Louisiana delegation, on their entrance into Boston, in September, 1840, to attend the electioneering gathering for Gen. Harrison, and the song for President Taylor, in 1848,—

"'T is a nation's jubilee, —
Honor to the brave and free; —"

moreover, "The Old Grist Mill," from his hand,— reflect much credit to the warmth of his heart. His contributions to the Daily Atlas indicate the purity of his judgment in musical criticism. Mr. Power has been a political admirer of the policy of Harrison Gray Otis; and, at a public festival in Faneuil Hall, March 4, 1829, when he was mayor of Boston, gave this sentiment,—"Hon. H. G. Otis: Made dearer to Bostonians by Washington railing and Boston railways." Amid the multiplicity of his engagements, Mr. Power has found leisure to exercise his native talent; and of his productions we find Masonic Melodies, 108 pages 8vo.; Secrecy, a poem delivered before the Knights Tem-

plars, Feb. 28, 1832. His best effort is, Lafayette, a Poem,—dedicated to the young men of Boston, 1834, in twenty-eight pages. He gave a Masonic Oration at Waltham, in 1821, and an oration at Northfield, July 4, 1812; beside the oration at the head of this article.

Mr. Power should ever devote his intervals of leisure to national literature. The poet who wrote the elegant effusion before us should never restrain the inspiration of his Muse. Here is a fine conception of the Liberty Tree destroyed by the British soldiers during the siege of Boston, in 1775, which flourished two centuries ago. We select from "Lafayette, a Poem:"

"There stood, in its unfading green,
A monarch of the forest-scene;
Aloft, abroad its branches spread,—
'Mong its deep foliage zephyrs played,—
And fair its form, and deep its shade;
Princes and peasants, too, 't is said,
Sought its protection when the sun
Half his bright, burning course had run,
And owned their deep devotion due
Where thoughts are free and hands are true.
Fair, too, the verdant spot where stood
That towering monarch of the wood,
And sweet the flowers, of mingled hues,
That clustered there, in heaven's own dews,
That flourished 'neath that holy tree
To throw their perfume on the air,
In elemental liberty,
As things of light, buoyant and free,
Mid kindred spirits bright and fair.
* * * * *
The warrior hears the clash of arms,
The shock of battle, loudly rise,
And courtly rays and beauty's charms
Fade like a vapor in the skies.
Fair Freedom now has power alone
To lead his heart and guide his hand,
For pomp and honors near a throne,
He seeks a home in foreign land.
The cry is, Up! wake! freemen, wake!
Oppression shrinks, and man is free;
The bolts and bars of tyrants break,
When touched by heavenly Liberty.
In the far-distant west is seen,
Where beauty the horizon streaks,
A lovely garden, fresh and green,—
'T is the new home the warrior seeks.

His hopes are high, and onward still
  Unwearied fancy proudly bears,
Where war's loud trumpet, sharp and shrill,
  The march of Freedom's host declares.
With soul on fire, his piercing eye,
  Prophetic, sees that little band;
He hears, elate, the battle-cry —
  For God, our liberty, our land!

RUFUS CHOATE.

APRIL 21, 1841. EULOGY ON PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Was born at Essex (formerly Chebacco), Essex County, Oct. 1, 1799. When at school, he was remarkable for a great memory and abstracted habits,— avoiding youthful sports, and ever at the head of his class. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819, and was a tutor there until 1821. He entered the Dane Law School, at Cambridge, and read law in the office of Hon. David Cummings, of Salem, and under William Wirt, at Washington, who was then the U. S. Attorney General. He practised law at Danvers, of which town he was a representative in 1826–7. He removed to Salem, and finally settled at Boston, in 1834. He married Helen, daughter of Hon. Mills Olcott, of Hanover, N. H. In 1830 he was elected, for Essex, to the State Senate; in 1832 he was a representative in Congress; and in 1842 he was elected to the U. S. Senate, from Suffolk, by the State Legislature,— which station he resigned in 1845. Mr. Choate is a regent of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington; a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and New England Historic and Genealogic Society.

He is an eminent counsellor; and the Law Reporter remarks of him, that "he is certainly one of the most gifted orators of New England. A brilliant intellect, which has been developed by exact and laborious study, a wonderful power of discrimination and abstraction, an exuberant flow of language, a sparkling wit, a lively fancy, and an overwhelming enthusiasm, enable him to control almost any audience, and entitle him to the name of the American Erskine. Yet, with many of Erskine's excellences, he has some of his failings. Among these may

be included a strong love of the marvellous, and a disposition to make too much of small things. As Hamlet would say, he almost tears a passion to tatters, in his anxiety to bear upon a single point. This is a great element of rhetorical power; but we doubt whether it be in good taste in a court of justice, where the object is to convince, and not to carry by storm."

When Mr. Choate pronounced the eulogy on the beloved Harrison, his eye kindling with excitement, his countenance overshadowed with grief, and, in his deep-toned, musical voice, enlarged on the history and the virtues of the departed, in language breathing the very essence of eloquence, it was a scene as overpowering as the oratory of Greece and Rome. "In looking over the history of his life," said Mr. Choate, "more carefully, to form an estimate of the aggregate of his character, I venture to think, that while through his life he displayed the requisite capacity for the formation and administration of laws, or whatever public duty was required of him, it was the warm, pure and great heart that attracted and retained for him the love of his countrymen. He should be remembered, and we will speak of him to our children, as the Good President. Homely as that epithet may appear, how much more has it of real significance than the imperial title 'great,' so often given to men who have waded through blood to thrones! I need give but two anecdotes, to illustrate this trait in his disposition. He pardoned the negro who sought his life; and rescued him, by his own solicitation, when fastened to the stake for military punishment. He recovered heavy damages, by a verdict, in a case for slander, and then divided the money received among the children of the slanderers, and the orphan children of some of his old soldiers. Although he was hospitable beyond the usual hospitality of the west, it was always the remnant of the armies of Harmar and St. Clair that found the warmest welcome at his ever ready board. When the ear heard him, it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. Consider, then, that combined benevolence and integrity, worthy the accounts of Grecian and Roman fame, to which he was not ashamed to turn his attention backwards, — behold him tried by the temptation of an office from which he might have amassed a princely fortune, and, with the conscientious honor of a Washington, retiring from it poor,—and you will feel and see, in a moment, what it was that impelled towards him the love of a people. The country had long been

unprosperous, from causes into which we need not inquire. We were laboring the livelong day, and feeling, as we lay down at night, that we were growing poorer and poorer. The people were puzzled with various theories and arguments. They were growing more and more distrustful with all mere great talent; there grew up a wide and irrepressible craving, in the public heart, for an honest man from among themselves, to preside over their affairs, and help them backward to the glories of their fathers' days. Then it was that they turned to him. Be this the lesson of his life. Be this his eulogy. That not for descent from an exalted line, not for his military victories, not for his dexterity in the partisanship of professional politics, was he chosen to relieve and reform the land, but because he was a good and just man, fearing God and loving his country." These were the last words of the tribute: "We stand on this spot, where the heart of an American must throb with pride and joy. And yet, perhaps you have embellished the glories of even this place, by hanging these emblems of mourning to its pillars,— by this dim religious light we have added to the memories of its ancestral glories." Mr. Choate, possessing the keenest sensitiveness to impressions, is distinguished as much for his power of self-control as his power of self-excitation; and his emotions, like well-trained troops, are "impetuous by rule." They appear always to rise up to his mind with a personal existence. Thus New York, with him, is not simply a city distinguished for commercial energy, but a city which with one hand "grasps the golden harvests of the west, and with the other, like Venice, espouses the everlasting sea." "Massachusetts," he says, "will ever be true to the constitution. She sat among the most affectionate at its cradle; she will follow, the saddest of the procession of sorrow, its hearse." Again, he observes that, after we came out of the war of 1812, "the baptism of fire and blood was on our brow, and its influence on our spirit and legislation."

We will relate an instance of the excitable powers of our orator. In an argument on a case of impeachment, before a legislative committee, Mr. Choate remarked that he never read, without a thrill of sublimity, the concluding article in the Bill of Rights,— the language of which is borrowed directly from Harrington, who says he owes it to Livy,— that "in the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them; the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them; the judicial shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them; — to the end that it

may be a government of laws, and not of men;" thus providing that the three great departments shall be entirely independent of each other; and he remembered a story of a person who said that he could read Paradise Lost without affecting him at all, but that there was a passage at the end of Newton's Optics which made his flesh creep and his hair stand on end. I confess, said Mr. Choate, that I never read that article of the constitution without feeling the same,—"to the end that it may be a government of laws, and not of men."

Mr. Choate delivered an oration at New York, Dec. 22, 1843, before the New England Society, in the Tabernacle, on the Pilgrims, their character and acts, as constituting one of the heroic periods of history. He attributed much of the subsequent course of the Puritans to the residence of a thousand leading men of their number at Geneva for five years, whither they were driven by the bigoted Queen Mary. There they found a republic. He described the valley in which Geneva is situated,—its placid lake, the lofty mountains which stand around it; he expatiated upon its laws, its quiet, its independence, its learning, its religion; and finished the description with the exclamation, "There they found a commonwealth without a king, and a church without a bishop," which received such a burst of emotion, long and loud, as never before resounded in the Tabernacle. Mr. Choate attends the Essex-street Congregational church, at Boston; and this bold sectarian allusion so sensibly affected those of the Episcopal order, that it forthwith prompted remarks from Rev. Dr. Wainwright, at the public dinner of the occasion on that day, which elicited a warm controversy, that continued for a twelvemonth.

In this connection, we introduce the highly felicitous allusion of Daniel Webster to the Mayflower, at the dinner of the New England Pilgrim Society, apropos to a miniature model of that vessel which was on the table. "There was," said Mr. Webster, "in ancient times, a ship which carried Jason on his voyage for the acquisition of the golden fleece; there was a ship at the battle of Actium which made Augustus Cæsar master of the world; there have been famous ships which bore to victory a Drake, a Howe, a Nelson; there are ships which have carried our own Hull, Decatur, and Stewart, in triumph. But what are they all, as to their chances of remembrance among men, to the little bark Mayflower? That Mayflower was and is a flower of perpetual blossom. It can stand the sultry blasts of summer, resist the furious tempests of autumn, and remain untouched by the gales and

the frosts of winter. It can defy all climates and all times. It will spread its petals over the whole world, and exhale a living odor and fragrance to the last syllable of recorded time."

A satirical journalist, remarking of the rhetorical eloquence of Rufus Choate in his arguments for the license of spirituous liquors, at Boston, in 1847, says that, as he shot his piercing, resolute eyes, hither and thither, drew on that solemn face, and poured out those deep tones of awful solemnity, rolled up those tremendous climaxes, raised his commanding form upon his toes, came down upon his heels like two paver's rammers, and shook the whole firmament of the Common Council chamber, like an earthquake, we could not but imagine what a sensation he would have produced as a revival preacher, or a Richard the Third on the stage. But, if he has mistaken his calling to either of the latter professions, the mistake is very slight and insignificant. Seeking undoubtedly for dramatic effect, he seemed to combine in a high degree the talents of all three professions. Choate has a playful sympathy with the ludicrous side of things, says Whipple, as, in his speech on the Oregon question, in which he uses the figure of the Legislature putting its head out of the window, and, in a voice all over the world, speaking to the negotiators of the pending treaty, bidding them God speed; but insinuating that, if they did not give up the whole subject in dispute, it would be settled by main force. It has been said of Choate, that he drives in a substantive and six; but unlike Burke, who had his reins upon them all, each restrained with a care essential to a proper guidance.

Rufus Choate is more at home as a pleader at the bar than in political speeches or public lectures. "While pleading, his eye flashes, as it turns rapidly from the court to the jury, and the jury to the court. Ever remarking, with intuitive sagacity, the slightest traces of emotion or thought in the eye, lip, face, position or movement, of the judge,—ever reading the soul revealed to him," as one graphically sketches, "perhaps to him alone, and comprehended by that mysterious sympathy which unites the orator and auditor, as by an electric atmosphere, through which thoughts and feelings pass and repass in silence, but in power, Choate is aware, with the certainty of genius and the rapidity of instinct, of the effect he has produced upon the judge, whose slightest word, he knows, is weightier than the eloquence of counsel; and, at the first slight intimation of dissent, rapidly, but almost imperceptibly, modifies, limits and explains, his idea, until he feels the concert of mental sympathy between mind and mind,— and then, like a

steed checked into noble action, or a river raising to burst over its barriers, with his mind elevated and excited by opposition, he discourses to the jury logic, eloquence and poetry, in tones that linger in the memory like the parting sound of a cathedral bell, or the dying note of an organ. His voice is deep, musical, sad. Thrilling it can be as a fife, but it has often a plaintive cadence, as though his soul mourned, amid the loud and angry tumults of the forum, for the quiet grove of the academy, or in these evil times sighed at the thought of those charms and virtues which we dare conceive in boyhood, and pursue as men, the unreached paradise of our despair."

The mind of Choate is as rapid as consists with sanity. In the attempt to keep pace with him, reporters, as already intimated, throw down their pencils in despair. His own pen traces, in the same vain attempt, one long, waving, illegible line, scarcely to be read by himself, and defying the scrutiny of others. It has been said of him, that, if the magnetic telegraph were affixed to his lips, the words would leap on the wires. His style is the poetry of prose, with here and there an expression, which, to use the questionable expression of Burke, rises from poetry into eloquence, some thoughts which entrance, some idea which burns. Such is that inimitable comparison, when speaking of the principles of Henry Clay. He said they rise like the peaks of a lofty mountain-range, from the table-land of all illustrious life. Such is that sentiment, worthy of Patrick Henry, the greatest orator of America, when, in the very words which we may suppose the forest-born Demosthenes would have used, he said, "What! banish the Bible from schools! Never, while there is a piece of Plymouth Rock left large enough to make a gun-flint of!" The autograph of Mr. Choate, says one, somewhat resembles the map of Ohio, and looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark, with a three-pronged fork. His hand-writing cannot be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant.

Mr. Choate is a decided advocate for the union of the States. At the Union meeting of the Whig and Democratic parties, in Faneuil Hall, Nov. 26, 1850, when Dr. John C. Warren presided, the object of which was to sustain the Federal Union, uphold its constitution, and enforce the duty of obedience to the laws, occasioned by the sensation arising from the recent Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Choate delivered a noble speech, in which he said, after a train of argument: "I submit, that the two great political parties of the north are called upon, by

every consideration of patriotism and duty, to strike this whole subject from their respective issues. I go for no amalgamation of parties, and for the forming of no new party. But I admit the deepest solicitude, that those which now exist, preserving their actual organization and general principles and aims,— if so it must be,— should to this extent coalesce. Neither can act in this behalf effectually alone. Honorable concert is indispensable, and they owe it to the country. Have not the eminent men of both these great organizations united on this adjustment? Are they not both, primarily, national parties? Is it not one of their most important and beautiful uses, that they extend the whole length and breadth of our country; and that they help, or ought to help, to hold the extreme north to the extreme south, by a tie stronger almost than that of mere patriotism,— by that surest cement of friendship, common opinions on the great concerns of the republic? You are a Democrat; and have you not, for thirty-two years in fifty, united with the universal Democratic party in the choice of southern presidents? Has it not been your function, for even a larger part of the last half-century, to rally with the south for the support of the general administration? Has it not ever been your boast, your merit as a party, that you are in an intense, and even characteristic degree, national and unionist in your spirit and politics, although you had your origin in the assertion of State rights; that you have contributed, in a thousand ways, to the extension of our territory, and the establishment of our martial fame, and that you follow the flag on whatever field or deck it waves? And will you, for the sake of a temporary victory in a State, or for any other cause, insert an article in your creed, and give a direction to your tactics, which shall detach you from such companionship, and unfit you for such service in all time to come?

"You are a Whig. I give my hand on that; and is not your party national, too? Do you not find your fastest allies at the south? Do you not need the vote of Louisiana, of North Carolina, of Tennessee, of Kentucky, to defend you from the redundant capital, matured skill, and pauper labor, of Europe? Did you not just now, with a wise contempt of sectional issues and sectional noises, unite to call that brave, firm and good OLD MAN, from his plantation, and seat him, with all the honors, in the place of Washington? Circumstances have forced both these parties — the northern and the southern divisions of both — to suspend for a space the legitimate objects of their institution. For

a space, laying them aside, and resolving themselves into our individual capacities, we have thought and felt on nothing but slavery. These circumstances exist no longer. And shall we not instantly revive the old creeds, renew the old ties, and, by a manly and honorable concert, resolve to spare America that last calamity, the formation of parties according to geographical lines?"

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

JULY 4, 1841. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"Our fathers conducted the Revolution against the king's government, and not against the institutions of the country," remarks our orator, in this performance. "They tore up no ancient landmarks," continues he, "except those which denoted the state of colonial bondage. They proceeded with the machinery of society as they found it. The provincial and continental authorities displaced those of the crown, and went on to arm the country for civil war, without loosening the bonds which held society together. Without resorting to the fiction under which Charles I. made war upon the king in the king's name, they took up arms for an independent government of their own, and not to eradicate the spirit or institutions of that civilization which they had derived from home. When, in the Declaration of Independence, they set forth the whole substance of the controversy, and the objects at which they aimed, moving on some of the most solid principles of the British constitution, as well as the inalienable rights of man, they clearly demonstrated that their design was to 'institute new government,' but not to go beyond what the abolition of the old forms required.

"It will be asked, What is the import of this to the present time? Not to give it any practical bearing upon any modern subject, I cannot but think that this forbearance — whether it was the purpose of a wise forecast, or the happy tendency of the national temper, or the result of circumstances — was most fortunate for the country. I cannot but think that we owe to it, as much as to the lucky accidents of our position, and our vast physical resources, what the country has become. Certain and manifest it is, that we owe to it the fact, that when the

country was freed by the final accomplishment of revolution, society did not have to be reconstructed from its foundation; that only a form of government had to be framed, and that immediately; and, as if from a goal on the race-course, the young giant started on his career. Let us suppose,— not that our fathers, from the imperious necessity of their position, or from a depraved appetite for destruction and overthrow, had uprooted the whole foundations of the social state,—but that, with an aim to be thorough in their work, stimulated by some degree of political hatred, they had banished all they could of British origin, save their language and their blood. To narrow the hypothesis to a single illustration, let us imagine that, when the last band of British soldiery left the shore, the American people had cast after them, into the sea, the whole body of the law of England; and had then turned to construct for themselves, out of nothing, a jurisprudence upon which to found the social and political relations of the country,— think you that in less than three-quarters of a century this country could have reached its present height? Think you that, without history to draw from,— without precedent and ancient usage,— without an unwritten law from the expansive principles of which public and private rights could derive definition and adjustment,— you would have seen this harmonious development of society that is now going on? Think you that the public and international relations of the country could have acquired that dignity which now belongs to them; and that the new republic, of a little more than sixty years' standing among nations, could have spoken, as it has lately spoken, to the parent State, in terms of an absolute equality, and with a moral power which may supersede the use of arms?" This oration is entitled The True Uses of American Revolutionary History.

George Ticknor, the son of Benjamin Curtis, was born at Watertown, Nov. 28, 1812; was a graduate of Harvard College in 1832, when he gave a literary disquisition on the importance of independent criticism on the growth of national literature; and was a student in the Dane Law School. He completed his studies for the profession in the office of Charles P. Curtis, at Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in August, 1836. He married, Oct. 17, 1844, Mary Oliver, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Story. This lady died April 28, 1848. He married a second time, at Patterson, N. J., Nov. 6, 1851, Louise Adale Mystrom. He is a counsellor-at-law; was a representative for Boston in the State Legislature from 1840 until the year 1844, and has been a member of the school-committee at different times.

Mr. Curtis has prepared more works, for the practical use of the public, as author and editor, than any one of his generation at the Suffolk bar; and has indicated, by his intense devotion to the legal profession, that he loves the pursuit. It was the opinion of Justice Story, regarding his treatise on the Rights and Duties of Merchant Seamen, that it is written with great ability, accuracy and learning, and is by far the most valuable work on that subject now in existence. The digest of the decisions of the courts of Common Law and Admiralty, two volumes of which were prepared by Mr. Curtis, is a monument of patient industry. He prepared, also, a digest of cases in the American and English Courts of Admiralty. His American Conveyancer, being divested of the general technicalities of the law, is of great utility to business men. His treatise on the Law of Patents for useful inventions in this country, and the remedies for infringement, is invaluable to the profession and the proprietors of all useful inventions. The Equity Precedents, supplementary to the treatise of Justice Story, ever aids the law student. His tract on the true issue of the question relating to the demolition of the convent at Charlestown, entitled The Rights of Conscience and Property, is written with eloquence and power. The most interesting production of Mr. Curtis, to the lovers of literature in all professions, and to the general reader, is the treatise on the Law of Copyright in Books, Dramatic and Musical Compositions, Letters and other Manuscripts, Engravings and Sculpture, as administered in England and America, with some notices of the History of Literary Property. We know not how more suitably to revive an interest in this work, than to cite the opinion of the North American Review, and to advise the printing of a new edition, as it is unknown to our public libraries: "The author has avoided the dry and merely technical manner which writers on subjects relating to the law seem to consider a matter of professional etiquette to adopt. Apart from the interest which every man of letters may be supposed to feel in a discussion of copyright, he will find in Mr. Curtis' work ample scope for literary taste. Many curious and valuable details of literary history are introduced, and the notes are enriched with copious illustrations, drawn from biographies, criticisms and judicial decisions, embodied in the most agreeable manner, collected nowhere else."

In the winter of 1849 Mr. Curtis commenced the delivery of a course of twelve lectures on the History of the Constitution of the United States, which were closed Feb. 7, 1850. The last of the lec-

tures, the subject of which was on the strength of the constitution, was published. They evince a profound knowledge of the philosophy of government, a patriotic spirit, and great research.

HORACE MANN.

JULY 4, 1842. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Horace Mann was born at Franklin, in Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He was mostly self-educated, being of limited funds. He entered Brown University in advance of the customary period, where he graduated in 1819, and gave the valedictory address, on the improvement of the human species in dignity and happiness, and became a tutor from 1820 to 1822. "A teacher with whom I partly fitted for college, Master Samuel Barrett, an itinerant schoolmaster and a profound linguist," says Mr. Mann, "in hearing the Æneid, the select orations of Cicero and the four evangelists, in Greek, never took either grammar or text-book into his hand; and he would have considered it an indignity, if a pupil had offered him one, by which to set the next lesson. I know that this ability of his inspired *one* of his pupils, at least, with sentiments of respect towards him, with conceptions of excellence, and with an ardor for attainment, such as all the places and prizes ever bestowed, and a life of floggings into the bargain, would never have imparted. I well remember that, when I encountered a difficulty, either in translation or syntax, and was ready to despair of success in overcoming it, the mere thought, how easy that would be to my teacher, seemed not only to invigorate my effort, but to give me an enlargement of power, so that I could return to the charge, and triumph."

Mr. Mann prepared for the legal profession at the Law School in Litchfield, Conn., and read law in the offices of James Richardson and Josiah J. Fiske, counsellors-at-law, in Dedham. In 1828 Mr. Mann was elected a representative of Dedham, which station he honorably filled for several years; was at the same period a counsellor at the bar. It was at about this period that the Hon. Edward Dowse, of Dedham, remarked of Horace Mann, that if his talents were equal to his ambition, he would become a member of Congress. In 1836 he became a resident of Boston, where he was elected for Suffolk to the State Sen-

ate, of which he was chosen president in that year, and until 1839. He was the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, from its establishment, June 29, 1837, until 1848; and was successor to John Quincy Adams, as member of Congress for Norfolk, from that period. He displayed the same persevering energy in political life that rendered him so eminent in education reform, and was elected for Norfolk to the next term.

Horace Mann has been one of the most vigorous originators of philanthropic enterprises in New England. When in the Legislature, he was the principal advocate and projector of the State Lunatic Hospital, at Worcester, in the year 1831, and wrote all its earlier reports. He was an energetic workman in the temperance reformation, and was president of the Suffolk County Temperance Society; and, in 1834, published remarks on the comparative profits of grocers and retailers, as derived from temperate and intemperate customers. Mr. Mann was one of the first members of the State Legislature who made a speech in favor of the railroad enterprise. He was active in effecting the law abolishing the sale of lottery-tickets. One of our periodicals said of him: "There is not a town or a school-district in Massachusetts in which his influence has not been felt; there is not one which has not largely profited by the spirit which he has excited, and by the improvements which he has introduced. Many new school-houses have been erected, and old ones much improved; appropriations of money to the purposes of education have greatly increased; seminaries for teachers have been established." Indeed, Mr. Mann originated the Normal Schools, patronized by the Legislature, in 1838. Improved systems of instruction and discipline have been introduced; the number of scholars is multiplied, and they are far more regular in their attendance at school; — and, finally, an interest in the subject has been aroused, which promises still more brilliant results. All this has been effected with the assistance of a few individuals, and especially by the liberality of the late Hon. Edmund Dwight, of Boston, who supplied large funds for the enterprise. Mr. Mann traversed towns, cities and villages, lecturing with his best energies,— urged the special regard of the Legislature,— wrote letters, essays, circulars and reports, infusing his own enthusiasm into every active mind within his grasp. Moreover, he visited, in 1842, the principal cities in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Belgium, returning by the way of France, urging forward the moral reform. Gov. Everett, in remarking on the benefit

of education in its broadest sense, at a public festival where Horace Mann was present, on turning towards him, said, "I need not enlarge upon its importance; but there sits the person — the very apostle of this uninspired gospel, Horace Mann — who has told you, over and over again, that education is the great interest of every class in this community." The Edinburgh Review says of Mann's twelfth report, "This volume is, indeed, a noble monument of a civilized people; and, if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth."

We regard the four years' administration of Gov. Everett as the noblest era in the annals of the old Bay State since the times of Gov. Hancock, it having been the period of founding an organization of popular school education, and the completion of the great Western Railroad. Shortly after the establishment of the State Board of Education, which owes its origin to his indomitable decision, he advanced the forthcoming sentiment, in a speech at Faneuil Hall, after remarking, "Talk of public buildings, sir! Let the plain brick school-house go down,— and, though we pile our hill-tops with structures that surpass the time-defying solidity of Egyptian Thebes, or the immortal gracefulness of Corinth or Athens, they will but stand the gorgeous monuments of our shame!" "Education! —When we feed that lamp, we perform the highest social duty; if we quench it, I know not where — (humanly speaking, for time or for eternity),—

> 'I know not where is that Promethean heat,
> That can its light relume.' "

It may truly be said of Horace Mann, that he was a principal founder of the new system of public school education in Massachusetts, which is the glory of New England. Our State, instead of sending to ancient fatherland for counsel and plans of operation, has become the guiding star of all Europe, and foreign kingdoms are rapidly adopting the school system of the old Bay State. The demand for Mr. Mann's State productions was so rapid, that they are all taken up. The twelve first annual reports on education, written by our apostle, will ever be in demand, and should be published in a permanent form at the expense of the State, and given to every member of a school-committee and every school-teacher. He has published Lectures on Education, in one volume. He was editor of the Common School Journal, from its establishment in 1838, and of the Revised Statutes of the State. He was

one of the original committee that reported in favor of codifying the statute law, and was on the committee of revision, the last-named of which was in connection with Judge Metcalf.

In remarking on the public indifference towards education, Mr. Mann said, in a public lecture: "In our own times, in such low estimation is this highest of all causes held, that in these days of conventions for all other objects of public interest,— when men go hundreds of miles to attend railroad conventions, and cotton conventions, and tobacco conventions, and when the delegates of political conventions are sometimes counted as Xerxes counted his army, by acres and square miles,— yet such has often been the depressive effect upon the public of announcing a common-school convention and a lecture on education, that I have guessed, in my own mind, whether, in regard to two or three counties, at least, in our own State, it would not be advisable to alter the law for quelling riots and mobs; and, instead of summoning sheriffs, and armed magistrates, and the *posse comitatus*, for their dispersion, to put them to flight by making proclamation of a discourse on common schools."

Horace Mann, in exhibiting the vast disparity between the remuneration extended to our school-teachers and those who minister to our amusements and vitiate our morals, thus eloquently pleads: "Strolling minstrels, catching the eye with grotesque dresses and shouting unintelligible words, are feasted, *fêted*, and garlanded; and, when a European dancer, nurtured at the foul breast of theatrical corruption, visits our land, the days of idolatry seem to have returned,— wealth flows, the incense of praise rises, enthusiasm rages like the mad Bacchantes. It is said that Celeste received fifty thousand dollars in this country, in one year, for the combined exhibition of skill and person; and that devotee to Venus, Fanny Ellsler, in 1841, was paid the enormous sum of sixty thousand dollars in three months, for the same meritorious consideration, or value received. In both these cases, a fair proportion was contributed in the metropolis of our own State. At the rate of compensation at which a majority of the female teachers in Massachusetts have been rewarded for their exhausting toils, it would require more than twenty years' continued labor to equal the receipts of Fanny Ellsler for a single night! Thus, in our most populous places, and amongst people who profess to lead society, stands the relative supremacy of sense and soul, of heels and head. And I blush while I reflect that, amongst all the daughters of New England who witnessed the unreserved displays of these Cyprian women, there was not one to be found

in whose veins flowed the chaste blood of the Puritan mothers, prompting her to approach these female *sans culottes* backwards, and perform for them the same friendly service which, on a like necessity, the sons of Noah performed for him. And, although I would not silence one note in the burst of admiration with which our young men, who assume to be the leaders of fashion, respond to the charms of female beauty, agility or grace, yet I do desire that, in paying their homage, they should distinguish between the Venus Celestial and the Venus Infernal!"

The controversy of Horace Mann, running along three hundred pages, in the contest for reform, with thirty-one Boston school-teachers, adds to the lustre of his escutcheon; and the city teachers might as well have attempted, with their own right hands, to stem the force of Niagara's dashing waters, or to dam up the St. Lawrence, as to restrain the progress of the reform in school education. His sharp severity towards the teachers exceeded the tingling sting inflicted by them on culpable pupils, which mode he warmly deprecates. It was said by the thirty-one, remarks Mr. Mann, that the Hon. Jonathan Chapman, "justly celebrated for his almost intuitive perceptions of the public welfare," after two years' official observation, commended the schools, in his inaugural address, in 1842. Yes; and, in the month following, the same gentleman,— and, as I suppose, with the same "intuitive perceptions,"— being then and there chairman of the school-committee, prepared the report, which was accepted,— a report which bemoans the teachers' scanty resources of general knowledge, by whose feeble rills the parched souls of the children were so seldom refreshed; — a report by which it appears that grammar was taught as though it had no relation to language, and geography as though it had little to do with earth. Not having, as it was affirmed, seen their schools, my prurient imagination contented itself with the simile of "hybernating animals."

Our American Junius, in the tenacity of his zeal, pours out strains of caustic effective reproof, unequalled by any living man in the midst of us, excepting only the vigorous "Sigma," of the Boston Transcript, whose pointed shafts, like the arrows of Hercules, never fail of effect. In a tirade of biting sarcasm, levelled at one victim in especial of his wrath, he says: "Did I believe that invisible spirits were appointed to watch over children and to rescue them from harm, and were the edifice to be burned down,"— it was destroyed by fire,

June 25, 1844, but four months previous to the date of the "Reply," —" where such a teacher goes daily to lash and dogmatize, I should think that some beneficent angel had applied the torch, to scatter the pupils beyond the reach of his demoralizing government. As to that man, until his nature changes, or my nature changes, we must continue to dwell on opposite sides of the moral universe." An eclipse of the moon occurring a few weeks afterwards, the Boston Post perpetrated the following witticism, under date Nov. 27: "We wonder if the eclipse of the moon, on Sunday night, appeared the same to Horace Mann and Barnum Field, they being on opposite sides of the moral universe at the same time." Doubtless, this severe allusion to the truly estimable Mr. Field, who has recently exchanged worlds, where no burning anger ever scathes the soul, written in a moment of impulsive fire, has often been a source of regret to Mr. Mann, which he would gladly, if possible, efface.

Horace Mann is famous for firm and devoted perseverance. Here is the secret of his success. In his person he is tall, very erect, and remarkably slender, with silvery gray hair, animated and expressive features, light complexion, and rapid pace. As an orator, his smooth, flowing style, musical voice and graceful manner, with fertility, amplitude and energy of diction, often adorned with a graceful, rushing eloquence, that can be measured only by the celerity of his movements in the street, irresistibly captivate the breathless audience; especially when, profoundly absorbed in the midst of his favorite theme, he advances arguments illustrated by splendid imagery that cannot be withstood. His figures, though strongly effective, are not uniformly elegant. His social powers render him a great centre of attraction, and his society is sought wherever he may be found. Horace Mann, like most reformers, partakes of excessive zeal; and, in his jealousy for the one absorbing idea of education, descends to a controversy with a clergyman, extending through several pamphlets, abounding on both sides with severe philippic. A bust of Mann, by Carew, is the image of the man. Let our Mercantile Library and Mechanic's Hall have a niche for it, that his energy of character may be emulated.

Mr. Mann married Charlotte, a daughter of President Messer, who died; and he married a second wife, Mary, daughter of Dr. Nathaniel T. Peabody, formerly of Salem. The oration at the head of this article, delivered on our national birthday, establishing the fact that education is the invulnerable shield of this republic, was widely circulated

among the education tracts published to promote reform. An eminent political writer once remarked of our republican institutions, that they were "like white-birch stakes, whose nature is to fail in two years," and that "a republic wears out its morals almost as soon as the sap of a white-birch rots out the wood." In a vein of sarcastic humor, Mr. Mann, in this oration, thus repels the aspersion: "If this had been the fact, they should forthwith have saturated them with such a preparation of virtue and knowledge, as would Kyanize, or render indestructible, even the porous structure of birch itself, and thus keep the dry rot forever from its spongiest fibres."

