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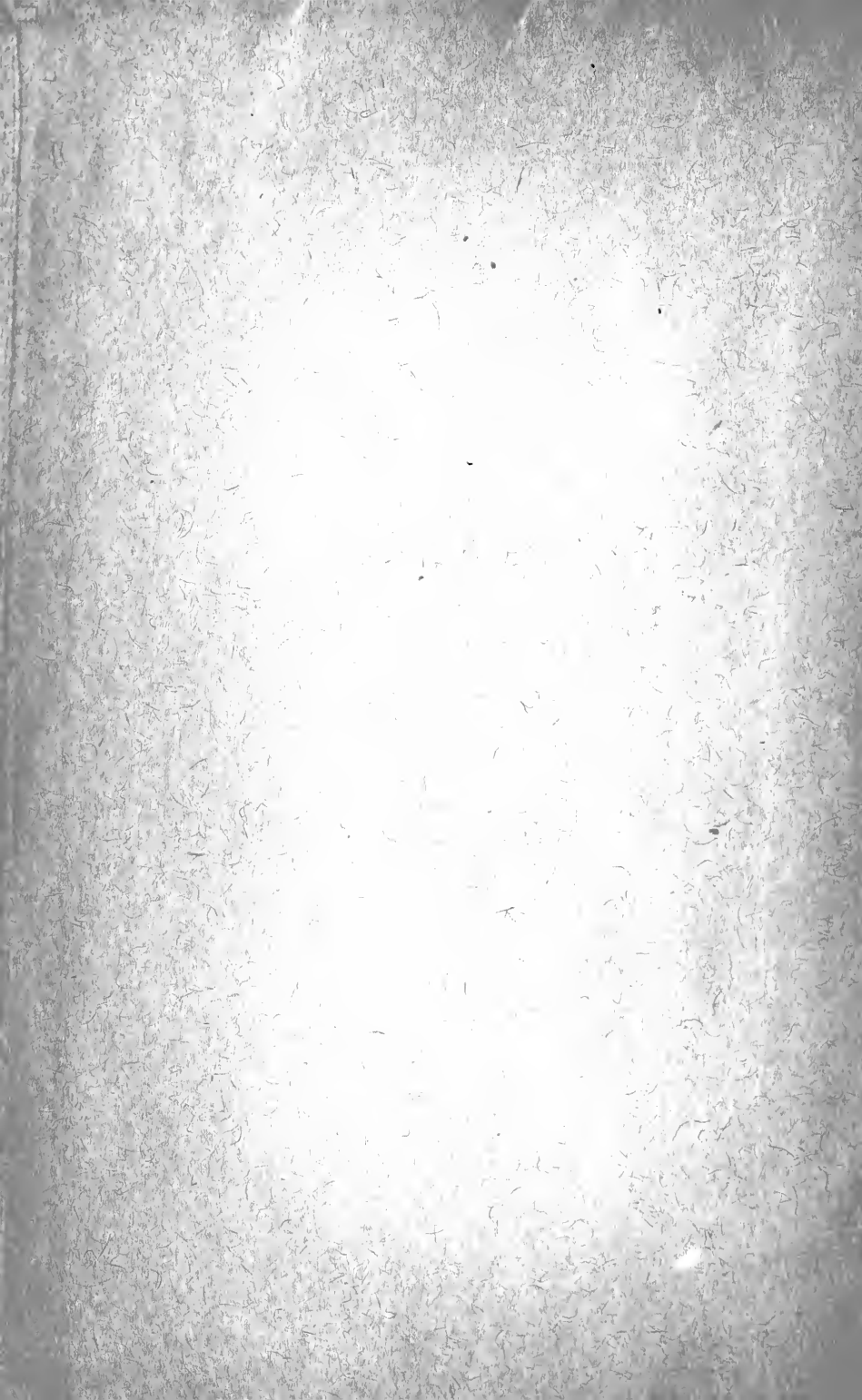


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Tammany

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LIBRARY
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TILDEN FOUNDATION

THIS Stone is Laid by Tammung Society or Columbian Order, N^o 1 on the 12th day of May 1811, the 21st Year of its Institution, and the thirty fifth of American Independence; being the first Stone of a Building Erected for preserving and strengthening that Patriotic chain which unites its members; and for accomodating their Republican Brethren.

Officers of the Society.

Clarkson Crolius GRAND SAGEHM,
William I. Waldron Treasurer, *Henry Howard* Secretary,
Council of Sagehms.
GARRET SICKLES FATHER;
William Mooney,
John P. Haff.
Lawrence Myers,
Oliver Drake.
Abraham Stagg,
Bengamin Romaine,
Richard Kap Sagamore
Usacbar Cozzens *W. Henkie*

Building

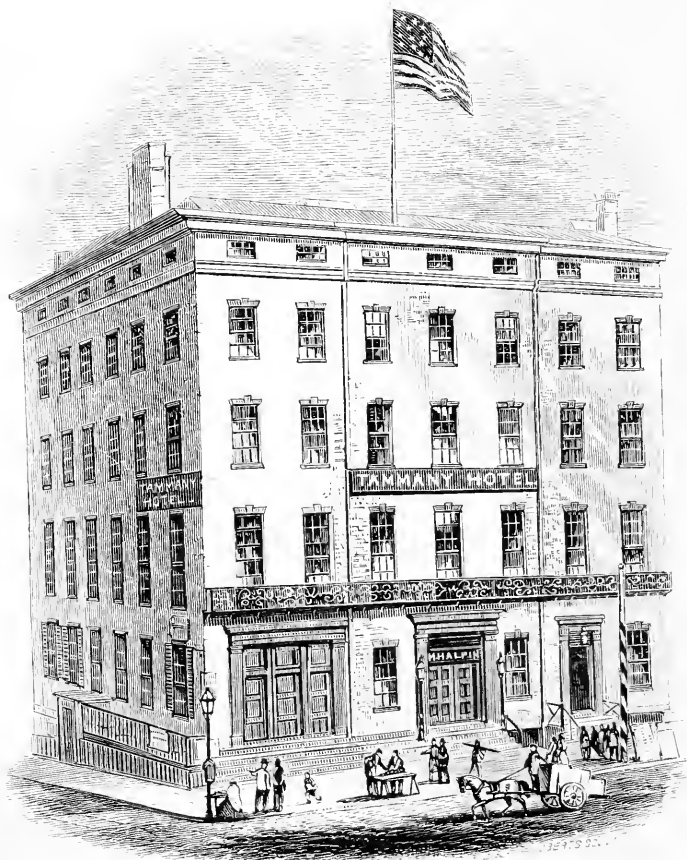
Henry Rutgers;
William I. Waldron,
John S. Hunn
John Hopper,
William Jones,
Jacob Barker,

Committee.

Augustus Wright,
Mattheu L. Davis,
James Warner,
John Haff.
Stephen Allen.
Clarkson Crolius.
John T. Irving.

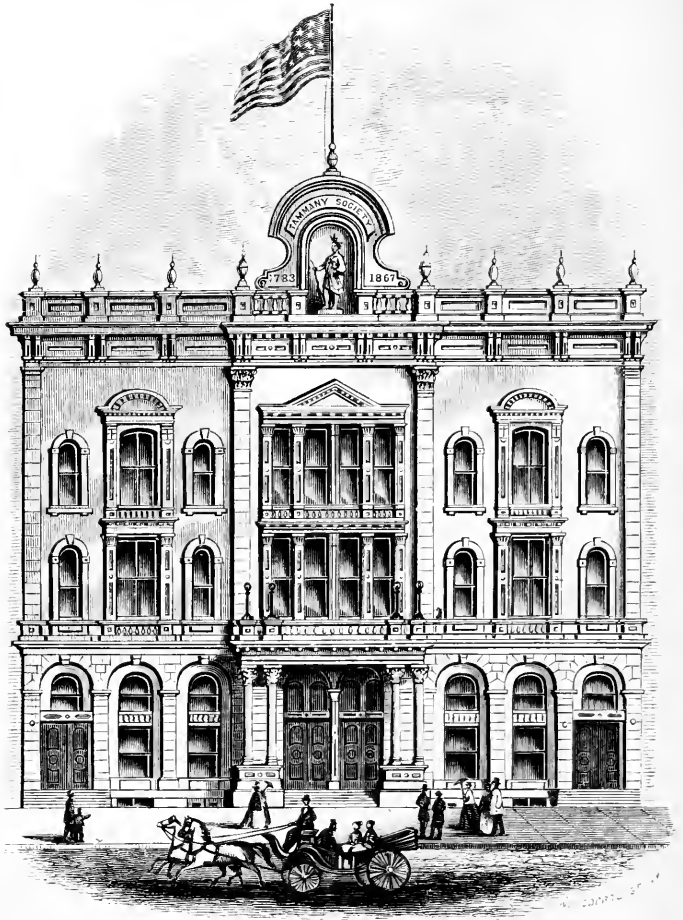
William Simmons. } *Masons.*
John. O'Brien. }
George B Thorp, *Carpenter.*

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OLD HALL, ERECTED 1811.

1957
ASSEMBLY
JULY 1957



DESIGN OF THE NEW HALL.

DIMENSIONS 116 BY 122 FEET

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
TAMMANY SOCIETY,
OR COLUMBIAN ORDER,
ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE
OF THEIR NEW HALL IN FOURTEENTH STREET,
AND CELEBRATING THE NINETY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF
THE DECLARATION OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
AT IRVING HALL,
THURSDAY, JULY 4TH, 1867.

ALSO, A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN AND EARLIER
HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE TAMMANY SOCIETY.

NEW YORK:
THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY, 81, 83, & 85 CENTRE STREET.
1867.

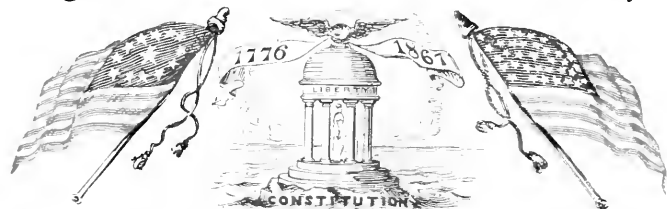
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Civil Liberty the Glory of Man.

Founded in 1789.



TAMMANY SOCIETY, OR COLUMBIAN ORDER.

TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK, June 21, 1867.

DEAR SIR:

The Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, will, on the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence, lay the corner-stone of a new edifice, of massive proportions and enduring strength, to be devoted for all future time to the principles of Liberty, Independence and National Unity, for the Perpetuation of which the Society was instituted, almost coeval with the foundation of our Government. It is designed, that this edifice shall be the headquarters for the Democracy of the Union, where Democratic-Republican Principles shall ever be enunciated, and the True Men of the Country can always meet together in Fraternal Council.

An Oration worthy of the occasion will be delivered by our venerable and distinguished Brother, GUILIAN C. VERPLANCK, the oldest surviving member of the Society—who, born at the period in which the Society was founded and having from early manhood taken an influential part in all the great political events which have transpired during its history, as an honored member of our City, State, and National Councils, as well as of our Order, will appropriately commemorate the glories and trials of the past, inculcate the lessons of the present, and enjoin upon us the great duties of the future. Distinguished Democrats from other parts of the Union, as well as of our own State, will take part in the laying of this new Corner-Stone of our—this re-erection of the sacred principles of our Society.

The Anniversary of our National Independence has been fittingly chosen for these important, and we trust auspicious Ceremonies. Our Society was founded in 1789, by men who had participated in achieving our Independence, then so recently and so dearly obtained in the glorious but cruel and sanguinary War of the Revolution—for the purpose of establishing a great National Constitution, on the basis of American Liberty as the rallying point of freemen, and to connect in indissoluble bonds of friendship American brethren of known attachment to the political rights and liberties of the country, and having as their motto: "CIVIL LIBERTY THE GLORY OF MAN."

From the time of the Foundation of the Society, it has never failed to Honor the Anniversary of National Independence with the most beautiful enthusiasm than of Tammany Hall. At all the periods when the Nation has been menaced, either by Assaults on its Honor or its Existence, the Sons of Tammany have ever proved true and faithful to their Country and its Glory. It was the Headquarters of the Men who were in favor of a Vigorous Prosecution of the War of 1812. The Historian of that period tells us that "not a day throughout the land were the Victories of our Forces, whether by Land or Sea, received with more heartfelt enthusiasm than at Tammany Hall." At the breaking out of the late Rebellion, it promptly and decidedly took its stand upon the Platform of the Union and the Constitution, and insisted that the Integrity and Authority of both must be preserved as the only Guarantees of National Strength and Civil Liberty. And during the whole of the fearful struggle which followed, while it never failed to denounce every exercise of arbitrary power and every infraction of the National Constitution, it exerted all its powerful influence to strengthen the Government in its efforts to re-establish its Constitutional Authority throughout the Land. Its motto has always been: THE UNION OF THE STATES, AND THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES. Through all its history the Spirit of Patriotism has been preserved with unchanging Fidelity.

