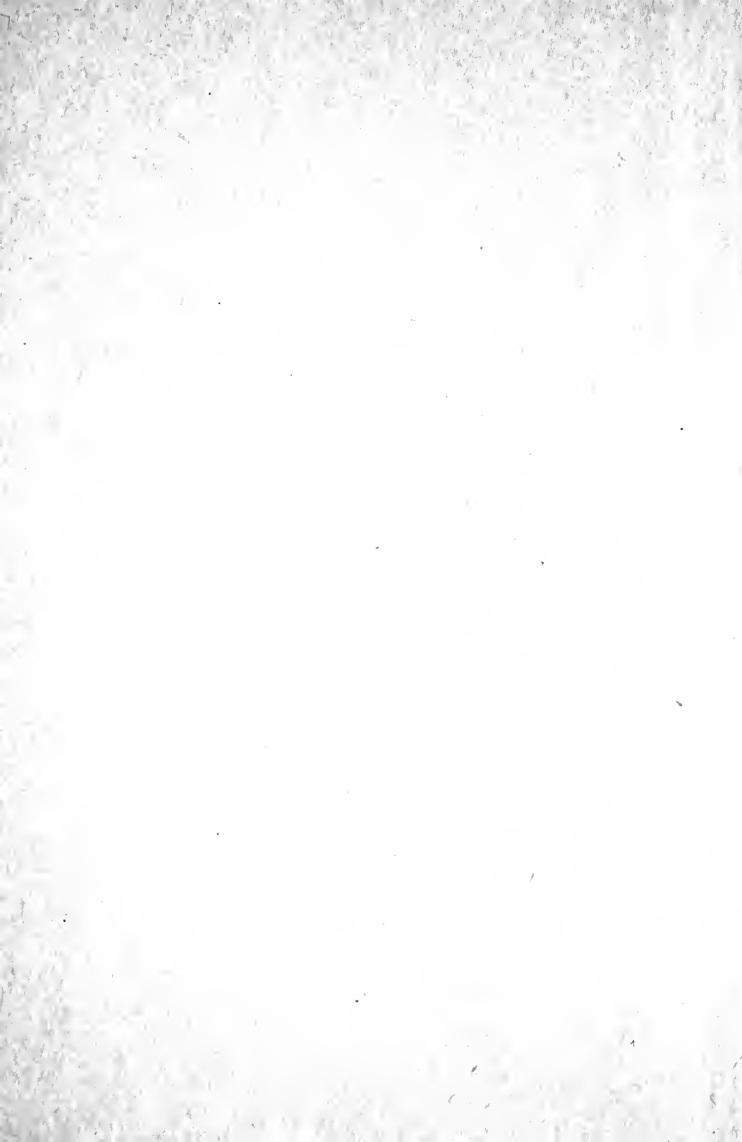


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

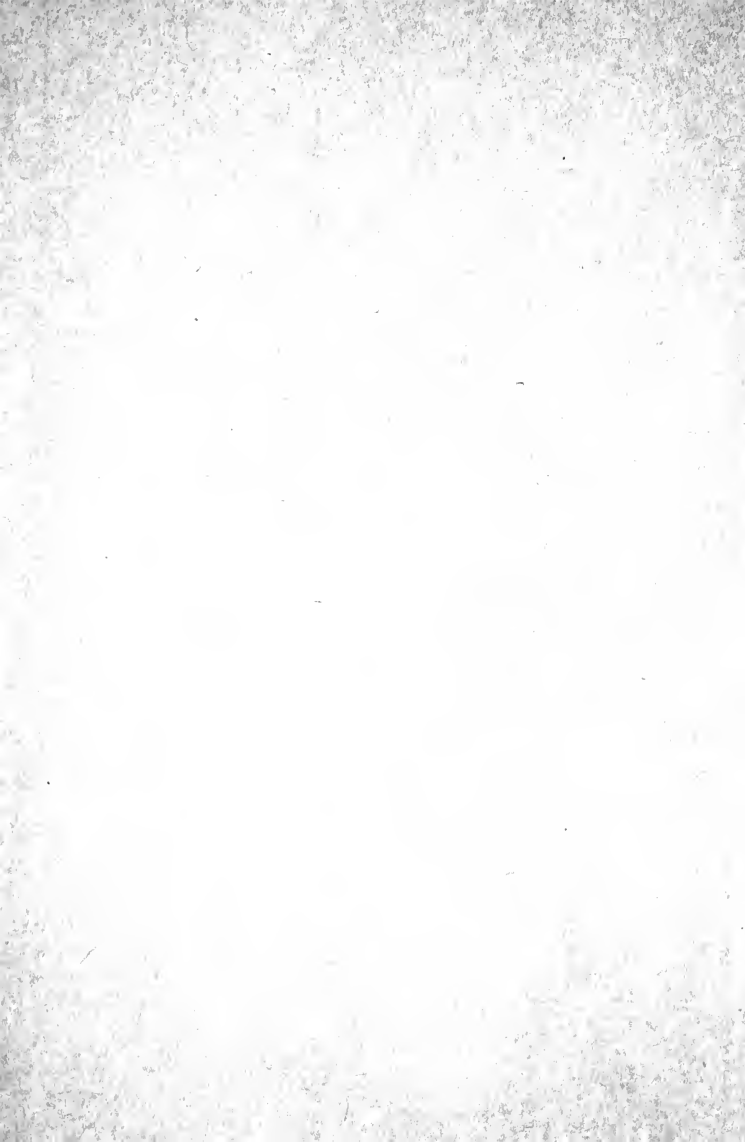


3 3433 08237333 7





AN
(Howard, V)