When Horace Mann was elected from the eighth district to Congress, as the immediate successor of John Quincy Adams, he remarks, in reply to his constituents, under date of March 21, 1848: "Fully do I agree with you, and the delegates of the convention you represent, in saying that the successor of Mr. Adams should be one 'whose voice and vote shall, on all occasions, be exercised in extending and securing liberty to the human race.' Of course, I do not understand you to imply any violation of the constitution of the United States, which every representative swears to support. Permit me to say a word personal to myself. For eleven years I have been estranged from all political excitements. During this whole period, I have attended no political meeting of any kind whatever. I have contented myself with the right of private judgment, and the right of voting; though it has usually so happened that my official duties have demanded my absence from home at the time of the fall elections. I have deemed this abstinence from actively mingling in political contests both a matter of duty towards opposing political parties, and a proper means of subserving the best interests of the cause in which I had embarked. I hoped, too, by so doing, to assist in rearing men even better than those now belonging to any party. The nature of my duties, also, and all my intercourse and associations, have attracted me towards whatever is worthy and beneficent in all parties, rather than towards what is peculiar to any one. Not believing in political pledges, I should have had the honor to decline giving any to you, had you not had the first and greater honor of asking none from me. After what I have said above in favor of liberty for all mankind, it would be a strange contradiction, did I consent to be myself a slave of party. The hands which you raised in behalf of yourselves and your constituents, when you voted for the noble sentiments contained in the resolution I have quoted, could never degrade

themselves by forging a fetter for the free mind of another, or fastening one upon it; and the hand with which I have penned my hearty response to those sentiments can never stretch itself out to take a fetter on."

In the Drayton trial, which occurred at Washington, December, 1848, Horace Mann made the point that the servitude of the negroes ought to be proved by something else than the claim of the master; and likened it to the case of an indictment for stealing foxes, which, wild by nature, must be shown to have been caught and subjected. While he was enforcing this illustration, the District Attorney wrote the following squib, and handed it over to the opposite counsel:

> "To illustrate the point he 's making:
> In larceny, there must be a taking.
> A fox, he says, cannot be stolen,
> Be he young, or be he an old 'un;
> Pursuing hounds say he 's mistaken,
> At least so far as to the taking."

It was not long before the following bitter retort, by Mr. Mann, was written on the back of the same paper, which was left on the table for the serious consideration of the District Attorney. The allusion to "ten dollars a bill" regards the fee which the Attorney General, Key, received on each of the three hundred and forty-five indictments which he caused to be filed against the prisoners of the Pearl:

> "Fox-hunting abroad, and slave-hunting in doors,
> I beg leave to suggest do not run on all-fours;
> Foxes do not eat foxes, — brute natures have bounds;
> But Mr. District Attorney, outhounding the hounds,
> Hunts men, women and children, his pockets to fill,
> On three hundred indictments, at ten dollars a bill."

The political career of Horace Mann, in some respects, was extraordinary as in that of the education reform, but was not followed by like healthy results. On any exciting topic, his temperament is so impulsive and uncontrollable, that though, in contending with an opponent, the wrath of Achilles pervade his spirit, he effects at times a reäction. It has been remarked of him, that no public speaker among us commands more forcible and logical style of argument than Horace Mann, when divested of impassioned personalities; but that, like one of Tasso's heroes, who levelled whole forests with one stroke of the sabre, he should possess the "Human Prudence" of Herman Mann, his namesake, would he

be successful on the floor of Congress. When in conflict with Daniel Webster, he pursued a course of unmitigated severity, as sharp as in the differences with the thirty-one teachers of Boston, which elicited a severe rebuke from his Herculean antagonist.

We will here quote the remarks of Webster, Cass, Moses Stuart, and the North American Review, in relation to Horace Mann. "Speaking of what I thought the impossibility of the existence of African slavery in New Mexico," says Mr. Webster, "I would not take pains to uselessly reäffirm an ordinance of nature, or to reënact the will of God. Everybody knew that by the will of God I meant that expression of the Divine purpose in the work of creation which had given such a physical formation to the earth in this region as necessarily to exclude African slavery from it forever. Everybody knew I meant this, and nothing else. To represent me as speaking in any other sense was gross injustice. Yet a pamphlet has been put into circulation, in which it is said that my remark is 'undertaking to settle by mountains and rivers, and not by the ten commandments, the question of human duty.' 'Cease to transcribe,' it adds, 'upon the statute-book, what our wisest and best men believed to be the will of God, in regard to our worldly affairs, and the passions which we think appropriate to devils will soon take possession of society.' One hardly knows which most to condemn, the nonsense or the dishonesty of such commentaries of another's words. I know no passion more appropriate to devils than the passion for gross misrepresentation and libel. And others, from whom more fairness might have been expected, have not failed to represent me as arguing, or affording ground of argument, against human laws to enforce the moral law of the Deity. Such persons knew my meaning very well. They chose to pervert and misrepresent it. That is all." Lewis Cass, who had also taken the position of Mr. Webster,—that the physical circumstances of New Mexico will prevent the introduction of slavery in that country,—thus alludes to Horace Mann, in a speech, wherein he remarks that Mr. Mann says he speaks respectfully of those from whom he dissents, "while, at the same time, he attributes the motives of those who differ from him to what he says is 'technically a bid,' committing the too common error of measuring all other men by his own standard, after making that standard a mercenary one. It is evident he cannot conceive how a public man can act without 'a bid.' And, with a modesty and charity worthy of the school of dialectics of which I understand he is

a distinguished professor, he assigns to me the preëminence of making a greater 'sacrifice of consistency, honor and truth,' than any other public man, because I was the accepted candidate of the Democracy for the office of president. It has been my fortune to receive some complimentary notices, during my life; but rarely have I received a more acceptable one than the honor of such a censure from such a Mann. But he is not partial in his favors. He speaks of the 'waggery' of the distinguished senator from Kentucky, and of his 'practical joke,' in the effort to put a stop to the agitation of his country, and of 'the roar of laughter' which, 'like a *feu de joie*, would run down the course of ages,' were it not for its horrible consequences. Shade of Quintilian! what a figure for a disciple who invokes thy name, and appeals to thy authority!" Moses Stuart says of him, in "Conscience and the Constitution," that he can never speak of him but with respect. "The glowing ardor and eloquence of his compositions, the intense love of liberty with which he is inspired, the humanity by which he is actuated, the fine, scholar-like accomplishments which he exhibits, all command my respect and admiration. Whether his judgment and prudence are equal to his ardor and his energy, is another question, which is not before my tribunal. He professes the strongest regard and the highest respect for Mr. Webster, and avows, solemnly, his intention to treat him in a manner that corresponds with this avowal. But his impetuosity led him astray, after all. I do not suppose that such a gentleman as I take Mr. Mann to be designed to compliment himself, when he speaks of his words being cool as the iron of the telegraph wire, while his mind is like the lightning which darts through it. I am ready to acknowledge that there is not a little of the electric fire in Mr. Mann; but I cannot overlook the fact that this fire can sometimes scorch and smite down, as well as be the swift messenger of tidings. If Mr. Mann has performed something of the last office of electricity, he has given us, also, a pretty fair specimen of the first. 'A wanton surrender of the right of the north,' is not to be said of Daniel Webster. Swords would leap, if it were lawful and necessary, from hundreds of thousands of scabbards, to defend him against such an assault." The North American Review inquires, "Does Mr. Mann wish to be understood that he thinks the slave-owner is quite as likely to remove his slaves of African descent from a sunny and fertile region, producing an abundance of cotton, sugar and rice, to a cold and mountainous one, yielding little but

maize and potatoes, as he is to keep them where they are? If not,—if he admits that so great a difference will probably induce most planters to keep their slaves at home, then, and to the full extent of such admission, he himself argues from physics to metaphysics, and 'determines the law of the spirit by geographical phenomena,' and 'undertakes to settle, by mountains and rivers, the question of human duty,' and 'looks at the thermometer to ascertain whether the people will obey the divine command,' and does half-a-dozen other antithetical and strange things; which all, however, amount to the same thing, namely, to the simple proposition, that men of property are usually also men of sense, and will not often remove their property from a place where it is valuable to one where it will be entirely worthless." The North American, however, gives Mr. Mann the credit of urging the ablest argument in favor of doing nothing that they have seen, or of insisting that the extreme northern doctrine shall be carried out upon every point, yielding to the south nothing, and of course giving up the hope of a settlement.

The blood of sorrow mantles on our cheeks, that Horace Mann, the very apostle of education, whom Andrew Combe has compared to Richard Cobden, as being equally at home with the facts and principles of education, and as fully sincere and in earnest, should, in a burst of vituperation, descend to such impulsive retort, in his rejoinder to Gen. Cass, as his epigrammatic puns here evince.

"As a general rule, I contemn punning," says Mr. Mann. "As a malignant attack upon any gentleman, for the accident of his name, it is wholly unpardonable. It is but barely justifiable, as a retort. To warn the general of the danger he encounters by indulging his love of punning, I will venture to subjoin a specimen or two of what might be easily and indefinitely extended:

"1. Philologically.

Small odds 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee,
And Cass means much the same without the C.

2. Numerically.

This Ass is very big; then call him CASS.
C's Roman for 100,—a hundred times an Ass.

3. Chemically.

The prophet boldly saith, 'All flesh is grass,'
But thistle-eating donkey's flesh is Cass;
Cass is carbonate, whose base is Ass.

"While Gen. Cass held territorial offices, he became renowned for the enormous quantities of rations he consumed. I have forgotten whether the number was such as to be represented by the Roman numeral L or C, the initial of his first or of his last name. If the latter, it would suggest the following:

"4. GASTRONOMICALLY.

Greedier than he that starved 'twixt stacks of hay, —
An honest ass, —
Our Jack devours C rations every day:
Hence y'clept CASS.

"I might," continues Mr. Mann, "thus carry the general through all the arts and sciences; but, if he is now disposed to say 'quits,' on the score of punning, I am, and will draw no more upon the *assinine* or CASSININE associations which his name suggests."

"Life is a book of which we can have but one edition," says Horace Mann; "as it is at first prepared, it must stand forever. Let each day's actions, as they add another page to the indestructible volume, be such that we shall be willing to have an assembled world to read it." Moreover, may we be watchful that the last chapter in the book shall be signalized by such a reform of past errors, and such devotion to past virtues, that the rising generation may resist the former, and cling to the latter.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

JULY 4, 1843. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

OUR orator, after enlarging on the warlike spirit of our country, and its danger, remarks that "we may be informed that the great remedy is universal education. Only provide the school, and you will obtain the intelligent voter, conscious of the blessings he enjoys, and always ready to act in a manner that shall best preserve them. Now, it is by no means my disposition to undervalue the advantages that unquestionably follow from instruction generally diffused. I see and admit that it must form one of the pillars of our republican system of government. But it is

only one, and that not the most essential. What is there, I would ask, in the mere advancement of the intellectual powers of men, which will lead to effective resistance against the dazzling qualities of a successful warrior? Did Napoleon have no servile flatterers among the literary men of France? Have not poets, and historians, and orators, of all ages, united in extolling military success above every other kind of success? Do the annals of mankind award the proper degree of censure to the crimes of great conquerors, from Alexander the Great down to Cortez and Pizarro? Fellow-citizens! Our fathers manifested their patriotism by *devotion to a principle.* It was in defence of that principle that they took up arms. They manifested no aggressive spirit, — no disposition merely to acquire. The same temper will be maintained among us only by developing the high moral attributes of our nature, through the agency of a mild and catholic religious faith. This is the true sheet-anchor of our free institutions, and this can never be secured by mere instruction of the mind. Our people's highest duty, as a people, is self-restraint. The cry has gone out among us, Educate, educate,— as if the schoolmaster were the sovereign remedy against the ills which unregulated passions occasion. But I would ask whether education has contributed nothing heretofore to the nursing of immoderate ambition? Has it never furnished fuel for unjustifiable popular excitement? Does it supply no means to confuse instead of clearing the sense of right and wrong? Does it never pander to power, whether residing in the many or in one man? Was not Julius Cæsar one of the most educated men of antiquity,—and yet how did this promote his patriotism? And, almost within our own day, do we not know that the most cultivated minds of France combined in an attempt to overthrow at once its religion and its social system? Yes: the fertile fields of that magnificent country were drenched with the blood of multitudes of its best citizens, because the arrogant intellect of its educated men chose to institute an idol-worship of philosophy for faith in the true God, and respect for the moral ties which bind man in society with his fellow-man.

Charles Francis, son of John Quincy Adams, was born at Boston, Aug. 18, 1807. When his father sailed for St. Petersburg, as minister to Russia, in the summer of 1809, the infant Charles and his mother went also with him, and he is the only surviving son. He entered the Boston Latin School in 1816, and graduated at Harvard College in 1825. He was a student at law in Washington city, and is

a counsellor. He married Abigail Brown, a daughter of Hon. Peter C. Brooks. He was a representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1841–44, a member of the State Senate in 1845–6, when he was chairman of the joint committee on the library, which reported that the New England Historic and Genealogical Society, who had applied to the Legislature for an act of incorporation, have leave to withdraw their petition. This report was rejected, and an act was granted, and approved by the governor, an early member, March 18, 1845. While Charles Francis Adams opposed its incorporation,— being of opinion, it is said, that one historical society for this State was sufficient,— yet, his honored father, who was elected a member Feb. 20, 1845, remarked, in his letter of acknowledgment to this institution, "I accept gratefully this testimonial of esteem, and shall be happy if it may be in my power to contribute in any manner to the laudable purposes of the society." And President Fillmore sent a very cordial letter of acceptance in the same period, giving an outline of his family ancestry. Mr. Adams has since proved his friendly disposition to the society, by a donation of his grandfather's writings. The objects of this historical society cover a ground not embraced by any similar institution; and so popular has it become, that, during a period of five years, it has risen to five hundred members. Its periodical, the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, which has reached its sixth volume, exceeding twenty-five hundred pages, is a work of great public benefit, on topics not viewed in any other work.

The political history of Mr. Adams is identified with the origin and progress of the Free Soil party. He was the president of the Buffalo Convention, Aug. 8, 1848. Nearly all the free States, with several of the slave States, were represented. The deliberations of the convention, continued for three days, were signally harmonious and dignified, and resulted in the nomination of Martin Van Buren for president, and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president. The resolutions of this convention, usually denominated the Buffalo Platform, exhibit an outline of the principles of the Free Soil party.

Mr. Charles Sumner, in a speech at Faneuil Hall, Aug. 22, 1848, when he was moderator, on its ratification by the party, remarked, that the convention "not only propose to guard the territories against slavery, but to relieve the federal government from all responsibility therefor, everywhere within the sphere of its constitutional powers." "The old and ill-compacted party organizations are broken, and from

their ruins is now formed a new party — the *party of freedom.* There are good men who longed for this, and have died without the sight. John Quincy Adams longed for it. William Ellery Channing longed for it. Their spirits hover over us, and urge us to persevere." In allusion to Charles Francis Adams, as the candidate for the vice-presidency, Charles Sumner further said, "Standing, as I now do, beneath the images of his father and grandfather, it will be sufficient if I say that he is the heir, not only to their name, but to the virtues, the abilities, and the indomitable spirit, that rendered that name so illustrious." "We found now a new party. Its corner-stone is freedom. Its broad, all-sustaining arches are, truth, justice and humanity. Like the ancient Roman capitol, at once a temple and a citadel, it shall be the fit shrine of the genius of American institutions."

Mr. Adams was an editor of the Boston Daily Whig, afterwards merged in the Republican, a Free Soil paper, now superseded by the Commonwealth. He was the author of Reflections on the Currency of the United States, a pamphlet of forty pages, published in 1837. He published the Memoir and Letters of Mrs. Abigail Adams, and the Letters of John Adams, with Notes. He is the editor, also, of the Life, Diary and Works of John Adams, with appropriate notes, to comprise nine large volumes, which is, emphatically, an inestimable national acquisition. We find a singular discrepancy in a note of Mr. Adams, the editor, in allusion to a remark of Dr. Johnson in relation to Thomas Cushing, Speaker of the House, in the period of the Revolution, wherein Mr. Adams states that "He is the person, concerning whose position Dr. Johnson, in 'Taxation no Tyranny,' made his singular blunder. 'One object of the Americans is said to be, to adorn the brows of Mr. C——g with a diadem.'" We have examined the first and third London editions of Dr. Johnson's production, published in 1775, by Cadell; and we copy the paragraph verbatim, as it stands in both editions. In a vein of sarcasm, the great lexicographer says: "Since the Americans have discovered that they can make a parliament, whence comes it that they do not think themselves equally empowered to make a king? If they are subjects, whose government is constituted by a charter, they can form no body of independent legislature. If their rights are inherent and underived, they may by their own suffrages encircle with a diadem the brows of Mr. Cushing." Thus, it is evident that, instead of Dr. Johnson asserting that it was the intention of the people to make Cushing the king of America, he

merely expressed the opinion that, if their rights were underived, they might, by their own votes, elevate Cushing to an American throne.

PELEG WHITMAN CHANDLER.

JULY 4, 1844. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

In the very superior performance of Mr. Chandler appears a passage on the dangers of party organizations, abounding in conceptions of political wisdom. "I do not deprecate party spirit as the worst of evils. In a form of government like our own, it is necessary that political principles should be earnestly discussed, and the claims of candidates thoroughly canvassed,— and this may be done with zeal, energy, enthusiasm, and yet the kindest feelings preserved. I have no sympathy with those who are continually lamenting the party spirit of our day, and at the same time join themselves to other organizations, in which it is easier to obtain power and influence. There are always disappointed men who constantly complain of party discipline, without lifting a finger to improve it. Too selfish to devote their time to accomplish a reform, they are contented with sounding a perpetual alarm. Too feeble to lead, and too proud to serve, they watch, with an impatient eye, the movements of others, but are always ready to accept of favors from either side. Nor do I believe that party spirit is so extensively felt, and party organizations so strict, as is generally supposed. On this point we are liable to be deceived by appearances. Active politicians, partisan leaders, are comparatively few, although they usually make the noise of many. To hear their harangues on the eve of an election, one would suppose that the fable of Chicken Little was about to become a truth, and that the sky was actually falling; and so, from the statements in party newspapers, we often seem to be on the eve of a revolution; but the great mass of the people, in reality, take very little interest in the matter. 'Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern,' says Burke, 'make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shade, chew the cud, and are silent, do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the fields; that they are, of course, many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the

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little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour.'

"It is also to be taken into the account, that selfish party politicians operate as a check upon each other. The ins are exerting all their strength to keep in, and the outs are doing all they can to get in; meanwhile, sober and industrious citizens are ordinarily too much occupied with their own practical concerns to give much attention to either; and I apprehend more danger from this indifference to politics on the part of the people, than from the excess of party spirit. They who are familiar with election returns are aware that most great political revolutions are effected, not so much by the change of opinion among those who ordinarily exercise the elective franchise, as by the votes of those who do not usually perform this duty. There is, in this country, an immense reserved corps of voters, who only come out upon extraordinary occasions; and, so far as party discipline tends to bring out these voters, it is a positive good, and they who, from good motives, engage in political organizations of this sort, are really entitled to great credit.

"Infinitely more danger is to be apprehended from those organizations which involve the consideration of great moral questions, which are hurrying forward with a zeal that knows no reason, and an enthusiasm that cannot be restrained. The doctrine is practically maintained, that men may do acts as a society, for the accomplishment of a good object, which it would not be lawful for them to do as individuals. Such a principle as this is dangerous to the State; it is disorganizing in its tendency, and destructive of all true freedom. An association founded upon such a principle is, in effect, a moral mob,— a conspiracy upon the rights and happiness of the people. What is a riot more than this? Here, if the end will justify the means,— if men in a society may do what it would not be right for them to do as individuals, a perfect defence is made out,— for there has hardly been a riot, within the memory of man, where the end proposed was not regarded by those engaged in it as plausible and just. What is a riot, but the joining together of men to accomplish some good object in a less space of time than it could otherwise be effected; to hasten that which the laws will too slowly reach; to act in aid of Divine justice in the punishment of some crime, or attempt,— to borrow a daring German expression,— to grind down the gaps in the sword of Almighty justice?

"It will be found that the riots of our day differ, in an important

particular, from those of an earlier date; and the fact is remarkable, as tending to show that these lawless outbreaks are only the external and gross manifestation of the principles advocated by other associations. They are no longer the sudden ebullitions of passion and rage, rushing forward without aim or end, and rendered comparatively harmless by the want of system and skilful directors, but they have become organized bodies, with conspicuous leaders, and with plans deliberately made. They go forward to the accomplishment of their object with a coolness and deliberation, that wins for them, in some instances, the title of respectability. We sometimes hear of a mob of gentlemen,— a quiet assemblage,— a peaceable gathering, which calmly accomplished its object, and dispersed. We read of courts regularly conducted to try culprits by Lynch law; and a tribunal of this sort, which orders the burning of a negro, or the public whipping of a thief, or the expulsion of gamblers from a town, or the destruction of a newspaper press, is not seldom praised, by implication at least, for the order and regularity of its proceedings."

Peleg Whitman Chandler was born at New Gloucester, Maine, April 12, 1816; fitted for college at Bangor Seminary, in the classical department; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1834, when his subject was the Character and Genius of Byron; entered the Dane Law School, at Cambridge; and pursued legal studies in the office of Theophilus Parsons, Esq., at Boston. He was admitted to the bar in Boston, 1837. Before Mr. Chandler was admitted to the bar, he was reporter, for the Boston Daily Advertiser, of law cases in the higher courts, and was, during ten years, connected with that paper. He is a counsellor eminent for chamber advice; was three years a member of the city Council, and its president in 1844–5. He married, Nov. 30, 1837, Martha Ann Bush, daughter of Professor Parker Cleaveland; and was a State representative from 1840 to 1846. In the important station of city solicitor, which he has occupied since 1848, Mr. Chandler has sustained himself with a prompt energy and wise forecast.

"The fulsome flattery," remarks the North American Review, "with which Fourth-of-July orators have been very generally in the habit of entertaining their audiences, has been made to give place to wiser and better views; to the lessons and warnings of experience; to admonitions upon our national faults, and to the circulation of a higher system of national morality and honor. While, on the one hand, the orator does not fail to see the faults and follies which our popular organizations

have often manifested, on the other, he does not fall into the strain of sinister forebodings which many eminent citizens feel it impossible to avoid, in contemplation of the outbreaks of that anarchical spirit with which the history of recent times has been in some quarters mournfully signalized." Mr. Chandler originated the Law Reporter, which he conducted for the first ten years; and in his style exhibited clearness, force, purity, and sound legal learning. It is a journal of practical service to the bar and men of business. His American Criminal Trials, commencing with the case of Anne Hutchinson, including the best statement extant of the trial of the British soldiers in the massacre of 1770, is a valuable work, that should be brought down to a later period. It has been published, also, in London. The Bankrupt Law of the United States, and an Outline of the System, with Rules and Forms in Massachusetts, was prepared by Mr. Chandler. The elaborate review of the D'Hauteville case, in the Law Reporter, 1841, wherein he very learnedly argues in favor of the precedence of the father to the custody of the children, in cases of divorce, will often be cited in our courts.

As an instance of the playful humor of Mr. Chandler, we will relate an incident which occurred at the dinner of the city authorities, July 4, 1848. Mayor Quincy, junior, who presided, announced the reception of a note complaining that the candles had burnt out, and gentlemen could not light their cigars, suggesting that, as there was a Chandler present, he should give them the benefit of his art. The Chandler was not forthcoming, which gave occasion for the following order from the mayor,—"Mr. City Solicitor, you will please give your attention to this case;" whereupon, Peleg W. Chandler arose, and censured the conception of engaging unmarried men to deliver orations, — Mr. Giles, the present orator, being a bachelor,— and he hoped an order would be passed, regulating this matter. Mr. Chandler's remarks were principally directed to the bachelor state of the orator of the day. He was surprised to see him enter Tremont Temple, take his stand coolly upon the platform, surrounded with a bevy of young beauties — the girls of the public schools,— and discourse upon responsibilities. What responsibilities had he? Here some arch hits were made at an old bachelor's virtues, which excited the loud laughter of the assembly. The witty solicitor concluded, with hoping that the orator, when he retired for the night to his attic and his narrow couch, would ponder well upon what he had said. It was his fault that he was not married,

for many men, twice as homely-looking, had wives,— and here a queer allusion was made to somebody on the platform, that had been married twenty years, Mr. Chandler's eye being upon his honor the mayor. "If," said the solicitor, "the orator should address any woman with half the eloquence he had employed in his oration, she would have to give him her heart."

CHARLES SUMNER.

JULY 4, 1845. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"LET it not be forgotten," says our orator, "that the virtues which shed their charm over the annals of war, in all its horrors, are all borrowed of peace,— they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war,— like violets, shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry, and by golden eagles which swayed in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sydney, on the field of battle, gave, with dying hand, the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, oh! far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sydney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are humble suppliants for justice in other places than the camp; there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood for so little as a cup of water; the world constantly affords opportunities for deeds of like greatness. But, remember well, that these are not the product of war. They do not spring from enmity, hatred and strife, but from those benign sentiments whose natural and ripened fruit of joy and blessing can only be found in peace.

If, at any time, they appear in the soldier, it is not because, but notwithstanding, he is the hireling of battle. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice which have blossomed on its fields be invoked in its defence. From such a great root of bitterness no true good can spring. The poisonous tree, in oriental imagery, though watered by nectar and covered with roses, can produce only the fruit of death. * * * * And yet Christ and Mars are still brought into fellowship. Let us see them together. There is now floating in this harbor a ship-of-the-line of our country. Many of you have, perhaps, pressed its deck, and observed, with admiration, the completeness which prevails in all its parts,— its lithe masts, and complete net-work of ropes,— its thick wooden walls, within which are more than the soldiers of Ulysses,— its strong defences, and numerous dread and rude-throated engines of war. There, each Sabbath, amidst this armament of blood, while the wave comes gently plashing against the frowning sides, from a pulpit supported by a cannon,— in repose now, but ready to awaken its dormant thunder, charged with death,— a Christian preacher addresses the officers and crew. May his instructions carry strength and succor to their souls! But he cannot pronounce, in such a place, those highest words of the Master he professes, 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' 'Love your enemies,' 'Render not evil for evil.' Like Macbeth's 'Amen,' they must stick in his throat!"

Charles Sumner, a son of Charles Pinckney Sumner, the High Sheriff of Suffolk, was born in Boston, Jan. 6, 1811. His birth-place was on the location of the Bowdoin schoolhouse. He was fitted for college at the Boston Latin School, where he bore off the prizes for English composition and Latin poetry, besides the Franklin medal, at the end of his course. During this period he was a devoted student of history, often rising before daylight to read Hume and Gibbon. In allusion to youthful associations, Mr. Sumner once expressively remarked, "We incline, by a natural emotion, to the spot where we were born, to the fields which witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes all these things, in indelible colors, on the heart of man; so that, in the dread extremities of death, he reverts, in fondness, to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well." His father's family attended divine worship at Trinity Church; and, doubtless, the influ-

ence of the rector, the late Rev. Dr. Gardiner, in the illustrations of catechetical instruction and learned pulpit discourse, contributed greatly to the moulding of his literary taste. How obvious is the warm love of his native city, where he exclaims, "Boston has always led the generous and magnanimous actions of our history. Boston led the cause of the Revolution. Here was commenced that discussion, pregnant with the independence of the colonies, which, at first occupying a few warm but true spirits only, finally absorbed all the best energies of the continent,—the eloquence of Adams, the patriotism of Jefferson, the wisdom of Washington. Boston is the home of noble charities, the nurse of true learning, the city of churches. By all these tokens she stands conspicuous, and other parts of the country are not unwilling to follow her example. Athens was called the eye of Greece,—Boston may be called the eye of America; and the influence which she exerts is to be referred, not to her size,—for there are other cities larger far,—but to her moral and intellectual character."

Through the whole range of this work, we have alluded to the literary festival of commencement, whenever the occasion offered; and we cannot forbear citing a passage from Sumner to the point. "The ingenuous student, who has passed his term of years — a classical Olympiad — amidst the restraints of the academy, in the daily pursuits of the lecture-room, observant of forms, obsequious to the college curfew, now renounces those restraints, heeds no longer the summoning bell, divests himself of the youthful gown, and here, under the auspices of Alma Mater, assumes the robe of manhood. At such a change, the mind and heart are open to receive impressions which may send their influence through remaining life. A seasonable word to-day may, peradventure, like an acorn dropped into a propitious soil, send upwards its invigorating growth, till its stately trunk, its multitudinous branches, and sheltering foliage, shall become an ornament and a protection of unspeakable beauty."

Mr. Sumner graduated at Harvard College in 1830, when he took a part in a conference on the Roman ceremonies, the system of the Druids, the religion of the Hindoos, and the superstition of the American Indians. After having devoted his mind to literary studies until 1831, he entered the Law School at Cambridge, where he was assiduous in the study of juridical science, never relying upon the text-books, but sought the original sources, read all the authorities and references, and made himself familiar with books of the common law, from the

Year Books, in uncouth Norman, down to the latest Reports. It was said that he could go into the law library, of which he was the librarian, and find any volume in the dark, when in their proper places. While still a pupil, he wrote several articles in the "American Jurist," which were creditable to his reputation. He read law for a period in the office of Benjamin Rand, a counsellor of Boston, and was admitted to the bar at Worcester in 1831, and forthwith commenced practice in Boston, 1834, when he was appointed Reporter of the Circuit Court, in which capacity he published three volumes, known as "Sumner's Reports." Before his admission to the bar, he became the principal editor of the "American Jurist," at which period he detected a curious error of so great a name in the law as Lord Chief Baron Comyns, repeated, also, by Chitty, with respect to the action of replevin. During the first three winters after his admission to the bar, while Judge Story was absent at Washington, he lectured to the law students at Cambridge, having the sole charge of Dane School, for part of the time, during the absence of Professor Greenleaf, and performed like duties during Judge Story's illness, in 1843. Mr. Sumner was the editor of "A Treatise on the Practice of the Courts of Admiralty in Civil Causes of Maritime Jurisdiction, by Andrew Dunlap," with a valuable appendix and indexes, amounting to more matter than the original treatise, published at Philadelphia, in 1836. This labor was attempted because of the illness of Mr. Dunlap, who died before the work was completed, and stated, four days previous to his decease, that Mr. Sumner had worked over it "with the zeal of a sincere friend, and the accuracy of an excellent lawyer."

In the autumn of the year 1837, Mr. Sumner departed for Europe, where he remained until the spring of 1840. In order to show the estimate of his character extended by Judge Story, we here extract a passage from his letter of introduction, addressed to a gentleman in London,— James John Wilkinson, Esq.,— under date of Nov. 3, 1837:— "Mr. Sumner is a practising lawyer at the Boston bar, of very high reputation for his years, and already giving the promise of the most eminent distinction in his profession; his literary and judicial attainments are truly extraordinary. He is one of the editors — indeed, the principal editor of the 'American Jurist,' a quarterly journal of extensive circulation and celebrity among us, and without a rival in America. He is also the reporter of the court in which I preside, and has already published two volumes of reports.

His private character, also, is of the best kind for purity and propriety; but, to accomplish himself more thoroughly in the great objects of his profession,— not merely to practise, but to extend the boundaries in the science of law,— I am very anxious that he should possess the means of visiting the courts of Westminster Hall under favorable auspices; and I shall esteem it a personal favor if you can give him any facilities in this particular."

In Paris, he attended the debates of the Chamber of Deputies, and the lectures of all the eminent professors in different departments, at the Sorbonne, at the College of France, and particularly in the Law School. He became personally acquainted with several of the most eminent jurists,— with Baron Degerando, renowned for his works on charity; with Pardessus, at the head of commercial law; with Fœlix, editor of the "Review of Foreign Jurisprudence;" and other famous men. He attended a whole term of the Royal Court at Paris, observing the forms of procedure; received kindness from the judges, and was allowed to peruse the papers in the cases. His presence at some of these trials was noticed in the reports in the law journals.

In England, a welcome awaited him such as gave gratifying evidence of the power of an intelligent, upright and accomplished mind, accompanied by simplicity and friendliness of manners, to break down social barriers. He remained there nearly a year, attending the debates in Parliament, hearing all the chief speakers often, and becoming acquainted with many of them, of all sides in politics. We know not the man that is more lovable, companionable and profitable, in social intercourse, than is Charles Sumner; and this letter of Justice Story confirms our opinion.

Mr. Justice Story, in writing to Charles Sumner, under date of August 11, 1838, says: "I have received all your letters, and have devoured them with unspeakable delight. All the family have heard them read aloud, and all join in their expressions of pleasure. You are now exactly where I should wish you to be,— among the educated, the literary, the noble, and, though last, not least, the learned of England, of good old England, our mother land, God bless her! Your sketches of the bar and bench are deeply interesting to me, and so full that I think I can see them in my mind's eye. I must return my thanks to Mr. Justice Vaughan for his kindness to you; it has gratified me beyond measure, not merely as a proof of his liberal friendship, but of his acuteness and tact in the discovery of character. It is

a just homage to your own merits. Your Old Bailey speech was capital, and hit, by stating sound truths, in the right way." In another passage, Justice Story says to Sumner: "Pray, put your conservative friends right as to us in America. We are not all demagogues, or mad, conceited democrats. They seem hostile to all of us, and to our institutions, from gross mistakes of our opinions and our principles. Why, our Whigs are quite as conservative as themselves, making only the proper distinctions as to the form of government."