At the late Celebration of the National Birthday by our Society, referring with pride to the gallant Deeds of her Sons who went forth to battle for the Union and against the Rebellion, the Council took occasion to allude to the Speeches which our Nation then presented. The Conflict of Arms had ceased; the Rebellion had been suppressed; the Authority of the Government vindicated; the Flag of the Union floated triumphantly over every foot of our National Domain; but alas! we had to deplore that that perfect Union bequeathed to us by our forefathers had not been restored. Eleven States were deprived of their Participation in the Government. And it was urged by our Society that this exclusion of States was no less treasonable, morally, when effected by Partisan Votes, than when attempted by a rebellious Resort to Arms; that the War being ended, the South reformed and repentant, the Treasonable Spirit expelled from the Land, and the Constitution preserved in its Integrity from the assaults of the Armies of the Rebellion, our Society justly turned with the same unswerving Patriotism with which it battled with Treason, to resist, by its Influence, its Arguments, and whatever of Political Power it might possess, the efforts of Partisanship to wrest from the People that Unity and Prosperity which were the legitimate Compensation for the sacrifices which had been made, and the Natural Fruits of the Victories which had been achieved.

Another Year has passed, and these evils have not been alleviated. The Nation has drifted still further from its Constitutional Moorings, and the Principles of Republican Government have been even more ruthlessly invaded. Civil Rule has been subordinated to Military Power in the States which were then only held in abeyance. One Portion of our People rule over the other; one Part of our Land is held subject to the other, although the States held in Bondage have added new Acts to testify their Unqualified Loyalty to the Union, and their Undeclared Readiness to discharge all the Duties enjoined by the Constitution and the Laws.

Our beloved Country is thus continuously, needlessly, and wilfully kept from resuming its True Condition of National Unity, Peace, Prosperity and Power, and Republican Government is outraged before the World. The unfeeling, intolerant, and selfish Political Conservatives who have usurped the Executive Control of the Government, and who enforce this Condition of National Distraction and National Dissension for the merest and meanest Purposes of Party Power, must be overcome as the First Duty of National Preservation. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when Statesmanship, Magnanimity and Patriotism will again rule in the Land, and when the people of the whole Union, free and prosperous, will once more be united in these Bonds of Concord, Unity and Fraternity on which our Nation was founded by the Fathers, and on which alone it can ever be great.

Believing that you sympathize in these Sentiments and Principles, we cordially invite you to meet with us at IRVING HALL, corner of Irving Place and Fifteenth Street, in the City of New York, on the FOURTH day of JULY NEXT, at TEN A. M., to take part in these Ceremonies.

Sachem JOHN KELLY,	Sachem GEORGE W. McLEAN,	Sachem EDWARDS PIERREPONT,
" WILLIAM M. TWEED,	" EMANUEL B. BART,	" CHARLES G. CORNELL,
" MATTHEW T. BRENNAN,	" JOHN J. BRADLEY,	" JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
" ISAAC BELL,	" RICHARD B. CONNOLLY,	" PETER B. WHELEVY,
" NATHANIEL JARVIS, JR.		

HENRY VANDEWATER, Treasurer. GEORGE W. ROOME, Sagamore.

STEPHEN C. DURYEA, Wikandzie.

WILSON SMALL, Secretary. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem.

JAMES WATSON, Scribe of the Council.

T. His Excellency ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

Please address your answer to JOHN T. HOFFMAN, City Hall, New York

TAMMANY SOCIETY.

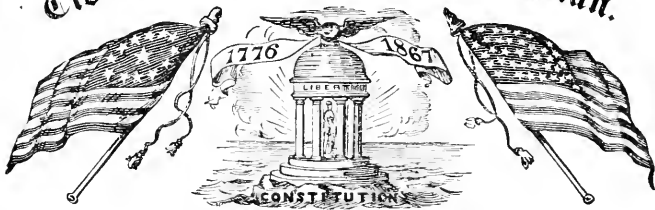
SEVENTY-NINTH CELEBRATION.



THE Ninety-first Anniversary of the Declaration of our Independence was celebrated by the Tammany Society with unexampled enthusiasm. This day, glorious from the deeds of the Fathers, was made yet more dear to the Democratic heart by the foundation of a new Temple of Liberty, destined to be the great political centre whence shall radiate, as of yore from old Tammany Hall, those watchwords and principles which command enduring triumph.

Summoned to the great occasion by the inspiring words of the Invitation reproduced in miniature on the opposite page, a vast mass of the leading Democrats of the city, with an influential representation of the Democracy of the State and of the Nation, assembled to participate in the exercises indicated in the following programme :

Civil Liberty the Glory of Man.



TAMMANY SOCIETY, Or, Columbian Order.

CELEBRATION OF THE NINETY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THURSDAY, JULY 4th, 1867.

In accordance with their unvarying custom, the Brothers of the Tammany Society will meet to celebrate the National Birthday according to the manner prescribed by the Constitution of the Society.

At Nine o'clock A. M., on Thursday, July 4th, 1867, the Sachems, Braves and Warriors will assemble for the transaction of business, in the temporary Council Chamber at Masonic Hall (Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues); at half-past 9 o'clock the doors will be thrown open for the admission of Invited Guests, friends of the Society, and the Democrats of New York, who are cordially invited to meet and unite in the ceremonies of LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW WIGWAM, and in the observance of the day.

At Ten o'clock, under the guidance of the Special Committee, the members and their friends, including distinguished guests from other cities and States, will form in procession in front of Masonic Hall, and accompanied by the full Band of the Seventh Regiment, march to the grounds in Fourteenth street, between Third avenue and Irving place, where the CORNER-STONE OF OLD TAMMANY HALL, with the NEW CORNER-STONE, will be laid with appropriate ceremonies, by the Grand Sachem, JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

Immediately after the ceremonies at the grounds, the procession will march to IRVING HALL, where the following exercises will be held:

NATIONAL AIRS.	GRAFULLA'S BAND.
READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE by	Hon. JOHN E. BURRILL.
MUSIC.	BAND.
ORATION.	Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.
ORIGINAL ODE.	DE WITT VAN BUREN.
MUSIC.	BAND.
ADDRESSES BY Gov. ENGLISH, of Conn., Hon. S. S. COX, Hon. A. OAKLEY HALL, and others.	
FINALE.	"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

All men who, now that war is over, yearn for the blessings of a real peace, and who desire the speedy restoration of all the States to their proper position in the Union under the Constitution, are earnestly invited to attend and unite with us in the celebration.

Grand Sachem JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

Sachem JAMES B. NICHOLSON,	Sachem RICHARD B. CONNOLLY,
" WILLIAM M. TWLED,	" ISAAC BELL,
" GEORGE W. McLENNAN,	" CHARLES G. CORNELL,
" EMANUEL B. HART,	" M. T. BRENNAN,
" JOHN KELLY,	" JOHN J. BRADLEY,
" PETER B. SWEENEY,	" NATHANIEL JARVIS, Jr.,

HENRY VANDEWATER, Treasurer.	Sachem EDWARDS PIERREPONT.	WILLIAM SMALL, Secretary.
GEORGE W. ROOME, <i>Sagamore.</i>		STEPHEN C. DURYEA, <i>Winkinkie.</i>

Special Committee of Arrangements.
JOHN T. HOFFMAN, DOUGLAS TAYLOR,
JAMES B. NICHOLSON, JAMES WATSON.

COMMITTEE.

Samuel J. Tilden,	Charles E. Loew,	William F. Allen,	Wa'ter Roche,
Augustus Schell,	Richard Cardozo,	Samuel L. M. Barlow,	John E. Burrill,
Daniel E. Delavan,	John K. Hackett,	Douglas Taylor,	Henry W. Genet,
James T. Brady,	James W. Fowler,	August Belmont,	Samuel B. Garvin,
A. L. Robertson,	George Law,	A. Oakley Hall,	Terence Farley,
Wm. E. Curtis,	Martin Marble,	Charles Reome,	William Dodge,
Richard Oberman,	John R. Brady,	Udolphe Wolfe,	Samuel F. Barger,
John Anderson,	John Fox,	James Mocerief,	John H. McCann,
Gideon J. Tucker,	Thomas Donlap,	Martin H. Levin,	Thos. J. Creamer,
Casper C. Childs,	Albert Cardozo,	Asen Herricks,	Peter Moneghan,
Charles P. Daly,	William Schirmer,	Edward Cooper,	Henry Liebenow,
Oswald Ottendorfer,	Henry Alker,	George G. Baroard,	Saml. T. Webster,
Charles O. Halpin,	John S. Giles,	Henry L. Clifton,	John Murphy,
Wilson G. Hunt,	Wm. H. Mansfield,	Claudius L. Monell,	William L. Ely,
Wm. C. Conner,	John M. Barbour,	George J. Forrest,	Thomas J. Barr,
Richard Schell,	John L. Brown,	George H. Pursey,	Joseph Cornell,
Edmund H. Miller,	James M. Sweeney,	Andrew J. Garvey,	James Hayes.
	Thomas B. Tappan,	Henry Storme,	

By the hour of commencement a large gathering of the Brothers sought admission to the temporary wigwam in Thirteenth street. It was opened and was soon thronged. Led by patriotic music, belonging to the days when Columbia and Columbians were hailed by a full Union of States, a long procession was formed. It proceeded to the new site in joyous acclaim beneath a welcoming glory of sunshine. And in front of the new ground which adjoins the Academy of Music on Fourteenth street, the procession halted at the word of command from Grand Marshal Andrew J. Garvey.

At this point of time the demonstration was as fine as was ever witnessed on any popular occasion in the city. The roofs and windows of the surrounding buildings were thronged by men and women—interested spectators of the ceremonies. The wide street was crowded with a dense mass of Democrats. Much of the ground had been excavated, and the crowds who gathered within the excavation that sloped backwards from the sidewalk gave to it the appearance of an amphitheatre. The mass meeting was fringed with the gay summer dresses of the ladies. Cheer upon cheer broke from the im-

mense assemblage as Grand Sachem John T. Hoffman was seen standing at the appropriate corner, holding in his hand the trowel, made of polished silver, with ivory handle. Upon its upper surface was engraved a representation of an Indian chief. Underneath was the following inscription :

From the Tammany Society
To Grand Sachem John T. Hoffman,
Used in laying the corner-stone of the new
Hall for the Tammany Society
or
Columbian Order,
July 4, 1867,
By John T. Hoffman, Grand Sachem.

On the other side were engraved the names of the Sachems and other officers of the Society.

The Grand Sachem then, amid the silence of the immense assemblage, addressed it as follows, in a clear and ringing voice, marked at times by impressive emotion :

BROTHERS AND FRIENDS—In the name of the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, and by direction of the Council of Sachems, I proceed to lay the corner-stone of a new Hall which will, for the next half century at least, be the headquarters of the Democracy of New York,

wherein the great principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, Constitutional Law, and National Unity, which form the great corner-stone of the Republic, will always be advocated and maintained.

The Anniversary of the Birthday of American Independence has been well chosen for the ceremony.

Standing here to-day, and recollecting that "liberty is our life," let us re-affirm and re-declare the sentiments of the "Great Declaration," and renew our pledge, to erect here, before the next anniversary, an edifice, which, in the greatness of its proportions, and the perfection of all its parts, shall be emblematic of that perfect Union of States, and of People, upon which depends the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the American Nation.

It was an address remarkable for chaste simplicity and apt expression. Renewed cheers attested that the vast multitude so recognized it.

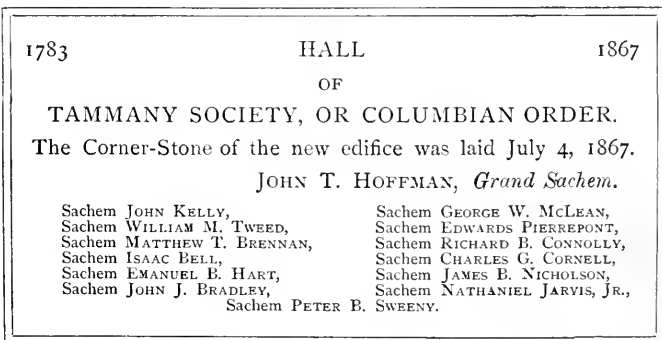
Willing hands then placed the casket within the stone box, beside the old one used in 1811 at the laying of the corner of the first Tammany Hall, and properly set the stone.