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



7498
FREMÎÉT'S
"HOWARD"



AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE ERECTED BY THE MUNICIPAL
ART SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE. ADDRESSES
DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

P

ABTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1909

I N D E X

	PAGES
I JOHN EAGER HOWARD,	7-34
II EMMANUEL FREMIET,	37-45

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
F 196959
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
19

John Eager Howard

Address by

Daniel C. Gilman



THE simple ceremony in which we are about to engage brings us by a designed coincidence to the base of a monument which suggests, by its dignity and repose, the eminent character that it commemorates. For more than a hundred years the name of Washington has been honored with unquestioned praise wherever our flag has gone,—and never in words more fit than those of Richard Henry Lee which every generation should repeat with gratitude, “First in war, First in peace, and First in the hearts of his countrymen.”

We are not so presumptuous as to think that any act of ours can add lustre to his name, nor to suppose that the art of sculpture, however successful it may be, can enhance the beauty of that column, “simple, erect, austere, sublime,” near which we have placed the statue of another soldier of the Revolution. Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to associate with the name of Washington, the name of a Marylander subordinate to the great Commander, who like him fought, suffered and triumphed; in war, a hero; in peace, a servant of the state; the patriot soldier, Colonel John Eager Howard.

From the days of Cincinnatus until recent times there have been commanders who laid down their swords when strife was ended, and who engaged in the pursuits of civil life until called by their countrymen to renewed service

in the councils of the government. At Annapolis, in a chamber which should be forever sacred as one of the shrines of American patriotism, Washington surrendered his commission, and thence he returned, soon afterwards, to his home at Mt. Vernon, where he remained until the people made him President. In like manner, in a less conspicuous but not less patriotic way, Howard, after the years of military privation and perils were passed, found repose in Belvedere, his country-seat, remaining the foremost citizen of Baltimore until he was chosen first the Governor of Maryland and afterwards a Senator of the United States. Despondent Americans sometimes express the fear, if they do not suppress the hope, that from our democracy an imperial monarchy will arise, and that some Cæsar or Napoleon will assume the power of a dictator; but such a possibility, to us abhorrent, will never become a reality among those who cherish the words and the examples of Washington and Howard.

In travelling through this and other lands, it is interesting to note the various embodiments in sculpture of popular affection for heroes. In Rome on the Capitoline hill stands one of the noblest remains of ancient art,—the statue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,—and as if stimulated by this remembrance, almost every city of Italy has its statues of Garibaldi, Cavour

and Victor Emmanuel. Near the banks of the Neva, Catherine the Second placed on a mass of granite the spirited figure of Peter the Great. In the capital of Prussia, Frederick the Great is honored by one of the finest monuments of modern art, the superb work of Rauch. On the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, the very sculptor whose work is before us, has modelled an equestrian figure of the far-famed deliverer of France, the Maid of Orleans. In London, Nelson's column overlooks Westminster. The dome of St. Paul's covers the monument of the Iron Duke as the dome of the Invalides in Paris enshrines the remains of his antagonist. There are statues of Washington in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Richmond; lately also, by the generosity of American women, in the capital of France. To one of the greatest of living sculptors we owe the memorials of Farragut and Sherman in New York, of Shaw in Boston, and of Lincoln in Chicago. The city of Washington has many equestrian statues. Richmond has its Robert E. Lee. These are but examples of the homage paid to wisdom, courage and self-sacrifice,—monuments, often but unfortunately not always produced by artists of genius, usually if not always evoked by sentiments of the loftiest patriotism.

The statue now erected in Baltimore is certainly worthy to be named among those already mentioned, both because of its distinction as a work of art by one of the foremost sculptors in the city of Paris, the focus of modern art, and also because of the man commemorated. It is a tribute of admiration and affection from certain members of the Municipal Art Society of Baltimore who cherish with gratitude the memory of Howard. The work of the artist, M. Frémiet, sustains his high reputation. The details of costume and equipment in the time of the Revolutionary war have been carefully reproduced. The attitude and expression of the hero are dignified and spirited. Henceforward, the citizen in his daily walks, the stranger as he enters the city, the student as he goes to the library, the children as they gather about the monument of Washington, will be attracted by this figure, and as they think of the person thus honored, seventy-six years after his death, they will learn a lesson of patriotism, courage, public spirit and good citizenship. If they inquire, they will be told that among the men of Maryland, in the formative period of this nation, none served the commonwealth better than the friend of Washington and Lafayette; the supporter of Greene; in "times that tried men's souls," the unflinching patriot, brave on many battle-fields; in the public

councils, a wise and unblemished statesman; throughout his life the public-spirited benefactor of Baltimore.