The cordial hospitality of the bar and judges made him as one of themselves. He attended the courts at Westminster Hall; and more than once, at the pressing invitation of the judges, sat by their side at the trials. He also observed the courts on the circuit, where he was often the guest of the bar and bench. At the meeting of the British Scientific Association, he experienced the same flattering attentions. In town and country, he moved freely in society, to which intelligence and refinement, wealth and worth, lend every charm and grace. Nor did the evidence of such respect and confidence pass away with his presence. Two years after his return from England, the Quarterly Review, alluding to his visit, stepped aside to say: "He presents, in his own person, a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or wide-spread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candor, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best circles, social, political, and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker, who never gets beyond the outskirts of the show-houses." Eight years later yet, he received a compliment, which, from an English bench, is of the rarest occurrence. On an insurance question, before the Court of Exchequer, one of the counsel having cited an American case, Baron Parke, the ablest of the English judges, asked him what book he quoted. He replied, "Sumner's Reports." Baron Rolfe said, "Is that the Mr. Sumner who was once in England?" On receiving a reply in the affirmative, Baron Parke observed, "We shall not consider it entitled to the less attention because reported by a gentleman whom we all knew and respected." Not long ago, some of Mr. Sumner's estimates of war expenses were quoted by Mr. Cobden, in debate, in the House of Commons.

In Italy, he gave himself to the study of art and literature, and finished the reading of all the notable works of that country in his-

tory, politics, or poetry. While at Rome, Crawford took his bust, in marble, and it is in the family. In Germany, where his visit was shorter, he acquired the regard of the most eminent jurists,—of Savigny, Thibaut and Mittermaier, with the latter of whom he has had constant correspondence. He was kindly received by Prince Metternich, and became acquainted with most of the professors at Heidelberg; and with many other individuals of those most distinguished in science and letters, as Humboldt the philosopher, Ranké the historian, and Ritter the geographer, at Berlin.

Mr. Sumner has highly elevated conceptions of the character of the legal profession in the United States. When at a social dinner-party at Heidelberg, in Germany, where were present the eminent jurists Thibaut and Mittermaier, one of them inquired of Mr. Sumner what was the position of the American lawyer, and both seemed in earnest for an answer. He promptly replied, "No person is his superior. His position, gentlemen, if you will pardon me for saying it, is what yours would be in Germany, if there were no aristocracy of birth." Both seemed penetrated by this allusion; and, looking each other in the face, exclaimed, at once, in apparent consciousness of their true rank, "That is very high, indeed."

While in Europe, he was repeatedly consulted by writers on the law of nations. In Paris, at the request of Gov. Cass, he wrote a defence of the American claim, in controversy with England, on the north-eastern boundary, which was published in "Galignani's Messenger," republished in many papers at home, and in the Washington "Globe" attributed to Gov. Cass. It was highly commended by that gentleman, who expressed his intention to make it the subject of a special despatch. The idea of Mr. Wheaton's last work on the "History of the Law of Nations" occurred in conversation at Mr. Sumner's rooms. Having conceived the plan of such a treatise, he consulted Mr. Wheaton respecting it. Mr. Wheaton afterwards called upon him, and said that he proposed to undertake it, unless Mr. Sumner intended to execute the plan himself. It was to be written for a prize of the French Institute.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Sumner was received in Boston with flattering assiduities. He engaged in the practice of his profession only to a moderate extent, being now more interested in its science, and in other studies. In 1844–6, he published an edition of Vesey's Reports, in twenty volumes. In announcing this work, the Boston

"Law Reporter" bore testimony to his "distinguished professional reputation" and "great professional resources." "Wherever the occasion offers itself," said that journal, "the editorial note has been expanded, till it assumes something of the port and stature of a brief legal dissertation, in which the topics are discussed in the assured manner of one who feels that his foot is planted upon familiar ground, and whose mind is so saturated with legal knowledge, that it readily pours it forth at the slightest pressure, reminding us of those first 'sprightly runnings' of the wine-press extracted by no force but the mere weight of the grapes. Mr. Sumner has also introduced a new element into his notes. We allude to his biographical notices of the eminent men whose names occur in the reports, either in a judicial or forensic capacity, and to his occasional historical, political and biographical, illustrations of the text. In what may be called the literature of the law,— the curiosities of legal learning,— he has no rival among us."

On the death of Judge Story, in the autumn of 1845, he was mentioned in the newspapers as the natural successor in the vacant professorship. Judge Story had said, more than once, "I shall die content, so far as my professorship is concerned, if Charles Sumner is to succeed me." Chancellor Kent declared that he was "the only person in the country competent to succeed Story." Different gentlemen of the highest name in jurisprudence, both of Massachusetts and other States, proposed to interest themselves with the corporation for his appointment; but he discouraged the movement, saying that, as he was unwilling to engage to accept the post, if offered to him, he could not sanction any application or suggestion in his behalf. It never was offered to him. Report said that his opinions on questions of great public interest which had then begun to agitate the community weighed against him.

In relation to Mr. Sumner's oration at the head of this article, entitled "The True Grandeur of Nations," the Hon. Judge Story wrote of it to the author, that "it is certainly a very striking production, and will fully sustain your reputation for high talents, various reading, and exact scholarship. There are a great many passages in it which are wrought out with an exquisite finish, and elegance of diction, and classical beauty. I go earnestly and heartily along with many of your sentiments and opinions. They are such as befit an exalted mind, and an enlarged benevolence. But, from the length and breadth of your doctrine as to war, I am compelled to dissent. In my judgment,

war is, under some (although I agree not under many) circumstances, not only justifiable, but an indispensable part of public duty; and if the reasoning which you have adopted be sound, it extends far beyond the limits to which you have now confined it. It is not, however, my intention to discuss the matter at all with you. I am too old to desire or even indulge in controversy. No one who knows you can doubt the entire sincerity with which you have spoken. All that I desire to claim is as sincere a conviction that, in the extent to which you seem to press your doctrines, they are not, in my judgment, defensible. In many parts of your discourse, I have been struck with the strong resemblances which it bears to the manly enthusiasm of Sir James Mackintosh; but I think that he would have differed from you in respect to war, and would have maintained a moderation of views belonging at once to his philosophy and his life."

In this performance of Mr. Sumner, at the celebration of independence, there is abundant evidence of the ability of the author to distinguish himself as a rhetorician and orator. There are glowing passages in this oration, which thrill the very soul. There is here and there a pomp of language, says the North American Review, a procession of gorgeous periods, that hurries the reader irresistibly and willingly along. But these spots are interspersed and intersected by veins and seams of quite another ore. We are sometimes surprised and disappointed by a prosaic dash in the very midst of an eloquent paragraph, and occasionally bewildered by a chaotic confusion of metaphors. It would be ungrateful and unfair to ransack a popular oration for instances of bad taste and faulty expression; and yet, where a performance bears ample marks of supplementary additions, we could wish that the author's privilege of retrenchment had also been more liberally exercised. The very confines of courtesy are reached in the phrase, "respectable citizens volunteer to look like soldiers," considering the circumstances of the occasion. We must also call the author's attention to the incongruity of the several kinds of physical elevation and moral grandeur that are huddled together in the following passage: "As the cedars of Lebanon are higher than the grass of the valley; as the heavens are higher than the earth; as man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city,— so are the virtues and victories of peace higher than the virtues and victories of war." Once more: we cannot conceive how, in his description of the

massacre of the Roman senators by the Gauls, the author could have tortured Livy's *in vestibulis œdium* into "on a temple." The very ingenious and striking parallel drawn by the orator between national wars and the old wager of battle, is the most original and effective portion of the address. It was published in England, in a neat tract form, and also in Scotland, by the advocates of peace, and scattered over the queen's dominions by the tens of thousands; and probably no national oration was ever more widely circulated, on both sides of the Atlantic. It has been carefully revised, and objectionable passages expunged. An exuberance of classical allusions is a peculiar defect in the compositions of Charles Sumner.

Mr. Sumner interweaves his peace principles in the admirable sketch of Washington Allston, the artist, where he remarks that, early in life, Allston had a fondness for pieces representing banditti, but this taste does not appear in his later works. And, when asked if he would undertake to fill the vacant panels in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, should Congress determine to order such a work, he is reported to have said, in memorable words, "I will paint only one subject, and choose my own; no battle-piece." This decision Mr. Sumner urges as an anti-war appeal, though it may have been a matter of individual taste. This is about equivalent, in effect, says a critic, to a clergyman forbidding from the pulpit the handling, by artists, of heathen subjects; waging a warfare, in the name of Christianity, against Bacchus, Jupiter and Apollo, on the walls of our parlors; the idolatry of cameos and breastpins, and the damnatory influences of pagan bronzes and letter-seals. If a painter has the genius of Vernet, or a Wouvermans, for battle-pieces, in the name of the peace-societies, let him paint them. Are not the war-painters the true peace evangelists, by bringing Mr. Sumner's arguments most vividly before the "faithful eyes" of spectators?

Hitherto, though voting with the Whig party, he had taken no active part in politics. The confused state of public affairs in the year 1845 drew him, by his sense of justice and philanthropy, into that line of action. In the autumn of that year, the measures for the extension of the slave-power, by the annexation of Texas, being in progress, meetings were held in different towns of Massachusetts, as well as in other States, with a view to concentrate the public opinion opposed to the consummation of that measure, in remonstrances to the Congress then about to meet. At a popular convention, held at Faneuil Hall for that

purpose, on the 4th of November, Mr. Sumner pronounced the brilliant speech preserved in the second volume of his "Orations and Speeches," lately published. His next appearance of the kind was in September of the following year, when, at the request of those charged with the arrangements of the occasion, he addressed the Whig State Convention "on the anti-slavery duties of the Whig party." In the following month, he addressed through the newspapers a letter of rebuke to Mr. Winthrop, then member of Congress from Boston, for the vote in favor of the war with Mexico, by which that gentleman had agitated a portion of his immediate constituents, as well as the people of this commonwealth.

The best productions of Charles Sumner are odoriferous as the freshly gathered bouquet; and it is tribute enough to the oration for the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, to respond to the sentiment of John Quincy Adams, at the festival after it was delivered: "The memory of the scholar, the jurist, the artist, and the philanthropist; and not the memory, but the long life, of the kindred spirit who has this day embalmed them all." A reviewer, in criticizing the allusions of Sumner to the value of classical learning on the intellect, remarks that he shrinks from the moral effects of a class of writings which are deficient in the highest charm of purity. He speaks of the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance, but has quenched the recollection of his patriotic fire. Fitful philosophy is about as appropriately ascribed to Tully, as intemperate eloquence with which it is coupled. Mr. Sumner speaks, with implied censure, of Homer's inspiring tale of blood, apparently not bearing in mind the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the domestic beauty of the patriarchal scenes of the Odyssey; and the blame is extended even to Socrates, in his "marvellous teachings," and the "mellifluous words of Plato," and concludes with these words: "Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale, as she sits on the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart." There is no charitable foot-note here, to inform us of the source from which this comparison is drawn. This nightingale, of course, is not Milton's, which trilled its thick warbled notes "in the olive-grove of Academe," and whose song is not compared to Greek poetry. "Nor do we clearly understand," says the reviewer, "what is meant by the music of the human heart; but, if the chords of that love which is stronger

than death have power to breathe such music, the ear must be dull indeed which cannot detect it in the Alcestis and the Antigone." Mr. Sumner, however, freely and candidly concedes the wholesome influence of ancient letters, with the exception of a clear want of moral power; and his performance is masculine, often genial, ornate, and dignified.

Mr. Sumner is remarkable for rhetorical power, blandness of manners, and melodious voice; and we know not the native Bostonian who so effectively enchains the people at Faneuil Hall, as this manly orator. One of his warmest admirers expresses the opinion, that his orations and speeches will live long as liberty and humanity continue to be the prey of despotism and cruelty; and his principles will live and burn in the bosoms of liberty's own apostles, so long as war, violence and slavery, shall be permitted to shower their curses upon the world. And it is not likely that he will become the favorite of a party whose standard is the muck-rake; and a Cambridge poet thus apostrophizes:

> "Sumner, from thy well-ordered mind there grows
> The wondrous fount of learning manifold;
> Thine eloquence o'er stores of wisdom flows,
> Like a broad river over sands of gold."

There is a large portion of the community who have no doubt that, if his philanthropic heart were divested of the ultraisms of the age, his influence for public good would over-balance the retrograde spell that binds him. Such radical views are rendered ineffective, as an effort with his own extended arm to grasp and roll up, like a scroll, the entire extent of the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

The persevering and ingenious efforts of Mr. Sumner, for prison discipline reform, in 1847, advocating the exclusive or solitary system of Pennsylvania, in preference to the social system of Auburn and Charlestown, which elicited impassioned debates during seven protracted adjourned and densely crowded meetings of the Massachusetts Prison Discipline Society, strongly indicate the energy of his mind, and his power of discussion.

We notice the intellectual strength, forming a rare union, in his writings, with an acute sense of the beautiful, and delicacy in the shadings and coloring of expression. Mr. Sumner rarely lets the harmony of a sentence weaken its force, or the wealth of his diction obscure the clearness of his thought. One of the peculiarities of mere style,

which we have often noticed as giving the effect of vigor to his composition, is in rejecting every superfluous syllable from the latter limb of the sentence, so as to give a short cadence, and a sharp termination. He lavishes his riches upon the earlier clauses, but is economical at the end; crowds the attention at first, but spares it with a grateful surprise, finally. This rarely fails to be an effective style for delivery; and, aided, in Sumner's case, by his fine personal qualifications, it gives a certain character of manliness and directness to his oratory. It affixes the charm of simplicity just where it was in danger of being missed.

Mr. Sumner, in sketching the lineaments of another, has very graphically drawn his own portrait, when he says, "He was of that rare and happy constitution of mind, in which occupation is the normal state. He was possessed by a genius for labor. Others may moil in the law as successfully as he, but without his loving, successful earnestness of study. What he undertook he always did with his heart, soul, and mind; not with reluctant, vain compliance, but with his entire nature bent to the task. As in his friendships and in the warmth of society, so was he in his studies. His heart embraced labor, as his hand grasped the hand of a friend."

By his perseverance in a course opposed by a majority of the Whig party, Mr. Sumner's ties to it were weakened, though he had not yet become entirely separated from its counsels. Partly because he could not yet prevail upon himself to renounce a resolution long ago formed, to avoid public office altogether (for, to use his own expression, "the strife of parties had seemed ignoble to him"), partly from considerations of delicacy, incident to the course he had taken in opposition to Winthrop, he refused, when urgently invited, to allow himself to be put forward as a rival candidate to that gentleman, in the election then coming on. On the 4th of November, 1846, at a meeting of citizens favorable to the election of his friend who had consented to fill the uninviting place of candidate against an overwhelming majority, he delivered a "speech against the Mexican war, and all supplies for its prosecution." Determined, as he continued to be, against public office, he was now unavoidably embarked in politics. He could not be spared from the great exigencies of the time. There was no retreat, except in desertion of a cause to which nature and training alike had pledged him. The course of public affairs, down to the close of the last year, gave rise to the succession of speeches and writings contained in the

second of his volumes lately published,— volumes rich in exposition and brilliant enforcement of the doctrines of Christian politics, applied to the existing condition of affairs in this country. A great occasion and a great impulse seized upon him, and enforced the appeal of his friend John Quincy Adams, when, in an interview during Mr. Adams' illness, that illustrious man urged upon him the obligations which demanded him for the public service, and said to him, at parting, "Be not Atticus."

Mr. Sumner was not an associate to be willingly parted with; and, notwithstanding his intractableness, he continued to be recognized by the Whig party, till its presidential nomination in 1848. But in the autumn of that year, in the presidential canvass, which issued in the election of Gen. Taylor, he took an efficient part, repeatedly addressing popular conventions, in different parts of Massachusetts and elsewhere, in behalf of Mr. Van Buren, the candidate of the new Free Soil party. On the 24th day of April, 1851, he received the election of the House of Representatives of the State, in concurrence with the previous vote of the Senate, after twenty-six ballottings.

We would here take occasion to notice a pleasant allusion to the new party that has risen amongst us, contained in a speech at Salem, during the presidential contest of 1848: "I do not know how it is with you," said Rufus Choate; "but I must confess I have never met with any man who, having been a Whig, has devoted himself to this new organization, and yet who, directly and in terms, has expressed it as his opinion that the objects of the Whig party have ceased to be important and of value. They say they thought that 'the Whig party was dead;' very much as the Rev. Ebenezer Cruikshank, I believe, in the Pickwick Papers, being himself in a genial condition, and his audience all sober, begins by saying, 'In my opinion, the assembly is drunk.' 'The Whig party was dead;' but I have never met the first man who, having been a Whig, has ever dared to say that, in his judgment, the great doctrines of our creed are not as important and as valuable as ever, could we but be united upon what he has come to consider a larger and a paramount object — the rescue of our new territory from slavery. The Whig party is 'dead,' is it? This looks mightily like it! this sounds mightily like it! [alluding to the immense assembly, and to the cheering of the crowd outside.] Somebody is dead,— there is no doubt of that; — but it is not we,— it is not the Whig party. 'Thou art not dead!' as Grattan used to apostrophize to Ireland, —

'Thou art not vanquished !
Youth and beauty still are crimson
On thy lip and on thy cheek, —
Death's pale flag is not advancéd there.'

I repeat it, that I never yet heard the first man say that any one of the doctrines upon which our party was organized has lost, in the slightest degree its importance and value in practical politics." "The very madness of party strife has cemented our Union," says Mr. Choate. "*Idem sentire de republica*,— a community of opinions makes the masses of the people, however widely scattered, next-door neighbors and friends; and thus the volcanic fires have blazed, but have prevented the earthquake. Our railroads, our telegraphic wires themselves, conduct along the strong galvanic stream of consentaneous opinions and views. Time and space have been annihilated. Every man's national politics make him at home everywhere; and thus the sharpest, the noisiest, and the most dangerous moments of political discussion, have been the safest for the country."

At the Cape Cod Association, the following sentiment was advanced by Charles Sumner: "The Demon of Political Strife: If it cannot be exorcised from public affairs, let us, at least, prevent the evil spirit from taking a place at the family hearth, from entering the private circle, or from troubling the charities of life."

When the national Fugitive Slave Law — the principle of which, in the minds of many eminent jurists, was recognized by our fathers in the federal constitution — was practically tested by the return of the slave Hamlet, from New York, to his master at the south, it produced an excitement that, like an earthquake, shook the nation from the centre to its remotest parts; and Charles Sumner delivered an impassioned speech at Faneuil Hall, which was received with thunders of applause, Nov. 6, 1850, at a Free soil meeting.

The great objects of the Free Soil party are exhibited in this speech; and we know not any more correct exponent of their principles than Mr. Sumner. "It is a mistake to say," remarks he, "that we seek to interfere, through Congress, with slavery in the States, or in any way to direct the legislation of Congress upon subjects within its jurisdiction. Our *political* aims, as well as our political duties, are coëxtensive with our political responsibilities. And, since we at the north are responsible for slavery wherever it exists, under the jurisdiction of Congress, it is unpardonable in us not to exert every power

we possess to enlist Congress against it. Looking at details, we demand, first and foremost, the instant repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill. We demand the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. We demand the exercise by Congress, in all territories, of its time-honored power to prohibit slavery. We demand of Congress to refuse to receive into the Union any new slave State. We demand the abolition of the domestic slave-trade, so far as it can be constitutionally reached, but particularly on the high seas, under the national flag. And, generally, we demand from the federal government the exercise of all its constitutional power to relieve itself from responsibility for slavery. And yet one thing further must be done. The slave power must be overturned, so that the federal government may be put openly, actively and perpetually, on the side of freedom.

"It happens to me to sustain an important relation to this bill. Early in professional life, I was designated, by the late Mr. Justice Story, one of the commissioners of the courts of the United States; and, though I have not very often exercised the functions of this post, yet my name is still upon the lists. As such, I am one of those before whom, under the recent act of Congress, the panting fugitive may be brought for the decision of the question whether he is a freeman or a slave. But, while it becomes me to speak with caution, I shall not hesitate to speak with plainness. I cannot forget that I am a *man*, although I am a commissioner." "For myself, let me say that I can imagine no office, no salary, no consideration, which I would not gladly forego, rather than become, in any way, an agent for enslaving my brother man. Where for me would be comfort and solace, after such a work? In dreams and in waking hours, in solitude and in the street, in the meditations of the closet, and in the affairs of men,— wherever I turned, there my victim would stare me in the face; from the distant rice-fields and sugar-plantations of the south, his cries beneath the vindictive lash, his moans at the thought of liberty,— once his, now, alas! ravished from him,— would pursue me, telling the tale of his fearful doom, and sounding in my ears, 'Thou art the man!'

"There is a legend of Venice, consecrated by the pencil of one of her greatest artists, that the apostle St. Mark suddenly descended into the public square, and broke the manacles of the slave, even before the judge who had decreed his doom. Should Massachusetts be ever desecrated by such a judgment, may the good apostle, with valiant arm, once more descend to break the manacles of the slave!" In

regard to the approach of the slave-hunter to our borders, Mr. Sumner says: "Into Massachusetts he must not come. I counsel no violence. I would not touch his person. Not with whips and thongs would I scourge him from the land. The contempt, the indignation, the abhorrence of the community, shall be our weapons of offence. Wherever he moves, he shall find no house to receive him, no table spread to nourish him, no welcome to cheer him. The dismal lot of the Roman exile shall be his. He shall be a wanderer, without roof, fire, or water. Men shall point at him in the streets, and on the highways,—

> 'Sleep shall neither night nor day
> Hang upon his pent-house lid;
> He shall live a man forbid!
> Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
> Shall he dwindle, peak and pine!' "

In this speech of Mr. Sumner, a parallel is drawn between the Stamp Act and the Fugitive Slave Act, in which he showed how "the unconquerable rage of the people" had compelled the stamp officers to resign their offices, in 1765, and contended that the slave act and the stamp act were alike unconstitutional. An energetic writer in the Transcript, over the signature of "Sigma," and recognized as "The Sexton of the Old School," whose spirit of philanthropy in the temperance reform has given him immortal fame on both sides of the Atlantic, contends there is no similarity between them. "Our fathers," says Sigma, "were not represented,—we are; they had no power, by their suffrages, to change their law-makers,—we have; they, and many great men, members of the British Parliament, utterly denied the right of taxation,—we recognize our constitutional obligations;"—and, in a tone of sarcasm, when alluding to the remark of Mr. Sumner, "I counsel no violence," Sigma retorts, "He vivified the fury of the masses, by reminding them of the unconquerable rage of the people in 1765,—but he counselled no violence! He held up the present and the former occasion as equally demanding an exhibition of their unconquerable rage,—but he counselled no violence! He asked them if we should be more tolerant now than were those whose unconquerable rage drove magistrates from their homes, sacked their houses, compelled their wives and daughters to fly, in terror, for their lives, guzzled their liquors, and stole their gold,—but he counselled no violence! To let them know they were not alone in their treasonable purposes, he significantly assured them there were not wanting

those who were ready to resist the laws of their country, and protect the fugitive by force,— but he counselled no violence!"

Mr. Sumner, in his speech on the floor of the United States Senate, Jan. 27, 1852, in favor of a bill granting the right of way and making a grant of land to the State of Iowa, in the construction of certain railroads in that State, thus enlarges on the benefit which will result "from the opening of a new communication, by which the territory beyond the Mississippi will be brought into connection with the Atlantic seaboard, and by which the distant posts of Council Bluffs will become a suburb of Washington. It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of roads as means of civilization. This, at least, may be said: where roads are not, civilization cannot be; and civilization advances as roads are extended. By these, religion and knowledge are diffused; intercourse of all kinds is promoted; the producer, the manufacturer and the consumer, are all brought nearer together; commerce is quickened; markets are opened; property, wherever touched by these lines, is changed, as by a magic rod, into new values; and the great current of travel, like that stream of classic fable, or one of the rivers of our own California, hurries in a channel of golden sand. The roads, together with the laws, of ancient Rome, are now better remembered than her victories. The Flaminian and Appian ways, once trod by returning proconsuls and tributary kings, still remain as beneficent representatives of her departed grandeur. Under God, the road and the schoolmaster are the two chief agents of human improvement. The education begun by the schoolmaster is expanded, liberalized and completed, by intercourse with the world; and this intercourse finds new opportunities and inducements in every road that is built.

"Our country has already done much in this regard. Through a remarkable line of steam communications, chiefly by railroad, its whole population is now, or will be soon, brought close to the borders of Iowa. The cities of the southern seaboard — Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile — are already stretching their lines in this direction, soon to be completed conductors; while the traveller from all the principal points of the northern seaboard,— from Portland, Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,— now passes without impediment to this remote region, traversing a territory of unexampled resources,— at once a magazine and a granary,— the largest coal-field, and at the same time the largest corn-field, of the known globe,— winding his way among churches and school-houses,

among forests and gardens, by villages, towns and cities, along the sea, along rivers and lakes, with a speed which may recall the gallop of the ghostly horseman in the ballad:

> 'Fled past on right and left how fast
> Each forest, grove, and bower!
> On right and left fled past how fast
> Each city, town, and tower!
>
> 'Tramp! tramp! along the land they speed,
> Splash! splash! along the sea.'

On the banks of the Mississippi he is now arrested. The proposed road in Iowa will bear the adventurer yet further, to the banks of the Missouri; and this distant giant stream, mightiest of the earth, leaping from its sources in the Rocky Mountains, will be clasped with the Atlantic in the same iron bracelet. In all this, I see not only further opportunities for commerce, but a new extension to civilization, and increased strength to our national Union.

"A heathen poet, while picturing the golden age without long lines of road, has ignorantly indicated this circumstance as creditable to that imaginary period, in contrast with his own. 'How well,' exclaimed the youthful Tibullus, 'they lived while Saturn ruled,—*before the earth was opened by long ways:*'

> 'Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege; priusquam
> Tellus *in longas est patefacta vias.*'

But the true golden age is before us,—not behind us; and one of its tokens will be the completion of those *long ways*, by which villages, towns, counties, states, provinces, nations, are all to be associated and knit together in a fellowship that can never be broken."

PLINY MERRICK.

JULY 9, 1845. EULOGY ON PRESIDENT JACKSON.

The irresistible impression of every patriotic heart, on reading the eloquent eulogy of Judge Merrick, delivered in Faneuil Hall, on our modern Roman, must be that, if Jackson was iron-willed and daring, his decisive energy was devoted to the welfare of his country,

and he has thus more firmly cemented our vast republican edifice. "Undoubtedly by far the most important and alarming political questions which have ever arisen under the constitution since its adoption," says Judge Merrick, "were those created by the measures pursued by South Carolina during the administration of President Jackson, in resistance of the laws of the United States for the collection of its revenue.

"Not claiming to exercise that great fundamental popular right which precedes and underlies all constitutions and forms of government, — that incontestible, inalienable and indefeasible, right of the people, to reform, alter or totally change the government, when their protection, safety, prosperity and happiness, require it,— South Carolina insisted that, under the constitution, and in strict conformity to the terms upon which she had entered the Union, and to her obligation to the rest of the United States, it was competent for her people to denounce a law of Congress as unconstitutional, null and void, and to prohibit all execution of its provisions within the limits of her territory. And, in pursuance of this extravagant assumption, a popular convention, assembled in conformity to an act of her Legislature, assumed the tremendous responsibility of abolishing the obnoxious law, and of placing the State in an attitude of open, direct and undisguised, hostility to the general government. Never could there be, in the history of an ardent, generous and free people, a crisis of more thrilling interest or portentous disaster than this; but never could there have been found a magistrate better fitted for so terrible an emergency than Andrew Jackson. In the gravity of his wisdom, he paused in the reflection that the prosperity and happiness of the existing and of unborn generations, under a constitution establishing the freest government on earth, bound together in the bonds of a political union cemented with the blood of a noble, self-sacrificing ancestry, depended upon his decision, his prudence, his counsel, and his strength. He examined all the questions involved in the great controversy with the most thorough and searching scrutiny, in every aspect in which they could be considered, — in every light in which they could be presented; and, throwing himself into the arms of the people, and relying upon their stability in virtue, and loyalty in patriotism, he issued, in the form of a proclamation, one of the most remarkable papers ever addressed by a government to its citizens. Demolishing the sophistry of opposing arguments, and unfolding, with the utmost clearness, his views of the true principles of constitutional union, he appealed, with all the earnestness that

danger could inspire, and all the affection that could warm the heart of a father, to the generous and manly people of his native State, to abandon the mad project of disunion, and reünite with their fellow-citizens in lawful and constitutional measures for the redress of all real or apprehended grievances. But, finally, he announced his unalterable determination, upon their refusal to comply with their constitutional obligations, to enforce the execution of the laws they had assumed to annul, at the hazard of every consequence. His simple but authoritative mandate — 'the Union, it *must* be preserved' — came like sunshine through the cloud,— like the benignant light of the guiding star, through the mists of ocean, to the anxious mariner tossed on its billows. The effect was electrical, grand, and decisive. The ranks of opposition swayed away from their organization, and every defender of the constitution rushed to the rampart, to stand by its noble and fearless representative. The voices of congratulation, of defence, of compromise, mingled together, and the thanksgivings for an Union preserved went up once more from the hearts of an united people."

Pliny Merrick was born at Brookfield, Aug. 2, 1794; was a son of Hon. Pliny Merrick, and married Mary R., daughter of Isaiah Thomas, 1821. He studied law with Gov. Levi Lincoln, during which period he delivered the 4th of July oration, at Worcester, in 1817, when he displayed a fertile imagination and patriotic ardor. In that year he opened an office at Worcester, after admission to the bar, where he practised until May, 1818, when he removed to Charlton, and in three months was located at Swanzey, Bristol county, until August, 1820. From this town he removed to Taunton, and became partner with Hon. Marcus Morton, during one year, to 1824, when he returned to Worcester, July 6th of that year, and was appointed the county attorney by Gov. Brooks. In 1829 he was elected president of the Anti-masonic Convention of Massachusetts, and published a letter on Speculative Masonry at that period. In 1832 Gov. Lincoln appointed Mr. Merrick the attorney for the middle district, on the organization of the criminal courts distinct from the civil tribunals. In 1827 he was a representative for Worcester, and was several years a selectman of the town. In 1827 he delivered the agricultural address for Worcester Fair. He was an editor of the National Ægis, in Worcester, as successor to Edward D. Bangs. In 1843 Gov. Morton appointed Mr. Merrick a judge of the Court of Common Pleas; and, after the decease of Judge Thacher, in 1844, he became one of the ex-officio judges of

the Municipal Court. He was elected to the State Senate of 1850. Judge Merrick is a man of very active business habits, and was president of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad corporation. He is profoundly learned in the law, and amply equal to civil, political, or business stations. He graduated at Harvard College in 1814, on which occasion he engaged in a conference on the relative connection, in a free government, of the liberty of the press, political associations, and the frequency of elections. Mr. Merrick was originally an advocate of the cause of Freemasonry; and published, in 1823, a Masonic address, delivered at Northborough, which is much at variance with his letter on the subject when he espoused Anti-masonry. He was a member of the American Antiquarian Society, and will long be remembered among us as the leading counsel in the defence of Professor John W. Webster, for the murder of Dr. George Parkman. In 1851 he again accepted the office of a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, under Gov. Briggs.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

OCT. 15, 1845. MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

"If one were called on to say what, upon the whole, was the most distinctive and characterizing feature of the age in which we live, I think he might reply," says Mr. Winthrop, "that it was the rapid and steady progress of the influence of commerce upon the social and political condition of man. The policy of the civilized world is now everywhere and eminently a commercial policy. No longer do the nations of the earth measure their relative consequence by the number and discipline of their armies upon the land, or their armadas upon the sea. The tables of their imports and exports, the tonnage of their commercial marines, the value and variety of their home trade, the sum total of their mercantile exchanges, — these furnish the standards by which national power and national importance are now marked and measured. Even extent of territorial dominion is valued little, save as it gives scope and verge for mercantile transactions; and the great use of colonies is what Lord Sheffield declared it to be, half a century ago, 'the monopoly of their consumption, and the carriage of their produce.'