The casket's contents were as follows :

Gold and silver coin of the United States,

coined in 1867; bill showing cost of same in currency; History of Tammany Society, by R. G. Horton; programme and invitation; Manuscript of Oration; photographs of Grand Sachems, Sachems, and Members, and other Democrats; Valentine's Manual, Mayor's Message, and other public documents; copies of daily papers of July 4, 1867; photograph of the old Corner-Stone; prices of Gold, United States Securities, &c., July 3, 1867; coins of 1800 and 1803, contributed by F. A. Leggett; Manual of the Board of Education; Japanese coin; portrait of Washington; Constitution of the United States; Declaration of Independence, with biography of Signers; copy of the Ode.

The cover was inscribed as follows :



Grand Sachem Hoffman then plastered the stone with the grace and finish of a master mason. Again and again the multitude cheered, while the band alternately played strains of Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, and The Star-Spangled Banner.

These initial ceremonies being ended, the procession re-formed, and in a few moments was entering Irving Hall.

New cheers of delight broke forth as were greeted the interior decorations that had been most artistically prepared by Grand Marshal Garvey, whose known skill in such matters had been to-day, if possible, transcended.

The seals and mottoes of all the States were ranged in historical succession at the rear of the immense platform. National flags in finest bunting and silk were rosetted around the gallery sides, and streamers of blue and red and white were gracefully canopied from the dome to the lower posts and pillars of the immense hall. Banners with appropriate mottoes gemmed the walls. Among them the following:

CIVIL LIBERTY, THE GLORY OF MAN.

ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION,
ONE DESTINY.

1776.

1867.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—Upon its union and success depends the future success of the Republic. He who would seek to lower its standard of patriotism and principle, or to divide or distract its councils, is an enemy to the country.

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY,

FOUNDED IN 1789.

In its very foundation identified with the establishment of the Union. Ever faithful to its obligations, she has added another proof of her devotion by sending forth her sons to protect and maintain it.

And below flags and among State banners were seen the busts of Washington and Jefferson.

In a very few minutes the seats were occupied, and the aisles also crowded. Not a Sachem or approved Brave was absent from his post. Side by side sat the youthful Hoffman and the octogenarian Verplanck. Conspicuous in front was the intellectual face and graceful form of Colonel Conkling, who with generous courtesy had come to listen

to the "pow-wows" of his political foes. And at the right of the Grand Sachem sat the fiery, brave, and resistless Major-General Lovell H. Rousseau, of Kentucky. Richard Schell, Hon. S. B. Garvin, Albert Cardozo, John R. Brady, John M. Barbour, A. D. Russell, Joseph Dowling, Edmund L. Hearne, Henry Alker, Samuel J. Tilden, J. Winthrop Chandler, Charles W. Roome, A. Oakey Hall, Hugh Smith, Anson Herrick, James Watson, Col. James M. Sweeny, Thomas Dunlap, Wilson Small, Philip W. Engs, Douglas Taylor, Robert C. Hutchings, Andrew H. Green, Casper C. Childs, Daniel Gillespie, William Ketchum, Robert Gamble, Ward B. Burnett, Henry Storms, Joseph Cornell, William S. Conelly, Isaiah Rynders, Henry Vandewater, Charles W. Lawrence, Peter Trainor, John Brice, A. J. Garvey, John Nesbitt, Bernard Smythe, George W. Roome, John Murphy, Stephen A. Gardner, Charles A. Durkee, William Cauldwell, James G. Dimond, Thomas B. Tappen, George W. Morton, Francis B. O'Donnell, Peter Moneghan, Thomas Whelan, Stephen C. Duryea, Terence Farley, William L. King, John Brown, Charles E. Loew, Bernard Reilly, and others, were on the platform.

The exercises began with the reading of the

Declaration of Independence by Brother John E. Burrill. As his fine emphasis rendered some of the passages which now apply appropriately to radical intrigues and excesses, they were cheered and tumultuously applauded.

After appropriate music, Grand Sachem Hoffman introduced De Witt Van Buren, Esq., as follows :

I have now the pleasure of inviting your attention to a reading of an appropriate ode, written expressly for the occasion by a gentleman who has lately enlisted on the staff of the *World* newspaper, and who has been formerly known as a Democratic editor in the city of Troy.

Mr. Van Buren then recited the following

O D E.

I.

Spirit of Liberty ! divine and fair,
 From thy resplendent throne in upper air
 Descend and bless the Nation's natal day !
 Mother of Nations ! tender, wise and grand,
 Light the broad breadth of all this teeming land
 With the warm glance of a celestial ray.

II.

Mountains and sea lift up your myriad voice !
 Earth, with your pictured pomp, once more rejoice !
 For the years grow grand in their march sublime !
 And the wondrous plans of all human good
 Are evolved in our common brotherhood
 By that marvellous Alchemist, Time.

III.

Thou faded shape of War, grim, gaunt and gray,
From whose dread presence Nations shrink away,
Behold the harvest of your bloody fields !
From out the war-ploughed Past it springs again,
In vernal valley and on purple plain,—
The glorious hope a grateful country yields.

IV.

The great green earth forgets its shrunken scars—
The broad blue sky is set with solemn stars—
The sea sings sweetly to the sullen shore ;
The banners of the clouds are all unfurled,
A shape of beauty haunts the wrinkled world,
And Hope's sweet music fills the land once more.

V.

Hail ! Spirit of the mighty Present, Hail !
The Nation's years are big with precious fate ;
To-day our flag unfolds on every gale,
The emblem of a People proud and great.
To-day the air is filled with music grand—
A pulse of joy thrills all the summer land ;
To-day the Past springs from its grassy grave
And beckons to the Future ; and the brave
Strong years of Freedom, like a bannered train,
Crowd the dim sea and all the mighty main !

VI.

Oh ! spirit of divinest Liberty,
That guard'st, with solemn care, the Nation's life
Amid the shock, the struggle and the strife,
Lo ! this fair temple we would build to thee.
No baffled host we come, with trailing arms,
Scourged by the fight or shocked by its alarms ;

But like a victor band, brave, strong and leal,
 With hands of iron and with hearts of steel.
 Here, in this crowded hour of faith and hope,
 The sunlight gilding every vale and slope—
 Here, where our triumphs have been long and great,
 The Nation's pride, the glory of the State,—
 On this fair spot we consecrate to thee—
 Oh! spirit of immortal Liberty—
 A noble fane for all enduring time,
 To guide the Nation with a light sublime—
 A splendid temple, such as Freemen give
 To Freedom—one that, Heaven-watched, may outlive
 The gilded piles that pomp or fashion rears,
 And prove the country's boast through all the changing years.

VII.

A glorious and majestic Past is ours,
 Thronged with the timely lessons and rewards
 Which Justice, by her viewless voice, accords
 To Freedom's sentinels, who rout the Powers
 Of Wrong and Hate, and give the land release
 From fetters which deter the swift advent of peace.
 Through peace and war, in council and on field
 This simple truth has been our star and shield—
 "The Union and the Rights of all the States!"
 To this we cling, despite all adverse Fates,
 As clings a shipwrecked sailor to the sail
 Which shoreward glides in every favoring gale.
 And though through madness, treachery, and wrong,
 The weak and sad are trampled by the strong—
 Though half the land be filled with grassy graves,
 And half our prosperous people almost slaves—
 Though madmen rule, and despots have the sway
 The laws to crush, our honor to betray,—

Still let us hope the golden time draws near
When all the hosts of Hate shall disappear ;
When Faith and Truth shall frame the sacred chart
That guides to love and reason every human heart.

The Grand Sachem then presented to the audience their venerable orator, the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck. The brothers and hearers rose spontaneously to greet him, and welcomed the old man eloquent with a hearty three times three. He then proceeded with a somewhat enfeebled voice, but with great precision in enunciation and grace of gesture, to deliver the following

ADDRESS.

GRAND SACHEM, FRIENDS, BROTHERS OF THE TAMMANY SOCIETY, AND FELLOW CITIZENS: I congratulate you on the return of this auspicious day, which released our land from dependence on foreign rulers. I congratulate you that the return of this day no longer finds the battle-field reddened with the blood of brethren spilt by each other's hands. I especially congratulate you, the sons of Tammany, that you can look back through the past dark years of civil strife with just pride—feeling that you have in the hour of trial still kept the political faith, the unwavering loyalty to the Constitution and the liberties of the people, that gave character and honor and power to the Tammany

Society from its very foundation. Finally, I congratulate you on the special occasion on which we are assembled, the laying the corner-stone of a Hall, which, in its magnitude, its style, its very site, will give strong evidence that this ancient association has fully kept step with the advance of our great commercial metropolis and with the increasing strength and influence of our noble State.

Whilst I am grateful for the honor of your invitation to address your assembled body on an occasion of such interest, I cannot but be sensible that this invitation is owing mainly, perhaps altogether to my age, which enables me to speak to you from personal knowledge and recollection of men and of events in times long past; events and men endeared to you by honorable and patriotic association, yet floating before the minds of most of you, only discerned through the vague generalities of history; whilst the memories of very many of the worthiest and best of the men who made the facts of that history, have faded into mere names, preserved only, if preserved at all, by still more vague tradition. It is, therefore, that in accepting your kind invitation, Grand Sachem, I have come, not to make to you an oration, or to deliver a political lecture. You have among you many much younger men, who would discharge such duties with an eloquence glowing with the fervor of youth, and with political wisdom, gained by their training under the banner of St. Tammany.

I have come here with the intention of talking to you colloquially, even at the risk of talking garrulously of old times, and of honest and wise men, who formed the mind of this Society and directed its action.

Allow me to pause for a moment before entering on that theme—a theme to me filled with touching remembrances of long-buried friendship with good men. Let me pause to contrast the old establishment of Tammany with the site and edifice on which you are about to install him.

I am old enough to remember the original Tammany Wigwam—the Pigpen, as it was contemptuously called by its political adversaries. It was a humble wooden building, attached to worthy Brother Martling's tavern adjoining; the tavern was upon the site of the hall you have just left, and the Wigwam adjoined it on Nassau street. It was, as I said, a very humble wooden one-story building, hardly as large as many a saloon at present in private residences. Still, humble as the hall was, it corresponded with the little city in which it was founded. Just above it an open country, the fields beginning at our City Hall Park: for the city extended higher only along the East River, while the banks of the Hudson above College place were occupied only by farms, country-seats, and clusters of small country houses, gradually growing into villages. A single building of the present hospital stood alone out of the city, with little but a salt

marsh in its rear. The city was small, the State was feeble, far behind Virginia, Pennsylvania, or Massachusetts in wealth and population. In that small wooden hall, just on the outward verge of our little city, the Tammany Society held its meetings, its festive anniversaries, and, when occasion called for it, the political gathering of citizens who felt and thought with them. Yet small as was our city, feeble comparatively as was our State, the men of Tammany assembled in that low, wooden, barn-like Pigpen, effected great political results, producing an effect on the public mind which changed the vote of the city, which turned the electoral vote of the State. This vote, by placing the authority of the Federal Government in other hands, established the foundation of that political faith which St. Tammany has never forgotten nor abandoned. My recollection of those days and of the old Pigpen are but the boyish reminiscences of men rather than those of doctrines. I cannot claim the least share of the honors due to your fathers. The principles that gathered and animated these men are recorded in history, but they have also been engraved in living characters on the hearts of generation after generation of the members of this Society. The administration of the Federal Government in 1798-99 had advanced opinions and exercised powers far short of many of the powers since claimed or assumed, yet such as the sagacious and far-seeing men who gave direction to your

opinions looked upon not only as unauthorized by the Constitution, but as pregnant with far greater future evils, such as would absorb State governments, with all their safeguards to liberty, and convert our well-balanced Constitution into a vast consolidated empire, by which every defense of personal right and of the freedom of the press would be obliterated.

I have told you of the consequences of the protests of St. Tammany in the great election of 1801. In those and the principles thus established, and ever faithfully adhered to by *you* and your predecessors, was the *first* great chapter of your political creed recorded in characters of living light. A second chapter to perfect that creed was to be added, but events had not yet called for it. Let me pause to speak of the men of the last days of the last century who filled, who guided, and let me add, who adorned the vilified Pigpen. There often assembled the stout-hearted, liberty-loving mechanics of the Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Wards, led by many among them not less wise and far-seeing in all political concern than stout-hearted or liberty-loving. Of some of these unpretending guides of political opinion, who in an after period came within my personal acquaintance, I must talk to you a little by and by. But with them, in that hour of alarm for the endangered rights of the nation, were also gathered men of historic fame, with others who very soon after became scarcely less distinguished. Then came

the elder Clinton, Governor of the State through all the trying years of the Revolutionary war. Then too, was the venerable and accomplished Horatio Gates, the victor of Saratogo, the captor of Burgoyne, who, near the scenes where wealth and fashion now reign, had saved the cause of Independence. Then, too, came the younger Clinton, De Witt Clinton, long afterward Governor, the founder of that canal-policy which has encircled his name with glory. Then came Brockholst Livingston, an elegant scholar, and an original thinker, afterward among the most eminent judges of the Supreme Court of the State and of the United States. Then came and very often spoke, Edward Livingston, whose memory will long be green with the mixed laurels of law, of literature, and of statesmanship. When that crisis of our history had passed, many questions arose to separate members from each other, often to give rise to embittered feuds and animosities. There were questions about banks and canals, and personal rivalry and collisions and struggles for office. In spite of these divisions, no matter how engrossing at the time might be the transient causes, or how embittered the feelings they engendered, the Society never expelled a brother as long as he did not renounce his attachment to his country. A short time after, the wisdom of that generous toleration was proved; events hastened forward, and another crisis of public affairs arose.