Howard does not stand alone among the worthies of Maryland commemorated by their grateful fellow-citizens. In the national capitol, the legislature has placed the statues of John Hanson and Charles Carroll; near the state-house in Annapolis we are reminded of the gallantry of that great leader of the Maryland Line, General DeKalb. There is a truly speaking likeness of Chief Justice Taney in the statue by our own Rinehart. The figure of George Peabody has been placed in front of the athenæum which he founded. Soon, in a public place, we shall see a representation of one whose departure we still mourn, whose pen still counsels, whose example still inspires the young men of Baltimore—Severn Teackle Wallis. Hereafter, others will thus be brought to remembrance by the sculptor's art. Among them, there should certainly be a tribute to the founder of the university and hospital which have brought so much distinction and benefit to this city. There are other heroes of the Revolution, of whom we are reminded by the life and services of Howard, especially participants in the Southern campaign, General Gist, General Otho H. Williams, General Smallwood, and Colonel John Gunby.

In order that justice may be done to the career of a man of mark, it is necessary to consider the times in which he lived and the opportunities which were opened to him. If "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," we must give heed to the scenes, the accessories and the associated characters of the drama. A great historian, whose graphic style fixes the attention of every reader quite as firmly as Macaulay's, has acknowledged his obligations to Shakespeare's dramatic treatment of historic events. He presents the stage, the actors and the deeds. For a study of the American Revolution, the material is superabundant. The story of that great series of events has been told again and again, not only by annalists and biographers, but by historians, many of whom had rare gifts of expression and knew how to omit the unessential from their narratives and give emphasis to important crises; therefore a few words only will be needed to remind you of the circumstances under which the character of Howard was developed. The pages of Lee, Marshall, Tarleton, Greene, Bancroft, Fiske, Trevelyan, Wilson, Doyle, and recently of McCrady are accessible to those who wish for a closer study of the period. In a cursory way, it may be said that the Revolutionary war was fought in three regions,—north of the Potomac, south of the

Potomac and west of the Alleghanies. The engagements in the west are less vividly remembered, but the work of George R. Clark and his followers secured to the Americans the permanent possession of the Ohio Valley. Campaigns in the north began in 1775, in Eastern Massachusetts, and continued with varying results until the close of the war, chiefly on the seaboard and in the natural highway to Canada by the Hudson River and the Lakes George and Champlain. The most decisive battle was fought in October, 1777, at Saratoga, when the British army met with disastrous defeat and General Burgoyne surrendered. The fighting continued notwithstanding this victory, and the names of many a battle-field in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania recall the patience and the bravery of the American army. The Southern campaigns began with the British capture of Savannah and the subsequent capture of Charleston and the adjacent seaboard, so that in 1780 Cornwallis was ready to begin his strenuous endeavors to recover in the South the prestige which Burgoyne had lost in the North. His efforts were largely directed toward the suppression of all patriotic sentiments among the inhabitants of Georgia and the Carolinas. He was gradually led to take up his position at Yorktown where the American and French forces compelled his surrender.

By the defeat of Cornwallis the war was virtually closed, and the independence of the United Colonies, proclaimed five years before, was secured.

Such was the drama of the Revolution. Let us now see the entrance upon the stage of Howard, the man whom we are assembled to honor.

When the gales, foretold by Patrick Henry, in words that every school-boy used to know by heart, had swept from the north and brought to the listening ears of anxious southerners the clash of resounding arms, Maryland was ready to do her part in support of the principles of independence. Among the earliest to enlist was James McHenry, who began an as army surgeon and who rose by his merits to the post of Secretary of War under Washington and Adams. His monument is Fort McHenry, in the harbor, over which the Star Spangled Banner "still waved" on a memorable morning in 1814.

Another young man, then twenty-four years old, of good family and education, living in circumstances of comfort if not of affluence, in Baltimore County, joined the army, in 1776. Even two years earlier, in November, 1774, he had taken part in those patriotic proceedings of the people of Maryland, which established the principle of independence. He was offered

the commission of a colonel, but with the modesty which characterised his life, he declined the responsibility of that position and instead of it accepted the commission of a captain, in what was called "the flying camp," commanded by Colonel J. Carvel Hall. In two days Captain John Eager Howard had recruited a company and with it he marched toward the scene of action in the north, where his services began in the battle of White Plains. Shortly afterwards his corps was dismissed, and the captain was promoted to be a major in one of the battalions of the line, then enlisted by Congress for the war. The "Maryland Line" having completed its organization in the spring of 1777, Howard, with his command, joined the army in New Jersey and remained with it until his father's death compelled a return to Baltimore. After a short respite, he went back to his post and took part in the battle of Germantown, where Maryland troops formed a considerable part of Sullivan's division on the right of the army. As the colonel of his regiment was disabled the command of it devolved upon Howard. It is an oft-noted coincidence that the house of Chief Justice Chew which proved to be a castle for the British commander, a temporary fortress, as it was called, was the summer residence of the future Mrs. Howard. The Americans were unsuccessful,

chiefly because a dense fog hung over the region and prevented the transmission of orders and the concentration of effort. There is extant a vivid account of this battle, written by Colonel Howard, which distinctly shows the brave and determined action of his regiment. The battle of Monmouth followed and with it closes the first chapter of Howard's experience.