"Look to the domestic administration, or the foreign negotiation, of our own, or any other civilized country. Listen to the debates of the two houses of the Imperial Parliament. What are the subjects of their gravest and most frequent discussions? The succession of families? The marriage of princes? The conquest of provinces? The balance of power? — No; the balance of trade, the sliding scale, corn, cotton, sugar, timber,— these furnish now the home-spun threads upon which the statesmen of modern days are obliged to string the pearls of their parliamentary rhetoric. Nay, the prime minister himself is he discoursing upon the duties to be levied upon the seed of a c savory vegetable,— the use of which not even Parisian authority has rendered quite genteel upon a fair day,— as gravely as if it were as true in regard to the complaints against the tariff of Great Britain, as some of us think it is true in reference to the murmurs against our own American tariff, that 'all the tears which should water this sorrow live in an *onion!*'

"Cross over to the continent. What is the great fact of the day in that quarter? Lo, a convention of delegates from ten of the independent States of Germany, forgetting their own political rivalries and social feuds,— flinging to the winds all the fears and jealousies which have so long sown dragon's teeth along the borders of neighboring states of disproportioned strength and different forms of government, — the lamb lying down with the lion,— the little city of Frankfort with the proud kingdom of Prussia,— and all entering into a solemn league to regulate commerce and secure markets! What occupy the thoughts of the diplomatists,— the Guizots, and Aberdeens, and Metternichs? Reciprocal treaties of commerce and navigation,— treaties to advance an honest trade, or sometimes (I thank Heaven!) to abolish an infamous and accursed traffic,— these are the engrossing topics of their protocols and ultimatums. Even wars, when they have occurred, or when they have been rumored, for a quarter of a century past, how almost uniformly has the real motive, whether of the menace or of the hostile act, proved to be,— whatever may have been the pretence,— not, as aforetime, to destroy, but to secure, the sources of commercial wealth. Algiers, Affghanistan, China, Texas, Oregon, all point more or less directly to one and the same pervading policy throughout the world,— of opening new markets, securing new ports, and extending commerce and navigation over new lands and new seas.

* * * * * * *

"Well might the mail-clad monarchs of the earth refuse their countenance to Columbus, and reward his matchless exploit with beggary and chains. He projected, he accomplished, that which, in its ultimate and inevitable consequences, was to wrest from their hands the implements of their ferocious sport,— to break their bow and knap their spear in sunder, and all but to extinguish the source of their proudest and most absolute prerogative.

> 'No kingly conqueror, since time began
> The long career of ages, hath to man
> A scope so ample given for *Trade's* bold range,
> Or caused on earth's wide stage such rapid, mighty change.'

From the discovery of the New World, the mercantile spirit has been rapidly gaining upon its old antagonist; and the establishment upon these shores of our own republic, whose Union was the immediate result of commercial necessities, whose independence found its original impulse in commercial oppressions, and of whose constitution the regulation of commerce was the first leading idea, may be regarded as the epoch at which the martial spirit finally lost a supremacy, which, it is believed and trusted, it can never reäcquire.

"Yes, Mr. President, it is commerce which is fast exorcising the fell spirit of war from nations which it has so long been tearing and rending. The merchant may, indeed, almost be seen, at this moment, summoning the rulers of the earth to his counting-desk, and putting them under bonds to keep the peace! Upon what do we ourselves rely, to counteract the influence of the close approximation of yonder flaming planet to our sphere? Let me rather say (for it is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are to look for the causes which have brought the apprehensions of war once more home to our hearts), upon what do we rely, to save us from the bloody arbitrement of questions of mere territory and boundary, into which our own arbitrary and ambitious views would plunge us? To what do we look to prevent a protracted strife with Mexico, if not to arrest even the outbreak of hostilities, but to the unwillingness of the great commercial powers that the trade of the West Indies and of the Gulf should be interrupted? Why is it so confidently pronounced that Great Britain will never go to war with the United States for Oregon? Why, but that trade has created such a Siamese ligament between the two countries, that every blow upon us would be but as a blow of the right arm upon the left? Why, but that,

in the smoke-pipe of every steamer which brings her merchandise to our ports, we see a *calumet of peace*, which her war-chiefs dare not extinguish? Commerce has, indeed, almost realized ideas which the poet, in his wildest fancies, assumed as the very standard of impossibility. We may not 'charm ache with air, or agony with words;' but may we not 'fetter strong madness with a *cotton* thread'? Yes, that little fibre, which was not known as a product of the North American soil when our old colonial union with Great Britain was dissolved, has already been spun, by the ocean-moved power-loom of international commerce, into a thread which may fetter forever the strong madness of war!

"Yet let us not, let us not, experiment upon its tension too far. Neither the influences of commerce, nor any other influences, have yet brought about the day (if, indeed, such a day is ever to be enjoyed before the second coming of the Prince of Peace), when we may regard all danger of war at an end, and when we may fearlessly sport with the firebrands which have heretofore kindled it, or throw down the fire-arms by which we have been accustomed to defend ourselves against it. Preparation — I will not say *for* war, but *against* war — is still the dictate of common prudence. And, while I would always contend first for that preparation of an honest, equitable, inoffensive and unaggressive, policy towards all other nations, which would secure us, in every event, the triple armor of a just cause, I am not ready to abandon those other preparations for which our constitution and laws have made provision. Nor do I justify such preparations only on any narrow views of State necessity and worldly policy. I know no policy, as a statesman, which I may not pursue as a Christian. I can advocate no system before men, which I may not justify to my own conscience, or which I shrink from holding up, in humble trust, before my God."

Robert Charles Winthrop was born in Boston, May 12, 1809, and was a son of the Hon. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Temple, and a grand-daughter of Gov. James Bowdoin. He was a descendant of John Winthrop, the first governor elected by the General Court of Massachusetts, in 1630–1. The governor's town-lot, known as "The Green," included the land now owned by the Old South Church, on Washington-street, and his residence was nearly opposite School-street. It was afterwards occupied by Prince, the annalist; and was a two-story wooden edifice, which was destroyed for fuel, by the British troops, in 1775. His father was six years lieuten-

ant-governor of Massachusetts, and president of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Young Winthrop entered the Boston Latin School in 1818; and when, later in life, he received an invitation to attend a public school festival in Faneuil Hall, he made the following pertinent allusion: "There is no festival, in our political or civil calendar, which I would so gladly attend as the festival of the schools. Many years have elapsed since I enjoyed such a privilege. Indeed, my strongest associations with the occasion run back to the somewhat distant day when I was myself a medal-boy, and when I received from the city authorities a set of books, which are still the proudest ornaments of my library." He graduated at Harvard College; and on that occasion he delivered an oration on "Public Station," which foreshadowed his future career; and, at a college exhibition, he pronounced an oration on the influence of external circumstances on the mind. He entered on the study of the law under the guidance of Daniel Webster, and became a member of the Suffolk bar in 1831. He married Eliza C. Blanchard, March 12, 1832; and married a second wife,—Laura, daughter of John Derby, Esq., of Salem, and widow of Arnold F. Welles, Esq.,—Nov. 6, 1849. He had two sons and one daughter, by his first wife. He was early engaged in military stations. He was captain of the Boston Light Infantry; lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; an aid-de-camp to Governors Davis, Armstrong, and Everett. In the year 1834 he was elected a representative to the State Legislature, until 1841, and was Speaker of the House from 1838, until he was elected to Congress from Suffolk, in 1841, as successor to Hon. Abbott Lawrence. He resigned in 1842, when he was succeeded by Hon. Nathan Appleton, who relinquished the station at the close of that session, when the seat was resumed by his personal friend, Mr. Winthrop. He was Speaker of the House in Congress during the years 1848 and '49. In the Congress of 1850, Mr. Winthrop was again a candidate for the speaker's chair, but was defeated, on a plurality vote, by two votes, after a contest of more than sixty ballotings. In July, 1850, when Mr. Webster became Secretary of State under President Fillmore, Mr. Winthrop was appointed, by the executive of Massachusetts, to succeed him in the United States Senate. We believe that Mr. Winthrop is the only native Bostonian who has been Speaker of the House of Congress.

We love the name of Winthrop,—it has ever been the honor of

New England; and our late senator in Congress has added to its lustre, in the opinion of his friends, by an unblenching resistance to reputed party intrigue. It appears that, on the opening of the thirtieth session of Congress, in December, 1847, Mr. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, had endeavored to procure pledges of Mr. Winthrop, in regard to the constitution of those committees which have especial direction of subjects connected with war and slavery. Mr. Winthrop rejected these overtures, and we here present the correspondence on that matter. It is a valuable fragment of political history:

"56 *Coleman's*, *Washington*, *Dec*, 5, 1847.

"DEAR SIR: — It would give me pleasure to aid, by my vote, in placing you in the chair of the House of Representatives. But I have no personal hopes or fears to dictate my course in the matter; and the great consideration for me must be that of the policy which the speaker will impress on the action of the house.

"Not to trouble you with suggestions as to subordinate points, there are some leading questions on which it may be presumed that you have a settled purpose. May I respectfully inquire whether, if elected speaker, it is your intention,—

"So to constitute the Committees of Foreign Relations, and of Ways and Means, as to arrest the existing war?

"So to constitute the Committee on the Territories as to obstruct the legal establishment of slavery within any territory?

"So to constitute the Committee on the Judiciary as to favor the repeal of the law of Feb. 12, 1793, which denies trial by jury to persons charged with being slaves; to give a fair and favorable consideration to the question of the repeal of those acts of Congress which now sustain slavery in this district; and to further such measures as may be in the power of Congress, to remedy the grievances of which Massachusetts complains at the hands of South Carolina, in respect to ill treatment of her citizens?

"I should feel much obliged to you for a reply at your early convenience; and I should be happy to be permitted to communicate it, or its substance, to some gentlemen who entertain similar views to mine, on this class of questions.

"I am, dear sir,

"With great personal esteem,

"Your friend and servant,

"JOHN G. PALFREY."

On the reception of this note, Mr. Winthrop promptly addressed the following dignified reply:

"*Washington, Coleman's Hotel, Dec.* 5, 1847.

"DEAR SIR: — Your letter of to-day has this moment been handed to me. I am greatly obliged by the disposition you express 'to aid in placing me in the chair of the House of Representatives.' But I must be perfectly candid in saying to you that, if I am to occupy that chair, I must go into it without pledges of any sort.

"I have not sought the place. I have solicited no man's vote. At a meeting of the Whig members of the house, last evening (at which, however, I believe that you were not present), I was formally nominated as the whig candidate for speaker, and I have accepted the nomination.

"But I have uniformly said, to all who have inquired of me, that my policy in organizing the house must be sought for in my general conduct and character as a public man.

"I have been for seven years a member of Congress from our common State of Massachusetts. My votes are on record. My speeches are in print. If they have not been such as to inspire confidence in my course, nothing that I could get up for the occasion, in the shape of pledges or declaration of purpose, ought to do so.

"Still less could I feel it consistent with my own honor, after having received and accepted a general nomination, and just on the eve of the election, to frame answers to specific questions, like those which you have proposed, to be shown to a few gentlemen, as you suggest, and to be withheld from the great body of the Whigs.

"Deeply, therefore, as I should regret to lose the distinction which the Whigs in Congress have offered to me, and, through me, to New England, for want of the aid of a Massachusetts vote, I must yet respectfully decline any more direct reply to the interrogatories which your letter contains.

"I remain, with every sentiment of personal esteem,

"Your friend and servant,

"ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

"HON. JOHN G. PALFREY, &c. &c."

It has been stated in the papers of the day, that, after receiving this note from his brother colleague in Congress, Mr. Palfrey steadily,

upon three several ballotings, opposed his election to the speakership of the house: but Mr. Winthrop was elected, however, by a majority of one vote.

Mr. Winthrop made a tour of England, France, and other parts of Europe. Shortly after his departure for England, Edward Everett, then ambassador to the court of St. James, in writing to a friend in Massachusetts, said of Mr. Winthrop, "A better specimen of America never crossed the water." He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

"Mr. Winthrop has been, from his earliest youth, an object of the public regard, as a person of high qualifications for the public service," says George Ticknor Curtis. "In his talents, his cultivation, his correctness of principle, his uniform adherence to a true public policy, and his capacity to judge rightly and speak eloquently upon public affairs, he has been all his life a representative of the people among whom he was born,— of their institutions, and of the spirit of their whole condition. To these characteristics there has been added, in his case, the associations which gather about a name interwoven forever with our history and our glory. Nor has he ever disappointed one of the expectations that have fondly centred us on him, until, in this middle period of his life, in an hour of that misapprehension or misrepresentation to which all public men are exposed, he has had charges laid at his door which aim at his integrity of purpose and consistency of character." This regards his vote for the war with Mexico; on which point, Mr. Winthrop, in a speech June 26, 1846, remarked, "I believed, when that bill providing for the war was before us, and I believe still, that the policy of the administration had already involved us in a state of things which could not be made better, which could not be either remedied or relieved, by withholding supplies or disguising its real character. And I will say further, that, while I condemn both the policy of annexation, as a whole, and the movement of our army from Corpus Christi, as a most unnecessary and unwarrantable part, I was not one of those who considered Mexico as entirely without fault."

Mr. Winthrop, on the floor of Congress, was manly, decided, and effective. No man there ever spoke more to the purpose. This passage, from the speech on sectional controversies, shows the man: "When I was first a candidate for Congress, now some ten winters gone, I told the abolitionists of my district, in reply to their interrog-

atories, that, while I agreed with them in most of their abstract principles, and was ready to carry them out, in any just, practicable and constitutional manner, yet, if I were elected to this house, I should not regard it as any peculiar part of my duty to *agitate* the subject of slavery. I have adhered to that declaration. I have been no agitator. I have sympathized with no fanatics. I have defended the rights and interests and principles of the north, to the best of my ability, wherever and whenever I have found them assailed; but I have enlisted in no crusade upon the institutions of the south. I have eschewed and abhorred ultraism at both ends of the Union. 'A plague o' both your houses,' has been my constant ejaculation; and it is altogether natural, therefore, that both their houses should cry a plague on me. I would not have it otherwise. I dote on their dislike. I covet their opposition. I desire no other testimony, to the general propriety of my course, than their reproaches. I thank my God, that he has endowed me, if with no other gifts, with a spirit of moderation, which incapacitates me for giving satisfaction to ultraists anywhere, and on any subject. If they were to speak well of me, I should be compelled to exclaim, like one of old, 'What bad thing have I done, that such men praise me?' "

In alluding to the uncontrollable spirit of annexation and conquest that pervades our country, Mr. Winthrop remarked, in Congress, that we are reaping the natural and just results of the annexation of Texas, and of the war which inevitably followed that annexation. "We have almost realized the fate of the greedy and ravenous bird, in the old fable. Æsop tells us of an eagle, which, in one of its towering flights, seeing a bit of tempting flesh upon an altar, pounced upon it, and bore it away in triumph to its nest. But, by chance, he adds, a coal of fire from the altar was sticking to it at the time, which set fire to the nest, and consumed it in a trice. And our American eagle, sir, has been seen stooping from its pride of place, and hovering over the altars of a weak neighboring power. It has at last pounced upon her provinces, and borne them away from her in triumph. But burning coals have clung to them. Discord and confusion have come with them. And our own American homestead is now threatened with conflagration."

We cannot resist the pleasure of citing the spirited allusion to Faneuil Hall, in the same speech: "The American Union must be preserved. I speak for Faneuil Hall. Not for Faneuil Hall occupied, as it sometimes has been, by an anti-slavery or a liberty party convention,

denouncing the constitution and government under which we live, and breathing threatenings and slaughter against all who support them,— but for Faneuil Hall thronged as it has been so often in times past, and as it will be so often for a thousand generations in times to come, by as intelligent, honest and patriotic a people, as ever the sun shone upon; — I speak for Faneuil Hall, and for the great masses of true-hearted American freemen, without distinction of party, who delight to dwell beneath its shadow, and to gather beneath its roof; — I speak for Faneuil Hall, when I say the Union of these States must not be dissolved!"

It was well said of Winthrop's speech in Congress, May, 1850, on the admission of California into the Union, that it is an olive-branch held up in the strife, and not a torch of Alecto. In reply to the objection that California has prohibited slavery in her constitution, Mr. Winthrop remarked: "While some of us will go still further, and, without intending any offence to others, will thank God openly that this infant Hercules of the west has strangled the serpents in the cradle,— that this youthful giant of the Pacific presents himself to us self-dedicated to freedom, and stands a self-pledged and self-posted sentinel, side by side with Oregon, against the introduction of slavery by sea or land, into any part of that trans-Alpine territory!" And, in the peroration, he said, "I have the strongest belief that the visions and phantoms of disunion which now appall us will soon be remembered only like the clouds of some April morning, or like 'the dissolving views' of some evening spectacle. I have the fullest conviction that this glorious republic is destined to outlast all,— all at either end of the Union,— who may be plotting against its peace, or predicting its downfall."

Mr. Winthrop made a felicitous allusion to the railroad enterprise of Massachusetts, at the Boston railroad jubilee festival, on the Common, Sept. 19, 1851. "Here is a miniature map," said he, holding it to view, "exhibiting our little commonwealth as it really is, covered all over with railroad lines. They tell us here of a hundred and twenty passenger trains, containing no less than twelve thousand persons, shooting into our city on a single ordinary average summer's day, with a regularity, punctuality and precision, which makes it almost as safe to set our watches by a railroad whistle, as by the Old South clock!"

"Mr. Winthrop has this great advantage as a speaker," remarks one. "His mind is eminently methodical, and his recollective faculties

are strong and active, and in constant play at the same time that he is in the full sway of extempore composition. These faculties are invaluable to a public speaker. They are the flying columns, the mounted forces, of his mental battalions. The heavy artillery of the intellect may open breaches, and even break the line of the enemy; but the light troops are essential to make clean work with the partially discomfited foe. The methodical character of Mr. Winthrop's mind enables him to avoid all confusion or transposition in the treatment of his topics of debate. He neither runs before nor lags behind the proper currents of his speech. He not only says just what he desires to say, but he says it just where and when he intends to say it. Moreover, he says it in the manner designed. His thoughts are run in a mould, and his expressions daguerreotype them to the hearer. They are used like the pieces of a dissected map; and, when his work is done, you see that every piece is put in its proper place, and that the map is harmoniously and accurately complete. It is thus that these distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Winthrop's mind, added to strong powers of intellect, great coolness and self-possession, unusual gifts of language, a chaste elocution, sufficient force and animation, an accomplished and dignified manner, render him a pleasing, an effective and a reliable debater."

FLETCHER WEBSTER.

JULY 4, 1846. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

One is involuntarily prompted, on looking at the subject of this article, to revert to the noble father, toward whom so profound is the public veneration, that, when entering a church in New York, on the evening previous to the delivery of an eloquent speech on the celebration of the birth of Washington, in 1852, the whole congregation rose simultaneously on their feet, and remained standing for a few minutes; and, when the service was ended, Mr. Webster, after having spoken to the preacher, made his departure, amid the gaze, and earnest, though suppressed greetings of the people. Who can repress admiration of the statesman that declares, in a speech at the banquet of the city authorities of New York, on this occasion, "I have endeavored, through life, to cherish one idea,— that there was but one America on earth, but one free American government on earth, and that there never was another; and

if we should ever disregard the blessings of which we are in the enjoyment, we shall never, as long as the sun shines in the heavens, establish another of equal goodness. There belongs to the people of this country a common treasure,— a fount from which every man may drink,— namely, the honor and glory of the nation." Honor to the statesman of whom Moses Stuart emphasized, that swords would leap, if it were lawful and necessary, from hundreds of thousands of scabbards, to defend him from an unjust political assault. In this connection, we take pleasure in introducing passages from the speech of Rufus Choate, at Faneuil Hall, on the course of Daniel Webster in relation to the great compromise of the north and the south. We feel confidence in the opinion that Faneuil Hall has not resounded with a nobler burst of eloquence, for the last half-century, than is this tribute to Daniel Webster:

"On the 7th of March, 1850, it was duty. I put to you, and through you to the justice and heart of America,— it was duty only, duty in her severest form, duty summoning him to her highest sacrifice, — duty, not the love of glory,— certainly not that glory which is run after,— if any glory, the austere and arduous glory of civil suffering, that cheered him on. And how has he been tried, and how has he been judged? In that temper of the public mind, he thought he saw clearly that, unless the whole constitution was executed, there was no longer a nation for America; and that opinion is his crime! He deemed, after the profoundest consideration, that the nation was in urgent and imminent peril; and that opinion has been his crime! In that conviction, he devoted himself, as the first duty of patriotism, and morality, and Christianity, to save, and perpetuate, and prolong, that Union; and that devotion is his crime! In that conflict of great duties, he chose the largest to be performed first; and that selection is his crime! In that complication of evils, he chose the least, rightly deeming that the more passing and temporary and transient ills would be overbalanced, a thousand-fold, by the more exceeding and eternal good; and that choice is his crime! In that time of insubordination, and restlessness, and revolt, against government and institution, he has given his great faculties to inculcate obedience to the fundamental law; and that is his crime! He has deemed, fellow-citizens, that the whole duty of the inhabitants of the free States, in this great extremity of our republic, is a little too large to delegate, to be all summed up in the single emotion of compassion to a single class in the State, or to

carry out a single principle of abstract, and revolutionary, and violent, and bloody justice to that class; and that opinion is his crime!

"He has held fast to the old faith of Washington, the duty of patriotism, the duty of loving, with a specific and unshared love, our own country,— of keeping her honor from corruption,— of advancing her wealth, and power, and consideration, and eminence,— but by no guilty reign of empire; the duty of moulding her, as far as may be consistent with the preservation of her organic forms, into a great visible whole, moved by a common wheel, vivified by a common life, identified by a single soul. He has held the old faith, that the duty of patriotism is moral virtue; and that is his crime! He has not thought that a Christian, and philosophical, and moral statesmanship, consisted entirely, or even found its most adequate illustration, in taking a single idea, and working that idea to death; in taking a single moral and political virtue out of its connection, and exaggerating it out of its nature and our own; in getting up a wooden shed out there upon the Common, in the night, and sending up another glittering abstraction, like another Lamartine,— a worse one,— into the air; in taking the Lord's Prayer and Declaration of Independence, and fraudulently and scandalously undertaking to deduce from them the dogma of instantaneous and universal emancipation; of prostrating those talents made for the universe, and not for the cheap demagoguism of standing up and haranguing to a shallow and approving audience, on the claims of nature and the rights of man.

" 'Look on that picture, and on this.' He has thought that statesmanship consisted, or was best exemplified, in our time, in ascending to a large and grand conception; that the noblest, most difficult, most acceptable, work to the eye of God, was the building of a nation, and the keeping of a nation; that the noblest, most difficult, and most pleasing to God, was the secular work of building this nation, and keeping this nation; and that, in order to make that great achievement, there was demanded, in some large measure, sobriety, and a reach of mind, and discipline, and practical reason, that could judge what things the commonwealth can bear, and what it cannot bear; the power of reconciling, and blending, and tempering, the antagonism of the thing, so that there may be drawn out from it, at last, the ultimate harmony and perfect peace and unity of our political system itself; and this has been his crime! He has believed, fellow-citizens,— and I have the honor to concur with him, my master, my friend, my more than guide,

and philosopher, and friend,— he believes that, this day, a true philanthropy, enlightened from above, finds in the American world no nobler work for its hand to do,— ay, finds no more splendid visions for its dreams to contemplate,— than simply and solely to advance the best interests of humanity through generations countless, by that grand instrumentality of peace, the American Union; to advancing the interests of every State, and every section, and every class, the master and the slave alike, by subjecting, through days of household calm, this great continent, all alive and astir with the emulousness of free republics,— by subjecting it, if it shall be the pleasure of Providence, forever to the sweet and gentle influences of culture and Christianity, and the slow and sure reformer, Time; and he has given those great talents, and that influence unparalleled, to preserve forever this great security of peace on earth and good will to men; and this, also, is his crime!

"Yes, fellow-citizens, it is his crime, in the judgment of some of us — in whose judgment shall I say? Is it not in the judgment of a revolutionary and shallow ethics of agitation? Is it not in the judgment of a morality half-taught, that looks out of a loop-hole upon the world, unexercised, uninstructed from above or below; profoundly ignorant of the nature of that great complexity of state; profoundly ignorant of it as an agent of human good; profoundly ignorant of the dangers that beset it, the means of preserving it, and the maxims and arts imperial of its glory? It is a crime in the judgment of such morality as that; but, in the vocabulary and ethics of an instructed people, so adequately and admirably represented before me to-night,— in the sober second thought of such a community as this,— it is no crime, but virtue heroical; ay, such virtue as on earth is entitled to the grateful feelings and rewarded honors of men; and, when this mortal charge is over, entitled, also, may I not say, with the great poet of Christianity, to

> 'A crown of gold
> Among the enthroned gods, on sainted seats.'

"And now, fellow-citizens, I should be very glad to know, with such a patriotism as that, so tried and so tested, what American State, or section, or interest, or drop of American blood, has anything to fear from that. If there is an interest in this broad land, from one ocean to another, large enough for the constitution to know it,— if it is not so

minute and so distant that the flag does not wave over, it,—so minute and so distant that the eagle's flight cannot attain to it,—is it not safe, and more than safe, in that comprehensive nationality in which our whole American system is embraced, appreciated, and guarded?

"Fellow-citizens, before I take my leave, I ask to say one word, and one only, on another topic altogether. It has seemed to me,—and I am the more inclined to ask your indulgence, for a moment, while I direct your attention to a passage in the admirable letter of our friend, Mr. Everett, whose absence we so much deplore, and whose heart we are sure is with us always, even unto the end of this great struggle,—it has seemed to me, that there is something in the quality and adjustment of Mr. Webster's prudential and intellectual character and temperament, which fit him, in a remarkable degree, for conducting the foreign relations of this country with Europe, in the actual aspects of the European world. What that aspect and state exactly is,—how wholly unsettled,—what shadows, clouds and darkness, appear to rest upon it,—you entirely appreciate. It has seemed to me as if the prerogatives of crowns, and the rights of men, and the hoarded up resentments and revenges of a thousand years, were about to unsheath the sword for a conflict, in which the blood shall flow, as in the Apocalyptic vision, to the bridles of the horses; and in which a whole age of men shall pass away,—in which the great bell of time shall sound out another hour,—in which society itself shall be tried by fire and steel, —whether it is of nature, and of nature's God, or not!"

Fletcher Webster a son of Hon. Daniel Webster, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., July 23, 1813. He entered the Boston Latin School in 1824, and graduated at Harvard College in 1833, on which occasion he engaged in a conference on Common Sense, Genius and Learning,—their characteristics, value and success. He studied law with his father, and became a counsellor. He married Caroline Story, a daughter of Stephen White, Esq., of Salem. In 1843 Mr. Webster was the secretary of legation, in the embassy of Hon. Caleb Cushing to China; and, on his return, delivered lectures on the condition of that empire. In 1847 he was a Boston representative to the State Legislature. In 1850 he was appointed surveyor for the port of Boston.

"The American character," says Mr. Webster, "is not an imitation, but a creation; no copy, but an original. It is formed by circumstances and position such as have never before existed. It grows up

under institutions which our fathers framed and established of themselves,— new, extraordinary, wonderful, and like no others. We are here occupying the greater part of a vast continent, stretching from sea to sea, containing within ourselves most things that human wants, or arts, or taste, can desire; sufficient to ourselves in all physical things, and very independent of all other people. We are making a great experiment of self-government, by twenty millions of people, scattered over so vast a region that they count their distances by thousands of miles. We are growing — expanding — forming. No one can tell what we may become. We are no more to be compared to European models, than one of our great mountain-pines is to be cut and trimmed like the boxwood of a flower-garden." Mr. Webster thus enlarges on some of the uses of war: "Where had been the sublimest poetry, but for war? Where had been the Royal Psalmist, had not the Philistines come up against Israel? Where Homer and Virgil, had Troy never fallen before successful arms? Milton himself had been silent, had he not sung of war in heaven,

> 'When all the plain,
> Covered with thick-embattled squadrons, bright
> Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steed,
> Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.'

"It is true that war has tendencies to demoralization. It often produces violence, and recklessness, and disregard of justice. But, while the vices produced by war are not to be denied, is it quite clear, men's passions remaining as they are, that the vices of long-continued, undisturbed and luxurious peace, are not equally great? Were the court and the times of Alexander, or Peter the Great, or Napoleon, more vicious than those of Sardanapalus, or Katherine, or Charles the Tenth, or of other princes who reigned chiefly in peace?"

THOMAS GREAVES CARY.

JULY 4, 1847. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

This performance was delivered at the period when the American armies were engaged in a war with Mexico. "The rhetoric of Burke,

when he spoke of jealous attachment to freedom," says Mr. Cary, where there are slaves, was fortified by reference to history. So it was, he said, in the ancient commonwealths. It would be wise in us to consider what was the fate of those commonwealths. They all passed into the shade of despotism, and disappeared in barbarous darkness. Such may yet be our own fate. We have despotism to guard against. If we are in danger, when the soldier holds himself too high, to be made the blind instrument of rapacity and injustice, still more should we be in danger from the janizary,— the armed automaton,— insensible to every motive but the impulse of power that directs it,— of power that may hereafter move it to turn the instrument of destruction which it holds upon ourselves. If there be danger in withholding thanks to an army for doing bravely, admirably, what never should have been done at all, there is yet greater danger in joining in shouts of triumph for it, merely because we are prompted by fear of misrepresentation from those who wear about their necks the badge of their own perfidy to the cause of manly independence, and who would deride us, within the year, for pusillanimity in heeding this call, if a change of measures among their leaders should render it expedient to take opposite ground.

"Human nature rejects the thought that freemen shall hesitate to inquire whether their cause be just; and probably most of the people of this country will be found to disregard it, if the prowess of our soldiers, while it excites our surprise and admiration, is to be so directed as to make our Union a scourge rather than a blessing to mankind.

"The discipline of our regular troops, as has always been the case in our navy, reminds us of what was said of Roman soldiers: 'Their exercises in peace were battles without bloodshed. Their battles in war were only bloody sports.' But, with all this power to sustain right, if our rulers are to make us the oppressor of the weak, must we join in thankful gratulation for it? If so, then adieu to liberty! There is no slavery more oppressive than that which binds the thought and the tongue of him who supposes himself to be free.

"Let any one read again the descriptions by eye-witnesses of the disorders and cruelties that took place at Monterey and elsewhere, even after the battles were fought,— the robbery, murder, and brutal violence to women, in open day, in spite of efforts by officers of the regular troops to prevent it,— under the vicious system of volunteers electing their own officers, who have, therefore, popularity as well as

discipline to think of. Let him reflect on the distracted state of that wretched country, or think of the brave Mexicans fighting for their native soil at Buena Vista, half famished, but, as was said by our own officers, 'fighting with the energy of despair;' let us suppose some race, of more energy and greater skill in war than ourselves, to have invaded us, and such scenes to have been enacted at Albany or Worcester; or let us suppose the city of Charleston or Savannah to have been attacked, and the women and children to have been subjected to the laws of war, as at Vera Cruz,— and we may then form an idea of the consequences of this war, and of the imperious necessity that must be shown to justify its commencement, or any measure resembling approbation of it, even by thanks to an officer whom we admire for his manner of conducting it, that should countenance its continuance for a week. That our armies have lately added vastly to our reputation as a warlike people, prepared for contest with any nation that exists, is unquestionable. But we were in no pressing want of such reputation; and, if we had been, we have no right to seek it at such cost to humanity. As Franklin has suggested, if a spirit not yet informed of the extent of the universe, on seeing this earth as it shines mildly from afar, should approach it in the hope of obtaining some new view of heaven, and light upon a scene of warfare, he might suppose that he had arrived in hell."

Thomas Greaves Cary was born at Chelsea, Sept. 7, 1791; graduated at Harvard College in 1811; engaged in the study of law with Hon. Judge Thacher; commenced practice in 1814; and in 1821 entered on mercantile pursuits, in New York, and subsequently was a partner in the house of Thomas H. Perkins & Co., of Boston, the senior of whom projected the Quincy Railroad, completed in 1827, which was the first enterprise of the kind in the United States. It was constructed for the purpose of transporting granite from the quarry in that town to Neponset River. The stone for the Bunker Hill Monument, conveyed from this quarry, was furnished by the Granite Railway Company, of which Mr. Perkins was the president. We find, on the Boston records, this curious fact in the history of temperance, relating to the father of Mr. Perkins,— that James Perkins, retailer, was licensed by the selectmen, August 13, 1767, to sell wine only, at his house in King-street. Mr. Cary married Mary, a daughter of Hon. Thomas H. Perkins; was a director of the Hamilton Bank; commander of the Independent Cadets, in 1847; and senator for Suffolk county, 1852.

Col. Cary is a gentleman of fine literary habits, and of truly estimable character. He is president of the Boston Athenæum, the library of which was founded on that of the Anthology Literary Club, in 1807. It will advance the moral glory of Boston, should our men of wealth continue to establish separate endowments for the literary, scientific, historical, medical, legal, and theological benefit of the public. May a Bromfield come forward for all the departments! We hope the period is not remote, when the facilities of access to this library will rise to the standard of the great libraries of Europe.

Mr. Cary is the author of several productions, beside the eloquent oration at the head of this article; among which we find, A Letter to a Lady in France, on National and State Repudiation, 1844; a Letter on Profits on Manufactures at Lowell, 1845; and an Address on the Fine Arts, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, in 1845, in which he enlarges on the practicability of cultivating a taste for the fine arts in our tumultuous democracy, and relates of a person whose business, one would suppose, lay among the most unpoetical and least æsthetic pursuits that may be imagined. If any form of life is unfavorable to the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts, most people would unhesitatingly say it is the life of a grocer. And yet this individual, — Mr. Luman Reed,— although dying in the prime of life, left a collection of paintings, engravings, shells, and other objects of beauty and interest, altogether so valuable, that it was proposed to make them the commencement of a public gallery in New York; and he left an establishment in business conducted on principles so secure, that it has been a school of industrious success to younger men, who owe their prosperity mainly to him. The transparent beauty of Col. Cary's performance, and the force of his sentiments, so nicely harmonize, that his pen should flow freely to the public mind.

JOEL GILES.

JULY 4, 1848. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"CONSTITUTIONS are the political brain of the people," says our orator. "Each of our thirty States has one, and our glorious Union has another, by which unceasing action is maintained upon all rightful subjects of government.