The war of 1812, with Great Britain, found us un-

prepared, and, I blush to add, in part divided. The victorious British navy swept our commerce from the seas, blockaded and harassed our coasts, and threatened our cities. The financial credit of our general government became impaired, partly from our timidity in not imposing sufficient taxation, and in no small degree from factious opposition. Some of our States, among them the richest, had assumed grounds of State Rights, approaching nearly to those of more modern secession; while many of the leaders of political opinion undisguisedly advocated the doctrine itself, if not an ultimate alliance with the enemy. Chief-magistrates and courts and legislatures had joined already in denial of the President's right to demand and order the State militia. Where was this to end? Men's minds were filled with alarm at the present state of affairs, and fearful forebodings of the future.

It was in the darkest hour of that gloom that Daniel D. Tompkins was Governor of New York. He had, some years before, been elected Governor, after a severe contest with his predecessor, Morgan Lewis. He now resolved to rouse the people of the city, and through them to animate and arm the State. Did his former supporters of Tammany then alone support him? No, they rallied around him with fervor; but others, alienated by the late contests, came also to his aid. There was Willet, the bravest of the brave in the border wars of the Revolution, and the late Mayor of the city, re-

moved by Tompkins himself; there was the ever ready, eloquent Peter R. Livingston, and Colden, and a host of others. Above all, there was the defeated Governor Lewis himself. Their feuds, their defeats were all forgotten. All rallied around the chosen man of the people in support of national independence and national union. Tompkins laid before the people the difficulties of the government at Washington. He called upon this city to enable their State to revive the credit and the authority of the general government. The call was not in vain. Our city banks opened their vaults and extended their credit to the utmost, thus enabling the Chief-Magistrate to arm and call forth the whole force of this State. Her militia flocked to defend every point of danger. The voice of New York thus raised gave confidence to the whole land.

“ That voice, the liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears or dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, or on the perilous front
Of battle when it raged.”

The danger was averted. The nation was preserved.

In that action of your society and of the patriotic citizens who acted with you, in the resolutions passed at that time, in the opinions avowed and inculcated by speeches or by the press, the second great article of your political faith was announced and fixed. It proclaimed the just authority of the Federal government within its defined limits. It

protested against the doctrines of secession, and every approach to them, on any denial of the constitutional authority of the Federal government. Again, some twenty years later, when President Jackson denounced the incipient secession of South Carolina, you proclaimed your allegiance to the same doctrines, as they were eloquently stated in that masterly proclamation, inspired by the mind and energy of Jackson, but clothed with argument and language by the pen of his Secretary of State, your old associate, Edward Livingston. From that time you have gone on, through evil report and good report, though assailed by calumny, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, uniformly supporting the just rights of the States and those of the Federal government, and as steadily opposing every usurpation of authority by either.

I have mentioned with some of the honors they merited, the men of illustrious historic names, of whom St. Tammany can proudly boast. But I must also speak to you somewhat of some old-time Tammany men of my acquaintance who have left no public record, but whose sound sense and stainless integrity gave them a conceded authority. There were Bloodgood, and Targee, and Bailey, and Parker, the brushmaker, of the Sixth Ward, afterward Grand Sachem, and Grand Sachem Crolius, and Colonel Rutgers, who could almost be classed among historic names with others on your roll of membership: men of the Swamp, or the old Sixth and Seventh

Wards ; men, like those men of 1799 and 1800, of whom I have spoken before ; hard-handed men, but also hard-thinking men, who thought well and wisely, and impressed their thoughts on those about them, without speechmaking, often without formal argument. Take my worthy old friend, Abraham Bloodgood, for an example. He was by occupation from youth a leather-dresser in the Swamp, and when his labors had gained him independence, still continued his superintendence of the leather manufacture. By the way, there seems some mysterious connection between the leather manufacture and the politics of Tammany Hall. I am not philosopher enough to account for it, but I bear witness to the fact, and leave it to be accounted for by some of those abstract reasoners who in these days of speculation can account for everything. Bloodgood had no fluency of speech, but plain, good sense, and in his later years was a prudent and honorable manager in moneyed institutions in Wall street. Then, again, there was an old colleague of mine in the city delegation in the Assembly, when the city elected a general ticket, George Buckmaster, the boat-builder,—the portly, jovial Alderman George Buckmaster. He was a silent, but an intelligent and very honest legislator. But that was not his vocation. In his vocation he was great. He not only built more boats than any one else, but better ones. He was, as I am inclined to think, the father—certainly he was a sagacious and

successful pioneer of those improvements which have now made the art—may I not call it the science—of boat-building an object of universal interest and national pride. There, too, was John Remmey, some time Assistant-Alderman of the Sixth Ward. He was a remarkable character; for though a very practical, hard working man, he was in one department, and in that only, a man of books. He was a native of this city, of German descent, and he preserved the habits and the language of his forefathers. He was by trade a potter, or, as it was called by us natives, a pottbaker. By the way, I must say for the honor of old times, that this was by no means a city vulgarism, from ignorance, but a genuine Holland word, *pottbaker*, retained in our vernacular speech. John Remmey had no advantage of early education, beyond that (no trifling one) of the familiar command of two living languages, and those two among the richest in the civilized world. He worked industriously at his trade, but his leisure hours were devoted to study. He had no taste, or perhaps no time, for general literature, but he had an intense curiosity for history and geography. To these subjects he devoted all his leisure hours. Simple in his life, with no habits of personal expense, he devoted all his surplus means to the purchase of maps and books. His collection became in time a noble one. He procured by purchase here, and by importation, not only the best atlases and books of geography, but rare memoirs, and the choicest

topographical maps. He had no vanity of authorship; but at times of public curiosity, when a special interest was excited, and our New York understood nothing of the subject, he would print an anonymous pamphlet, or give to some newspaper an article or two containing all possible information on the subject. Thus, when Napoleon, then only General Bonaparte, turned the eyes of the whole civilized world upon Egypt and the East, John Remmey printed an anonymous pamphlet on Egypt, summing up everything known about the land of the Pharaoh's. Again, when the Emperor Napoleon bore his victorious eagle through Germany; when, as a poet of this day said,

"Prussia hurried to the field,
And seized her sword, but left her shield,"

And so onward to the bloody battle, lighted by "the sun of Austerlitz" (to use a favorite phrase of Napoleon himself), during more than ten years, on every arrival from Europe, Remmey hastened to his beloved library, and studied out all the military positions in his inestimable maps with all the interest of a West Point Professor of tactics or engineering, or one of Göttingen or Heidelberg, in the land of his forefathers. If the news happened to be of special interest, Remmey would insert, without his name, in some newspaper, a condensed summary of the marches and localities of actions, from which many a prosperous merchant or successful college-bred lawyer eagerly gathered their

information, without the remotest suspicion that this minute geographical precision, far surpassing anything that our city editors could gather from the London papers, all came from Cauchard's excellent topographical military maps of the European continent in the choice library of the Tammany Assistant-Alderman of the Sixth Ward.

I cannot pass over that generous, large-hearted Irishman, Cornelius Heeny, long a member of our city delegation in the Assembly. He was full of broad humor, and of that cast of humor which is peculiar to Irishmen. But his drollery, however broad, usually covered no small share of that good sense that regulated his life and conduct. His jokes and his jibes were seldom forgotten, or failed to produce their intended end. Tammany possessed at the same time James Fairlie, whose sayings and jokes told more even than Heeny's. He was rather a natural wit than a man of humor. He constantly threw out in talk terse sayings or phrases, brief, pungent, full of meaning, and these never failed to fasten on the public mind.

Fairlie was a soldier of the Revolution, who left Washington's army at the peace of 1783 with the rank of Major. He was an exact man of business and a most conservative politician, averse to changes though an unswerving Democrat.

In those days James Campbell, for many years the Surrogate of the city, was a powerful leader at Tammany Hall, and that from character and mind

alone, without any effort or any art of popularity. He was not college-bred, but he was the son of a learned father, old Malcolm Campbell, who had been trained at Aberdeen, the great school of Scotch Latinity. James Campbell was, like his father, a good classical scholar, and he was a sound lawyer. He was not only an assiduous, kind, sound, and just magistrate, but one of unquestioned ability. In his surrogateship, the days of universal reporting, either in the multitudinous volumes in white law-binding on the shelves of lawyers or in the crowded columns of the daily papers, had not quite arrived, though they were just at hand.

Had he lived and held office a few years later, I do not doubt that he would have ranked with the great luminaries of his branch of legal science. As it is, I fear that James Campbell's legal reputation must share the fate of the reputations of many able and eminent men in all professions who cannot

———“ Look to Time's award.—

Feeble Tradition is their memory's guard.

I must say the same thing of John T. Irving, for many years the able presiding judge of the Court of Common Pleas in this city. He was an excellent lawyer, a good general scholar, and, like his younger brother, Washington, a wit and an author; though these last qualities he kept carefully to himself, without letting the world know anything about the matter. To this I must add a Tammany reminiscence. He was the founder and chief

financial manager in erecting the late Tammany Hall at the corner of Frankfort street.

Can I pass over another old personal friend, William Irving, the elder brother of that highly gifted Irving family? He was a merchant, an ardent Democrat, and for some years a representative in Congress from this city. He had natural talents which, if he had cultivated them like his youngest brother, would have placed him in the highest ranks of American literature. His prose and his poetry were always spontaneous and always anonymous, called forth by some subject of immediate interest. He was a man of the purest morals, of the kindest and noblest nature. He was a man of genius. But he can have no historic record of that worth or that genius. His writings were, as I have said, all anonymous and fugitive. In Congress, and in similar assemblages, he was tongue-tied. He lacked altogether what the great dramatist has termed

—“The rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.”

which has gained notoriety and sometimes even fame to men far inferior to William Irving. His memory, so far as it is preserved at all, will be preserved only by the brief attestation of cotemporary friends, and by such poor tributes as I am now rendering to him.

In the same circle was another personal friend of mine of like opinions with William Irving, but who does not require such tributes as these to pre-

serve his name from oblivion. James Kirke Paulding was a younger brother of the courteous and dignified Mayor Paulding, whom you are proud to number among your former members. He was an uneducated country boy until manhood; then came to this city to a small clerkship, improved himself by solitary study and the repeated trial of his powers, and by slow gradations through long service rose to the government of the American Navy, and a seat in the Cabinet of President Van Buren, as his Secretary of the Navy. These official honors were worthily earned, and their appurtenant duties as worthily discharged. Yet I should not have been induced now to speak of him for his mere official preferment. He has other stronger claims to be remembered by you on this day and this occasion. He was a ready and fertile author in prose and verse, in light tales, and grave discussions. In all these writings, whatever might be his immediate object, even if mere amusement, he kept steadily in view the ulterior end of forming an American character, and moulding the hearts of the rising generation to love of their country and its institutions.

But his special claim to be now and here honored is, that at the time when such services were needed, he was the acknowledged literary champion of our country.

Few of my hearers will remember it, but to me it seems but yesterday, that after the war which terminated so gloriously in the victory of New Or-

leans, our land was inundated by troupes of travellers from abroad, who explored every corner of it to find something to complain of, to censure, or give an opportunity of villifying this nation and our institutions. These growlings were duly embodied in volumes of travel, and published in England; and the calumnies they contained were reëchoed, often with exaggeration, in public journals and periodicals, more especially in the *Quarterly Review*, then, as now, the acknowledged literary organ of the Tory party, and one of undeniable ability. Their bitter calumnies had the effect of keeping up animosity in Great Britain, and in some instances of producing injurious influences among ourselves.

Against the whole of them, travellers and reviewers alike, James Kirke Paulding took the field. Armed, like a knight of old, with a double-edged battle-axe—one edge of impassioned argument, the other of keenest satire—he clove down every travelling Smelfungus (the phrase is Paulding's, not mine) who villified our people—as Captain Hamilton, of the British army; Basil Hall, of the navy; the Rev. Mr. F. Tiddler, of the church, with a host of inferior followers, after which he laid in the dust Gifford and Wilson Croker, the two most malignant giants of the *Quarterly Review*.