The second chapter is more eventful. The troops of Maryland and Delaware were ordered to the relief of Charleston, and Howard, then lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth Maryland Regiment in the army of the United States, prepared to go with them. Several hotly contested battles were fought with alternating defeats and victories, Cornwallis trying to secure complete control of the Carolinas, before carrying the war into Virginia. The result was Yorktown.

The country traversed by the contending forces includes the States of Georgia, North and South Carolina, and a part of Southern Virginia. It lies east of the mountains and descends from a piedmont or plateau region to the seaboard, where the harbors already named attracted the enemy. The tract is crossed by many streams, flowing to the ocean in a southeasterly direction and easily crossed by fords in their upper courses. In this region, beside the cities of the coast, the strategic points were

Camden, Augusta, and Ninety-Six, where important roads converged. The inhabitants of this country were not of one mind. Many of them were loyal to the crown; more espoused the cause of independence and liberty; some were on both sides,—according to the fortunes of war. Indeed the campaigns had many of the saddest characteristics of a civil war. In this up-river country there were marches and counter-marches of the hostile forces leading to engagements which were severe but not decisive.

Two foreigners who took part in the Southern campaign are worthy of remembrance here and now, Pulaski and DeKalb, the Pole and the German. One fell in the siege of Savannah, one in the battle of Camden; both deserve our grateful homage. DeKalb brought the prestige of one who had been trained in the best of European schools,—an Alsatian who had been a brigadier in the French army, had been encouraged by Franklin and Silas Deane to join the American forces, and had been intrusted by Washington with important commands. A little imagination will suggest the impression made by this famous soldier upon the young men of Maryland.

There is a contemporary account of the campaigns of 1780-1 so short that none need pass it by, so trustworthy that all may accept it. It

comes from the pen of one of the best writers and one of the greatest statesmen of the period, —James Madison, then recently graduated from Princeton College and afterwards President of the United States.

With the ultimate victory, it is well to bring into contrast the previous desperation. When Greene had been in command about six weeks, eight days before Cowpens, he was so dismayed that he wrote these words:—"The wants of this army are no numerous and various that the shortest way of telling you is to inform you that we have nothing. We are living upon charity and subsist by daily collections." There had been a series of changes and misfortunes. Pulaski was killed at Savannah, Lincoln had been succeeded by DeKalb, DeKalb had given way to Gates, the hero of Saratoga, and Gates gave way to Greene.

The campaigns in the interior begin with the battle of Camden, in the northern part of South Carolina, where Gates met Cornwallis. It is no pleasure to recall that battle, for in it the Americans were woefully beaten. One historian says: "Never was victory more complete or defeat more total;" too strong a statement, for, although the Americans were driven back after a bloody encounter, the enemy was not equal to pursuit. We have also the satisfaction

of knowing that the Maryland soldiers were not wanting in discipline and courage.

Soon followed the battle of King's Mountain (October 7, 1780) when the tide turned. Major Ferguson had been sent by Cornwallis to scour the western part of South Carolina and join him at Charlotte, N. C. This brilliant partisan leader was pursued by a body of patriot forces irregular but determined, who found him posted on King's Mountain. Here Ferguson, after a desperate resistance, was completely routed and he fell at the head of his regulars, shot by seven bullets. By this brilliant victory the Americans made up for their defeat at Camden.

Upon the third engagement I ask you to dwell, partly because of its great importance, partly because in it the Baltimore colonel won his greatest distinction,—the battle of Cowpens. In the northwest corner of South Carolina, near the boundary line, the opposing forces met at a place then called Hannah's Cowpens,—part of a grazing establishment belonging to a man named Hannah.

Tarleton, the lieutenant of Cornwallis, and the subsequent historian of his Southern campaigns, commanded the British, and Morgan, brave General Daniel Morgan of Saratoga fame, was the lieutenant of General Greene. Many valiant men were there assembled.

Morgan was splendid in his courage, wisdom, reputation and patriotism. So was William Washington, kinsman of the Father of his country, a gallant leader of the cavalry. A little boy of fourteen saw the battle,—one who became the hero of New Orleans, General Andrew Jackson. The grandfather of Edwin Warfield, now Governor of Maryland, commanded a company. The fight continued but a short time. While it lasted, it was fierce. Howard, with his regiment of Marylanders, held the key to the situation and they took good care that the lock should not be forced by the soldiers of George the Third. The Maryland colonel proved himself equal to his opportunity. A moment's hesitation, a timid advance, a half-hearted leader might have lost everything. But Howard was quick to think, bold in action, inspiring as a leader. He won the battle, and it was won by the use of that formidable weapon,—the bayonet. The report of the commanding officer, General Greene, tells the story tersely. At a critical moment, he says, when the British were pressing hard upon the Americans, "Colonel Howard, observing this, gave orders to charge bayonets which was done with such address that the enemy fled with the utmost precipitation and abandoned their artillery." Although afterwards freely employed by the Maryland line, we have the authority of Henry

Lee for the statement that "at Cowpens the bayonet was first resorted to in the war;" and that of Morgan, the commanding officer, for saying that when the enemy showed signs of disorder, it was Colonel Howard who "gave orders for the line to charge bayonets, which was done with such address that the enemy fled with the utmost precipitation. At the close of the engagement the swords of seven British officers were in the hands of Howard."