"Men are governed by three principles,—reason, love and force; and without these there is no government worthy of the name, human or divine. The constitution of the United States is the organ of the sovereign reason of the people. This is the field for giant minds and patriot hearts; and its hero — for it has a hero, unrivalled and alone in his chosen domain — is the people's Webster. And do you ask for the heroes of the heart, with power to acquire wealth, learning and influence, and a will to use them all for the people's honor and the people's good? Go to your scientific schools, your institutes, and your libraries, and read the honored names of their founders. Go to the missionary rolls, and admire the number and the devotion of your Christian martyrs. Force, too, that dire necessity of fallen man, and of nations, has its heroes,—a small and charmed band, whose martial fame, like the forked lightning, dazzles the eyes of the people. May they ever be few in number, great in action, and worthy to tread in the footprints of Washington!

"Preserve, then, your constitutions, your corporations, your societies, your towns, your cities, your free schools, and your churches. They are organisms for the exercise, discipline and efficient action, of practical liberty. And, especially, preserve your militia. It is the legal organization of force, the right hand of all government, the ultimate protector of all the fruits of liberty, and a terror only to evil doers. The people are, by the constitution of the United States, armed; and, by every principle of liberty, they are supreme. Force always resides in the masses. Armed, but unorganized, it is a sleeping lion, ready to spring upon you at any moment of famine or of passion. Then, train it,— train it, — and it shall lie down with the lambs in the green pastures of peace and tranquillity. Even parties are useful organizations of practical liberty, which might otherwise fall into anarchy in the exercise of its elective functions. And, in a country so free as this, no administration can stand without the support of a dominant party, embracing, for the time being, a majority of the people. Be not frightened, then, at parties; but prove them all, by the test of practical liberty, and hold fast that which is good. We cannot, if we would, avoid the responsibility of affecting the welfare of millions of our fellow-men. The commands of Heaven are upon us!"

Joel Giles was born at Townsend, May 6, 1804; was fitted for college by Rev. David Palmer; graduated at Harvard College in 1829, when he engaged in a disputation with Chandler Robbins, on the ques-

tion, whether inequalities of genius in different countries be owing to moral causes. He was a student of Dane Law School; a tutor in Harvard College, from 1831 to 1834; and a student, also, of Benjamin Rand, in Boston. He is a counsellor of Suffolk bar; and was a representative from Cambridge and Boston, in 1840 and in 1847. He was a member of the State Senate in 1848. Mr. Giles is a man of penetrative mind, and knows how to fathom a disputed question of politics with as much ease as a profound point of law.

Mayor Quincy said of Mr. Giles' oration, at the public dinner in Faneuil Hall, "He has struck the harp of the universe with the hand of a master."

Next to the clergy, the legal profession — which numbers four hundred in Boston — exercises a stronger public moral control than any other of the professions; and their personal friendship towards each other is proverbial, as it was in the time of Shakspeare, who says of lawyers, that they

> "Do as adversaries in law strive mightily,
> But eat and drink as friends."

The patriotic civilians of Suffolk bar, in their political influence, often control the State. It is said that Mr. Giles prepared the spirited resolves of the Whig State Convention, adopted at Worcester, Oct. 3, 1849, and they exhibit the principles of Washington: "The Union, — the glorious Union,— the object of our fervent love! Its preservation transcends in importance any and all other political questions; and, as we have received it from the fathers, so will we perpetuate it to the children, entire as the sun." Inscribe this sentiment on our banners, and cherish it in our hearts, and the Union is never dissevered.

WILLIAM WHITWELL GREENOUGH.

JULY 4, 1849. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"The supporters of arbitrary power in Europe have recently urged a new plea," says Mr. Greenough. "It is said that the wars of 1848 and 1849 are merely wars of language and of race. This position excludes all higher questions of principle, and is intended to prevent

sympathy and interference on the part of free countries. This is the plea of Russia. This would conceal the fact, that the settlement of each national question now at issue is an affair of much consequence to the whole civilized world. The causes of the great conflict now in progress lie far beneath language or race. It is not a struggle to decide which of two parties in each state shall be uppermost. Such may have been its appearance at the beginning; but the real motive powers are now visible. The free people of England and of France may well watch, with interest and anxiety, for the results of each battle-field. The struggle is between the people and arbitrary power. A few years will decide whether the western barriers of despotism shall be the Rhine or the North Sea; or whether the arm of freedom shall drive back the myrmidons of tyranny to the frozen regions of the north.

"In all this war of principles, we, too, on this side of the Atlantic, have a direct interest. If the experiment of free institutions had been unsuccessful here, it would have deferred, for a long period, the strivings after liberty which have already found practical results in other quarters of the world. The example and the influence of the United States have quietly produced great effects, of which the causes were not clearly perceptible. For the failure of other revolutions, declaredly based upon our own model, we are in no degree responsible. The painter of a glorious picture, whose merits are admitted by the world, is never held accountable for the bad drawings or wretched colorings of any imitator, however ambitious. No one claims that our institutions are perfect. It is sufficient, for all useful purposes, that, under their protecting powers, every blessing can be enjoyed that is needful for the happiness of man in this lower world. As every successful essay is a direct incitement to human nature to go and do likewise, the position of this country is especially traceable in the revolutions of Europe. Every new constitution borrows, to a greater or less extent, from our own, according to the tastes of legislators. The great ideas which, in a good sense, constitute this the conquering republic, transfuse themselves into every popular movement. That no government may exist without the consent of the governed, has proved a fearful principle, when brought into collision with another principle, consecrated by the tacit consent of a thousand years, the divine right of kings, the doctrine of absolute sovereignty. Who can doubt which of the two will ultimately come forth superior from the conflict? The strife is no

longer equal. It is a struggle between a human fallacy and a superhuman truth." This production is very suitably entitled The Conquering Republic.

William Whitwell Greenough, son of William Greenough, a merchant of Boston, was born in Boston, June 25, 1818; entered the Latin School in 1828, and graduated at Harvard College in 1837. He married Catharine Scollay, a daughter of Charles P. Curtis, and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was a member of the city Council from 1847 to 1850, during which period he was a member of the water committee, and its chairman in the last year. He was treasurer of the American Oriental Society, and a member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. Mr. Greenough has ever cherished a love of literary and scientific pursuits. In the intervals of leisure, he has prepared valuable contributions to various periodicals, among which was one on the Anglo-Saxons, in the New York Review; another on the Moeso. Gothic, in the Biblical Repository; and, more especially, several articles in the Journal of the American Oriental Society, an institution to which he is peculiarly devoted. Mr. Greenough has resources of mind abundantly competent to the preparation of a literary production, of great benefit to the public, on the Races of Man, and we hope he will be closely devoted to the work until it is completed.

LEVI WOODBURY.

JULY 25, 1849. EULOGY ON PRESIDENT POLK.

"INDISCRIMINATE eulogy is without value or point," says Judge Woodbury; "and hence, at the risk of being thought by some not sufficiently enthusiastic, it has been and will be my endeavor 'naught to extenuate,' and to hold the mirror up faithfully to the truth and nature of the leading features in his admirable character and remarkable administration. I do not consider it a part of his fame that he planned many of these great events. He did not enter on his high station with a magazine in his mind, full of magnificent and imposing measures to be attempted.

"Though a young man, comparatively, and from the enterprising west, his character was rather wary than rash; rather to follow than to

devise; rather to meet, resolutely, difficulties and dangers when thrust on him, than to project them, or to indulge in novel designs, or to court deeds of danger and blood. Not like the hero who sleeps near him at the Hermitage, born to carry conquests among hostile savages, or meet on our shores an invading foe, and drive back profaners of our soil; but, rather, a civilian, formed to husband carefully and defend well what others have bravely won. Thus, while president, he found himself in a most eventful age; but it seemed made so by others, more than himself. He added, to be sure, something to the great deeds and stirring incidents of the era; but this was rather forced on him than sought. His ambition was more for the calm than the tempest; and his reputation will rest chiefly on the successful manner in which he managed the vessel of state in the various perils which he was compelled to face.

"Thus, for a moment, as to Oregon. The course of events had produced a crisis almost unavoidable. Her limits and exclusive occupation were, therefore, under his administration, settled. Though long before agitated,—even a quarter of a century,—yet a regular government by the United States was, under him, first flung beyond the Rocky Mountains, and their laws and institutions first carried formally and fully to the waves of the Pacific. Grant that all was not obtained by his arrangement which the sanguine hoped; grant, as was the conviction of many, that our rights to 54° 40′ were clear; grant that it was, on several accounts, desirable to stretch our limits to their utmost verge,—yet, can it be said that the peace of the country with a great kindred power, and the exclusive possession and settlement and growth of twelve or thirteen degrees of latitude, and under the reign of established laws rather than the rifle or the tomahawk, was not a high national object, desirable to be accomplished speedily, though at the expense of some territory? All must admit that, on a subject most sensitive, further painful collisions were thus obviated, doubts and difficulties of many years' standing closed, and the prospect of future war between races almost fraternal thrown off, and, it is hoped, for ages. Next, behold the annexation of Texas, finished under his auspices! Though, it is conceded, far from having originated with him, yet this measure was, during his administration, carried into complete effect—consolidated. She was not then merely preparing to come into the Union,—anxious and negotiating,—but was actually brought in, and her representatives mingled with ours on the field of glory, and her lone star united in our political galaxy forever.

"The importance of this measure, thus perfected under Mr. Polk's administration, can only be appreciated by the vindication it has afforded to the right of self-government, and the large addition it has made to our territory, no less than to our securities in future difficulties, and the hostile weapons, both in peace and war, it has wrenched from our opponents, and the vast markets for our manufactures it has opened, and the new employments presented for our navigation. Superadded to all this has been the acquisition of California and New Mexico, larger in territory than half our old thirteen States combined. This has been more exclusively a measure of his administration. There have been added by it to our public domain, and to the Union, lands broad enough to support a nation, rich enough in gold for half a world, harbors capacious enough for whole navies, and almost indispensable for safety and supplies to the greatest whaling marine of the globe. The chief regret, mingled with this, may be the inability, as yet, to agree on any but a military government over this great acquisition; and which makes a strong demand on our liberality and exertions, as it already has done on our sympathies, to establish the law of the Union over what has been purchased by means of the money and blood of this consecrated league of fraternal States. Such remote regions are likely soon to become alienated, if not duly protected and bound to us by benefits and improvements such as are necessary to their growth in commerce and close attachment to the Union, even though requiring an isthmus railroad, or one spanning half the continent in higher latitudes, and which are so much stronger ties than any of mere paper or parchment."

Levi Woodbury, son of Hon. Peter Woodbury, was born at Francestown, N. H., Nov. 2, 1789; was educated in New Ipswich Academy; graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1809; studied law with Hon. Samuel Dana, of Boston, and at the Law School, in Litchfield, Conn., and was admitted to the bar in 1812. "It is gratifying to see men occasionally call to mind the purity and simplicity of the scenes of early life," said Judge Woodbury, at the festival of the sons of New Hampshire; "and it is creditable to them to turn aside, for at least a few hours, from the anxieties and bustle of business, the mere mammon of the world, and think over and talk over the farm-house and fields of childhood, their beloved Argos, the village school and village church, the plough and scythe, of growing youth or manhood, and the mother sister and brother, who cheered you at dewy eve, on your return from

daily toil. This is purifying. Well, too, may some of you remember the gun and fishing-rod, which, while furnishing healthy amusement, prepared some of you, by the mimic war of the chase, to help to conquer so nobly at Palo Alto, and under the walls of Mexico." Mr. Woodbury was elected secretary of the New Hampshire Senate, in 1816. He was appointed judge of the Superior Court in New Hampshire when only twenty-seven years of age; and acquitted himself with great dignity, wisdom, and fearless intrepidity. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Asa Clapp, of Portland, Me., June, 1819, when he settled at Portsmouth. In 1823 Mr. Woodbury was elected Governor of New Hampshire, and, at the expiration of the term, resumed the profession of law. In 1825 he was elected a representative to the State Legislature, and was chosen Speaker of the House. During this session a vacancy had occurred in the Senate of the United States, when Mr. Woodbury was elected by the Legislature to that station; where, by his official reports and his speeches, he displayed great talent. He was chairman of the committee of commerce, during four sessions; and, on the expiration of his term, he declined being a candidate to Congress. In the next month he was elected to the Senate of his native State; and, on the reörganization of the cabinet, in the succeeding month, he was invited by President Jackson to the office of Secretary of the Navy, when he resigned his seat in the Senate. After the rejection of Mr. Taney to the department of Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodbury was transferred to that sphere, and he was confirmed in 1834. He was intensely devoted to the political measures of Andrew Jackson, as he was moreover to the policy of his successor, Martin Van Buren, under whose auspices he served to the close of his administration, when he was again elected by his native State to the Senate of the United States, for the period of six years, from March 4, 1841. He resigned in 1845, on being appointed by President Polk as successor to the late Justice Story, as an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He died Sept. 3, 1851. The opinion may be safely expressed, that no member of the cabinets of Jackson and Van Buren had a stronger influence in seconding the bold measures of these originators of great experiments than the shrewd Levi Woodbury. Judge Woodbury was a profound civilian, and presided over the judiciary with general wisdom and great dignity. He delivered a discourse at the capitol in Washington, before the American Historical Society, in 1837, of which he was a member. In remarking on the

necessity of a fair and correct history of our own government, he observed that it should be a prominent duty of this society to strip from the statue of truth all meretricious and false disguises. Let it not be said of us, when inquirers for facts, as Aristophanes describes the Athenians:

> "No matter what the offence,
> Be 't great or small,
> The cry is tyranny — conspiracy."

But when we enter the sacred temple of history, let us put off the partisan of the day, whether in religion or politics, as well as discard our favorite theories of philosophy and political economy, and seek faithfully to do justice to the most calumniated. We should hold the mirror up to facts and nature alone, and invoke every just and honorable feeling, to aid us in judgment on the long array of the past.

Judge Woodbury possessed great intrepidity of character. When the counsel in the case of Sims, the fugitive slave, had inveighed against his decision, that a writ of habeas corpus should not be allowed, as being contrary to the laws of Massachusetts, Judge Woodbury promptly replied, "Massachusetts is yet a part of the Union, thank God! He wished the gentleman to understand that the laws of the United States were the laws of the people of Massachusetts; and that, notwithstanding the action or passions of fanatics, he hoped it would be long before — whatever Massachusetts was — she ceased to be a State in the Union. It was his duty to see the laws faithfully executed; and he would see them executed, or perish in the attempt."

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

JULY 4, 1850. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"It was not the prevalence of abstract opinions," remarks Mr. Whipple, "but the inspiration of positive institutions, which gave our forefathers the heart to brave, and the ability successfully to defy, the colossal power of England; but it must be admitted that in its obnoxious colonial policy England had parted with her wisdom, and in parting with her wisdom, had weakened her power; falling, as Burke says, under the operation of that immutable law 'which decrees vexation

to violence, and poverty to rapine.' The England arrayed against us was not the England which, a few years before, its energies wielded by the lofty and impassioned genius of the elder Pitt, had smitten the power and humbled the pride of two great European monarchies, and spread its fleets and armies, animated by one vehement soul, over three quarters of the globe. The administrations of the English government, from 1760 to the close of our Revolutionary War, were more or less directed by the intriguing incapacity of the king. George the Third is said to have possessed many private virtues,—and very private for a long time he kept them from his subjects,—but, as a monarch, he was without magnanimity in his sentiments, or enlargement in his ideas; prejudiced, uncultivated, bigoted, and perverse; and his boasted morality and piety, when exercised in the sphere of government, partook of the narrowness of his mind and the obstinacy of his will; his conscience being used to transmute his hatreds into duties, and his religious sentiment to sanctify his vindictive passions; and as it was his ambition to rule an empire by the petty politics of a court, he preferred to have his folly flattered by parasites than his ignorance enlightened by statesmen. Such a disposition in the king of a free country was incompatible with efficiency in the conduct of affairs, as it split parties into factions, and made established principles yield to mean personal expedients. Bute, the king's first minister, after a short administration, unexampled for corruption and feebleness, gave way before a storm of popular contempt and hatred. To him succeeded George Grenville, the originator of the Stamp Act, and the blundering promoter of American independence. Grenville was a hard, sullen, dogmatic, penurious man of affairs, with a complete mastery of the details of parliamentary business, and threading with ease all the labyrinths of English law; but limited in his conceptions, fixed in his opinions, without any of that sagacity which reads results in their principles, and chiefly distinguished for a kind of sour honesty, not infrequently found in men of harsh tempers and technical intellects. It was soon discovered that, though imperious enough to be a tyrant, he was not servile enough to be a tool; that the same domineering temper which enabled him to push arbitrary measures in Parliament made him put insolent questions in the palace; and the king, in despair of a servant who could not tax America and persecute Wilkes without at the same time insulting his master, dismissed him for the Marquis of Rockingham, the leader of the great whig connection, and a

sturdy friend of the Americans, both before the Revolution and during its progress. Under him the Stamp Act was repealed; but his administration soon proved too liberal to satisfy the fawning politicians who governed the understanding of the king, and the experiment was tried of a composite ministry, put together by Chatham, consisting of members selected from different factions, but without any principle of cohesion to unite them; and the anarchy, inherent in the arrangement, became portentously apparent when Chatham, driven by the gout into a state of nervous imbecility, left it to work out its mission of misrule, and its eccentric control was seized by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, — the gay, false, dissipated, veering, presumptuous and unscrupulous Charles Townsend. This man was so brilliant and fascinating as an orator, that Walpole said of one of his speeches that it was like hearing Garrick act extempore scenes from Congreve; but he was without any guiding moral or political principles; and, boundlessly admired by the House of Commons and boundlessly craving its admiration, he seemed to act ever from the impulses of vanity, and speak ever from the inspiration of champagne. Grenville, smarting under his recent defeat, but still doggedly bent on having a revenue raised in America, missed no opportunity of goading this versatile political roué with his sullen and bitter sarcasms. 'You are cowards,' said he, on one occasion, turning to the treasury bench; 'you are afraid of the Americans,— you dare not tax America.' Townsend, stung by this taunt, started passionately up from his seat, exclaiming, 'Fear! cowards! dare not tax America! I do dare tax America!' and this boyish bravado ushered in the celebrated bill, which was to cost England thirteen colonies, add a hundred millions of pounds to her debt, and affix an ineffaceable stain on her public character. Townsend, by the grace of a putrid fever, was saved from witnessing the consequences of his vain-glorious presumption; and the direction of his policy eventually fell into the hands of Lord North, a good-natured, second-rate, jobbing statesman, equally destitute of lofty virtues and splendid vices, under whose administration the American war was commenced and consummated. Of all the ministers of George the Third, North was the most esteemed by his sovereign; for he had the tact to follow plans which originated in the king's unreasoning brain and wilful disposition, and yet to veil their weak injustice in a drapery of arguments furnished from his own more enlarged mind and easier temper. Chatham and Camden thundered against him in the Lords; Burke and

Fox, Cassandras of ominous and eloquent prophecy, raved and shouted statesmanship to him in the Commons, and screamed out the maxims of wisdom in ecstasies of invective; but he, good-naturedly tolerant to political adversaries, blandly indifferent to popular execration, and sleeping quietly through whole hours of philippics hot with threats of impeachment, pursued his course of court-ordained folly with the serene composure of an Ulysses or Somers. The war, as conducted by his ministry, was badly managed; but he had one wise thought, which happily failed to become a fact. The command in America, on the breaking out of serious disturbances, was offered to Lord Clive; but, fortunately for us, Clive, at about that time, concluded to commit suicide, and our rustic soldiery were thus saved from meeting in the field a general who in vigor of will and fertility of resource was unequalled by any European commander who had appeared since the death of Marlborough.

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"The madcap Charles Townsend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whiz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun,— he dwindles, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce! What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit, which it recedes from, or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of duty, and beautiful as her rewards?"

Edwin Percy Whipple was born at Gloucester, March 8, 1819, and was the youngest son of Matthew Whipple, a gentleman of strong sense and fine social powers, who died when the subject of this article was in infancy,— in whose ancestry we trace a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His mother was Lydia Gardiner, of Gardiner, Maine,— a family eminent for mental power. His grandfather was an officer of the American Revolution, who sacrificed his fortune in the glorious cause. The ready, flash-

ing, pointed wit, afterwards so agreeably developed in the productions of Edwin, partially owes its origin to the influence of the maternal side of the family; and was divested of the envenomed sarcasm so peculiar to the Gardiner family, by the chastening, mild blandness of his paternal kindred. The scion of a stock from which sprang John Gardiner, of Boston, the eminent barrister, having a highly cultivated mind, must inevitably be inspired with similar rays of intellect. Our readers may find an account of him, as the orator for July 4, 1785. His mother was devotedly attached to her children, and her plastic influence largely contributed to the shaping their character. The family removed to Salem when Edwin was but four years of age, where he was educated at the public schools, more especially at the English High School, under Master William H. Brooks, where he was distinguished as one of the ripest scholars, and pursued his studies until he was fifteen years of age, during which period he acquired a fondness for history and polite literature, by a free access to the Salem Athenæum. On leaving school, he became a clerk in the Bank of General Interest, in that city. He commenced his first literary contributions for a newspaper in Salem, when he was but fourteen years of age, which he pursued for some years. On leaving Salem, he was employed by Dana, Fenno & Henshaw, brokers, on State-street, Boston; and, shortly after the erection of the Merchant's Exchange, in that street, he was appointed to the superintendence of the news-room, and previous to that period he became a member of the Mercantile Library Association, and was soon a leader in debate and composition. It was in this model institution that young Whipple contracted a personal friendship for Fields, an honored native poet of the Granite State, who made the following happy allusion to its members, and his literary companion, in an anniversary poem for the Association, previous to entering the fields of matrimony:

> "What though grave fathers still my friends I meet,
> Whose nursery floors are worn with little feet;
> What though, companion of my former years,
> Thy face at market every morn appears,
> While I, still ignorant as the greenest baize,
> What goods domestic go the greatest ways,
> Grope blindly homeward to my noontide meal,
> Unknowing what my damask may reveal; —
> Heart leaps to heart, and warmer grasps the hand,
> When autumn's bugle reünites our band!"

Incidental to the Mercantile Library, there was a club known as "The Attic Nights," which had its meetings every Saturday night, in an attic room in an antique looking edifice, built of unhewn granite, and known as "Tudor's Building," occupied by one of them. The number of its members was at no time to exceed six. Each member had a club name, and was obliged to take his turn at the chair, and no "presidential term" lasted longer than a single night. The "Attic Nights" were conducted mostly after the manner of the Noctes Ambrosiana, or Ambrosial Nights, of old Christopher North, as published in Blackwood's Magazine. The conversations at the club were devoted to literary subjects; and it was the understanding that no member should attend, uninformed of the present state of literature, or unprepared to sustain opinions on literary subjects. Each member was to take his turn as the scribe of the meeting, as was Professor Wilson of the club in Edinburgh, in order to read a report of the conversation at the next meeting. Here Whipple was in his element. It was profitable to hear his opinions and illustrations of Goethe and Schiller, Johnson and Parr, Gifford and Jeffrey, Wordsworth and Byron, and other poets, essayists, and historians. The works of all the dramatists, from Kit Marlowe and rare Ben Jonson down to the days of Sheridan, were perfectly familiar to him. It was in this club that he became inspired with the thirst for essay-writing, and his naturally intuitive wit, good humor and kindness of heart, rendered him a delightful companion; but he is extremely modest, and rather cautious in the presence of professed scholars. He was first more especially introduced to public notice by the delivery of a poem before the Mercantile, Sept. 29, 1840, which was full of playful humor, cutting up and using up, amid satirical hits, with the skill of a master hand, the numerous fanciful theories and abstractions that are emptying the pockets and turning the brains of the multitude,—delighting his auditors, and drawing forth continued peals of rapturous applause.

Early in 1843 Mr. Whipple was introduced to a more substantial attention, by an article of his production, inserted in the Boston Miscellany, in which he accurately analyzed the powers of Macaulay, the essayist and historian, who was so much gratified by its nature that he addressed to Mr. Whipple a letter expressive of high regard. In October of the same year, he excited great public interest by his lecture, in presence of the same institution, on the Lives of Authors, when a journalist said of it, that it was the production of a merchant's clerk, pos-

sessing only a public school instruction, but with a mind capable of great things, when brought to bear upon the world of letters. For several years since, he has been a contributor to the North American Review, Christian Examiner, and other periodicals, most of which appear in his volumes of Lectures and Essays. He has delivered lectures of striking merit for the literary societies of Brown, Dartmouth, and Amherst. When his admirable volume of lectures was published, so ardent was the attachment of the Mercantile Association to this most talented member of their body, that nearly the whole edition was spontaneously purchased by themselves, without any preconcerted action. To relate an agreeable instance: On the day of its publication, nine of the members, at one and the same time, not stating their object to each other, procured at Ticknor's several sets each. The public being thus supplanted, a new edition was forthwith issued. It is stereotyped, and classed among standard American authors. He has singular ability in tracing out and expressing those hidden connections of things, and those slight, ethereal and fugitive notions, which float as mere glimpses or visions in most men's minds. His keen, delicate, agile, genial, jubilant mind, plays around and through his subject, threading its way along every vein of gold, like electricity. It is a peculiar merit of his lectures, that they are nearly all upon subjects which, though of great importance, are so evanescent in their nature that they are generally advanced by writers in the most indifferent manner. The remark of Whipple regarding Richard H. Dana the elder, in a review of his works in the Examiner, may, with peculiar emphasis, be applied to himself, that they carry with them the evidence of being the products of his own thinking and living, and are full of those magical signs which indicate patient meditation, and a nature rooted in the realities of things. We advise Mr. Whipple ever to write in a smooth transparency of style, divested of the affected quaintness of either Carlyle or Emerson, imitating no author.

"If any visiter go to Boston, and will take the trouble to go into the Exchange News-room," says Giles, the famous essayist, "let him look into a small office, on the left hand, as he enters, and he will observe a head scarcely appearing above the door, bent down in study or composition. That head belongs to Edwin Percy Whipple,— a head that has not many equals in the city where it thinks, or many superiors in the nation. Even physically it is of imposing magnitude,— of a massive force and breadth of brow, which might rest on the shoulders

of a Leibnitz, or a Luther. Large and of deep expansion is the capacious dome over a capacious heart; and filled as it is with speculations of noble thought, with visions and colorings of beauty, it is enriched and warmed with most manly and generous affections. A rare man is Mr. Whipple, in a rare position. There he sits in that office, surrounded by all the hard, worldly passions that journalism can put into type, or that traffic can put into man, musing on high themes, and deciding great questions, in the regions of pure thought, or in the realms of many-hued imagination; calling spirits from the vasty deep of intellect or fancy; settling what place they are to hold in the universe, and how they will stand related to duration, to immortality, or to oblivion. But, withal, there is no dreaminess in our muser, and no affectation of absence or abstraction. Ever alive to friendship, to courtesy, to duty, he can lay aside his ideas as he does his pen, to welcome a brother, to discuss politics, or to talk about the weather. Considering that his brain may have been kindled up with the splendid conceptions of Shelley, with a light almost as splendid as Shelley's own; or that his heart may have been panting with feelings aroused by the intense pages of Byron, we cannot easily conceive of more thorough self-command, more complete mastery of manner and of mind. Looking at Mr. Whipple thus, in the midst of newspapers and merchants, and understanding in what things his faculties are generally engaged, we have no idea of a more remarkable union of the ideal and the actual."

While the cognomen of Young England has been conceded to a mere clique of literati in the great metropolis, yet, in a broader and more generous view, we readily recognize the embodiment of Young Boston in the more than a thousand warm hearts of the Mercantile Library Association,— an institution which, with its weekly literary exercises, its lectures, its extensive library, and its cabinet of curiosities, lays a firm hold on commercial and intellectual progress, and is the glory of our city. Young Boston is a nursery of genius and rare common sense, rivalled only by our schools of learning; and we hope to see the day when our princely citizens will endow it with an hundred thousand dollars, the income of which would greatly advance its noble objects. We admire its programme, with its executive, directors, trustees, committee on lectures and librarians, backed up by committees on expenditures, the library, purchase of books, newspapers and pamphlets, on coins and curiosities, literary exercises, such as declamation, debate, and composition.

We will further digress, to introduce an effective allusion of Daniel Noyes Haskell, whose untiring efforts for this institution have mainly established its permanent basis. In his address for the association, at the dedication of their new rooms, Jan. 3, 1848, Mr. Haskell remarks of the weekly literary exercises: "I am compelled to admit that we could better afford to stop our public lectures, to sink our fund,— yes, even to vacate these new and beautiful rooms, and to ask the Legislature to take back their parchment charter, with its honored autographs, — than to give up these frequent gatherings, where mind meets mind, truth and error grapple, where character is developed, and talents find the standard of their influence."

Success to Young Boston, which, having fashioned and given consistence to the mind of our young American Macaulay, were honored enough, without regard to the resistless influence most manifestly developing talent and mental vigor, by its order of operation! Success to Young Boston! May you ever be ambitious for eminent elevation to the post of honor in any useful pursuit of life, as have your Whipple and Fields, who, though never having roved in the groves of Harvard, are honorary members of its Phi Beta Kappa Society; and may those of you who aspire to the post of honor in commercial life be counselled by the admired Fields, who says, in answer to the inquiry,

> "Does our pathway e'er conduct to fame?
> The merchant's honor is his spotless name;
> Not circumscribed, just narrowed to the rank
> That passes current only at the bank, —
> But, stamped with soul, howe'er the winds may blow,
> Large as the sunlight, and unstained as snow;
> Do good by stealth, be just, have faith in man;
> The rest to heaven, God always in the van; —
> Though silent deeds may find no tongue to bless
> Through the loud trumpet of the public press.
> Time-honored city! be it ours to stand
> For thy broad portals, armed with traffic's wand;
> To keep undimmed and dear thy deathless name,
> That beams unclouded on the rolls of fame;
> And foster honor till the world shall say,
> Trade hath no worthier home than yon bright bay."

With the ready hand of an analyst, Mr. Whipple, in his effective oration at the head of this article, boldly exhibits the striking contrast in the characters of George the Third and George Washington. The three royal Georges of Old England, by an intolerant oppression of their

New England descendants, unconsciously originated the Revolution, which, through the wisdom and sagacity of our Washington, established an independent republic, and inspired with the spirit of civil liberty every nation on the face of the whole earth.

CHARLES THEODORE RUSSELL.

JULY 4, 1851. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Charles Theodore Russell was born at Princeton, Mass., Nov. 20, 1815; fitted for college in part at an academy, and in part with the clergyman of his native town. He entered Harvard College in the autumn of 1833, and graduated in 1837, on which occasion he gave the salutatory oration in Latin; and, in 1840, he delivered the valedictory address, when he took the degree of Master of Arts. Mr. Russell studied law for a period in Boston, and at the Cambridge Law School, and was admitted to the bar of Suffolk in September, 1839; and, in the succeeding month, commenced the practice of law in Boston. He married, on June 1, 1840, Miss Sarah E., daughter of Joseph Ballister, of Dorchester. In 1843 Mr. Russell was elected to the House of Representatives, of which he was two years a member, when he declined a reëlection. In 1849 he was again elected to the House, and in the year succeeding he was elected to the State Senate, of which he is now a member. Mr. Russell is the author of the History of Princeton, from its first settlement; a valuable production, which was published in the year 1838.

Mr. Russell, in the peroration to the patriotic performance at the head of this article, remarks: "We hear much, in these days, of 'a higher law.' I recognize its existence, and reverently bow before its manifestations. I present our Union as a striking monument of its moulding and guiding Omnipotence. I have desired to enhance the value of the magnificent structure, by exhibiting it in the hand of the Divine Builder. I have endeavored to show that this 'higher law,' by a series of concurring events, reaching back through centuries, has elaborated and evolved this successful experiment of human liberty. Thus originated, I claim for it the holiest sanctions of this law. I demand for it the support of its solemn obligations. The union of these States has been accomplished by the contribu-

tions of nations and centuries, for no transient or insignificant purpose. In its sublime and ultimate end, it has a mission to humanity. In the language of Washington, 'the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.' Thus, as Madison has truly said, are we 'responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society.' Ours is not the duty of forming, but preserving. The fathers were faithful to every exigency by which God created it. We are responsible for a like faithfulness to every exigency by which he would preserve and perpetuate it. To such fidelity the past urges, the future calls, and the highest law commands us. Evils and defects within our Union we may well and earnestly seek to remove, by the development and operation of the principles upon which it rests. But, whosoever lays his hand upon the fabric itself, or seeks, by whatever means, or under whatever pretence, or from whatever source, to undermine its foundations, is treacherous to humanity, false to liberty, and, more than all, culpable to God.

"This is the inference of duty. To its performance hope, by its smile, encourages us. All efforts for the dissolution of our Union will be as disastrously unsuccessful as they are singularly criminal. Never, in its existence, has it been more earnestly and truly performing its appropriate work than now. A people in the aggregate happy and blessed as the sun shines upon repose in its protection. Every rolling tide brings to its shores multitudes seeking its shelter. Each receding wave carries back to the people they have left its liberalizing influence. Rising midway of the continent, and reaching to either ocean, it throws over both its radiant and cheering light. Intently the struggling nations contemplate its no longer doubtful experiment. Moral and religious truth are penetrating every part of its vast domain, and planting, in the very footsteps of the first settlers, the church, the school, and the college. Its Christian missionaries have girdled the globe with their stations; and, in all of them, heroic men and women, under its protection, with the religion of Jesus, are silently diffusing the principles of American liberty. Already a nation in the far off islands of the Pacific has been redeemed by them from barbarism, assumed its place among the powers of the earth, and the very last mails tell us is at this moment seeking admission to our republic.