Is not this Fourth of July, and this assemblage, the very time and place to do honor to such a champion?

But time presses. I must leave my departed

literary friends to go on to other names of which Tammany is proud. Let us do homage to the stern virtue and strong sense of Stephen Allen, a Sachem of Tammany, a Mayor of New York. Before that native sense, and that severe integrity, the mind pauses as before some old Roman monument of a chief—some Fabricius or Cincinnatus of Rome's early day of virtuous simplicity—a massive monument, without any decoration of art or taste, nor needing such decoration, but grand from its very plainness. Stephen Allen, a working mechanic in a sail-loft from his boyhood, had no advantage whatever of early education ; but his whole life was one of steady intellectual progress by his own unaided study. He not only despised the usual arts of popularity, but he had not that temper or those manners to which popularity often comes unsought. He never sought for or coveted official stations, unless there was, in his judgment, some object of public usefulness that his official position would enable him to accomplish. For repeated services from such motives the city owes much gratitude to his memory. He was rarely a candidate for office without exciting strong, open, or covert opposition. But honest and thinking men ever came to his support, and it is almost as honorable to the electors as to himself that he never was a defeated candidate. No part of his public career is so remarkable as that in the Senate of the State, during four years of office. As a legislator he was

ever the watchful, bold guardian of the public welfare. Marked out by his sound sense, neither the arts nor flatteries of individuals or popular clamor could swerve him from the path of duty. But as Senator he was also a member of the highest appellate court of the State, for the old Court for the Correction of Errors under our first and second State Constitutions was composed of the elected Senators, together with the judges and Chancellor of the State. Allow me to digress a moment to speak of a court in whose deliberations I myself had the honor to bear a part for a few years. I have no theory of now recommending it for readoption. There are many reasons satisfactory to myself why such a Court is unsuited to our times and our requirements. But in its time, its mixture of the lay element with the purely legal mind produced the best consequences. There was always among the Senators a great respect (kept up by the regular handing down of opinion from year to year, as one-fourth of the Senate was annually renewed)—there was, I say, a great respect for the settled law of the land laid down by its official exponents. Still, on the other hand, the Senate would occasionally exercise that Pretorian equity (to borrow a phrase of Roman law) which brushed aside mere technicalities and obsolete authorities, and looked directly to the reason and justice of the question. It was for this reason, the old lawyers like O'Connor will testify, that this court was one

which brought out the whole talent of the advocates who came before it, and was such a field for forensic eloquence in jurisprudence as is not to be found in any other court of our time. The advocate had not only to search out and to argue upon cases and authorities, but to look to and to enforce the right and reason of the side he maintained.

In this body Stephen Allen distinguished himself, not only by his sagacity and acquaintance with the business of life, but by his legal opinions. Late as it was in his life, he purchased a law library, studied out every case, and gave sound reasons for his vote. Some of his opinions are in print in our reports, and will confirm my testimony. For eight years the Senators from the city had great weight in all the decisions of our highest appellate Court. These Senators were Cadwallader D. Colden, a well-educated and experienced lawyer, and Stephen Allen, the self-educated sailmaker.

After Mayor Allen, I must speak of another Tammany Mayor—Gideon Lee. Like Allen, he was a self-educated man, and in his youth a practical mechanic. Odd as it may seem, he, too, was a man of leather and he rose to be one of the merchant princes of our land in the manufacture and commerce of that article. Unlike Allen, he was by nature, without art or effort, a popular man; and when he could indulge it, he had a praiseworthy ambition of filling honorable official stations, and doing good in them. His own thoughts and ob-

servations and unassisted studies had filled his mind with large and liberal views. These he carried out and applied boldly and beneficially in the public stations that he filled.

One slight circumstance must be related as characteristic of the man. After he had attained a high position in wealth, and having honorably discharged high offices, he volunteered to deliver a course of nine or ten public lectures on "*Tanning.*" He was used to say, "I am not a scholar or a man of science, but two things I flatter myself that I understand—tanning and banking." His success in both occupations proved the truth of this boast. His lectures embodied all that chemical science could tell about tanning, together with much practical information drawn from his own personal experience and observation in every stage of the art of tanning; much of it of a kind which would never have occurred to any one who had not, like Lee, handled the hides with his own hands.

Did time permit, I could talk to you by the hour of departed worthies recorded on the roll of honor of the Columbian Order, such as my old college companion, Alpheus Sherman, who is to-day brought vividly before my recollection by the coincidence that when the corner-stone of the late Tammany Hall was laid, fifty-six years ago, he was the orator of the occasion selected by the Council. He was in after life for some years an able, honest, useful State Senator.

Thus far I have spoken to you only of men whom but few of my hearers have any personal recollection of. Now I cannot refrain from adding a few words about one who still lives in the minds and hearts of all of you—the late Grand Sachem, Elijah Purdy. His connection with the Tammany Society and his influence over the Democracy reach back many years, so that he was a compeer of the men of the times of Governor Tompkins, as well as of those of the days of Mayors Allen and Lee.

You can all recall the bright eyes, the cheerful countenance, the pleasant talk, the unerring sagacity of the late Grand Sachem. Elijah Purdy was a man sprung from the people, and of the people, and he ever had at heart the people's comfort and welfare. His cheerful temper, his integrity, his simple habits, his contented enjoyment of life in moderate and sometimes straitened circumstances, without coveting wealth or high station, endeared him to those who knew him familiarly; but the secret of his long-continued and wide-spread influence was, that he had the welfare of the people honestly, warmly at heart, and the people knew it.

Should I proceed in relating my recollection of worthy public servants in Tammany Hall in old times, I should inflict upon my hearers a whole biographical dictionary of our old sachems and chiefs, from Grand Sachem and Mayor Walter Bowne, and Grand Sachem Speaker Romaine, down to men of the same class still living among us,

and not less worthy than the departed brothers with whom they acted.

But I must hasten to make some few brief general remarks, and then to close.

I have dwelt on the sterling probity of these fathers of your order, to whom the public voice often confided the interests of your city or your State. Loud clamors have been raised and angry charges made, that that probity has not descended to later days. Nor is it to be denied that in the growth of wealth and its temptations the same old purity has not always been preserved. The brush-tail of St. Tammany gives no sure exemption from the infirmity of human nature. Artful men have at times won your confidence, and betrayed it. It is a poor defense of such delinquencies that many persons attached to other political associations, which have scarcely existed as many months as this society has years, have gained by public plunder mountains of wealth, in comparison with which the aggregate of all that the treasury of the city, State or nation has lost by men of Tammany during many years of power, is utterly insignificant. Be that as it may, recrimination, even though well founded, is not justification.

It has been well said by a teacher of wisdom, that history is philosophy teaching by example. Therefore it was that I have now wished to teach by the example of your own good men. Say not that we have no longer such men—that we have no

longer a Stephen Allen. True, not precisely men like Stephen Allen, for such self-formed men are of rare occurrence; but you have men as able and honest as any in past times, and recent elections to our highest stations have proved it. There are around us and amongst us hundreds of good and plain men, like Abraham Bloodgood and his associates. Such men seek not public stations; it is for you to seek them out, and to make them accept such trusts. Enough on this subject.

A brief word on a very different subject. I refer to the far-reaching question of the right and duty of those who wield the authority in any State or community to exert that authority, either directly or indirectly, except to protect every citizen from some aggressive injury from any other. Our constitution enjoins religious toleration. Yet mere toleration is a poor and cold thing, so long as the whole social influence is thrown against those whose worship or opinions are offensive to those who rule. On this head you, my friends, have nothing to learn. You have long received as brothers and equals all who commit no offence against social order. We have but to look around us to behold the clear evidence that you have not been content with mere law-enacted toleration. You have shared the honors of the Society as well as those of the State with men whom you could trust, without regard to difference of creed or lineage. On that head you have nothing to learn.

But the principle of that question reaches much further. How far can or ought the ruling authority to extend its interference with the habits, recreations, and associations of citizens, merely because such habits or recreations are thought of evil tendency, though they injure no one beyond their sphere? It is not easy to state theoretically, in general terms, the proper limits of authority in this regard. But it is certain that on every practical question of this nature which has arisen, your sentiments and your action have always been on the side of moderation and freedom.

But as I have told you at first, I came here with no intent of making a Fourth-of-July oration, or of delivering a political lecture. I shall not depart from that resolution. The theme that I have just touched upon is an abundant and interesting one. I am content with barely suggesting it, and I leave it to your own reflections.

Let me, then, honored Grand Sachem, and you, sons of St. Tammany, again congratulate you on this auspicious occasion. The Hall you are about to rear is, I trust, destined to witness the festive anniversaries of the Society and the great gatherings of our electors during many years of peace and prosperity, under the guardianship of recovered and unimpaired constitutional freedom.

Yet happily it may be—may Heaven avert so fearful a calamity!—that hereafter, some wide delusion may for a time separate you and the

principles you maintain from the confidence of a majority of the people of our land, that these sacred principles and the rights and liberties which they proclaim and support, may for a time be prostrate in the dust, and be trampled upon by the foot of usurping and unscrupulous power.

In such a crisis, if it must come, that Hall will become, as it were, a lofty watch-tower on the works of some impregnable fortress, defying every assault, though all around, far and wide, is ravaged by an enemy. On that solitary tower your chiefs and your mighty men will stand to watch, to guard, to raise the loud alarm on every approach of danger, and, when the sure hour of liberation arrives, then to summon the people to vindicate their rights.

Then, fear not. Have no dread, no doubt of the result. The people will recognize that voice of truth and of power which in days past had roused them from wild and fevered dreams. No: that call cannot be vain. They will throng to the rescue. They will rally under your time-honored banner. The thick clouds of delusion will roll away, like the morning mist before the glorious beams of the rising sun. Then, from that hall will rise the glad shouts of victory. Then will that hall resound with the songs of triumph.

The Hon. Samuel B. Garvin, formerly U. S. District Attorney of Western New York, Ex-District Attorney of Oneida County, Member

from this city of the Constitutional Convention, and Associate Justice of our Superior Court, then read the cheering letters from the President of the United States and the Governor of Democratic Connecticut, which, with many others from leading Democrats throughout the Union, will be found elsewhere.

Mayor Hoffman, in introducing the next speaker, said :

“I have now another pleasure in store for you. I present to you (although he needs no introduction to a Democratic audience) the Hon. S. S. Cox, now of our city, but who for eight years, as a member of Congress from Ohio, did such great service to the country and to your principles at a time when all the States of the Union had their recognized representatives at Washington.”

A truly hearty reception was given to the distinguished statesman, who proceeded to say :

BROTHERS OF TAMMANY: Your Society, with its Indian name and customs, is but the outward symbol of an inward thought. That thought is Democracy, unappalled and defiant. [Applause.] If it were not so, you would have declined with the decadence of the red man. Your traditions, wrapped in aboriginal metaphor, have more meaning than meet the ear. Lord Bacon found more

“wisdom” in the ancient mythology than the ancients ever intended; so beneath your myths there is a magic wisdom which makes you a political power. It is the ring, more potent than that upon which the Genii walked, or than the faerie ring of Spenser, which staunched all wounds—or than any other “Ring” known to politics, which opens the enchanted chambers of patronage and power! [Applause.] Your traditions represent your Chief, Tammany, as in constant conflict with evil spirits. He was no Radical. [Laughter.] When victorious, he surprised by a chivalric clemency. Indeed, every lesson which a State requires is taught by your legends. I have read in the history of Tammany, how that after he had returned from his interview with the Incas of Peru, and had subdued the diseases and troubles—allegorical of civil wars—which had grown in his absence, and after arriving at an unusual age, he died amid the lamentations of his tribe. Over his remains there was raised a mound, rivalling the Pyramidal tombs. Your history says that “curious antiquarians have detected the spot, for he lies within the great Indian fort, near Muskingum.” When I read this, brothers of Tammany, my heart leaped up. Was not Muskingum my native valley? Were not its waters familiar to me, from the junction of Walhonding and Tuscaroras—where the good Moravian Indians lived till the marauding whites, antedating the conduct of their descendants of to-day,

murdered them—(applause)—to its mouth at Marietta, where it joins the stately Ohio, familiar as the majestic Hudson is to you? But I confess, though I had studied its early history, this significant fact of the tomb of Tammany had escaped me. Unconscious was I that its rushing waters, likened for their clearness by the Indians to the Elk's eye, chaunted in liquid lyric the *requiem* of your chieftain. Since such is the fact, I ask of the Grand Sachem to be hailed as the immediate representative of his sainted chief. [Applause.] Allow me to imagine that his spirit yet lingers on the shore of the beautiful Muskingum, counting the waning and waxing moons as they distil their dew upon the ripening maize. Over its sheen—pellucid as crystal before it was riled and dammed by civilization—the children of his tribe, in the glamour of evening, with invisible canoes, freighted with unseen squaws and imperceptible papooses, ply their impalpable paddles. On its green banks, under its swaying sycamores, the shadowy braves, indifferent alike to greenbacks, reconstruction, or legislative commissions, smoke the sweet Indian Summer away, with a calumet aglow with that “most virtuous weed”—whose exhalation, perfumed with the Killickinick, lies in an azure scarf over the bosom of the hills; or tricked out in war paint and feathers, move around the ancient fort, shod in their spiritual moccasins, to keep guard over the mausoleum of their chief. [Applause.]