All the historians are agreed upon the importance of this engagement. It is characterized by Bancroft as the most astonishing victory of the war, and by Fiske in words of equal weight, as the most brilliant battle of the war of independence. Congress was delighted. After days of cloud and hurricane, sunshine had appeared. Courage and hope took the place of anxiety. Without delay, as an expression of gratitude, a gold medal was voted to Morgan and silver medals to William Washington and Howard. I hold before you the original Howard medal. On the obverse, a mounted horseman galloping forward, follows the flag of his country, while the angel of victory hovers near, ready to bestow a wreath of laurels. The inscriptions are in Latin. On one side it reads,—To John Eager Howard, leader of the infantry,—(thus in contrast with the medal given to William Washington as leader of the cavalry;) and on

the reverse it declares that the medal is bestowed upon the recipient because he gave a brilliant example of military valor by his sudden attack upon the enemy, in the battle of Cowpens, January 17, 1781. There is good authority for saying that the French Academy was requested to furnish a design for this medal, and that its skillful execution is the work of the artist Duvivier. A replica of the medal I will ask Governor Warfield to accept as a memento of this celebration and also of the victory in which his ancestor took part.

Three months after the engagement at the Cowpens the contending forces met again at Guilford Court House, where Marylanders of our day have placed a monument to commemorate the valor of their countrymen. The story has been recently told by those who are well qualified to do justice to the bravery there displayed on the fifteenth of March, 1781. Howard and Gunby led the first Maryland Regiment, again using the bayonet. Although Greene left the battle-field in British possession, the battle of Guilford "marks the end of British power in North Carolina." So says Bancroft. Fiske is even more explicit. "Guilford, tactically a defeat, strategically a decisive victory, the most important since the capture of Burgoyne." A British historian truly says that the victory was so fruitless and the losses so severe

that the battle may be considered "as the first step in a series of movements which terminated in the overthrow of the British power in America."

Six weeks later, the armies met again (April 25), at Hobkirk's Hill, two miles from Camden, so that the engagement has been called the second battle of Camden. Again the British gained the field but they did not hold it, and the commander, Lord Rawdon, retired toward Charleston.

In the early autumn the battle of Eutaw Springs was fought (September 8). Gen. Greene, following the enemy, came upon them under Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, about sixty miles from Charleston. Two severe engagements ensued with heavy losses on both sides, the Americans at first successful, then the British. As had happened before, the invaders retreated toward their base at Charleston, where they were shut up until the end came. Gen. Greene's tribute to the Maryland line is this:—

"Nothing could exceed the gallantry of the Maryland line. Cols. Williams, Howard, and all the officers exhibited acts of uncommon bravery; and the free use of the bayonet gave us the victory. Many brave fellows have fallen, and a great number of officers are wounded. Among the number is Lieut.-Col. Howard. The Maryland line made a charge that ex-

ceeded anything I ever saw. But, alas! their ranks are thin, and their officers are few.”

The wound in the shoulder which Howard received in this battle was so severe that he was compelled to go home for surgical treatment, and thus he was unable to take part in the final scenes of the drama. The curtain fell when the combined armies of the north and south, with the aid of the fleet, met Cornwallis on the historic peninsula between the York and the James, and the war of Independence was over.

Fighting ended, peace declared, the troops disbanded, Howard remained on his ancestral property in Baltimore,—a town of possibly twenty thousand inhabitants, quite eclipsed in dignity by the capital, Annapolis. Although we have no such picture of colonial life in Baltimore as that which is given respecting Albany, by Mrs. Grant, in her Letters,—Mr. John P. Kennedy, in his address on “Baltimore long ago,” gives a picture of the place not far from the year 1800. William Wirt, as late as 1822, describes the Washington monument as “indescribably striking from the touching solitude of the scene from which it lifts its head.” Overlooking a rapid water course (which might have been ‘a joy forever’ instead of a *cloaca maxima*), stood Belvedere, a spacious mansion surrounded by a wooded park, which extended from Jones’s Falls beyond the site of the monu-

ment on the south, and beyond Howard Street on the west. Here was Howard's home during the later years of his life.¹ Here he received his neighbors and friends, as well as his companions in arms, who were passing through town on the great highway between the south and the north. Lafayette was the most distinguished of them all after Washington. The veteran of Belvedere was not idle. Personal affairs required much attention; but they did not preclude obedience to public duties.

The readiness with which the voters in this republic turn to those who have won distinction in military action, when leaders are required, is certainly remarkable. Soldiers of the Revolution, of the war of 1812, of the Mexican war, of the Civil war, and of the Cuban war, have successfully been candidates for exalted stations in civil life, and in several instances have risen to the very highest posts. Nor does this indicate an extravagant admiration of military renown. Interference with civil rights or usurpation, in any form, would be met with summary resistance,—no matter how great a favorite of the people might venture on this forbidden path. But these preferences for heroes are an

¹He was born at the place settled by his grandfather in the "Garrison Forest." Belvedere was built on the property which came to him from his mother.—*Note by Mr. McHenry Howard, to whom the speaker was indebted for much valuable information.*

indication that qualities developed in the service of the army,—courage, endurance, self-forgetfulness, power to control one's self and one's subordinates, obedience to authority and the subjection to the public good of all personal considerations,—command the confidence and receive the homage of the people when these qualities are brought clearly to their notice.