"Thus meeting its grand purposes, it will not fall. Man alone has

not reared it, the tabernacle of freedom; and man alone cannot prostrate it, or gently beam by beam take it down. Heaven directed in its formation and growth; while true to its origin, it will be heaven-protected in its progress and maturity. The stars of God will shine down kindly upon it, and angels, on the beats of their silvery wings, will linger and hover above it. To-day it is as firmly seated as ever in the affections of its citizens. Guarded by its hardly seen power, reposing in its prosperity, not stopping to contemplate the character of its origin, or to realize its transcendent purpose, men, for a moment, may cast its value, speculate on its duration, and even threaten its dissolution. In the administration of its affairs, conflicts of opinion will exist, sectional interests will become excited, and sometimes hostile. The views of ardent men will be maintained with the ardor in which they are held. A clear and fair field of combat will be left to error and truth. The largest freedom of discussion will be scrupulously preserved. In the consequent excitement, there may sometimes seem to be danger to the Union itself. But, in the hour of peril, experience shows, and ever will show, that a whole people will rally to its support, and sink its foes beneath a weight of odium a life-time cannot alleviate. The rain may descend, the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it,— it will not fall, for it is founded upon a rock. It rests upon guarantees stronger even than laws and compromises. For it our interests combine in overwhelming potency; around it cluster the most glorious associations of our history; in it the hopes of humanity are involved; to it our hearts cling with undying love; for it religion, liberty and conscience, plead; and, beyond all, upon it, in its riper years as in its infancy, the protection of God rests, a sheltering cloud for its fiercer day, a pillar of fire in its darker night."

"One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart, and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeathed, a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them, at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science,—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic." BYRON.

THOMAS STARR KING.

JULY 5, 1852. FOR THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

"The last two centuries," said our orator, "are the most remarkable of the world's history, for the amount of social justice that has been established for millions of men; and the fullest experience of it has been on this continent, secured by the institutions which have made our country an original experiment and a spectacle in the annals of time.

"To a scientific mind, a Humboldt or an Owen, no tidings would be freighted with such absorbing interest as the information that a new and high type of organization had arisen on this planet; that the creative powers around us had given birth to some beautiful plant, some majestic tree, some strange and symmetrical animal, with higher functions, and more intricate constitution, than any vegetable or physical organization known to the lists of science. With what reverence would their minds bend before such a glorious miracle, and how eager, how curious and minute, would their researches be into the wisdom embodied in the last and highest creation of the Intellect that rules the world!

"We all know what excitement was caused, a few years since, by the discovery of a new planet beyond the path of Uranus. But what would the amazement of an astronomer be, if he could detect in the sky a planet in the swift process of formation! or what, if he could look through the glass into some sacred district of space, and see a vast continent of chaos organize itself rapidly into a system; if every process by which planets and satellites are formed out of primeval matter could be made visible, and the forces which, upon our globe, have so slowly deposited the landmarks of geological ages, should condense their work into a few years, so that he could study it at leisure, night by night, noting each week some step of advance which on our globe exhausted a hundred centuries, and seeing all end in the production of a beauty which no orb of our own system wears! How much more clearly would the study of such a creative process of nature reveal what the physical forces are, than any abstract description could convey; and how much deeper and more solemn the impression of such a spectacle, than dry statements, chemical hypotheses, and mathematical formulas!

"And our history is most interesting and suggestive when viewed as a fresh creation from deeps of human nature that had long been sluggish, and whose vitality seemed to be effete. The appearance of our mighty millions of white democracy, stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the Russian latitudes to the tropical gulf, without a monarch, with no hereditary rulers, no lords, no titles, no vested rights, no despotic church, but blessed with an order such as the world has never seen, and a prosperity that has outrun every enthusiastic dream, and yet not exhausting more than half a century in the revelation of its most startling results,— what is it to the political student but a process parallel to the picture we imagined of an evolving system of worlds in space before the eye of an astronomer,— a magnificent and astonishing effort of organization, unexampled in human experience for the breadth of the scale, the rapidity of the development, and the character of the products, and revealing, as nothing else could do, the constructive powers that slumber in the popular brain and heart!"

The eloquent passage, from the unpublished oration, at the head of this article, was kindly contributed to this work at the special request of the editor. We should sincerely regret that the orator had declined the request of the city authorities for its publication, were it not for the consideration that it may be the means of more extended usefulness by being delivered before other large audiences in many places. We admire his simplicity of manner, as in the instance of proceeding up the mall of our beautiful Common to Park-street meeting-house, a while previous to the period of the audience gathering there, with the arm of his wife on one side, and his clerical gown in a neat wrapper under his other arm, thus avoiding the parade of a long march in the public procession. Mr. King is remarkably self-possessed, and we found him as much at home on this exciting occasion as he is in the lecture-room. Indeed, we view him as a rare personification of pure eloquence, both as regards personal address and power of thought. This performance was on "The Organization of Liberty on the Western Continent," and was a fine illustration, as remarked by one of our public journals, of the illumination which may be cast over a whole field of reflection and investigation, by vigorously conceiving the central principle, which includes its details, reduces the various topics of the general subject into order and relation, and darts light and heat into the duskiest corners of its cold abstractions. While listening to an oration in which a large and liberal philosophy gave substance and

form to a genuine love of freedom, we could not resist the patriotic quibble, that, for the first time in seventy years, a Fourth of July audience of American democrats might join the most loyal of tories in his toast of "Church and King."

The accustomed public dinner of the city authorities was partaken at Faneuil Hall; but the coming admonition of the poet to our orators, and those who are seated at the festive-board, was not required on this occasion, for the oration of Mr. King was of pertinent brevity, and temperance presided at the feast:

> "Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations;
> Solid men of Boston, make no long orations."

We will here digress for the purpose of introducing another instance of a more pointed allusion to this memorable passage. It appears that in a debate in Parliament on the Volunteer Bill, some squibbing occurred between Sheridan and Burke. The latter gentleman observed that long speeches without good materials were dangerous. quoting the above popular doggerel of the American war:

> "Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations;
> Solid men of Boston, make no long orations."

When Sheridan, imagining that the first line of the couplet, if not the second, applied rather too effectively to himself, keenly retorted by stating that he remembered some other lines from the same approved author:

> "Now it hapt to the country he went for a blessing,
> And from his state daddy to get a new lesson;
> He went to Daddy Jenky by trimmer Hal attended, —
> In such company, good lack, how his morals must be mended!"

We believe the pulpit is the most fitting sphere in which Mr. King is adapted to move, as his heart appears absorbed in its noble duties. We hope that his whole soul will ever be devoted to the ministry, firmly resolving never to exchange the pulpit for the highest honor that any civil or political power may propose to confer.

Thomas Starr King was born in the city of New York, December 17, 1824. His father was the Rev. Thomas F. King, who married Miss Susan Starr, both of whom were natives of New York city. His early boyhood was passed in Portsmouth, N. H., and his later

youth in Charlestown, Massachusetts, where his father had the pastoral care of a church. Young Mr. King was prepared for college, but the decease of his father prevented his entrance, and he continued his education in the intervals of leisure obtained from his duties as a public school teacher, and a civil clerkship in the Navy Yard at Charlestown. His mind was closely devoted to a preparation for the ministerial office; and on September, 1846, when at the age of twenty-one years, he was ordained the pastor of his father's parish in Charlestown, as the immediate successor of the Rev. E. H. Chapin. Mr. King, on the 17th December, 1848, was married to Miss Julia M. Wiggin, of East Boston; and in that month, after the resignation of Rev. David Fosdick, pastor of the Hollis-street Church, in Boston, he was installed to its pastoral care, which station he now occupies. May this young prince of divines become a star of the first magnitude in the theological horizon!

Our young orator delivered a very patriotic sermon on Patriotism, for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, June 2, 1851, as have all his predecessors in Hollis-street Church, excepting two, breathing love of country in fervent tones worthy of a statesman, from which we will cite a passage: "Here we are, successors of noble men, heirs of a providential past. Everything in our history incites to patriotism. The winds would fan it into activity. Every page of our annals preaches it. The man who cannot thank God he was born an American is undeserving the blessing of such birth. That consciousness, enlivening the sensibilities, should equalize fortunes. The poor man should not feel poor when he thinks that his humble roof and circumstances are sheltered by a canopy of ideas and sentiments such as never before arched over any palace of the world. If the humblest Catholic feels pride in being one member of a community that stretches from Andes to the Indus, and which has Christ for its founder and heaven for its goal, the lowliest citizen of this land should feel it an immense enlargement of his being,— an enlargement which mere wealth could never give,— that he has partnership in the mission of a people along whom God is pouring the best life of the past, enriched with additional streams of inspiration, solicited by our own genius, into the future. For the tendrils of our blessings stretch far out into the centuries, and twine around the most precious elements of history, to draw nourishment. The human race is vitally one; and, whatsoever is eminent and best in any line of social manifestation, is somehow connected

with other and distant portions of the common body, as the topmost branch of a tree bears life that is due, in part, to the health and fidelity of juices in the root, and as the wave that foams upon the shore discharges an undulation that began far out upon the sea."

We are earnest in the wish that our Boston pulpit may never become the arena for Sabbath political declamation, but ever be consecrated to the unfoldings of sound divinity and persuasives to holy living; and, though cold detractors may remark that the Rev. Mr. King is no such orator as Horace Holley was, our persuasion is clear that we have repeatedly heard him "discourse most eloquent music,"—an instance of which appears in his sermon occasioned by the decease of Deacon Daniel Weld, of this church, on "The Gains and Losses of a Church," where appears the subjoined beautiful illustration of the gain to history in the loss of our noble Washington: "Who believes that Washington is not with us, active as a force upon our people? It was a sad day, a wintry day, indeed,—dreary to the spirit as well as to the body,—when he breathed out his last breath, when his pulse ceased forever, and all that his form which wore such majesty could do for his land was to consecrate the district of it, where it should recline for unbroken rest. The people felt that a patriot had gone, such as they could not expect would be given to them again. . . . . But Washington could not have been less removed from our country than when he died. His spirit rose to greater influence than it had when housed in a mortal frame. It passed into the finer robe of literature and history, and has become a guest in every house. The statesman and the patriot go to him now for counsel, and, as he speaks to them through their reverent meditations, no mixture of earthly passions alloys the wisdom he imparts. His name is invoked to soften the asperities of party conflict when they threaten the welfare of the nation; his grave sheds an effluence of patriotic zeal and faith in heavenly help; and his character, by its simple sublimity and strength, teaches the eyes of American childhood what grandeur there is in virtue, and what glory swathes the true patriot's name. . . . . Thus nations lose men to gain history. They require a dignified past, a noble background to their activity, from which their best minds address the reverence and sympathy of succeeding generations with a fresh and purifying power."

We know not how so happily to draw an outline of the intellectual capacities of Thomas Starr King, as is exhibited in the forthcoming

graphic sketch, prepared for this work by a literary friend, much endeared to him by the strong bonds of familiar intimacy. "Mr. King's peculiarities of mind and style are characterized by fluency, grace, sweetness, and vigor. His intellect appears to have no obstructions to its movement. Confusion of thought, partial grasp of matter, obscurity of view, feeble hold upon language, have no place in his clear, elastic, decisive mind; and the result is a remarkable felicity of expression, in which the thought is clothed in its appropriate form, without any appearance of effort. With great facility, sureness and swiftness of perception, and powers of combination capable of instant action on what is perceived, he seems to comprehend a subject at a glance, to dispose its various topics in their right relations with equal readiness, and to unfold it in sermon, or lecture, or oration, with the lucid vigor and splendor of one to whom apt words and significant images are 'nimble servitors.' The metaphysical and imaginative tendencies of his mind meet and cohere and work together in his ordinary mental action, and he therefore touches no subject which he does not both analyze and adorn. To talents thus active, penetrating and brilliant, he adds solid acquirements in theology, philosophy, history and general literature, and a largeness of view and sobriety of judgment unlikely to be caught in any of the cants or entangled in any of the crotchets of the day. As a public speaker he happily combines elegance with energy, and is exceedingly popular."

Mr. King has been a frequent contributor to several periodicals on various subjects, in which he displays such learning and talent, such penetration and quickness of perception, as would reflect honor on one who had received a finished classical education, though we dissent from some of his opinions. Among his articles we have specially noticed his remarks on the Connection between Natural and Revealed Religion, Philosophy and Theology, Views of Recent Poetry, Plato's Views of Immortality, Prospects and Progress of the Nineteenth Century, Universality of Christianity, the Idea of God and Christianity, a Review of Bushnell's Discourses, and an excellent article on the Character of Edwin Percy Whipple as a Writer. The highly felicitous allusion to Mr. Whipple in this criticism by Mr. King is peculiarly characteristic of the capacities of the subject of this article, "that the reviews he has published bear witness that his taste is healthy and catholic,—that he is above suspicions of conventional and clanish prejudice, and that his weights and measures are trustworthy.

His mind is a good spiritual thermometer, and is so nicely affected by the genius of the book he reads, that his appreciation of it is a pretty accurate indication of its real temperature or grade." A perfectly life-like crayon head of Mr. King, taken by the junior Martin of London, is in the family.

"After the mercantile heart had devised and secured those iron tracks and flying trains," says Mr. King, in preaching on the Railroad Jubilee of September, 1851, "God took them for his purposes. Without paying any tax for the privilege, he uses them to quicken the activity of men; to send energy and vitality where before were silence and barrenness; to multiply cities and villages, studded with churches, dotted with schools, and filled with happy homes and budding souls; to increase wealth which shall partially be devoted to his service and kingdom, and all along their banks to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Without any vote of permission from legislatures and officials,— even while the cars are loaded with profitable freight and paying passengers, and the groaning engines are earning the necessary interest,— Providence sends, without charge, its cargoes of good sentiment and brotherly feeling; disburses the culture of the city to the simplicity of the hamlet, and brings back the strength and virtue of the village and mountain to the wasting faculties of the metropolis; and fastens to every steam-shuttle, that flies back and forth and hither and thither, an invisible thread of fraternal influence, which, entwining sea-shore and hill-country, mart and grain-field, forge and factory, wharf and mine, slowly prepares society to realize, one day, the Saviour's prayer, 'that they all may be one.' The beneficent genius of the age keeps his special and invisible express, laden with packages of providential blessings, upon every train that runs through our communities; and it seems, as the cars fly along the avenues which selfish traffic has created, that the villages, which are everywhere threaded like beads along the iron wires, are, to use the language of another, 'counted off by the spirit of our age as so many pater-nosters upon its rosary, in its swift worship of gratitude for the dawn of the age of peace.' "

WEBSTER'S EARLIEST ORATION,

AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Not embodied in any edition of his published works. It was pronounced at Hanover, N. H., July 4, 1800, when he was a member of the junior class in Dartmouth University.

> " Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
> And make our lives in thy possession happy,
> Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence ! "
>
> ADDISON.

COUNTRYMEN, BRETHREN, AND FATHERS :

WE are now assembled to celebrate an anniversary ever to be held in dear remembrance by the sons of freedom. Nothing less than the birth of a nation, — nothing less than the emancipation of three millions of people from the degrading chains of foreign dominion, — is the event we commemorate.

Twenty-four years have this day elapsed since united Columbia first raised the standard of liberty, and echoed the shouts of independence !

Those of you who were then reaping the iron harvest of the martial field, whose bosoms then palpitated for the honor of America, will, at this time, experience a renewal of all that fervent patriotism, of all those indescribable emotions, which then agitated your breasts. As for us, who were either then unborn, or not far enough advanced beyond the threshold of existence to engage in the grand conflict for liberty, we now most cordially unite with you to greet the return of this joyous anniversary, to hail the day that gave us freedom, and hail the rising glories of our country !

On occasions like this, you have heretofore been addressed from this stage on the nature, the origin, the expediency, of civil government. The field of political speculation has here been explored by persons possessing talents to which the speaker of the day can have no pretensions. Declining, therefore, a dissertation on the principles of civil polity, you will indulge me in slightly sketching on those events which have originated, nurtured, and raised to its present grandeur, the empire of Columbia.

As no nation on the globe can rival us in the rapidity of our growth since the conclusion of the Revolutionary war, so none perhaps ever endured greater hardships and distresses than the people of this country previous to that period.

We behold a feeble band of colonists, engaged in the arduous undertaking of a new settlement, in the wilds of North America. Their civil liberty being mutilated, and the enjoyment of their religious sentiments denied them, in the land that gave them birth, they fled their country, they braved the dangers of the then almost unnavigated ocean, and sought, on the other side the globe, an asylum from the iron grasp of tyranny, and the more intolerable scourge of ecclesiastical persecution. But gloomy, indeed, was their prospect when arrived on this side the Atlantic. Scattered in detachments along a coast immensely extensive, at a remove of more than three thousand miles from their friends on the eastern continent, they were exposed to all

those evils, and endured all those difficulties, to which human nature seems liable. Destitute of convenient habitations, the inclemencies of the seasons attacked them, the midnight beasts of prey prowled terribly around them, and the more portentous yell of savage fury incessantly assailed them ! But the same undiminished confidence in Almighty God, which prompted the first settlers of this country to forsake the unfriendly climes of Europe, still supported them under all their calamities, and inspired them with fortitude almost divine. Having a glorious issue to their labors now in prospect, they cheerfully endured the rigors of the climate, pursued the savage beast to his remotest haunt, and stood undismayed in the dismal hour of Indian battle !

Scarcely were the infant settlements freed from those dangers which at first environed them, ere the clashing interests of France and Britain involved them anew in war. The colonists were now destined to combat with well-appointed, well-disciplined troops from Europe ; and the horrors of the tomahawk and scalping-knife were again renewed. But these frowns of fortune, distressing as they were, had been met without a sigh and endured without a groan, had not imperious Britain presumptuously arrogated to herself the glory of victories achieved by the bravery of American militia. Louisburg must be taken, Canada attacked, and a frontier of more than one thousand miles defended, by untutored yeomanry, while the honor of every conquest must be ascribed to an English army.

But, while Great Britain was thus ignominiously stripping her colonies of their well-earned laurel, and triumphantly weaving it into the stupendous wreath of her own martial glories, she was unwittingly teaching them to value themselves, and effectually to resist, in a future day, her unjust encroachments.

The pitiful tale of taxation now commences ; the unhappy quarrel, which issued in the dismemberment of the British empire, has here its origin.

England, now triumphant over the united powers of France and Spain, is determined to reduce to the condition of slaves her American subjects.

We might now display the legislatures of the several states, together with the general Congress, petitioning, praying, remonstrating, and, like dutiful subjects, humbly laying their grievances before the throne. On the other hand, we could exhibit a British Parliament assiduously devising means to subjugate America, disdaining our petitions, trampling on our rights, and menacingly telling us, in language not to be misunderstood, "Ye shall be slaves !" We could mention the haughty, tyrannical, perfidious Gage, at the head of a standing army ; we could show our brethren attacked and slaughtered at Lexington, our property plundered and destroyed at Concord ! Recollection can still pain us with the spiral flames of burning Charlestown, the agonizing groans of aged parents, the shrieks of widows, orphans and infants ! Indelibly impressed on our memories still live the dismal scenes of Bunker's awful mount, — the grand theatre of New England bravery, where slaughter stalked grimly triumphant, — where relentless Britain saw her soldiers, the unhappy instruments of despotism, fallen in heaps beneath the nervous arm of injured freemen ! There the great Warren fought ; and there, alas ! he fell. Valuing life only as it enabled him to serve his country, he freely resigned himself a willing martyr in the cause of liberty, and now lies encircled in the arms of glory !

> Peace to the patriot's shades ! Let no rude blast
> Disturb the willow that nods o'er his tomb !
> Let orphan tears bedew his sacred urn,
> And Fame's loud trump proclaim the hero's name
> Far as the circuit of the spheres extends !

But, haughty Albion, thy reign shall soon be over! Thou shalt triumph no longer! Thine empire already reels and totters; thy laurels even now begin to wither, and thy fame decays; thou hast at length roused the indignation of an insulted people; — thine oppressions they deem no longer tolerable!

The 4th day of July, 1776, is now arrived; and America, manfully springing from the torturing fangs of the British lion, now rises majestic in the pride of her sovereignty, and bids her eagle elevate his wings! The solemn Declaration of Independence is now pronounced, amidst crowds of admiring citizens, by the supreme council of our nation, and received with the unbounded plaudits of a grateful people.

That was the hour when heroism was proved — when the souls of men were tried. It was then, ye venerable patriots, it was then you stretched the indignant arm, and unitedly swore to be free! Despising such toys as subjugated empires, you then knew no middle fortune between liberty and death. Firmly relying on the patronage of Heaven, unwarped in the resolution you had taken, you then, undaunted, met, engaged, defeated the gigantic power of Britain, and rose triumphant over the ruins of your enemies. Trenton, Princeton, Bennington and Saratoga, were the successive theatres of your victories, and the utmost bounds of creation are the limits to your fame. The sacred fire of freedom, then enkindled in your breasts, shall be perpetuated through the long descent of future ages, and burn, with undiminished fervor, in the bosoms of millions yet unborn.

Finally, to close the sanguinary conflict, to grant America the blessings of an honorable peace, and clothe her heroes with laurels, Cornwallis, at whose feet the kings and princes of Asia have since thrown their diadems, was compelled to submit to the sword of our father Washington. The great drama is now completed; our independence is now acknowledged, and the hopes of our enemies are blasted forever. Columbia is now seated in the forum of nations, and the empires of the world are lost in the bright effulgence of her glory.

Thus, friends and citizens, did the kind hand of overruling Providence conduct us through toils, fatigues and dangers, to independence and peace. If piety be the rational exercise of the human soul, if religion be not a chimera, and if the vestiges of heavenly assistance are clearly traced in those events which mark the annals of our nation, it becomes us on this day, in consideration of the great things which the Lord has done for us, to render the tribute of unfeigned thanks to that God who superintends the universe, and holds aloft the scale that weighs the destinies of nations.

The conclusion of the Revolutionary war did not conclude the great achievements of our countrymen. Their military character was then, indeed, sufficiently established; but the time was coming which should prove their political sagacity.

No sooner was peace restored with England, the first grand article of which was the acknowledgment of our independence, than the old system of confederation, dictated at first by necessity, and adopted for the purposes of the moment, was found inadequate to the government of an extensive empire. Under a full conviction of this, we then saw the people of these states engaged in a transaction which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced, and which, perhaps, will forever stand, on the history of mankind, without a parallel. A great republic, composed of different states, whose interest, in all respects, could not be perfectly compatible, then came deliberately forward, discarded one system of government and adopted another, without the loss of one man's blood.

There is not a single government now existing in Europe which is not based in usurpation, and established, if established at all, by the sacrifice of thousands. But,

in the adoption of our present system of jurisprudence, we see the powers necessary for government voluntarily springing from the people, their only proper origin, and directed to the public good, their only proper object.

With peculiar propriety we may now felicitate ourselves on that happy form of mixed government under which we live. The advantages resulting to the citizens of the Union from the operation of the federal constitution are utterly incalculable; and the day when it was received by a majority of the states shall stand on the catalogue of American anniversaries second to none but the birth-day of independence.

In consequence of the adoption of our present system of government, and the virtuous manner in which it has been administered by a Washington and an Adams, we are this day in the enjoyment of peace, while war devastates Europe. We can now sit down beneath the shadow of the olive, while her cities blaze, her streams run purple with blood, and her fields glitter a forest of bayonets. The citizens of America can this day throng the temples of freedom, and renew their oaths of fealty to independence, while Holland, our once sister republic, is erased from the catalogue of nations, — whilst Venice is destroyed, Italy ravaged, and Switzerland, the once happy, the once united, the once flourishing Switzerland, lies bleeding at every pore.

No ambitious foe dares now invade our country. No standing army now endangers our liberty. Our commerce, though subject in some degree to the depredations of the belligerent powers, is extended from pole to pole; and our navy, though just emerging from non-existence, shall soon vouch for the safety of our merchantmen, and bear the thunder of freedom around the ball.

Fair science, too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity, from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence and Harvard, now grace our land; and Dartmouth, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame. Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance.

Pleasing, indeed, were it here to dilate on the future grandeur of America; but we forbear, and pause, for a moment, to drop the tear of affection over the graves of our departed warriors. Their names should be mentioned on every anniversary of independence, that the youth of each successive generation may learn not to value life, when held in competition with their country's safety.

Wooster, Montgomery and Mercer, fell bravely in battle, and their ashes are now entombed on the fields that witnessed their valor. Let their exertions in our country's cause be remembered while liberty has an advocate or gratitude has place in the human heart!

Greene, the immortal hero of the Carolinas, has since gone down to the grave loaded with honors, and high in the estimation of his countrymen. The courageous Putnam has long slept with his fathers; and Sullivan and Cilley, New Hampshire's veteran sons, are no more numbered with the living.

With hearts penetrated by unutterable grief, we are at length constrained to ask, Where is our Washington? Where the hero who led us to victory? — where the man who gave us freedom? Where is he who headed our feeble army when destruction threatened us, who came upon our enemies like the storms of winter, and scattered them like leaves before the Borean blast? Where, O my country, is thy political saviour? Where, O humanity, thy favorite son?

The solemnity of this assembly, the lamentations of the American people, will answer, "Alas! he is now no more — the mighty is fallen!"

Yes, Americans, your Washington is gone! He is now consigned to dust, and

"sleeps in dull, cold marble." The man who never felt a wound but when it pierced his country, who never groaned but when fair Freedom bled, is now forever silent! Wrapped in the shroud of death, the dark dominions of the grave long since received him, and he rests in undisturbed repose. Vain were the attempt to express our loss, — vain the attempt to describe the feelings of our souls. Though months have rolled away since he left this terrestrial orb and sought the shining worlds on high, yet the sad event is still remembered with increased sorrow. The hoary-headed partaker of 1776 still tells the mournful story to the listening infant, till the loss of his country touches his heart, and patriotism fires his breast. The aged matron still laments the loss of the man beneath whose banners her husband has fought, or her son has fallen. At the name of Washington the sympathetic tear still glistens in the eye of every youthful hero, nor does the tender sigh yet cease to heave in the fair bosom of Columbia's daughters.

> Farewell, O Washington! a long farewell!
> Thy country's tears embalm thy memory.
> Thy virtues challenge immortality!
> Impressed on grateful hearts, thy name shall live
> Till dissolution's deluge drown the world.

Although we must feel the keenest sorrow at the demise of our Washington, yet we console ourselves with the reflection that his virtuous compatriot, his worthy successor, — the firm, the wise, the inflexible Adams, — still survives. Elevated by the voice of his country to the supreme executive magistracy, he constantly adheres to her essential interests; and, with steady hand, draws the disguising veil from the intrigues of foreign enemies and the plots of domestic foes. Having the honor of America always in view, never fearing, when wisdom dictates, to stem the impetuous torrent of popular resentment, he stands amidst the fluctuations of party and the explosions of faction, unmoved as Atlas,

> "While storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
> And oceans break their billows at its feet."

Yet all the vigilance of our executive, and all the wisdom of our Congress, have not been sufficient to prevent this country from being in some degree agitated by the convulsions of Europe. But why shall every quarrel on the other side the Atlantic interest us in its issue? Why shall the rise or depression of every party there produce here a corresponding vibration? Was this continent designed as a mere satellite to the other? Has not nature here wrought all her operations on her broadest scale? Where are the Mississippis and the Amazons, the Alleghanies and the Andes, of Europe, Asia, or Africa? The natural superiority of America clearly indicates that it was designed to be inhabited by a nobler race of men, possessing a superior form of government, superior patriotism, superior talents, and superior virtues. Let, then, the nations of the east vainly waste their strength in destroying each other. Let them aspire at conquest, and contend for dominion, till their continent is deluged in blood. But let none, however elated by victory, however proud of triumphs, ever presume to intrude on the neutral station assumed by our country!

Britain, twice humbled for her aggressions, has at length been taught to respect us; but France, once our ally, has dared to insult us. She has violated her obligations; she has depredated our commerce; she has abused our government, and riveted the chains of bondage on our unhappy fellow-citizens. Not content with ravaging and depopulating the fairest countries of Europe, — not yet satiated with the contortions of expiring republics, the convulsive agonies of subjugated nations,

and the groans of her own slaughtered citizens, — she has spouted her fury across the Atlantic, and the stars and stripes of independence have almost been attacked in our harbors. When we have demanded reparation, she has told us, "Give us your money, and we will give you peace." Mighty nation! Magnanimous republic! Let her fill her coffers from those towns and cities which she has plundered; and grant peace, if she can, to the shades of those millions whose death she has caused!

But Columbia stoops not to tyrants; her sons will never cringe to France. Neither a supercilious five-headed Directory, nor the gasconading pilgrim of Egypt, will ever dictate terms to sovereign America. The thunder of our cannon shall insure the performance of our treaties, and fulminate destruction on Frenchmen, till old ocean is crimsoned with blood and gorged with pirates!

It becomes us, on whom the defence of our country will ere long devolve, this day most seriously to reflect on the duties incumbent upon us. Our ancestors bravely snatched expiring liberty from the grasp of Britain, whose touch is poison. Shall we now consign it to France, whose embrace is death? We have seen our fathers, in the days of Columbia's trouble, assume the rough habiliments of war, and seek the hostile field. Too full of sorrow to speak, we have seen them wave a last farewell to a disconsolate, a woe-stung family. We have seen them return, worn down with fatigue and scarred with wounds; or we have seen them, perhaps, no more. For us they fought, for us they bled, for us they conquered! Shall we, their descendants, now basely disgrace our lineage, and pusillanimously disclaim the legacy bequeathed us? Shall we pronounce the sad valediction to Freedom, and immolate Liberty on the altars our fathers have raised to her? No! The response of a nation is, "No!" Let it be registered in the archives of heaven, — Ere the religion we profess, and the privileges we enjoy, are sacrificed at the shrines of despots and demagogues, let the pillars of creation tremble! Let world be wrecked on world, and systems rush to ruin! Let the sons of Europe be vassals! Let her hosts of nations be a vast congregation of slaves! But let us, who are this day free, whose hearts are yet unappalled, and whose right arms are yet nerved for war, assemble before the hallowed temple of Columbian freedom, and swear, to the God of our fathers, to preserve it secure, or die at its portals!

We regard the town histories constantly rising in our country as affording greater facilities toward a more perfect national history than has yet appeared; and such a work as the History of the Town of New Ipswich, N. H., by Frederic Kidder, a retired merchant, and by Augustus A. Gould, a physician and naturalist, is decidedly one of the best conceptions of what a town history should be that has ever met our eye. We find in this work the following felicitous letter of Mr. Webster to Chief Justice Farrar, on his first appointment to a civil office, which transpired when he was a student at law; in relation to whom Mr. Webster has frequently remarked that he never knew a judge of a more calm, dispassionate, and impartial character, a better listener to a discussion, or a man more anxious to discover the truth and to do justice. In these traits of character he thought him very much to resemble the late Chief Justice Marshall.

"SALISBURY, *July* 12, 1804.

"Instances of favors conferred sometimes occur, in which it is not a little difficult to determine whether a respectful silence or an open acknowledgment is most likely to be well received by him who has obliged us. But, though it may be uncertain whether

we ought to *speak*, it is yet sometimes difficult to be *silent*, when *kind things* are done in a *kind manner*.

"My honored father informed me that, on an expected vacancy in the clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas in this county, you were pleased to mention my name to the court as a candidate for that office. I should be happy if on this occasion I could express my gratitude in terms not likely to offend against the delicacy of your feelings. I confess I was gratified, as well as surprised, by this unexpected mark of distinction; particularly so, as I have not the honor of much acquaintance with you, and am destitute of many of those aids which make young men known in the world beyond the sphere of their personal friends.

"Office and emolument have, I hope, their just, and no more than their just, estimation in my mind; but, aside from the consideration of these, and though I should never in this case possess them, the nomination will add something to my happiness, as I shall be the better pleased with myself for having been thought worthy an office of trust and confidence by Judge Farrar.

"I am, sir, with high respect,

"Your humble servant, DANIEL WEBSTER."

"Hon. TIMOTHY FARRAR, New Ipswich, N. H."

An interesting incident has very recently been related to the editor of this work, as having happened to Mr. Webster before he had been long at the bar in the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Rockingham. He had obtained a verdict for his client, which the opposing counsel — the late Gov. Plumer — had moved to set aside. Mr. Webster, in resisting this motion, addressed the court at considerable length, and in a well-studied argument, upon the power of courts over the verdicts of juries, and especially how far that power could be properly exercised by courts of inferior jurisdiction. We remember, among other authorities, he cited rather a peremptory saying of Lord Chief Justice Holt, that he would not permit an inferior court to regard itself as a better judge of the law than a jury of the king's subjects. When he sat down, a member of the bar now living, Mr. Moody Kent, said to him, "Now, my friend, you have made a good argument; but it had one great fault in it, and that is, that your first proposition was so far in advance of the knowledge of the court, that although we, at the bar, understood you, yet what you said was heathen Greek to those you addressed." In this respect Mr. Webster soon learned a most useful lesson from his sagacious and elder friend, the late Mr. Mason, whose shrewdness was remarkable for selecting always the most suitable and effective argument for the tribunal.