These are but fancies. This fact remains. Long before the Pentelican quarries gave their marble to the Parthenon—far back in the rearward and twilight of time—the wonderful mound of the Muskingum, made of the rich moulds of the valley, rose at the bidding of a mysterious race. Who were they, unless they were the tribes of Tammany? These monuments have been attributed to the Aztec, the Celt, the Tartar, or the lost tribes. I reject the Aztec theory, since Juarez has shot Maximilian, as unworthy of association with Tammany. [Cheers.] Nor do you ever “catch a Tartar,” except on a nomadic expedition, with horse and herd, and little reverence for locality. I reject the Hebraic theory. The tribes of Israel have not been addicted to digging in the earth, but rather to trade. [Laughter.] The most reasonable theory is that of the Celts—the Irishmen, in fact—who are found all over the world, of whom it is authentically reported that they carried the hod at the building of Solomon’s Temple [laughter]—were the mysterious people who erected these memorable mounds! [Laughter and cheers.] This theory is strengthened by the fact that we know they are handy with the spade; and from the number of Irish connections at the present day with Tammany, it is a fair inference that the O’Bradys, O’Sweeneys, O’Connollys, O’Gormans, O’Hoffmans (on the mother’s side!), *et alios*—[great laughter]—were the boys who built the tomb

of St. Tammany! Certainly no antiquarian has had the hardihood to deny that there exists one grand and particular *tumulus*, reared with great labor and geometrical proportion, for the immortalization of Tammany. It was amid the early influences of such scenes that I drank in the Democratic spirit. Long before I became a citizen of New York, or a member of your order, I had instinctive inclinations towards you. Though such influences are vague and mystical, you must remember that the "sunset of life hath its mystical lore," quite as dreamy as that of the transcendentalist of Boston, or his brother Bramin of Hindostan. [Laughter.] By your origin, traditions, history, and patriotism, recounted to-day by our venerable brother, your society has an influence by no means limited to State or city. With the glance of the eagle you rise above the cloud, and with superior and unblenching vision survey the interests of a continent. The Democracy of a nation looks to Tammany to blaze out through the political wilderness its future war-path. With your removal to this new site, into a more imposing temple; with a fresh infusion of the better elements of Democratic liberty, you begin to-day a new career. Your scope of view has enlarged not only with the growth of this emporium, but with the increase of the country, and the wonderful events and novel ideas which the civil war has engendered.

New York is the focus of American civilization.

Her destiny is in your keeping. As of old, so now, New York should stand between the sections as arbiter and moderator. Her strength of position in commerce and in politics gave her the right to say in the past, to the South, "No disunion!" to the North, "No provocation!" It gives her the right to say now, to the North, "No disunion!" and to the South, "No provocation for its continuance!" Equally removed from the ideologies of New England, and the abstractions of the South, she should be the mistress of American politics. But why is the giant but a pigmy—her municipality dwarfed—her majestic majorities overruled—and her own government a shell? Is it because Democracy is wrong, or because the sagacity of its leaders is at fault! Is it because Democracy of late has been too timidly conservative, and so little aggressive? Is it because you are corrupted by personality? Is it because, for local and monetary success, you sacrifice matters of greater moment? Why, to-day, has your Democracy but a feeble representation in your own city government? and in the Federal administration, which you alone sustain here, scarcely an officer, from Collector up? Why do you allow men unacquainted with your interests to tax you? Why do you pay, without getting your equivalent in the satisfaction of spending your own money? Why do you allow the dyspeptic Radicalism of Boston to tell you what to drink, and when and how you must behave on Sunday? [Applause.]

The solution of these questions lies in the fact that Boston rules by her ideas, which are crystallized into laws. Combining the Mystagogue with the Demagogue, Boston ekes out with the fox's cunning what she lacks in numerical and commercial strength, and humane and Christian charity. Are not the notions of Wendell Phillips the law to Congress? Is not Garrison feted in England, as the expounder of our institutions? Do not her satraps swing their batons over the South? Are not her Senators the lawgivers to New York and to Georgia? Why? Because she assumes much. She believes, dares, and does. Every Boston Radical believes himself anointed of the Lord. He derogates from you, when he arrogates to himself. The meekness of New York was illustrated, when one of the anointed, Butler, came to regulate your elections from the Hoffman House, though he did not succeed so well as an apostle from the City Hall. [Laughter.] Boston honors the President, it seems. Not because she cares to make a display for Johnson or the Executive, Tennessee, or the Union, but because the display honors Boston. ["That's so," and applause.]

A Boston clergyman, in accordance with this idea, recently prayed: "I thank Thee, O God, that Thou did'st permit us to be born in Boston—[laughter]—and, therefore, that it is not necessary that we be born again!" [Great laughter.] This is the spirit. Believe you can, say you can, and you

will. Hume says that the Tenth Legion of Cæsar believed they were the best troops, and this belief made them so! The voice of the Greek tragedian sounded through the mask more awful than it really was. The buskin gave to a common figure the height of a demigod. The modern Athens has her masks and buskins; but alack! where—oh! where are her Websters and Choates? Her words are not so Christ-like and comforting, nor her morals so immaculate, that she should be the teacher and constructor of States. Her greenbacks count for no more than yours. If New York had one tithe of her assurance, without her malice, what a nucleus this city and temple of Democracy would become! The slumbering giant, with her immense wealth and toiling thousands, would arise, and, like Enceladus, shake the island, and move a continent with his tread. [Cheers.] Is not your city the seat of commerce, the *entrepot* of trade, the portal of immigration? Here wealth and liberty reign. Here the arts flourish most. Here the questions growing out of the corruption of the currency, the exchanges of the world, the economies of politics, the freedom of cities, the rights of personal liberty, and the grandeur of all these elements enshrined in a fraternal union—should be best taught by a courageous press and a golden lip! Here should be taught the meaning of your motto, “Civil Liberty, the Glory of Man!” [Applause.] As municipal liberty has never been the mother of personal and

commercial freedom, and as this municipal liberty is menaced wherever distant legislatures regulate these hearthstone rights by military power or legislative commissions, the first fetter to be unclasped from New York is the subserviency of herself to Albany and Dunkirk. [Applause.] This accomplished, she will then be stronger to break the bonds of the ten States in a similar condition. The next blow should be for the gold and silver currency of nature and the Constitution, as against the depraved paper money issued for irredemption, which has debauched the nation. [Cheers.]

The next blow should enfranchise industry from the thrall of the iron barons and cotton lords, the bank monopolists and untaxed bondholders, the highway and byway robbers of labor, and give to commerce its former interchanges, and to agriculture its natural right to buy and sell where interest dictates. [Great cheering.] These be our watch-words: "Personal, commercial, industrial, municipal, and constitutional freedom!" [Cheers.] The day has gone by when the personal liberty of the citizen in the North is menaced by the Federal provost. Russia sold us a Siberia a little too late for any infamous renown. We have other objects now for statesmanship. A great war has made desolation, and Radicals call it a new order—*novus seculorum nascitur ordo*. They made silence and sorrow—signs of death—all through the land, and call it peace (applause); but it is the peace of terror; or again,

they call it God's providence, when it is the organization of hell; or again, progressive government, when it is as old as the despotisms of the Orient. They gave us a debt which, drawing on posterity to pay, they, as is usual with such deferred debts, squandered in riotous prodigality. They gave us a credit which goes a begging through Europe at over 8 per cent., when even England borrows for 3, and Russia for 4 per cent. They have disenchanting us of the belief that republican paths were usually the paths of prosperity and peace. Leaving the track of experience, they have endeavored to consolidate power in a Congress, and perpetuate it in a party, to the dishonor of all our traditions, history, and constitutions. Instead of repairing the breaches in our system made by the war, they have widened them by questions which engender strife. Blisters and poisons are administered instead of anodynes and sedatives. Erecting as law, that which is martial law, or the extinction of all law save the will of the commander, they have cheated the people out of their liberties by one pretence or another, until the moral sense of the nation is numbed, and the enginery of the State paralyzed. Their mailed hand throttles nearly one-half of the nation. [Cheers.] They are endeavoring to make a people take, if not love, a system under which they are at once loaded with odium and taxes. They threaten to divide estates, to reward a semi-barbarous race for their ignorant suffrages, registered by the point

of the bayonet. Not only do they assume to give vigor to their acts by constructions of the Constitution, but when that instrument is an obstruction they trample on its provisions. They both poison and stab. The express reservation of powers to the States and the people, as well in matters of suffrage as in the very existence of the States, is blotted out of their editions of the Constitution. The very names of States are destroyed, and military districts substituted. No page in history, nothing on this star for three thousand years, can match this act of giving unbridled power to the military arm over an area equal to the half of Europe, displacing judicial tribunals and State governments—a bill of attainder, and of pains and penalties, which crimson the check with shame at its enormity, and at the abjectness of our submission to its yoke. [Applause.]

The rights of the State to jury-trial in the vicinage, to *habeas corpus*, to freedom from *ex post facto* laws, to security for property, person, life, and liberty—all reserved to the States in their own bounds and constitutions, are swept away by the Reconstruction Bill. The President gave the right reason for its veto. It was a grant of unlimited power to the military; and if the Attorney-General has, in the interest of the citizen and of liberty, seemed to interpret the law as if some power was reserved, it is certain Congress intended to make the bill as vindictive, proscriptive, tyrannical, and dilatory as possible. This act was passed in a passion, as

Mirabeau said of hasty will-making: *ab trãto, ab imbecilli, a tarrito, a delirante*. Mr. Stanberry's opinion must be repealed by the Congress which meets to-day, lest his mitigating interpretations prevail, the nation be organized, and ten States vote for the President in 1868! A venerable statesman, in surveying these acts of atrocity, told the Supreme Court that he had travelled through Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Russia, and that he found no such despotism as that which was established by these acts. These countries all had courts of some description, and allowed a hearing and an opportunity for defense. The sword was not the only arbiter; but here an act of Congress sweeps ten States out of existence, and subjects every one of their ten millions of people, of all ages, sexes, and colors, to the despotic will of military commanders. We shrink from such legislation as from a moral epidemic, with horror and dismay!

What a spectacle for this era! Ten States dis-crowned, at a time when even Francis Joseph, of Austria, crowns Hungary, and assures to her an autonomy of government, with liberal rights; when Germany consolidates her power by the extension of her liberal Zollverein; when Napoleon assumes the virtue of liberalizing speech and press! We have four States, that helped make the Constitution, sorrowing with their six younger sisters at the bier of their liberties. One of the four, old Virginia, mutilated and shorn of her glory, leads the sad pro-

cession. She beseeches for her sisters their ancient and written privileges. "No," says the satrap; "your governors, legislatures, municipalities, and mayors; your clothing, food, and drink; your property, liberty, and life, are at my mercy." "No," says the radical; "bow to the sword, and breathe through Congress, and then you may live." The five Generals in the South, unconsciously it may be, are doing the bidding of Congress, which does the biddings of Boston, which does the bidding of Wendell Phillips. When they fail to extend the market for Boston crackers and the sphere of Boston crotchets, they will be discarded. [Laughter.] They are but the Congressional hangmen of States. If the President interferes, he is threatened with the "loving kindness" of Congress, according to the gospel of Boutwell and Butler. [Hisses.] Do you ask if there is to be no end to this? Will Radicalism perpetuate itself in 1868? Shall wrong breed wrong forever? My answer is: That I would sooner believe that the universe were without a first cause, sooner believe in the fables of the Talmud, or the book of Mormon, than in a continuance of such degradation among such a people! While Radicals are forging instruments of torture for the South, we will redeem the North! Connecticut, under the auspices of Governor English, heralds the dawn! [Cheers.]