At frequent intervals Colonel Howard was called to the discharge of important civil functions. When only thirty-six years old, he was chosen Governor of Maryland, and at forty-two he became a Senator of the United States. The duties of both high stations were performed acceptably and faithfully. He declined the office of Secretary of War urged upon him by Washington. Few of us will hesitate to say that the services of Howard rendered to the commonwealth in the advancing years of his life, when a wounded soldier might have claimed a dignified rest, are as worthy of remembrance as those of his military campaigns. Just think of them. An honorable descendant of this honorable man has placed in my hands a list of the stations to which Col. Howard was called after 1783. It is a remarkable list,—one that is seldom equalled in the annals of American biography. Let me enumerate the more significant places:—more than once a justice of the county court; a justice of the

orphans court; a delegate to the congress of the Confederation; thrice Governor; for five years a State Senator; a presidential elector; a major-general of the militia of Maryland; president of the Maryland Society of the Cincinnati for twenty-three years; for seven years, a Senator of the United States; brigadier-general in the United States army when a foreign war was expected; in the war of 1812, one of the Committee of vigilance and defense. When the capitulation of Baltimore was suggested the aged hero said that he had four sons in the field and as much property at stake as most persons, but would rather see his sons slain and his property reduced to ashes than so far disgrace his country.

Not many manuscripts of Howard are known to me, except such as have been printed. The following letter, addressed to Robert Gilmor, from Philadelphia, June 26, 1788, deserves to be given, particularly because it shows the attitude of the writer respecting the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

"I congratulate you on the interesting event of the ratification of the Federal Government by the state of New Hampshire. It now becomes a question with the states that have not adopted the Government, whether they will make a part of the union or not. In the present situation of affairs this is with them a serious question. Notwithstanding the objections to the Government that it will swallow up the state Governments, no person uninfluenced by selfish views can think that any state by withdrawing itself from the union will be in a

more eligible situation than those in the union. The Government once established they in my opinion will soon become petitioners to be admitted, except those under the influence of turbulent men who wish to be at the head of a faction, or those whose interest it is to be without any Government. If Virginia follows the example of New Hampshire, we shall I hope secure to this country the blessings of peace and become respectable, which I hardly expect without some struggle."

When rupture with France was imminent at the close of the century, he was offered the appointment of brigadier-general under Washington, who was expected to command once more the United States army. When Baltimore was threatened by the British, in 1814, Howard, already more than sixty years old, came at once to the front. Thus interchanging the repose of a private citizen with the responsibilities of a public servant, he passed on to the age of seventy-five years and then, after a brief illness, expired. "During the summer his strength had been evidently declining and his desire for life grew less and less. On the 3d of October he rode out on horseback and took cold, after which he was under the constant care of his physicians and of his family until he was released by death," October 12, 1827.

The funeral was attended from Belvedere and the procession moved, as the papers say, "through the park," Centre street, Calvert street, and Baltimore street to the cemetery of St. Paul's Church where a simple monument marks his resting place. Next day, the *Balti-*

more American contained an appreciative account of his life, evidently carefully prepared by a skillful writer, probably an eminent prelate. Some passages of it have been incorporated in almost all the notices of Colonel Howard that have since appeared.

On this occasion, after such a review, what words can be so fitting as those of General Nathanael Greene, second to Washington in the army of the Revolution, who expressed, in a letter which should be treasured as a priceless heirloom, more valuable than a patent of nobility, the sentiment—"Howard deserves a statue no less than the Roman and Grecian heroes."

The influence of this memorial will be perennial. If a foreign foe should ever again bring alarm to North Point, or if civic disorder or domestic anarchy should disturb these quiet streets,—the young men of Baltimore, trained in the national guard of the commonwealth, and thus accustomed to habits of obedience, fortitude and concerted action, will be inspired by the remembrance of the hero of Cowpens, and will emulate his valor.

Nor is that the only influence radiating from Monument Square. We are not all descended from the heroes of the Revolution, nor can all of us bear arms in the defence of liberty and law. A large proportion of the inhabitants of Baltimore are of foreign birth; the parents

of many more passed their childhood in distant lands. It is nobody's fault that they did not learn in the nursery to revere the name of Washington; that to them the burning of the "Peggy Stewart" has no significance; that Valley Forge awakens no sad memories, and Yorktown no exultation; that they know not the bridge where the embattled farmers stood who "fired the shot heard round the world;" and that the Cowpens is like a word in an unknown tongue. Shall I say it is their misfortune? No, rather say good fortune brought them to a land where civil and religious freedom, secured by the wisdom of great statesmen and defended by brave men, has produced conditions under which every man may worship God according to his own conscience, every child may receive a public education, may rise according to his virtue, industry and talents, to thrift and contentment, and be qualified to take some part, if it be only the humble part of a voter, in maintaining the principles of good government. As they look upon the figure of Howard, let them be reminded that among his fellow soldiers in the war of Independence were Montgomery, the Irishman; Kosciusko and Pulaski, the Poles; DeKalb and Steuben, the Germans; Rochambeau and Lafayette, the Frenchmen; and let them determine that the government, secured by such men, shall receive from their compa-

trials in the twentieth century the defence and support which are due to a priceless inheritance. We cannot be too mindful that on education, morality and religion, and on conscientious and self-sacrificing devotion to the public service, the State depends.