A recent traveller from Egypt (Rev. Alexander J. Sessions) has remarked to the editor of this work that its title, "The Hundred Boston Orators," reminded him of the Hall of a Hundred Pillars at Karnak, which, on a careful examination, he found comprised the number of political pillars noticed in this work. We think the cognomen applied to this volume is appropriate, as there are exactly one hundred of whom a more detailed statement is furnished. And, in passing, the editor repels any implied censure for not presenting a more extended account of the residue, as materials of much public interest were difficult to be obtained. In reference to the publication of every one of the orations in an entire form, while we are well apprised of the pleasure their appearance would render the antiquarian, it is our decided opinion that the plan here adopted, of selecting the noblest passages from a part of them, is the greatest act of justice to the authors, and in several instances is more grateful to their memory, and more consonant to the popular taste.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

THE passage herewith is selected from his English oration, delivered in 1783, at Harvard College, when he was graduated.

"The greatest danger to which a state is exposed, after deliverance from an enemy, results from the lethargy which naturally accompanies an opinion of security. It is particularly incumbent upon America to avoid this listless inattention to her internal police. It is true our constitution is delineated, but it is hardly advanced beyond the outlines. Our situation is different from that of established republics. They fight for the privilege of adhering to ancient customs ; we have fought for liberty to introduce new. They wish only to confirm their laws ; we have ours to form. The Union of these States was founded upon common danger. A coincidence of customs and laws was not the cause ; we must labor to make it the effect. We must combat our ancient prejudices, which are unavoidably tinctured with a regard for some old regulations, which may insensibly lead us to swerve from principles strictly republican. . . . . .

"In considering the means of preserving our freedom, the first idea which occurs is the necessity of preventing restrictions upon the press.

"Independent sentiment must be the energizing principle of independent states; and for the conveyance of this the press is the most speedy, if not the only vehicle. Private instructions to representatives are by no means competent. They ought to be acquainted with the general opinion relative to ordinary occurrences ; and, although the press should sometimes be prostituted to the purposes of scurrility and abuse of the government, still it is better to give vent to these peccant humors when their general diffusion will almost annihilate their contagion, than suffer them to mortify in a tavern or a village, and presently burst forth with increased virulence.

"In short, liberty of the press was the last vestige of Britain's freedom, and that was effaced by the imprisonment of an honest printer."

In the second English oration, delivered two years afterwards upon the all-engrossing topic of the existing national difficulties, we find the following eloquent remarks :

"I shall, however, repeat the sentiment of a great politician, — 'If,' says he, 'there be such criminals as robbers, traitors, assassins, who deserve to be punished with more than ordinary severity, I should not hesitate to place at the head of the bloody catalogue the man who would defeat the application of the public money to the support of the public credit.'

"There is one expedient which some people, in the fulness of distress, have wished to see adopted, but which we venture to predict would give the death-wound to our public credit. The emission of a paper currency, — would not this measure prove the harbinger to a train of the most flagrant frauds and sordid vices ? Would it not exhibit our national faith and dignity as objects of derision, hasten the decline of the republic, and aggravate the horror of her fall ? Surely nothing can be more chimerical than the idea of an unfunded, irredeemable currency, destitute of all the intrinsic properties of a medium. This description will certainly be applicable to an emission of paper at this period. It is impossible to constitute a fund that could be appropriated to its redemption. To suppose that government should assess taxes in specie for this purpose is a manifest absurdity, since the adoption of a paper money implies a scarcity of coin adequate to defray the public charges ; and the distinction between specie and paper thus authorized by government would continually hold to view the insufficiency of the latter, and totally destroy its credit. The system adopted in a neighboring state, of forming a loan upon mortgage, might easily be proved feeble

in its basis, and injurious in its practice. The government will either become the sole proprietary of the lands, or (which is more probable) will finally release them without redemption, while the depreciated paper sinks in the hands of the unfortunate persons who are compelled to receive it.

"The annihilation of our former bills of credit, without producing some dreadful convulsion, furnishes no argument against the probability of the universal uproar that would now ensue upon the failure of a new emission. The burthen then fell principally upon the weak and impotent. Where could the helpless widow find protection? To whom could the little orphan lisp his wrongs? But, should this illusion again be introduced, the calamitous effects of the famous system in France, and the more diffusive wretchedness attendant on the South Sea scheme in England, would appear an imperfect miniature of the distress that will swallow up the nation."

"SOLID MEN OF BOSTON."

BY CHARLES C. HAZEWELL.

In a number of the *Boston Courier* appears an article which opens thus:

"'SOLID MEN OF BOSTON.'—Many persons have asked for the original of the quotation introduced by Mr. Webster in his speech at Faneuil Hall, May 21, 1852. It was copied from a political *jeu d'esprit*, written by one of the London wits at the time when Boston first commenced to make a noise in the world, and her port troubles and her patriotic resolutions first became known in Europe. The whole verse ran.

> 'Solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations;
> Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
> Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown,
> And you'll never lose your way, like the loggerheads of London.'

"The quotation was very felicitously introduced into the dinner speech of Hon. George S. Hillard, before the New England Society of New York, last winter, with a sketch of its origin; and, as the speech has never been printed here, we cannot do better than to publish the whole at this time."

The *Courier* then proceeds to give Mr. Hillard's speech; and a very elegant, eloquent and scholarly production it is, like all the efforts of its distinguished author that we have seen. We copy from it the following paragraph:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society,—I thank you for your kind reception of me, and I would that it were in my power to coin wishes into words, and thanks into wit, that I might the better express to you my acknowledgments. In the early stages of our Revolutionary struggle, it so occurred that Mr. Pitt, then a very young man, with Mr. Dundas, and one or two other political friends, retired from Parliament on one occasion into some suburban retreat in the neighborhood of London, there, perchance, to meditate on high political themes. On their return, late at night, doubtless in a state of transcendental elevation, in reference to the topics in the discussion of which they had indulged, they ran through a turnpike gate without paying any toll, and the keeper of the gate discharged a musket after them, which fortunately took no effect. The incident was taken up by the wits of the rival party, and Captain Morris, at the time a sort of poet-laureate of the whigs, wrote a song upon it, in which, in allusion to our Revolutionary struggle, he says,

'Solid men of Boston, make no long orations ;
Solid men of Boston, drink no deep potations.'

"Mr. President, I am afraid I shall not get out of the clutches of this New England Society of New York, without violating both these precepts. I made you a long oration yesterday, and, from the temptation there is before me, I am afraid of the deep potations to-night. But then I will take refuge in the other alternative ; for it is very true, and you will bear me witness, that yesterday I drank no deep potations, and to-day I will make no long oration."

It is a little curious, and perhaps rather consoling to us dull fellows, who have not the faculty of making speeches, that so well read a man as Mr. Hillard should have fallen into two or three amusing errors respecting a period of English history tolerably familiar to even Americans who can make no pretensions whatever to being well read. "The early stages of our Revolutionary struggle" cannot be placed further back than 1775–6, at which time William Pitt was only some sixteen or seventeen years of age, and had no connection whatever with the ministry. His political sympathies, if he felt any, were with his father, who was the greatest of those statesmen — Burke alone excepted — that opposed the attack made by the British government on the rights of the American colonies. It is a familiar fact that a few years later he entered Parliament as a member of the opposition party. In 1775–6 the North ministry was at the height of its power, and Mr. Dundas was a supporter of it, and a useful and influential supporter too, with no feeling in common with any member of the Pitt family or connection. In after days, Dundas and the younger Pitt became intimately associated, and for a long time acted together as brother ministers ; but, when the latter entered public life, he did so as a warm opponent of Dundas and his party. It was one of the singular consequences of the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, and of *coalition* between Fox and North, that Pitt and Dundas became friends and associates, — bound together by ties far stronger, it should seem, than those which usually form the connecting links of politicians and statesmen. The Pitt ministry was formed in 1783–4, after the war between England and America had ceased, and when the tory party had assumed a new character, under the leadership of a man who certainly had no reason to be looked upon as being himself a representative of tory principles.

The Maine law was, unhappily, quite unknown to those barbarian times. If there were temperance lecturers then, history has not condescended to record their efforts. They are forgotten, like the brave men who lived and died so long ago. It was an age of hard drinking, hard swearing, hard thinking, and "fast" driving. From the first minister of the crown to the last peasant who paid taxes to the crown, there was hardly a man in England who did not swallow enough strong drink, in a twelvemonth, to sober a modern temperance society by the mere thought of it. Great people drank wine and brandy ; little people swilled ale and beer, and British gin. Altogether it might be called a beastly age, only that beasts are not so beastly as to get drunk. It was an age of what Thomson, in the preceding generation, had called "serious drinking." William Pitt was the first subject and the chief drunkard of the realm of England. Drinking was both a business and a pleasure with him. As the Irishman treated sleep, so did he treat drinking, — "he paid attention to it." Port wine was his favorite tipple, and we may suppose that he took it as Job Pippins did his ale, calling for "the best." We may be sure that, however great may have been the consumption of logwood, elderberries, &c., in the British empire, as a conse-

quence of the Methuen treaty, William Pitt drank only "genuine crusted old Port." It was said of him, years later, that he "died of Austerlitz — and Port wine." In fact, his fate was not very unlike that of a celebrated Irishman, mentioned by the beautiful Donna Julia, if you substitute war for love; and they are as nearly allied as kissing and contention.

> "Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
> Who killed himself for love (with wine) last year."

To get drunk, or at least to swallow liquor enough to make a modern cabinet too drunk to be actively mischievous, was the relaxation of a great minister sixty years since. Who shall say that the world has not improved in that time? Were a modern statesman to exhibit himself to the world in the character of an "old soaker," or were he to dash through a turnpike gate in a condition not far removed from *delirium tremens*, he would need no Austerlitz to do his business. His liquor would be sufficient for *that*. But this is digression, into which we are tempted by the recollection that great men do not now drink to excess, except in the strictest privacy.

It was when he was returning from a visit to Mr. Jenkinson, who was afterwards made Lord Liverpool, that Mr. Pitt "bilked" the keeper of what Mr. Weller would call "a pike," at Wimbledon. To do him justice, the act was not done maliciously, but in consequence of the gentleman who sat at the toll-gate not being ready to take the toll. The premier was accompanied by Mr. Dundas and Lord Thurlow, the latter being chancellor and keeper of the king's conscience, — no sinecure, by the way, in the reign of George III. The joke had fallen in their way, and they rode on, vastly pleased at its occurrence. The pike-keeper was a ferocious fellow (all pike-keepers are misanthropes, according to Mr. Weller), and he fired a heavily-loaded gun after them, under the sly pretence that he mistook them for thieves. Captain Morris, who was, as Mr. Hillard says, "a sort of poet-laureate of the whigs," made this adventure the theme of what he called an *American Song*, in which a Yankee tells the story, with suitable alterations and embellishments. The last verse of the song is that quoted by Mr. Webster, though he slightly altered it from the original:

> "Solid men of Boston, 'banish' strong potations;
> Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
> Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown,
> And you'll never lose your way, like the loggerheads of London."

The reader who may be curious to see the whole song can find it in the *Lyra Urbanica*, published years ago, in London, and which contains other good poetry of not quite so temperate a kind as that quoted above; for, how good soever his advice to the "solid men of Boston," Captain Charles Morris, like some other theoretical temperance men whom we know, preferred the

> "——— bright liquid, from its mountain mother
> Born fresh, the joy of the time-hallowed vine,"

> "The limpid droppings of the virgin fount."

He was an associate of the then Prince of Wales, and water was in not much demand at Carlton House. As a specimen of the soldier poet's notions on the subject of temperance, take the following verses from his *True Philosophy*. They ought to be

as offensive to the hundred millions of voters (we are not sure that we have got the right number, but it don't matter much, as it is not a great deal further from the truth than the statements "thereanent" in the Senate during the debates on the liquor-bill) who signed the great petition, as the rhyme they sing:

> "Don't you see, as we reel, the world reels up and down?
> She rolls in HER fluid, and we in our OWN;
> Thus going together, we still keep our ground,
> And to-morrow, thank Fortune, are sure to come round.
>
> "Then, as to the matter that makes up this ball,
> We 're all SPIRIT, with us 't is no MATTER at all;
> If 't is LIFE, keep it up; and if DUST, as they tell,
> Why, before it flies off, let us sprinkle it well.
>
> "Some say that by water or fire it steers,
> Talk of atoms and essences, orbits and spheres;
> But, let Newton, Descartes, and Ptolemy doze,
> As we push round our bottles the way the world goes.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Then, on subjects where fools are as wise as the sage,
> When we 've one we CAN fathom, why should we engage?
> Since we cannot clear it, why puzzle our souls?
> Let Time clear the riddle, while we clear the BOWLS."

Not exactly moral, according to the canons of any age, but very pleasant, for all that, or rather because of that. It is a shocking thing to reflect upon, that vicious matters should be so pleasant, or sinful ones so welcome — we condemn both. But this is another digression, pardonable, however, because made for the benefit of our temperance friends, who are entitled to all that deference which success is sure to bring. Who would not cast his mite of incense upon the altar of moral reform?

Mr. Webster is not the only great man by whom the "solid men of Boston" was quoted. Burke, after he had *ratted*, and in allusion to his quondam friend's talking and drinking habits, quoted these lines against Sheridan, in the House of Commons:

> "Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations;
> Solid men of Boston, make no long orations."

For one second the laugh was against Sheridan; but he jumped up, and quoted against Burke two other lines from the song:

> "He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended;
> Good lack! in such company, how his morals must be mended!"

Daddy Jenky was Charles Jenkinson, to whom Pitt had been on a visit when the affair making the burden of the song took place. He was chief of "the king's friends," and supposed to be the person who gave the finishing touch to political rats. Burke was preparing to receive the handsome reward for which he had left his party and friends, and therefore Sheridan's hit *told*. One is reminded of the scene at Ashby-de-la-Zouche. "Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said Prince John, when Hubert had sent his arrow right into the very centre of the target. "I will notch his shaft for him, however," said Locksley; and so he did, sending his own arrow so truly upon that of his rival as to shiver it to pieces, and destroy the merit of his shooting. Burke was Hubert; Sheridan was Locksley.

THE PATROL AND CONDUCT

OF THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN BOSTON, 1775–6.

As the Order of the Patrol of the British Troops in Boston affords a conception of the condition of a besieged city when garrisoned by a standing army, we here present it, and quote the whole record as it stands in Waller's Orderly Book, 1775, 30th Dec.

Head-quarters, Boston. Parole, Guilford; C. Sign, Kingston. Gen'l officer for to-morrow, Grant. Field officer for lines, Major Sill. Day, Major Mitchell.
Major Brigade, Brown.
Adj't Qr. Mr. and Surgeon 10th Regiment.

The Districts are as follows, appointed to each Corps. The commanding officer will accordingly inspect them, taking care to prevent all irregularities, put a stop to Dram Shops, and to make a return of all persons' names that have licenses to sell spirituous liquors, mentioning by whom signed. The officers of the Piquet will leave directions from their respective commanding officers, for visiting and patrolling within the extent of their district, taking two men with them from the regimental guard to attend them.

The Soldiers' Wives are not to lodge out of their respective Districts. The Patroles of the 10th Reg't to visit the right hand of Orange Street, from the new works to the Neck; those of the 22d Reg't from Allen's Warf, near Lieut. Col. Campbell's quarters, on the left side of Orange Street, to the Neck, and all the lanes leading to ye Water; those of the 63d Reg. are to visit from where the Hay-market stood, up Pleasant Street, and all lying between this and Hollis Street; those of the 35th Reg., all that part of the town that lays between Hollis Street and Frog Lane, including the quarters where Lt. Col. Carr lives; those of the 40th Reg. are to visit Newbury Street, Frog Lane and Water Lane, and all the Alleys laying between these streets and the Common. The Grenadiers are to visit all the lanes laying between Water Street and Bromfield's Lane, and running between these and the Common — also Common Street; those of the 49th to visit Beacon Street, School Street, part of Cornhill, Queen Street, and Tramont Street; those of the 45th to visit Cambridge Street, from Shardon's Lane, Southwark Court, Hanover Street to the Mill Bridge, and all the Lanes from that street to the Mill Pond, north of Coal Lane — also Wing's Lane and Union Street; those of the 17th to visit Coal Lane, Sudbury Street, Tramond Street as far as Earl Peircy's, and all the lanes between Cambridge Street and the Mill Pond as far as Shardon's Lane; those of the 4th to visit Cambridge Street from Shardon's Lane to the westward, with all the lanes leading from thence to Beacon Hill — also Staniford Street; those of the Grenadiers quartered in West Boston Meeting

House, to visit Chamber Street, Lynd Street, Green Lane, and all the lanes leading from thence to the Mill Pond; those of the 47th to visit their own quarters; those of the six companies of Light Infantry to visit Leverett Street and all the lanes in the neighbourhood of Barton's Point; those of the 43d to visit Back Street as far as Prince's Street, Middle Street from that to the Middle Bridge — likewise Ann Street and Fish Street as far to the northward as Sun Court, with all the Lanes from Back Street to Middle Street, from Middle Street to Fore Street and Ann Street, and from these to the Water; 1st British Marines to visit Prince's Street, from the corner of Back Street to Charlestown Ferry — likewise Middle Street to Winnisimot Ferry, and all the streets and lanes lying between them; 2d British Marines to visit Fish Street, Ship Street and Lynn Street, to Charlestown Ferry, with all the lanes from these to the Water — also all the Streets and Lanes between Sun Court and Winnisimot Ferry, leading from Fish Street and Ship Street to Middle Street; those of the 44th to visit King's Street, part of Cornhill, from the Town House to Milk Street as far as Oliver's Dock, with all the streets and lanes between that and King Street — also that part of Cornhill from the Town House to the Theatre, and all the Lanes between that and King Street; those of the 38th Reg. to visit from their Barracks to Oliver's Dock, Fort Hill Lane, part of Milk Street, the Rope Walk, Green's Lane, all the cross Lanes within that District; those of the 23d Reg. to visit Cow Lane, Long Lane, part of Milk Street, Bishop's Alley, and the Lanes from thence to Marlboro Street, and part of Summer Street, with the lanes from Cow Lane to the Water; those of the 65th Reg. to visit part of Summer Street, Flounder Lane, part of Belcher's Lane and South Street to Windmill Point, with all the Lanes and Wharfs within that District; those of the 5th Regiment to visit part of South Street, part of Summer Street, Blind Lane, Short Street, and all the Lanes leading to the Water, between Short Street and South Street; those of the 52d to visit Achmouty's Lane from Short Street to Liberty Tree, and all the lanes leading to the Water; those of the Light Infantry to visit part of Orange Street from Allen's Wharf, with the Lanes leading from thence to the Water — also Newbury Street, Summer Street as far as the New South Meeting-house, Blind Lane, and Pond St.

The paymasters of Regiments to give to Captain McKenzie a List of their respective Drafts received from the 18 and 59 Regiments, that an order may be given by the Commander in Chief for the payment of their Bounty Money. The quarter master of Corps to call on the Dep. Q. Master Gen., where they will receive an order for 100 pairs of Croopers for their respective corps, for which they will give receipts and be answerable. Then follows Detail for Guard, etc.

Notwithstanding the regulars were strictly forbidden to destroy houses, fences or trees, during the siege, they demolished the steeple of Rev. Dr. Howard's Church, suspecting that it had been used as a signal staff; converted the edifice into a barrack, demolishing the pews; the Old South was used as a riding-school; Dr. Stillman's Church was converted into a hospital; the Old North was demolished for fuel, "although there were then large quantities of coal and wood in the town," and Brattle-street Church was used as a barrack. The regulars commenced destroying the fences around Hancock's mansion; but Gage prevented it,

on the complaint of the selectmen. But their direst vengeance was against Liberty Tree, when one of the regulars, in attempting to dismantle its branches, fell on the pavements, and was instantly killed. Dr. Pemberton relates that the enterprise of destroying Liberty Tree was under the direction of Job Williams, a tory refugee from the country.

Gov. Gage, who was friendly to Howard, relates: "I distinctly remember a little circumstance which will evidence his manner. He and I were walking, and stopped to watch some young men screwing hay for the troops in Boston. We saw they were about putting some stones into the bundles to increase their weight. It was rather a merry than a serious fraud, for they were not to be benefited. His mild queries soon led them to question the right and abandon the design, and I doubt whether it was ever done in that neighborhood afterward."

Head-quarters, Boston, 17th Nov., 1775.

Many of His Majesty's loyal American subjects, residing in Boston, with their adherents, having offered their service for the defence of the place, the Commander in Chief has ordered them to be armed and formed into three companies, under the command of the Hon. Brig. Gen. Ruggles, to be called the Loyal American Associators. They will be distinguished by a white sash around the left arm. Hon. Timothy Ruggles, Commandant.

1st Company.

Abijah Willard, Captain.
Thomas Beaman, First Lieut.
George Leonard, Do.
Thomas Danforth, Second Lieut.
Samuel Payne, Do.
James Putnam, Jr., Do.

2d Company.

James Putnam, Captain.
John Sargent, First Lieut.
Daniel Oliver, Do.
Joshua Dummer Rogers, Second Lieut.
John Ruggles, Do.
Stephen Jones, Do.

3d Company.

Francis Green, Captain.
Ebenezer Spooner, First Lieut.
Josiah Jones, Do.
Abraham Savage, Second Lieut.
William Chandler, Do.
Nathaniel Colpin, Do.

HON. THEODORE LYMAN.

The following more extended memoir of the philanthropic Theodore Lyman, principally prepared by a gentleman of great literary and political eminence, who was his intimate friend, was received too late for insertion in the proper place :

Gen. Theodore Lyman was born on the 22d February, 1792. His father was Theodore Lyman, a distinguished merchant of Boston. The celebrated Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, a relative of the family by marriage, was his private teacher, at Waltham. It was at this period that Mr. Buckminster addressed a poetical invitation to William S. Shaw, a literary friend, of Boston, to visit him at the Lyman country-seat, famous for its pastures, cataracts, and fish-ponds, besides the sister deities of the place. We extract a passage :

> "Come, and with loitering steps the walk we 'll rove,
> And chat discursive on the themes we love ;
> Recall, with memory sweet, those scenes of yore,
> Which oft in Harvard's walls we 've acted o'er,
> Where first we learnt in friendship to unite,
> And linked the chain, unbroken yet and bright ;
> Where judgment ripened, where attachment grew,
> And where we learnt to love whom best we knew.
> Here art with wealth conspires the grounds to grace,
> And traces lovelier lines on nature's face.
> Enter and gaze where *living* graces lurk,
> And *waste* an hour with nature's fairer work."

Young Lyman entered Phillips' Exeter Academy in 1804, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1810. He made a visit to Europe in 1814, and was at Paris while it was in the occupation of the allied powers. The result of his observations was published in a small volume, entitled "A Few Weeks at Paris." On his return to America, he resumed the study of the law, to which he had given his attention, rather as the completion of a liberal education, than with any intention to engage in the practice. His health having failed him, he was advised, with a view to its restoration, to make another visit to Europe. After passing some time with his uncle, the late Samuel Williams, Esq., a banker of eminence in London, he crossed to the continent, and joined his friend Mr. Edward Everett, then residing at Göttingen. Mr. Lyman employed a few weeks in a tour through Northern Germany, exploring with great interest the scenes of the recent important military events. In the autumn of 1817 he returned to Göttingen, and proceeded with Mr. Everett to Paris. About eighteen months were passed by these gentlemen together in the south and east of Europe. An outline of their tour is given in our article on Mr. Everett.

On his return to America, in the autumn of 1819, Mr. Lyman began to take an interest in public life. He was successively an efficient member of both

branches of the Legislature. In 1820 he delivered the municipal oration on the 4th of July. In the same year he published an octavo volume upon the statistics of Italy, containing the result of his inquiries and observations in that country in the winter of 1819–20. Gen. Lyman had a taste for military affairs, and took an active interest in the volunteer militia of the commonwealth. He was an aid-de-camp of Gov. Brooks, an officer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and a brigadier-general in the first division. The discipline of the brigade under his command was greatly improved while he remained in office. He was chosen major-general, but declined the appointment. In 1826 he published a History of the Diplomacy of the United States, in one volume, 8vo., of which a second edition, enlarged to two volumes, appeared in 1828. This is a work of considerable research, and of ability as a work of reference.

In 1834 and 1835 Gen. Lyman was mayor of the city of Boston. During his administration events occurred requiring no ordinary exercise of firmness and prudence. The peace of the city was disturbed by the disgraceful abolition riots, and the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown produced an excitement of a very dangerous character in the neighboring metropolis. The vigilance and discretion of Gen. Lyman were equal to the crisis.

From the time of his retirement from the mayoralty, Gen. Lyman withdrew from public life. He had married, in 1820, Mary Elizabeth Henderson, of New York, and had passed his summers in the country,— first at the country-seat of Gov. Gore, at Waltham, of which he became the proprietor, and afterwards at Brookline, on the estate formerly of the Hon. Jonathan Mason. Here Gen. Lyman built a beautiful villa, and bestowed a good deal of attention upon his garden and farm. He became an active member of the Horticultural Society, to which, at his decease, he made the liberal bequest of ten thousand dollars.

After his retirement from public life, Gen. Lyman interested himself much in the public charities of Boston, and gave his time and attention to subjects connected with the moral improvement of the suffering classes of the community. He was a trustee and a liberal benefactor of the Farm School, to which, at his decease, he bequeathed ten thousand dollars. He presided over the Prison Discipline Society from 1847 until his decease, and was an efficient friend of most of the public benevolent institutions. His great work was the foundation of the State Reform School, at Westboro. He entertained a very decided opinion of the necessity of connecting the administration of justice with measures of reform. Merely to punish, especially in the case of juvenile delinquents, was, in his judgment, alike cruel and impolitic. Toward the endowment of the institution just named Gen. Lyman during his lifetime made a secret donation of twenty-two thousand dollars, to which, by his will, the munificent sum of fifty thousand dollars was added. His name will descend to posterity as the father of this admirable institution.

Gen. Lyman was fond of books, and cultivated a taste for several branches of literary inquiry. He collected a very valuable library, with the contents of which he was well acquainted. When the Boston Athenæum was removed to Pearl-street, he took the lead in its arrangement and decoration. He was prosperous in his circumstances, having, by judicious management, increased a large inheritance. That he understood the true use of money, as a great means of

doing good, is sufficiently apparent from the following sketch. Of a thousand acts of liberality, known only to himself and their objects, the record is preserved on high. His hand was never closed on any meritorious application.

Gen. Lyman survived his highly-accomplished wife and a daughter of great promise. In 1848 he went for a third time to Europe, with his only son, who, with a daughter, married to R. G. Shaw, Jr., of Boston, are left to deplore his premature loss. Shortly after his return to the United States, he died at his residence in Brookline, the 17th July, 1849. He was a person of highly-polished manners, great evenness of temper, exemplary in all the relations, and exact in all the duties, of life. His friends and the community confidently anticipated from him a continued career of steadily growing usefulness, and his death was justly regarded as a public calamity.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

PETER FANEUIL AND THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY.

One may as successfully search for that identical peck of pickled peppers that Peter Piper picked, as for the original hall that Peter Faneuil built. Like Rachel's first-born, *it is not*. After all the reparations, and changes, and hard hammerings, she has undergone, we may as well search within the walls of Old Ironsides for those very ribs of live oak which, some fifty years ago, were launched in the body of the frigate Constitution.

In the olden time, the market-men, like the mourners, went "about the streets." The inhabitants were served at their doors. As early as 1634, Gov. Winthrop, in his journal, speaks of a market which was kept in Boston, "on Thursday, the fifth day of the week." This weekly market on the fifth day is mentioned by Douglass as of 1639. (Vol. i. page 434.) This, I think, refers only to a gathering of sellers and buyers at one spot, and not to any "visible temple" for storage and shelter. Citizens differed as to the best method of getting their *provant*. Some preferred the old mode, as it was supposed to save time; others were in favor of having a common point, with a covered building. Parties were formed; the citizens waxed wroth, and quarrelled about their meat like angry dogs. Those who were in favor of market-houses prevailed. Three were erected; one at the Old North Square, one where Faneuil Hall now stands, and one near Liberty Tree. People were no longer supplied at their houses.

It seems very strange that this sensible arrangement should have led to violent outrage. The malecontents assembled together in the night, "disguised like clergymen," — the devil, sometimes, assumes this exterior,— and "totally demolished the centre market-house." This occurred about the year 1736–7, or about the time of Andrew Faneuil's death. Such is the account of good old Thomas Pemberton. (M. H. C. iii. 255.)

The popular sentiment prevented the reconstruction of the centre market-house, till, in 1740, July 14, a town-meeting was held to consider a petition for

this object, from Thomas Palmer and three hundred and forty others. At this meeting, it was stated that Peter Faneuil had offered, at his own cost, to build a market-house on the town's land, in Dock-square, for the use of the town, if the citizens would legally empower him so to do, place the same under proper regulations, and maintain it for that use.

An impression has somewhat extensively prevailed that Mr. Faneuil's proposal was not courteously received by his fellow-citizens, and that a majority of seven only were in favor of it.

On the contrary, Mr. Faneuil's proposal was received with the most ample demonstrations of grateful respect. There were two questions before the meeting: First, shall a vote of thanks be passed to Peter Faneuil for his liberal offer? Secondly, shall we give up the itinerant system, and have a market-house on *any* conditions? Upon the first question, there was but *one* mind; on the second, there were *two*. A vote of thanks to Mr. Faneuil was instantly passed, without a dissentient. But the second question was the vexed question revived, and excited the passions of the people. Of seven hundred and twenty-seven persons present, three hundred and sixty-seven only voted in favor of granting the petition of Palmer and others, giving a majority of seven only.

Accordingly, the work was commenced; and it was completed Sept. 10, 1742, "on which day," says Dr. Snow, "Mr. Samuel Ruggles, who was employed in building the market-house, waited on the selectmen, by order of P. Faneuil, Esq., and delivered them the key of said house."

Peter was a magnificent fellow. An antiquarian friend, to whom the fancy has lineally descended through a line of highly respectable antiquarian ancestors, informs me that his father handed down to him a tradition which is certainly plausible. It runs thus: While the market-house was in progress, — probably on paper, — it was suggested to Peter that, with very little additional expense, a splendid town-hall might be constructed over it. Peter's heart was quite as *roomy* as the market-house and town-hall together, and he cheerfully embraced the suggestion. The tradition goes a little further. When the cost was summed up, Peter scolded — a little. Very likely. Mr. Peter Faneuil was not an exception, I presume, to the common rule.

The keys, as I have stated, were presented to the town Sept. 10, 1742, with all that courtesy, doubtless, for which he was remarkable. Peter's relatives and connections are somewhat numerous. The descendants of Benjamin, his brother, are scattered over the country. It will be equally grateful to them and honorable to our forefathers, to exhibit a portion of the record.

Sept. 13, 1742, at a meeting, in the new hall, a vote of thanks was moved by the Hon. John Jeffries, uncle of the late Dr. John Jeffries. In this vote, it is stated that, whereas Peter Faneuil has, "at a very great expense, erected a noble structure, far exceeding his first proposal, inasmuch as it contains not only a large and sufficient accommodation for a market-place, but a spacious and most beautiful town-hall over it, and several other convenient rooms which may prove very beneficial to the town for offices or otherwise: as the said building being now finished, he has delivered possession thereof to the selectmen for the use of the town: it is therefore voted that the town do, with the utmost gratitude, receive and accept this most generous and noble benefaction, for the use and

intentions it is designed for; and do appoint the Hon. Thomas Cushing, Esquire, the moderator of this meeting, the Hon. Adam Winthrop, Edward Hutchinson, Ezekiel Lewis, and Samuel Waldo, Esquires, Thomas Hutchinson, Esquire, the selectmen and representatives of the town of Boston, the Hon. Jacob Wendell, James Bowdoin, Esq., Andrew Oliver, Esq., Captain Nathaniel Cunningham, Peter Chardon, Esq., and Mr. Charles Apthorp, to wait upon Peter Faneuil, Esq., and in the name of the town to render him their most hearty thanks for so bountiful a gift, with their prayers that this and other expressions of his bounty and charity may be abundantly recompensed with the Divine blessing."

In addition to this vote, the citizens passed another, that the hall should be called Faneuil Hall, forever, and that the portrait of Faneuil should be painted at full length and placed therein. On the 14th of March, 1744, a vote was passed "to purchase the Faneuil arms, carved and gilt by Moses Deshon, to be fixed in the hall."

Pemberton says: "Previous to the Revolution, the portraits of Mr. Faneuil, Gen. Conway and Col. Barré, were procured by the town, and hung up in the hall. It is supposed they were carried off by the British." The portrait of Faneuil at present in the hall was painted by Henry Sargent, from the portrait presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society by Miss Jones, a grandchild of Peter's sister, Mary Ann.

The original building was but half the width of the present, and but two stories high. The hall could contain but one thousand persons. In the memorable fire of Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1761, Faneuil Hall was destroyed, and nothing left standing but the walls. On the 23d of the following March, the town voted to rebuild, and the state authorized a lottery to meet the expense. There were several classes. A ticket of the seventh class lies before me, bearing date March, 1767, with the spacious autograph of John Hancock at the bottom.