New York will follow—[Cheers]—and her example is magnetic. Radicalism hangs by a thread:

she might hang by something stronger. [Laughter.] An over-rain of a few days to rust the wheat, a pricking of the financial balloon, a panic in the banking system, may precipitate the crisis. With personal, municipal, industrial, commercial, and constitutional freedom, who shall be our leader? One might infer from the radical attacks upon the fair, generous, and successful General, Grant—[Cheers]—the counterpart of those made four years ago upon McClellan—[long-continued cheering].—Would that the ocean telegraph could bear these cheers to his heart! [Applause.] The people, inspired with a sense of justice for General Grant's merits, and of the injustice of such attacks, and in the spirit of his parole to the enemy, may give him the political war-path. As in conflict he advanced our starry flag to success, and never stained it by excesses in victory, he would bear with equal success and honor the white flag of truce and conciliation, against the black rag of hate and confiscation! [Great cheering.] But whoever the Democracy may select, above all it should be remembered that Heaven will only furnish her blue field for our constellation of the United States, when, in our policy, we imitate her condescending mercy to the fallen, and achieve, by loving sacrifice, our national salvation! [Three times three cheers.]

SPEECH OF A. OAKEY HALL.

I see one or two gentlemen at the door moving

uneasily on their seats, but I beg to assure them and the audience, and the brothers generally, that as a New-York boy, I remember that on Fourth of July, at one o'clock, gooseberry tarts and cherry pies are in order, and I am not going to detain you from those, for it is only a quarter of an hour from that interesting period on Independence Day. I should be the last gentleman in the world to forget that, after an audience has been *Verplancked*, one should not end it off by having it bored. [Laughter.] I beg to say to the police at the door that I perfectly remember Mr. Superintendent Kennedy's order. After the splendid fusilade and cannonade that has been fired off here to-day by the Grand Sachem, by that genial veteran, Verplanck, by that ripe strategist in Congress, Mr. Cox—appreciating that canonade, I am not going to expose myself to be suppressed as a pocket-pistol. [Laughter.] Although I believe that one of my Radical friends of the press, not long ago, said that I belonged to that class of office-holders who were carried, unfortunately, in the pockets of tax-payers. As I arose to address you I saw before me, first, a tomahawk; and, looking into a gentleman's hat—I have not the remotest idea whose—secondly, a pack of fire-crackers. I shall not infringe upon the police order by firing off the crackers, any more than pistols, for the reason that it seemed to me, on looking on them as I rose, they were so perfectly emblematical of the Radical party. [Laughter and

applause.] Why? The Radical party, like these, is strung together by gunpowder, and nothing else—[laughter and applause]—very red and very alarming outside, but very flimsy, and very little of the good material inside—[laughter]—strung together by gunpowder in such a manner that, when you break the charm of the knot, one by one, you can pull the party to pieces. [Applause.] I regret the absence of Governor English, that splendid exponent of Democratic English in Connecticut [applause]; because if he were here I should turn to him and say, “Governor, you are the man who, last spring, broke or untied the Gordian knot of the pack of Red Republican fire-crackers; and one by one the crackers are going to come out, and the pack is to be broken to pieces.” The next strong hand to be laid upon the pack will be the State of New York, in the month of November next. Now, there was a meeting yesterday of a pack of Republican fire-crackers in the Capitol. You take that little pack—I mean nothing offensive in the comparison—I mean *this* little pack, not the pack in Washington—you put this pack in a capital barrel, just as they are put in the Capitol, and set fire to the barrel at Washington. What is the result? Well, you hear a noise, and you see more smoke; but when the smoke has cleared away, and you look at the bottom of the barrel, you see nothing but smoking worn-out paper; and by-and-by, when the Democratic party looks at the bottom of the Republican

party, they will find there, all torn to pieces, the military decrees and paper violations of the Constitution, while there must be spread over the top of the barrel, to cover it from further emanation of Republican smoking, the grand old parchment on which the Constitution was written. [Applause.] Well, there is another class of Radicals—excuse me for firing off Fourth-of-July figures—who are like the old-fashioned chaser that has been suppressed by the police. You remember when you held it, you didn't know which way it was going to run; and when you threw it up in the air, you were very sure that you could not know which way it was going to run. It is the same with the Radical party. [Laughter.] You think you hold them with a logical proposition or syllogism, and they run exactly in the opposite way in which the logical proposition should go. Throw a "Rad" up and he curvets and ricochets and fizzles in such a way, that he comes back to his original proposition, and then ends in a grand bang in the air, toward all points of the compass. [Laughter and applause.] Mr. Hall then made some further comments, in his usual vein, upon the principles of the Radical party, addressing the audience for a few minutes after the manner, as he said, a Radical might be expected to talk, if he were talking here to a meeting of Radicals: ignoring the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, as old, worn-out instruments: making Thomas Jefferson to have

been a nice man in his day, but not fit to keep a Radical hotel now: and calling Washington a brave man, but nothing as compared with Generals Sheridan or Pope. Mr. Hall referred to the decorations of the hall, and the bunting streamers hung from the ceiling, some of red, some of white, and some of blue, as typifying the disintegrated condition of our government. Yon folds represented that there are ten colonies in 1867, as there were thirteen in 1776—ten colonies that are called to bow down at the feet of Thaddeus Stevens, as the thirteen colonies were called to bow down at the feet of Lord North. But the red, white, and blue streamers, stretched out to-day, solitary and alone, must be gathered together by our hands, marching under the order of Tammany. And many here will remember the hour when they stood in the broiling sun on Fourteenth street, and assisted in laying the corner-stone of Tammany, and recall to themselves how this day they re-swore and re-dedicated themselves to that flag again to be made perfect, with its now dissevered colors again united, as the emblem of the UNITED States of Democratic America.

The meeting closed with the "Star Spangled Banner" by the band, and three cheers for the Constitution, the Union, and the Flag—and old Tammany, which, as the Mayor said before cheering, had not faltered in devotion to them all.

Thus closed the exercises at Irving Hall, when the Sachems, Brothers, and invited guests adjourned to the large supper-room, wherein Sachem Kelly had provided a substantial lunch. A witty brother remarked that he never before saw so cordial an accepting of a Sheriff's invitation "to the drop." Champagne corks popped, the viands disappeared—while congratulations were enthusiastically interchanged over the auspicious commencement of the new era in the history of the Tammany Society.

This account of how the Tammany Society spent the Glorious Fourth will not be complete without concluding it with a description of what the new hall of the society will be when completed. The details are furnished by the architect.

The ground selected was formerly occupied by the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, in Fourteenth street, between Irving place and Third avenue. It measures one hundred and sixteen feet front by one hundred and thirty-two feet deep. The building is to be three stories and basement, and to be built of marble and red brick, the marble extending thirty feet high in the front, and the distance above to the roof being of red brick, with marble trimmings. In exterior appear-

ance it will be very attractive. It will be one hundred and sixteen front by one hundred and twenty-two feet deep. This will leave a space in the rear of ten feet, for light and ventilation. The front of the building will have a projection in the centre about thirty feet wide, the edges of which will be trimmed with white marble. There will be a fine triple window in the centre twenty-five feet wide, surmounted by a straight pediment. In each of the two wings there will be double windows, with circular pediments. Besides furnishing abundant light, this arrangement of windows, with their fine marble trimmings, will add much to the exterior beauty, uniting variety with uniformity of appearance.

A massive pediment, bearing in large letters the words "Tammany Society," will cap the centre of the building, and on either side will be "1763" and "1867," and a niche with an Indian statue twelve feet high.

The interior of the building will comport with the frank, generous expression of the exterior. It will have the largest public hall in the country, besides a commodious library, concert-room, club-room, and committee-rooms. The basement will be given over to large restaurants, which, prophecy

says, will answer to all the increased and cultured epicureanism of that section of the city. On Fourteenth street there will be three entrances. A large iron staircase in the centre of the building, twenty feet wide, will lead to the second floor, where it will branch into two flights of stairs that empty into the large hall on the third floor. The library will be thirty-two by forty feet, and situated on the left of the main entrance. In the rear of this room will be the concert-room, which will be one of the most beautiful ever constructed in this city. It will have a ceiling thirty feet high, and will be fifty-two feet wide and seventy-four feet deep. It is calculated to seat eight hundred persons. The stage will be twenty feet deep and fifty-two feet wide. There are to be four private boxes and a gallery. It will be fitted up in handsome style. The hall will have a special entrance on the west end of the building, adjoining the Academy of Music. The stage will be at the east end, towards Third avenue. A club-room, twenty-three feet by thirty-two feet, will be located on the right side of the building, with an entrance corresponding to that of the concert hall. A fine committee room, thirty-five by seventy feet, with a ceiling as heavenly as the concert room, will

extend beyond the club-room. Between these rooms there will be sliding-doors, and, should occasion require, these two ample rooms can be thrown into one. The main entrance will be approached through a beautiful iron portico, projecting fifteen feet, and having a width of thirty feet.

On the second floor the rights of women are to be recognized by a dressing-room thirty-two by forty feet. On the right of the entrance will be a committee and gentlemen's dressing-room.

On the third floor will be the grand hall,—the most spacious one in the country,—and thus well adapted for a Tammany meeting. It will be one hundred and four feet front by one hundred and ten feet deep, and fifty feet high. The platform will be in the rear, and will accommodate one hundred persons. The hall itself will accommodate three thousand five hundred persons. There will be a circular gallery on three sides of the hall. A staircase will connect the committee-room and the platform.

The cost of the handsome structure will be nearly \$300,000. The basement, concert-hall, and large hall will be rented, and no doubt yield a handsome return. The architect is Mr. Thomas

R. Jackson, who built the new American Jockey Club House, and club buildings at Jerome Park. The building committee consists of the following gentlemen: John Kelly, John T. Hoffman, Wm. M. Tweed, Peter B. Sweeny, Richard B. Connolly, James L. Miller, John E. Burrill, Abram R. Lawrence, James B. Nicholson, Timothy Brennan.

LETTERS.

FROM PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 2d, 1867.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem, etc.

SIR: I have received the invitation of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order to participate in the ceremonies of that Order on the 4th instant, the ninety-first anniversary of our Nation's Independence.

I would be very happy to comply with this invitation, but the time that I have already spent from the capital renders my presence necessary here at this time. I heartily unite with the Society in the hope that the day is not far distant when the whole people "will be once more united in those bonds of concord, unity, and fraternity on which our nation was founded by the Fathers, and on which alone it can ever be great."

Trusting that the celebration will be as pleasant and successful as you desire.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Sincerely yours,

ANDREW JOHNSON.

FROM GOVERNOR ENGLISH OF CONNECTICUT.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
HARTFORD. *June 29, 1867.*

To the Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem, Tammany Society, New York City.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation, and that of the Tammany Society, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of your new edifice in New York, on the approaching anniversary of our National Independence. The high character of your Society, and the historic associations connected with it, are a sufficient pledge of my desire to be with you, and to add my testimony, humble though it be, to the great worth of the principles which you enunciate as the basis of American liberty. At no period in our national history have the principles of civil liberty been more imminently impaired than in the struggle which is now going forward to maintain, on the one hand, the constitutional rights of the States, and to strike down, on the other; the fundamental principles on which their existence as States depends. The national and patriotic spirit which has animated your Society, and the noble motto which you have placed at the head of your letter of invitation, are a guaranty of your devotion to the principles of civil liberty in the future, as they are a proof of such devotion in the past. In laying the corner-stone of your new Tammany Hall, there will be, I trust, not only a reconstruction of those principles, but a duty enjoined to maintain them, at all hazards, as the true corner-stone of our republican edifice. We should never lose sight of the true order of that beautiful composite structure—the constitutional edifice which our fathers upreared for us: First, the State;

second, the Constitution ; then the Federal government—they stand thus in the order of time, as in the composite order of their structure. The people gave existence to the States, the States to the Constitution, the Constitution to the Federal government. The rights of the Federal government must be maintained to preserve inviolate the Constitution ; the Constitution be strictly complied with to maintain the rights of the States ; and the States themselves, with their separate Constitutions, their bills of right, and their duty to protect their people, be held sacred, or we must yield to the despair which welcomes despotism, or to the rage which succeeds anarchy. I believe with your Society, that the exclusion of ten States from the Federal Union by partisan votes at the North is no less treasonable than their exclusion by partisan bayonets at the South ; and that the war being ended, the right of secession abandoned, the authority of the Federal government established, and its laws everywhere respected and obeyed,—we have no longer a divided Union, only as it was made so by the efforts of partisans to destroy the unity, prosperity, and happiness of our people.

Deplorable as the present condition of our country is, I still have an abiding faith in the intelligence, virtue, and patriotism of the people, and that they will ultimately redress all their grievances in the exercise of their rights under the Constitution. With a return to the legitimate exercise of these rights, we shall once more become a united, happy, and prosperous people.