Still further gain may be expected from the transactions of this day. A complete century has passed since the man whom we commemorate served his countrymen on the battle-field and in the senate. The entire country has profited by the exertions of Howard and his colleagues, and the Republic has not been ungrateful. Baltimore is especially indebted to him for the gifts which secured to us these beautiful squares and the monument which crowns them; and more than this, for the public spirit shown in his devotion to the city of his lifelong residence, to his native state, and to the national government which he helped to found. May future generations admire his character and emulate his virtues. They constitute "a monument more enduring than brass." Gratitude, perpetual gratitude, is due from us and from our successors and descendants to those wise men among whom our hero served.

A great orator, closing his tribute to one who was in his time the greatest American statesman, remarks that in the relations of civilized life, there is no higher service which man can

render to man, than to preserve a wise constitutional government in healthful action; and he quotes from that "admirable treatise on the Republic of which some previous chapters have been restored to us after having been lost for ages," a sentence where Cicero "does not hesitate to affirm that there is nothing in which human virtue approaches nearer the divine than in establishing and preserving states,"— *civitates aut condere novas, aut conservare jam conditas*.

In our day, many clouds hang over the skies. Problems of unprecedented perplexity present themselves to the consideration of thoughtful citizens. The student of history sometimes wonders whether popular government will prove adequate to the new demands. For one, I believe that it will. Already in the most distant of our possessions we have seen the introduction of sound political principles and methods, and the most ancient of empires bears witness to the conciliatory influence of American diplomacy. This benign influence will in the long run depend upon the action of the people. Let them keep informed of and adhere to the principles of the founders of the republic; let the example and services be forever cherished of those who were the friends, colleagues, and co-workers with John Eager Howard.

Emmanuel Fremiet

Address by

J. Le Roy White



THE Statue of General Howard is the work of Mr. Emmanuel Fremiet, who for many years has been recognized as the leading sculptor of equestrian statues, and the head of his profession in France.

The history of his life is both interesting and instructive.

His first exhibit, the plaster cast of a gazelle, was sent to the annual Paris Salon of 1843, and his first horse was bought by the Government in 1853. But there were many subsequent years of trial and disappointment before he attained to that complete success which had long been his due.

Mr. T. H. Bartlett the art critic, the father of the well known American sculptor, Mr. Paul Weyland Bartlett, who was a pupil of Fremiet, has written a most interesting sketch of the early life and struggles of his son's teacher.

At a very early age he showed a decided talent for drawing, and received his first lessons from his cousin, a remarkable woman, who became the wife of the well known sculptor Rude.

He distinguished himself under mediocre teachers, at a school of drawing, and at the age of 15 it was decided that he should adopt some regular profession. His father, a man of intellect, but erratic, would have made a printer of him; fortunately his mother would not hear of this.

Herself a bread winner, and a woman of strong character, she resolved to make every sacrifice in order to secure for her son the calling of his choice.

He was placed with Vernet, a lithographer and painter of Natural History who was then employed at the Jardin des Plantes, the great Zoological Gardens of Paris. Here he received the handsome salary of one dollar a month, for eight hours work of a most tedious and exacting character. This consisted in drawing upon stone the bones of various animals with scientific accuracy, often with the aid of a microscope.

The early light found him daily at work, although it was only at a later date that he realized what a valuable training for eye and hand he had secured through this drudgery.

Very soon, as the reward of faithful service, Vernet gave him his afternoons free, and this spare time was now employed in making plaster casts from all sorts of dead nature for Orfila, a celebrated physician who was then forming his since famous Museum of Comparative Anatomy.

Such occupation, however valuable as training, could lead to nothing. And when, after leaving Orfila, the boy was found, like Barye, making clay models of the inmates of the great menagerie, his mother urged him to go to Rude.

The boy of 17 was invited by his kinsman to attend his studio; but an insuperable obstacle at once arose: Who was to provide the \$20 for the banquet with which each newcomer was expected to entertain his companions? The problem was solved by a mother's love; her deft fingers completed, during the hours of rest, an order for shirts to the required amount.

The relations between mother and son were most tender and beautiful. For many years she was his sole companion, sharing, with never failing sympathy, both his trials and success. Her spirit may be seen in that untiring energy, that indomitable perseverance, which offer at least one explanation of his remarkable career.

Rude soon recognized his pupil's talent and brought him to his private studio for more careful instruction.

This well known sculptor was through life in constant opposition to the schools of his day, he denounced tradition as enslaving and constantly impressed upon his pupils the need of following nature alone as a model. From him, Mr. Fremiet learnt that independence which has been at the same time a source of strength and the cause of much tribulation.

His first exhibit in 1843 was followed by others in rapid succession, and before his 27th year he had sold three of his works to the

State, one of them for \$1,000, and had won two medals as well as a considerable reputation.

But the real struggle was still to come: It soon became necessary for him to fall back upon his early experience, and with characteristic versatility he began to make little models for the jewelers, sketches for illustrated papers and for the doctors, without any pause in his own artistic work.