The building retained its primitive proportions till 1806, when, the occasions of the public requiring its enlargement, its width was increased from forty to eighty feet, and a third story added. A very simple rule may be furnished for those who would compare the size of the present building with that of the genuine Peter Faneuil Hall. Take a north-east view of the hall. There are seven windows before you, in each story. Run a perpendicular line from the ground through the centre of the middle window to the top of the belt, at the bottom of the third story; carry a straight line from that point nearly to the top of the second window, on the right, in the third story. That point is the apex of the old pediment. From that point, draw the corresponding roof line down to the belt at the corner, and you have a profile of the ancient structure, all of which is well exhibited by Dr. Snow on the plan in his history of Boston.

Small as the original structure may appear, when compared with the present, it was a magnificent donation for the times. It may well be considered a munificent gift, from a single individual, in 1742, when we consider that its repairs, in 1761, were accomplished by the aid of the commonwealth, and the creation of a lottery which continued to curse the community for several years.

A grasshopper was not the crest of Peter Faneuil's arms. I formerly supposed it was; for a gilded grasshopper, as half the world knows, is the vane upon the cupola of Faneuil Hall, — and a gilded grasshopper, as many of us well remem-

ber, whirled about, of yore, upon the little spire that rose above the summer-house appurtenant to the mansion where Peter Faneuil lived and died. That house was built and occupied by his uncle Andrew; and he had some seven acres for his garden thereabouts. It was upon the westerly side of old *Treamount*-street, and became the residence of the late William Phillips, whose political relations to the people of Massachusetts, as their lieutenant-governor, could not preserve him from the sobriquet of *Billy*.

I thought it not unlikely that Peter's crest was a grasshopper, and that on that account he had become partial to this emblem. But I am duly certified that it was not so. The selection of a grasshopper, for a vane, was made in imitation of their example who placed the very same thing upon the pinnacle of the Royal Exchange in London.

Peter Faneuil was then in all his glory. How readily, by the power of imagination, I raise him from the dead, bolt upright, with his over portly form, and features full of *bonhommie;* and speaking volumes about those five pipes of amber-colored Madeira, such as his friend Delancey had; and that best book of all sorts of cookery, of a large character, for the maid's reading! There he is, at the door of his English chariot, "handsome, but nothing gaudy," with his arms thereon, and his English coachman, and his English horses, and that "straight negro lad" perched behind. I see him now, helping in Miss Mary Anne, his youngest maiden sister; and, as he ascends the steps, wrapping his cloak around him, trimmed with that identical "*scarlet cloth of the very best quality.*"

The vanity of man's anticipations, the occasional suddenness of his summons away, seldom find a more graphic illustration than in the case of this noble-hearted and most hospitable gentleman. When he received the grateful salutations of the magnates of the town, who came to thank him for his munificence, what could have been so little in his thoughts, or in theirs, as the idea that he was so soon to die!

In about five years — five short, luxurious years — after the death of Andrew Faneuil, Peter, his favorite nephew, was committed to the ground, March 10, 1742, Old Style. The event, from its suddenness, and from the amiable and benevolent character of the individual, produced a deep sensation in the *village*, for Boston was nothing but a seashore village then. In 1728, some fourteen years before, we learn from Douglass, i. 531, that there were but three thousand ratable polls on the peninsula. This event was unexpected by the living, and had been equally unexpected by the dead. Death came to Peter like a thief in the stilly night. He had not looked for this unwelcome visiter. He had made no will. By this event, Benjamin was restored to his birthright, and old Andrew is supposed to have turned over indignantly in his coffin.

The remains of this noble-spirited descendant of the Huguenots of Rochelle were deposited in the Faneuil tomb, in the westerly corner of the Granary Ground. This tomb is of dark freestone, with a freestone slab. Upon the easterly end of the tomb there is a tablet of slate, upon which are sculptured, with manifest care and skill, the family arms; while upon the freestone slab are inscribed, at the top, M. M., — *memento mori*, of course; and, at the bottom of the slab, — a cruel apology for the old Huguenot patronymic, — "PETER FUNEL. 1742," and nothing more.

The explanation which arises in my mind, of this striking inconsistency, is this: I believe this tomb, whose aspect is simple, solid and antique, to have been built by Andrew Faneuil, who was a wealthy merchant here as early as 1709; and I think it quite certain that the lady whom he married in Holland, and whose beauty is traditional among her descendants, made the great exchange — beauty for ashes — in this very sepulchre. In this tomb Andrew was buried by Peter, Feb. 20, 1737, and Peter by his brother Benjamin, March 10, 1742, Old Style; and here Benjamin himself was laid, after an interval of two-and-forty years, where there is neither work, nor device, nor will, nor codicil.

The arms of Peter Faneuil, — I have them before me at this moment on his massive silver pepper-pot, — he found a place for them on many of his possessions, though I cannot say if on all the articles which came into the possession of Gillam Phillips, — were a field argent — no chevron — a large heart, truly a suitable emblem, in the centre, gules — seven stars equidistant from each other, and from the margin of the escutcheon, extending from the sinister chief to the dexter base — in the sinister base a cross moulin, within an annulet — no scroll — no supporters.

The arms upon the tomb, though generally like these, and like the arms on other articles once Peter's and still extant, differ in some important particulars, and seem to have been quartered with those of another family, as the arms of Andrew, being a collateral, might have been. A helmet, beneath the martlet, especially, is wholly different from Peter's crest. Such, precisely, are the arms on the seal of wax upon Andrew's will, in the Registry. Hence I infer that Uncle Andrew built this ancient sepulchre. Arms, in days of old, and still, where a titled nobility exists, are deemed, for the popular eye, sufficient evidence of ownership, without a name. So thought Uncle Andrew, and he left the freestone tablet without any inscription.

Some five years after the testator's burial, the tomb was again opened, to let in the residuary legatee. Peter's was a grand funeral. The Evening Post of March 3, 1742–3, foretold that it would be such; but the papers, which doubtless gave an account of it, are lost. The files are imperfect of all those primitive journals. At first, and for years, the resting-place of Peter's remains was well enough known. But the rust of time began to gather upon men's memories. The Faneuil arms ere long became unintelligible to such as strolled among the tombs. That "*handsome chariot, but nothing gaudy*," with Peter's armorial bearings upon its panels, no longer rolled along Treamount and Queen streets, and Cornhill, and drew up, of a Sabbath morning, before Trinity Church, that Brother Peter and the ladies might sit upon their cushions, in No. 40, while Brother Addington Davenport gave them a sermon upon the apostolical succession. The good people had, therefore, forgotten all about the Faneuil arms, and before a great many years had rolled away the inquiry naturally arose, in popular phraseology, "*Whereabouts was it that Peter Faneuil was buried?*"

Some worthy old citizen, — God bless him! — who knew rather more of this matter than his neighbors, and was well aware that the arms would be but a dead letter to posterity, resolved to serve the public, and remedy the defect. Up he goes into the Granary Ground, in the very spirit of Old Mortality, and, with all his orthography in his ear, inscribes P. FUNEL upon the tablet!

A SEXTON OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS WORKS.

There is probably no name, since those of Washington and Franklin, more ineffaceably interwrought into the history of our country than that of Daniel Webster. However men may differ from him on particular questions, — on tariffs or currency, on banks or revenues, — all men agree that no one has lifted the reputation of the country so high for great thoughts and classic eloquence. He has brought to the service of the country the most stupendous intellect it has ever produced. And when the time comes — which we hope may yet be distant — for the termination of his earthly career, we believe it will be granted by foes, as well as claimed by friends, that the very strongest and greatest man of the age will have departed from the world. His name will be a tower of strength, to which every American will point with a just pride, in argument for American intellect. When political animosity shall have died away, and rust gathered on the sword of party vindictiveness, we believe that all Americans, north and south, east and west, young and old, Whigs and Democrats, or of whatever faith or creed, will agree in installing Webster in the very highest intellectual seat in America.

For real mental muscle, we think Mr. Webster must be regarded as the greatest living man. Many may transcend him in particular departments; none, we think, can equal him in all. Humboldt may grasp a more minute and extensive geographical or scientific knowledge; Wellington, or Scott, excel him in military skill; Kossuth, in versatility; Clay, in impassioned and spontaneous declamation; and Calhoun, when living, may have wielded a keener metaphysical scimetar. And so, perhaps, we might run through the catalogue of the most illustrious men of the age; but in a scale of mental measurement, where the intellect stands up in full, perfect, proportioned and developed stature, Webster towers above any other man who now treads the globe.

It has been the good fortune of Mr. Webster, more than of most statesmen, to record the evidence of his transcendent powers. His speeches, in their ponderous massiveness, are of the classics of the language. As such, they will ever remain. They are as durable as the constitution, as the country, as the language. They are immortal.

In hearing Webster, we are impressed with the conviction that he is not aroused to the fulness of his power. There seems always behind unmeasured capability. The plummet never touches the depths of his mind. They are beyond soundings. In his mightiest efforts, the hearer feels that if the occasion were however greater, there is a latent capacity in the orator to meet it; that, if need should be, he could rise still higher, and pour out his resistless argument in compacted sentences of yet greater power. The colossal grandeur and supremacy of the great harmonious mind of Webster are bodied forth in a head of unequalled fulness and preponderance. It is a battery of thought, the symmetry of whose external proportions makes it a model of the finest and most intellectual of the Caucasian race. Thorwaldsen, the Swedish sculptor, after passing in review the heads of the most eminent men in Europe, and the long list of

antiques, as he approached the marble semblance of Webster, instinctively bending before it, pronounced it the grandest specimen he had ever seen. Nature has inscribed greatness upon him in her most imposing characters. His erect and brawny form, his clarion voice, his large and lustrous eyes, and massive, overhanging brain, proclaim him one on whom

> "Every God did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

It is extraordinary that Webster should have maintained his health and ability to think, speak and work, amidst such protracted and gigantic labors. Seventy-two years weigh heavily upon even those of the hardiest of our race who are permitted to reach that period, and whose labors may be most favorable to health and longevity. But when we reflect how much Mr. Webster has accomplished, — a professional study and practice of itself sufficient to break down a sturdy constitution, — six volumes of the ablest speeches that ever glanced from human tongue, — a life of official toil, as legislator and Secretary of State, — the excitement of personal homage such as has been rarely tendered to mortal, — the vast concerns of his own private business, and the constant excogitation, the working of that mind, which, in its wear and tear, requires machinery of superior texture and power, — and we are amazed that even his iron frame has not long since surrendered to these crushing labors. Nevertheless, we see him at this day with a mind as unclouded and vigorous as ever, delivering the most splendid arguments before courts and juries, — speeches and classical addresses, as occasions occur, — conducting a most extensive private correspondence; and, amidst these and other labors, carrying on the correspondence and business of the Federal Government, and triumphantly grappling with all the great national questions that arise. — *New York Times.*

The recently published Works of Daniel Webster, edited by Hon. Edward Everett, are an imperishable memorial of his powerful mind; and the beautiful dedications prefixed to each volume evince the strength of his domestic and social affections. The first is dedicated to his nieces, Mrs. Alice Bridge Whipple and Mrs. Mary Ann Sanborn, the daughters of Ezekiel Webster, the brother of Daniel; and this not only for the love Mr. Webster bears for them, but from the desire, as he expresses it, that his brother's name might be associated with his own so long as anything written or spoken by him should be regarded or read; the second is dedicated to Isaac P. Davis, Esq., as "an affectionate and grateful acknowledgment" of warm private friendship; the third, to Caroline Le Roy Webster, his wife, as a tribute of his affections, and some acknowledgment of her deep interest in the productions they contain; the fourth, to Fletcher Webster, his son, "his only surviving child, and the object of his affections and hopes;" the fifth, to J. W. Paige, Esq., as a grateful token of long friendship. The last we copy entire, to show the felicitous manner of these dedications:

DEDICATION OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

With the warmest paternal affection, mingled with deeply afflicted feelings, I dedicate this, the last volume of my Works, to the memory of my deceased children,

Julia Webster Appleton,

beloved in all the relations of Daughter, Wife, Mother, Sister, and Friend; and

Major Edward Webster,

who died in Mexico, in the military service of the United States, with unblemished honor and reputation, and who entered that service solely from a desire to be useful to his country, and do honor to the State in which he was born.

> "Go, gentle Spirits, to your destined rest:
> While I, reversed our Nature's kindlier doom,
> Pour forth a Father's sorrow on your tomb."

Daniel Webster.

MR. PALFREY IN CONGRESS.

As in the articles on Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Winthrop allusions are made to their political career, we extract from the autobiography of Mr. Palfrey the following passages, as an act of justice, and leave the public to judge the merits in the case :

"Complaint was made that, before giving my vote, I inquired of Mr. Winthrop how he intended to constitute the committees with reference to the questions of slavery and war. It was represented as inconsistent and indecorous in me to take that step, inasmuch as, when called upon by the Liberty party, while a candidate for election as representative, to give pledges respecting my future action, I had declined to do so.

"I cannot admit that there is any ground for such a censure, in either of its phases. When questions had been addressed to me, I had never dreamed of treating or of regarding that course as affrontive, or otherwise than as entirely respectful, on the part of the questioner. Any gentleman — such was and is my view — may properly ask questions, and any one, on his responsibility, may answer them, or decline to answer. As to which of these courses is preferable, different persons think differently, and the same persons think differently in respect to different occasions. The latter course had been adopted by me in respect to a communication from a committee of the Liberty party ; it was perfectly right that it should be adopted by Mr. Winthrop, if he saw fit ; — by both of us, of course, under the same condition ; namely, that our refusal became a fact to be taken into account by the questioner in determining his own further action. On the other hand, I have answered questions. When the committee of the Liberty party asked me whether I should refuse to vote for a slaveholder for any office, I told them that I should not so refuse. I might add, though I do not care to lay any stress upon it, that the series of measures referred to in the questions addressed to me by the Liberty party was such, that, whenever canvassed in Congress, they would lead to much consideration and debate, to which the legislator should not preclude himself, by previous engagements, from giving a fair attention ; whereas my questions to Mr. Winthrop related to an act solely his own, to be done within a few days, and of which the outline, if not most of the details, had no doubt been fully resolved upon in his own mind. He knew just as well, and as irrevocably, on the 5th day of December, the principles, policy, and plan on which he should constitute the committees, as he knew on the 13th, when the names were read from the clerk's desk.

"One of the Boston editors published that it was within his knowledge that my opposition to Mr. Winthrop was arranged between me and my friends before I left home. I met him soon after at Washington, and told him how clearly he was mistaken. But what good did that do ? He could not have known how I should proceed. No human being knew. I did not know myself. I had not spoken to any person of any intention of mine in respect to the choice of speaker, nor had any one given me advice, opinion, or (as far as I remember) so much as hint, upon the subject.

THE WILL OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN THE NAME OF ALMIGHTY GOD!

I, Daniel Webster, of Marshfield, in the County of Plymouth, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Esquire, being now confined to my house with a serious illness, which, considering my time of life, is undoubtedly critical, but being, nevertheless, in the full possession of all my mental faculties, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament.

I commit my soul into the hands of my heavenly Father, trusting in his infinite goodness and mercy.

I direct that my mortal remains be buried in the family vault at Marshfield, where monuments are already erected to my deceased children and their mother. Two places are marked for other monuments, of exactly the same size and form. One of these, in proper time, is to be for me; and perhaps I may leave an epitaph. The other is for Mrs. Webster. Her ancestors and all her kindred lie in a far-distant city. My hope is, that after many years she may come to my side, and join me and others whom God hath given me.

I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation; but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity I offer sincere prayers to God.

Concerning my worldly estate, my Will must be anomalous and out of the common form, on account of the state of my affairs. I have two large real estates. By marriage settlement, Mrs. Webster is entitled to a life estate in each; and after her death, they belong to my heirs. On the Franklin estate, so far as I know, there is no incumbrance except Mrs. Webster's life estate. On Marshfield, Mr. Samuel Frothingham has an unpaid balance of a mortgage, now amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars. My great and leading wish is to preserve Marshfield, if I can, in the blood and name of my family. To this end, it must go in the first place to my son, Fletcher Webster, who is hereafter to be the immediate prop of my house, and the general representative of my name and character. I have the fullest confidence in his affection and good sense, and that he will heartily concur in anything that appears to be for the best.

I do not see, under present circumstances of him and his family, how I can now make a definite provision for the future, beyond his life. I propose, therefore, to put the property into the hands of Trustees, to be disposed of by them as exigences may require.

My affectionate wife, who has been to me a source of so much happiness, must be tenderly provided for. Care must be taken that she has some reasonable income. I make this Will upon the faith of what has been said to me by friends of means which will be found to carry out my reasonable wishes. It is best that Mrs. Webster's life-interest in the two estates be purchased out. It must be seen what can be done with friends at Boston, and especially with the contributors to my life annuity. My son-in-law, Mr. Appleton, has most generously requested me to pay little regard to his interests or to those of his children; but I must do something, and enough to manifest my warm love and attachment to him and them. The property best to be spared for the purpose of buying out Mrs. Webster's life-interest under the marriage settlement is Franklin, which is very valuable property, and which may be sold, under prudent management, or mortgaged, for a considerable sum.

I have also a quantity of land in Illinois, at Peru, which ought to be immediately seen after. Mr. Edward Curtis, and Mr. Blatchford, and Mr. Franklin Haven, know all about my large debts, and they have undertaken to see at once whether those can be provided for, so that these purposes may probably be carried into effect.

With these explanations, I now make the following provisions, namely :

Item. — I appoint my wife, Caroline Le Roy Webster, my son, Fletcher Webster, and R. M. Blatchford, Esquire, of New York, to be the Executors of this Will. I wish my said Executors, and also the Trustees hereinafter named, in all things relating to finance and pecuniary matters, to consult with my valued friend, Franklin Haven ; and in all things respecting Marshfield, with Charles Henry Thomas, always an intimate friend, and one whom I love for his own sake and that of his family ; and in all things respecting Franklin, with that true man, John Taylor ; and I wish them to consult, in all matters of law, with my brethren and highly-esteemed friends, Charles P. Curtis and George T. Curtis.

Item. — I give and devise to James W. Paige and Franklin Haven, of Boston, and Edward Curtis, of New York, all my real estate in the towns of Marshfield in the State of Massachusetts, and Franklin, in the State of New Hampshire, being the two estates above-mentioned, to have and to hold the same to them and their heirs and assigns, forever, upon the following *Trusts*, namely :

First. — To mortgage, sell or lease, so much thereof as may be necessary to pay to my wife, Caroline Le Roy Webster, the estimated value of her life interest, heretofore secured to her thereon by marriage settlement, as is above recited, if she shall elect to receive that valuation in place of the security with which those estates now stand charged.

Secondly. — To pay to my said wife, from the rents and profits and income of the said two estates, the further sum of five hundred dollars per annum during her natural life.

Thirdly. — To hold, manage and carry on the said two estates, or so much thereof as may not be sold for the purposes aforesaid, for the use of my son, Fletcher Webster, during his natural life ; and after his decease, to convey the same in fee to such of his male descendants as a majority of the said Trustees may elect, they acting therein with my son's concurrence, if circumstances admit of his expressing his wishes, otherwise acting upon their own discretion ; it being my desire that his son Ashburton Webster take one, and his son Daniel Webster, Jr., the other, of the said estates.

Item. — I direct that my wife, Caroline Le Roy Webster, have, and I hereby give to her, the right during her life to reside in my mansion-house at Marshfield, when she wishes to do so, with my son, in case he may reside there, or in his absence ; and this I do, not doubting my son's affection for her or for me, but because it is due to her that she should receive this right from her husband.

Item. — I give and bequeath to the said James W. Paige, Franklin Haven and Edward Curtis, all the books, plate, pictures, statuary and furniture, and other personal property, now in my mansion-house at Marshfield, except such articles as are hereinafter otherwise disposed of, in trust to preserve the same in the mansion-house for the use of my son Fletcher Webster during his life, and after his decease to make over and deliver the same to the person who will then become "the owner of the estate of Marshfield ;" it being my desire and intention that they remain attached to the house while it is occupied by any of my name and blood.

Item. — I give and bequeath to my said wife all my furniture which she brought

with her on her marriage, and the silver plate purchased of Mr. Rush, for her own use.

ITEM. — I give, devise and bequeath, to my said Executors all my other real and personal estate, except such as is hereinafter described and otherwise disposed of, to be applied to the execution of the general purposes of this Will, and to be sold and disposed of, or held and used, at Marshfield, as they and the said Trustees may find to be expedient.

ITEM. — I give and bequeath to my son, Fletcher Webster, all my law-books, whereever situated, for his own use.

ITEM. — I give and bequeath to my son-in-law, Samuel A. Appleton, my California watch and chain, for his own use.

ITEM. — I give and bequeath to my grand-daughter, Caroline Le Roy Appleton, the portrait of myself by Healey, which now hangs in the south-east parlor at Marshfield, for her own use.

ITEM. — I give and bequeath to my grandson, Samuel A. Appleton, my gold snuff-box with the head of General Washington, all my fishing-tackle, and my Selden and Wilmot guns, for his own use.

ITEM. — I give and bequeath to my grandson, Daniel Webster Appleton, my Washington medals, for his own use.

ITEM. — I give and bequeath to my grand-daughter, Julia Webster Appleton, the clock presented to her grandmother by the late Hon. George Blake.

ITEM. — I appoint Edward Everett, George Ticknor, Cornelius Conway Felton and George Ticknor Curtis, to be my literary executors ; and I direct my son, Fletcher Webster, to seal up all my letters, manuscripts and papers, and at a proper time to select those relating to my personal history, and my professional and public life, which in his judgment should be placed at their disposal, and to transfer the same to them, to be used by them in such manner as they may think fit. They may receive valuable aid from my friend George J. Abbott, Esq., now of the State Department.

ITEM. — My servant William Johnson is a free man. I bought his freedom not long ago for six hundred dollars. No demand is to be made upon him for any portion of this sum, but so long as is agreeable I hope he will remain with the family.

ITEM. — Morricha McCarty, Sarah Smith and Ann Bean, colored persons, now also and for a long time in my service, are all free. They are very well-deserving, and whoever comes after me must be kind to them.

ITEM. — I request that my said Executors and Trustees be not required to give bonds for the performance of their respective duties under this Will.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Marshfield, and have published and declared this to be my last Will and Testament, on the twenty-first day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

(Signed) DANIEL WEBSTER. (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared, by the said Testator, as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have set our names hereto as subscribing witnesses, the word " our " being erased in the third line from the bottom of the fifth page, before signing.

(Signed)

GEORGE J. ABBOTT,
JOHN JEFFRIES,
CHARLES H. THOMAS.

MAYOR CHAPMAN'S WELCOME TO LORD ASHBURTON,

AT FANEUIL HALL, AUGUST 27, 1842.

YOUR EXCELLENCY :

It is my privilege, sir, on this occasion, in common with my associates in the city government, to represent the city of Boston, and in its behalf to speak the warm and hearty welcome with which you are greeted here.

We welcome you, sir, as the representative of your country ; and not yours only, but in a near sense our own ; — for, so long as there is a tie to link a child to its parent, America will not forget that England is her mother. We partake in the honorable pride which must thrill your bosom at the recollection of her glorious history ; and, though the past is common to us, we would yet pay, through you, a tribute of respect to the illustrious queen on whose friendly errand you have come. Long may she live to preside, like a peaceful star, over the friendly alliance which now unites our two countries.

We welcome you, therefore, in an especial manner, on this occasion, as the friend of peace. We acknowledge, with great joy, that through your instrumentality, in no small degree, the clouds of discord which lowered over two great nations have been happily dispersed, and that they who boast a common lineage and speak a common language shall henceforth know no rivalry but that of friends.

We rejoice at this, sir, for the great benefits which both nations must receive. But we glory in it most for the principle which has been established, and for the noble example which it exhibits to the world. It shows that nations do not stoop, when they submit their differences to reason instead of passion. Yes, sir, you have helped to teach the glorious lesson that there are other and better guardians of a nation's honor than the sword ; and that, in the sight of man as well as God, there is a loftier dignity in a noble, magnanimous and Christian spirit, than in the proudest array of hostile armies or navies.

And we welcome you personally, sir. We delight to know that your distinguished rank is the just reward of a long life of activity, intelligence, and virtue. And we pray that that old age may be serene and happy which has sprung with the alacrity of youth at the call of its country and in the cause of humanity.

We offer to you, sir, the hospitalities of our city. We have not the custom of tendering what is called the freedom of the city, in a golden box ; but we proffer you that which, if I understand aright, you will prize far higher. In republican simplicity, we tender you the respect and gratitude of a free people.

With these feelings, sir, permit me to present to you the citizens of Boston. And, fellow-citizens, permit me, in turn, to introduce to you the Right Honorable Lord Ashburton, the representative of England, the friend of peace, the man ennobled indeed by title, but far more ennobled as a benefactor of nations.

ROLLS OF THE BOSTON BOYS,

DRILLED AT FANEUIL HALL, FOR MARCHING IN THE PROCESSIONS OF THE WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, APRIL 30, 1813 AND 1814.

The youths at these annual celebrations appeared in blue and white uniform, decorated with wreaths and garlands, marching five deep, each bearing, on his breast, Washington's Legacy. In the centre of this division of the procession was the Standard of the Rising Generation, painted by Col. Henry Sargent; as, also, were the banners, from which was suspended the gorget of Washington, presented to the society April 30, 1813, by Mrs. Martha Peters (late Custis), of Georgetown, D. C., through the medium of Hon. Josiah Quincy, and which was worn by Washington at Braddock's defeat. The standard was borne by Master Albert F. Hall, supported by two aids — Masters Francis Jenks and Ignatius Sargent, Jr. In 1812, when the society was organized, there were one hundred and twelve boys drilled by Col. Henry Sargent. In the next two years they were drilled by Lemuel Blake, Esq., the bookseller. A portion only of these youths paraded more than once.

Amory Jonathan.
Andrews Henry.
Andrews James T.
Andrews John A. G
Andrews James W.
Allen Samuel.
Abbot George W.
Adams George W.
Allen John H.
Amory John.
Austin Israel R.
Ashton John.
Amory Samuel Linzee.
Augustine Ebenezer M.
Augustine Joel.
Bradlee Fletcher.
Bass Henry.
Bass John B.
Blanchard James
Barrett George.
Bond Joseph.
Bullard Calvin.
Bullard James.
Baldwin Henry.
Bridge Frederick William.
Bridge Alfred H.
Baxter Edwin.
Bradford Thomas G.
Belcher Edward.
Brewer Stephen.
Bowers Charles.
Boyle James.
Bowes John R.
Bayley James.
Bedford Samuel.
Bulfinch George S.
Brewer William Charles.
Blagge Charles.
Blake Edward.

Blake Samuel P.
Bates Elihu.
Brewer Thomas.
Barrett Francis.
Brown William.
Barrett Charles M.
Blake James.
Brewer Charles.
Booth John G.
Burr Aaron.
Barry Charles.
Bradlee Samuel G.
Baxter George A.
Baxter Edwin.
Barrett George.
Blake Francis S.
Baker Theodore.
Baker Samuel.
Baldwin Henry.
Bond Joshua.
Bellowes John N.
Bradlee P. Fletcher.
Brazer William.
Bowers John R.
Bullard Otis.
Bedford William.
Barrett Charles.
Bayley John.
Barnard John.
Brewer John E.
Bazin Charles.
Bell Samuel.
Barrus Lorenzo M.
Blake Joseph.
Barnes Henry.
Bumstead Samuel A.
Bickner Alexander.
Benjamin Charles E.
Burbeck Henry.

Blagge Samuel.
Boott William.
Carter William P.
Callender Samuel N.
Callender Edward.
Coolidge Thomas B.
Colburn James.
Clark John.
Cunningham James.
Curtis Daniel.
Curtis Samuel.
Chapman Henry G.
Cutler Benjamin.
Cruft John F.
Church John H.
Crocker Isaac.
Cowden Warren.
Chadwick William S.
Corlew Elijah J. S.
Church Edward.
Cordwell Robert.
Curtis Henry.
Clark Nathaniel.
Coolidge Samuel.
Clap Bradish R.
Clap Osborn.
Chase George.
Chase William H
Cody Thomas
Coolidge Charles.
Colburn James B.
Cooke John C.
Cooke James.
Cooke Charles.
Cordwell Robert.
Coolidge James.
Coffin Joshua M.
Coffin John P.
Carter Joseph O.
Cotton Edward.

Carter Henry.
Crocker Isaac.
Davenport John.
Dupee Isaac.
Dennie George.
Dunn James C.
Dall Joseph.
Davis Henry A.
Davis Edward G.
Duggins William.
Davis Amasa.
Davis William James.
Duncan John.
Deuch Lawson B.
Dawes Rufus.
Dawes George.
Dean Thomas.
Ellis Grenville.
Erving James.
Ellis George.
Everett Enoch.
Eaton Joseph B. D.
Ellis Samuel.
Eaton John A.
Etheridge John.
Eliot Frederick William.
Eaton Ebenezer.
Ellis Francis.
Edwards Richard.
Ellison James.
Furness Daniel.
Furness William H.
Farley Frederick A.
Foster Charles S.
Fox Edward.
Fox George.
Fessenden John M.
Fessenden Guy.
Fullock William George.
Foster George.
Farrie Z.
Fenley Frederick.
Foster Samuel H.
Foster Charles W.
Foster Archibald.
Foley James.
Farrie Zephaniah.
Foster James H.
Foster Charles P.
Foster Charles S.
Francis Charles S.
Fullock James.
French Jonathan.
Goddard William.
Goddard Frederick W.
Goddard George A.
Greenough John.
Goodwin John Bray.
Greene Francis.
Greene Ellis B.
Greene Benjamin H.
Geyer Rodolph C.
Greenough Horatio.
Greenwood Alfred.
Goddard Thacher.
Goodrich Charles.
Greene John R.
Gilbert Benjamin Russell.
Green Mathew.
Gibson William P.
Geyer John.
Goff Davis.
Green John B.
Greenwood Edwin L.
Gardner John L.
Gardiner James.
Gould Samuel.
Gilbert Samuel.
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THE HUNDRED ORATORS:

OR,

THE LIVES AND TIMES

OF

EMINENT PATRIOTS AND POLITICIANS.

THE HUNDRED BOSTON ORATORS, appointed by the Municipal Authorities and other Public Bodies, from 1770 to 1852: comprising Historical Gleanings, illustrating the Principles and Progress of our Republican Institutions. By James Spear Loring. Published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston; and by Jewett, Proctor & Worthington, Cleveland, Ohio. Price $2.50.

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This volume is of the greatest interest to Bostonians, containing, as it does, a mass of personal and municipal history and incidents, which has been collected after careful research and much labor. — *Sleeper's Journal.*

We are pleased to welcome this handsome volume. The editor has done a good work by presenting us with much valuable information in regard to the history and talents of more than one hundred distinguished orators. The work evinces a great amount of labor, care, and good taste. — *Watchman and Reflector.*

There is more in this volume to substantiate the claim of Boston to the honorable title of the Athens of America than we have found in any of her former works. One hundred orators, some of them the first in the nation, and all above mediocrity, are a matter to be proud of. There are marks of very great labor, research and care, throughout the work. — *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

This intellectual gathering, the growth of four years' labor and of persevering research, is not to be affected materially by the breath of censure or the puff of praise. It is one of the most interesting books of the season, and it is destined to increase in interest as the years pass by. We are carried to the times of the Boston Massacre, and made familiar with the patriot worthies, James Otis and Samuel Adams. Nor here alone. Their gilded forms and autographs are impressed externally upon the work ; and on its back behold —

" Lo, Faneuil's dome ! where Freedom's infant days
Learned the first notes of liberty to raise.
Where the first Otis trod the paths of fame,
And dropt his mantle when he gave his name."

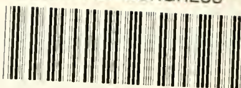
South Boston Gazette.

To the historiographer, the editor and the general student, the work is indispensable ; and no one can pretend to even a tolerable knowledge of what Bostonians have done in reference to Revolutionary and political matters, without a careful perusal of its pages. To the young, who want to know what their ancestors have done, we commend the book we are noticing ; and the more aged will rise from its perusal with their memories refreshed and their minds revivified with a life-like restitution of the events of " auld lang syne." — *Tyler's Herald.*

A readable book, not only for Bostonians, to whom, of course, it has a special interest, but for all the lovers of biographical anecdote and personal gossip. The plan of the work is somewhat fanciful, embracing brief specimens of the orations that have been delivered to " the solid men of Boston," from the massacre by the British soldiers, March 5, 1770, to the 4th of July, 1851. These are accompanied with racy sketches of the lives of their authors, and a profusion of historical and social reminiscences, extending over a period of eighty years, forming a curious and amusing memorial of many of the Massachusetts mighty men of renown. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

We regard this as a valuable historical work, and one which all Americans, and more especially all Bostonians, will do well to possess. Beginning with the Boston Massacre, it gives striking extracts from all the most important patriotic addresses delivered in Boston down to the year 1852, with biographical notices of the speakers, containing a great amount of curious and valuable information. — *Christian Register.*

Chapman, the London bookseller, advertises a long list of American books, among which we observe " The Hundred Orators of Boston," " Works of Daniel Webster," " Speeches of Robert C. Winthrop," &c. At the beginning of the advertisment, the following significant sentences appear : " To Proprietors of English Copyrights. — Mr. Chapman believes that the works advertised in this list are *original* American works ; but, should any of them be found to contain English copyright matter, they will at once be withdrawn from sale. Mr. C. will be obliged to English publishers who will intimate to him cases of this kind, and he will be happy to afford every facility for examining suspected works." — *Home Journal.*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