One day as he was crossing the Pont Royal, the young artist's eye was caught by a passing light horseman, of whom he made a statuette. Count de Nieuwerkerke, a sculptor, was then Superintendent of Fine Arts, as well as Court Chamberlain. The statuette was taken to him and by him shown to the Emperor. Both were delighted, and the result was an order for a series of similar statuettes in plaster to the number of seventy, representing every army and navy corps.

It is characteristic of Mr. Fremiet's conscientious methods that he was only able to produce six of these statuettes during the year. For each one he received \$200, one half of which was swallowed up by the expenses. So that for eleven years, his best talents were devoted to this undertaking, which brought in merely \$50 a month, and prevented all original work.

As many of these statuettes were equestrian, the Imperial stables were placed entirely at his disposal. It is easy to see what an incalculable benefit was conferred upon the future sculptor of equestrian statues, by this unique opportunity to study at leisure so many horses of every race and type.

With the exception of seven statuettes, which were preserved in bronze by the sculptor, this entire series was destroyed by fire, with the Tuileries, in 1871.

The close of the second Empire saw the beginning of that remarkable series of equestrian statues of which the latest will be unveiled to-day. To this period belong the Napoleon I, now at Grenoble, which was Mr. Fremiet's first life size equestrian statue; also the bronze horsemen of old Rome and early Gaul, now in the Museum of St. Germain; and above all the beautiful representation of the Duke of Orleans, brother of the luckless Charles VI, in tilting armour, which was placed by Viollet-le-Duc in the Court of Honor of the Duke's own castle of Pierrefonds, then recently restored.

Probably no work of art ever had such a history as the famous equestrian statue of Joan of Arc. One day in 1873 Mr. Fremiet, accompanied by his devoted friend Gerome, took the sketch of the proposed statue to Jules Simon, then Minister of Fine Arts. He was delighted;

the order was given at once ; and at a later date, without notice or ceremony of any sort, the statue was erected on the Place des Pyramides, on the spot where the maid of Orleans is said to have scaled the ramparts of Paris.

It was to be expected that the pupil of Rude would meet with great opposition, but no one could foresee the storm of criticism and abuse which greeted this apparition.

The artistic world, with a few notable exceptions, joined in condemning it from every point of view. It was even proposed to offer a petition to the City Council, requesting the removal of the offending statue. Some of these criticisms are astonishing, and must have made unpleasant reading for their authors at a later date.

Seventeen years later, the conscientious artist, wishing to make one or two slight alterations, sent to the annual Salon a new Joan of Arc; and now the critics all united in saying that the first statue of the Place des Pyramides was so nearly perfect, that it would be a crime to substitute for it any other, however excellent; and the strongest opposition was raised to any suggestion of substitution.

The strange reception accorded to his first Joan of Arc was a severe blow to Mr. Fremiet, and these were perhaps his darkest hours; but the dawn was at hand. Orders began to suc-

ceed each other rapidly, as well as honours, long deferred.

On the death of Barye, he was elected to fill the vacant chair of Professor of modelling at the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes. The Gold Medal of Honor was at last awarded to him, for practically the same remarkable group, "the gorilla," which had been refused admission to the Salon twenty years before. Those doors of the Institute of France, which had always remained closed to Rude, now opened wide to receive his pupil and champion.

The Garden of the Trocadero must have an elephant by him; and the Fountain of the Observatory, a group of marine horses. The mounted Torch Bearer was made, in order to mount guard at the entrance to the grand stairway of the new Hotel de Ville. And when an equestrian statue of the Grand Condé appeared at the Salon, the Duc d'Aumale said to the artist that it was obviously intended for him, and soon the great general was standing upon the broad terrace of his own chateau of Chantilly, which his heir has since bequeathed with all its treasures to the Nation.

A government architect restored the ruined spire of the great fortress abbey of the Mont St. Michel, and declared that nothing should stand upon the giddy pinnacle, if it were not

Fremiet's Archangel Michael, perhaps the most beautiful single figure he has ever made.

From distant Roumania came an order representing \$26,000; and others from different parts of France, from Philadelphia, and Suez, where a colossal Lesseps looks down upon the Canal of his own creation.

Mention must at least be made of the wonderful equestrian group of St. George transfixing the Dragon, also of the equestrian statues of those two doughty warriors of the Hundred Years War, Oliver de Clisson and Duguesclin; the latter made for the town of Dinan, the former an order from the great Constable's descendant, the Duc de Rohan, to be placed in the Court of his old chateau de Josselin, which still crowns its lofty rock in Brittany.

Scattered about through a variety of public and private buildings, there is a vast amount of decorative and other work by Mr. Fremiet, which alone would have sufficed to make the reputation of a sculptor.

By common consent the world of art has classed together as the "three great equestrian statues," the Marcus Aurelius in Rome, the Gattamelata of Donatello in Padua and the Colleone of Verrochio in Venice. Over these Mr. Bartlett claims for Mr. Fremiet's eques-

trian statues superiority in the following points :

“His horses are living, natural and of fine
“type.

“When they are intended to move they do
“so; have moved, are moving and will continue
“to move.

“They are thoroughly and elegantly con-
“structed; firmly and beautifully modelled.

“They compose with their riders in every
“respect, in type, action, proportion and sym-
“pathy, producing a perfect whole, in character
“with the subject.”

wm