I assure you it would afford me very great pleasure to be present with you, and witness the interesting ceremonies of your celebration ; but the presence of official duties, near the close of a protracted session of our Legis-

lature, will, I regret to say, render it impossible for me to do so.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES E. ENGLISH.

FROM SECRETARY SEWARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, *July 2, 1867.* }

To His Honor JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society, City Hall, New York.

DEAR SIR: I desire that you will accept my thanks for your kind invitation of the 21st ultimo to meet with the Tammany Society on the 4th of July, and to participate in the interesting ceremonies which are to take place on that occasion. I sincerely regret that official cares will deprive me of the pleasure of going abroad and of the enjoyment I should derive from hearing the discourse of my venerable friend, Mr. Verplanck.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

FROM HON. THOMAS SWANN.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. }
ANAPOLIS, *July 3, 1867.* }

To His Honor MAYOR HOFFMAN.

MY DEAR SIR: The invitation to your celebration on this 4th was sent to me in Baltimore, and is only just received. Be pleased to make my acknowledgments,

and express my regrets that imperative public engagements will prevent me from attending.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS SWANN.

FROM HON. HIRAM DENIO.

UTICA, *June* 28, 1867.

HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

DEAR SIR: I wish to return my acknowledgments to the officers of the Tammany Society for their courtesy in extending to me an invitation to be present at their commemoration of our National Anniversary. It would be very agreeable to me to participate in the ceremonies of that occasion on every account; but principally to add my testimony in favor of the protest against the great wrong of subjecting the Southern States of the Republic to a military regime, in manifest violation, as it seems to me, of express constitutional injunctions, and in direct hostility to the spirit of our free institutions. But other engagements will debar me of that satisfaction, and I will only regret that you will make known to the officers of the Society my sense of their kindness in reckoning me among the friends who are ready to unite with them in the noble sentiments expressed in their circular letter.

With great respect and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

H. DENIO.

FROM HON. MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

DEAR SIR: I thank the Sachems of Tammany for the invitation to attend the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of their new edifice, and regret very sincerely my inability to accept this kindness. I should be greatly gratified to be present on that interesting occasion. In common with multitudes throughout the country I feel encouraged by the fact that this ancient and patriotic Society is about to erect an edifice of massive proportions and enduring strength in the metropolis which is to be the Head-quarters of the Democracy of the Union. It gives promise that the battle for "the Union of the States and the Rights of the States" is to be continued in earnest, and this I hope will vitalize an organization to which alone we can look for success in that struggle.

All that is wanting to restore the Union and the ship of State to its old Republican tack, is that the men of the school of old Tammany should go to work earnestly to overthrow the military despotism and corruption of which Radicalism was born and on which it lives.

The people will not continue to submit to the enormous expenditures—the high tariff and the swindling paper money by which the laborer is so cheated of his wages, that often forms of robbery are already looked to, to countervail its effects—nor will they submit to see their Government taken out of their hands through military force supported at an enormous expense to cost the electoral votes of twelve States. It was nothing but jealousy of their just rights in the Government which induced the people of the North to organize and consolidate against the control exercised by slavery in the other section, *holding the Government by that means independently of popular will.*

The power in the South over the Government of the Union which the Southern leaders then exercised, by making questions about slavery so as to unite all the States in which that institution existed, is now exercised by the Radical leaders, by the military—with twelve States so controlled and enormous tariffs, paper money to swindle the laborer, and vast public expenditure to corrupt the press—constitutes the system on which the Radical leaders rely to maintain themselves in power.

Let us pit against this reproduction of old Federalism in its worst aspects, the Democracy of old Tammany which fought against treason and disunion but held to the just rights of the States, an honest adherence to the Constitution, and a frugal administration of the Government, we are sure to win.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. BLAIR.

WASHINGTON, *July 1, 1867.*

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem, etc., New York.

FROM HON. THOS. H. SEYMOUR.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, *July 2, 1867.*

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem.

DEAR SIR: I have had the honor to receive the "Brief Memorial" of the early history of Tammany Society, by R. G. Horton, Esq, which I have found very interesting. Accompanying "The Memorial," I had the honor also to receive the invitation of the Sons of Tammany to unite with them in the joint ceremony of laying the corner-

stone of their "new edifice of massive proportions," and celebration of the Fourth of July next. Though probably too late in my reply for the hour of your celebration, I cannot let the occasion pass without returning my thanks for these valuable documents, in a letter addressed to the Grand Sachem of the "Columbian Order," and honored Chief Magistrate of the most remarkable city in the world.

The noble motto with which your invitation is headed applies so well and forcibly to what is needed in this crisis of our fate, as a spur to manly and heroic actions, I may properly speak of it as one which should ever be worn as a "sign upon the hand, and a frontlet between the eyes":

"CIVIL LIBERTY THE GLORY OF MAN."

A motto, the eternal blazon of which sweeps all other mere political mottos and watchwords of party out of sight! If this is to be, as your memorial and chart for the future leads me to believe, the *corner-stone* of your new edifice, the Society of Tammany cannot help but be powerfully instrumental in saving our country from the foes who would destroy it. The grand old words, "Civil Liberty," like a voice from the shades of Mount Vernon, supersede, it will be seen, the accursed dictates of the sword, and if again properly observed and carried into effect by the American people, must soon cast in the dust, overwhelmed and confounded, the wretched "conspirators" so vigorously grappled in your letters of invitation, "*who have usurped the Executive control of the Government.*"

The bare mention of Civil Liberty recalls the great

Founder of the Republic, who, during a seven years' war, never once interfered with the civil power! Such was OUR Washington!

I heartily concur in the hope expressed by the Society of Tammany, "That the day is not far distant when Statesmanship, Magnanimity, and Patriotism will again rule in the land;" and, with perfect respect for the customs of your celebrated order, and sentiments of its members, I regret the necessity which compels me to wait for the "good time coming," when I also may celebrate the INDEPENDENCE of my country.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOS. H. SEYMOUR.

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FROM HON. JOHN P. STOCKTON.

TRENTON, *June 26, 1867.*

HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your favor on the part of the Sachems of the Tammany Society, inviting me to join in the exercises of the laying of the corner-stone of the new hall on the 4th day of July.

I am very much indebted to them for the invitation, and to you for the flattering terms in which it is conveyed, and regret sincerely that an engagement of long standing will prevent me being in New York on the 4th

Very truly yours,

JOHN P. STOCKTON.

— — —

FROM HON. DAVID R. FLOYD JONES.

FORT NECK, *June 29, 1867.*

DEAR SIR: If I can so arrange an existing engagement for the coming 4th of July as to admit of my attendance at the laying of the corner-stone of their new edifice by the Tammany Society, I shall most assuredly be present. The Tammany Society for the past six years has enunciated sentiments and taken organized action in reference to the proper mode of speedily suppressing the rebellion and restoring the Union, with its concomitant blessings of peace, fraternal harmony, and renewed prosperity amongst the States, in which I have heartily concurred, and which, as occasion demanded their utterance, I have not concealed.

And I cheerfully concur with her now in the expression of the sound and patriotic views with which the invitation I have had the honor to receive is characterized.

There can be no language of rebuke and denunciation too strong to apply to the successful efforts of a majority of Congress to postpone the inappreciable blessings of a restored Union, for the miserable purpose of favoring the ends of faction, and paltering to a malignant spirit of revenge.

But have we not cause for believing that the eyes of the people have at length been opened to see the enormous abuses of power practised by those to whom, in their confidence, they have intrusted it? And may we not reasonably hope that the laying of the corner-stone of her new edifice by the Tammany Society prefigures the reconstruction at an early day of the great political temple of the American States, devoted, like that of Tammany, to

the sacred principles of liberty, independence, and national unity?

Yours, with the highest regard,

D. R. FLOYD JONES.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem.

FROM HON. GEORGE W. CLINTON.

BUFFALO, *July 2, 1867.*

DEAR SIR: I regret extremely that, owing to my absence in Albany, I did not receive until this morning the invitation of the Tammany Society to take part in the ceremonies it purposes to observe in celebrating the approaching anniversary of our national independence. Had I received it earlier, I could probably have gratified my strong desire to show my respect for the Society and my veneration of the Democratic Republican principles it has so constantly and vigorously maintained.

With very high respect,

Your friend and servant,

G. W. CLINTON.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

FROM SAMUEL SLOAN, ESQ.

NEW YORK, *July 1, 1867.*

SIR: I am honored by an invitation from the "Tammany Society" to participate in the celebration of the approaching anniversary of National Independence—rendered still more interesting to the Tammany Society, as you then propose to lay the corner-stone of the new edifice.

I regret absence from the city will prevent my being there ; but I do most heartily and earnestly say Amen to the sentiments and principles in which you have so cordially and pointedly couched your invitation.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly,
SAMUEL SLOAN.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem.

FROM WM. BEACH LAWRENCE, ESQ.

OCHRE POINT, NEWPORT, R. I., *June 29, 1867.*

DEAR SIR : On my return home this morning, I found the invitation, with which I have been honored by the Tammany Society, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of their new hall, on the 4th of July.

Holding, as I do, that the existence of the rights of the States, in all their integrity, is as essential to the liberty of the citizens as the perpetuation of the Federal Union is to our national independence, I cannot but hail with delight the prospect of the erection of a suitable edifice, to be the Head-quarters for the Democracy, not merely of your great city, but our whole country. From it, I doubt not, will ever continue to emanate those sound doctrines, for the promulgation of which every American patriot must feel himself essentially indebted to your association. The proposed ceremony is the more interesting to me, as my reminiscences as an old New Yorker go back to a period anterior to the erection of your late hall. In my boyhood, moreover, I was not unfrequently taken to "Martley's Long Room," where I got my first lessons in politics.

My gratification, should it be in my power to avail myself in person of your invitation, will be greatly enhanced

by renewing my intercourse with your "venerable brother," whose public career embraces nearly the whole period intervening between the two great revolutions which our organic law has undergone since the recognition of the independence of the United States—the substitution of the Constitution of 1787 for the Articles of Confederation, and the annihilation of State sovereignty, by various measures of the Federal Government, founded on the attempted secession of the South, followed by the creation, by Act of Congress, of military dictators.

At no time can the counsels of an experienced statesman be more important. No one can justify the course of the misguided citizens of the Confederate States who, instead of looking to those guarantees which the Constitution held out, and which they might have relied on the Democracy of the North to see enforced, rushed blindly into a fratricidal contest. Their misconduct, however, affords no pretext for the abrogation of that State autonomy which, ante-dating our present system of Government, goes back to the very settlement of the country, and which, without regard to the transition from colonial vassalage to political independence, or of the subsequent changes in our national or federal institutions, every jurist has regarded as the only Government to which individual citizens were to look for the protection of life and property, and for that legislation which regulates every matter connected with the internal affairs of a community.

What is to be the result on the condition of the States placed under the Congressional ban, of declaring void, as a recent judicial decision would seem to have done, all contracts, executed as well as executory, entered into under the authority of Confederate or State legislation, since the commencement of the war, thus unsettling all

questions of property or private rights, it may well defy the imagination of man to conjecture.

Permit me to add the assurance of the pleasure which it affords me to see the Chief Magistracy of my native city again occupied, as it was wont to be in the days which my memory recalls, by a statesman, whose fitness to occupy a corresponding position, either in the Government of the State or of the Union, is recognized by so large a portion of his fellow-citizens.

I am, Dear Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

W. B. LAWRENCE.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem, etc. etc.

FROM HON. RICHARD VAUX.

PHILADELPHIA *July 1, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your invitation to be present on the 4th July next, to aid in the ceremonies of laying the foundation stone of a new edifice for the use of "Tammany Society or Columbian Order," is acknowledged. I wish I could be with you, but other pressing engagements will prevent.

It is my earnest hope that your patriotic society, as from its origin, so in the future, may continue to devote all its energies for the preservation of the freedom of the citizen and the rights of the States. We have fallen on evil times. The Constitution and the Union: the Union itself: the system of Government our fathers ordained: the co-ordinate branches of this Government: all the landmarks erected by the sages and statesmen: every accepted preamble of American free Constitutional Gov-

ernment, have been assailed and almost destroyed by puritan bigotry, selfishness, and unscrupulous greed for gain and power.

With a so-called "Loyalty;" taxes at every man's door; the tax-collector, the partner in every man's business; taking the profits but paying none of the losses; a debt, no man can number; depressed trade, languishing industry; uncertainty, fear; a body usurping the name and functions of a Constitutional Congress; and the patronizing support of the negro, enslaving the white man, the Republican party is driving the people, I hope, to a position where they can *stop to think*. If patriotism has vitality enough then to act, our country will be again blessed with unity peace, and concord. God grant it may be so! It is the duty of the patriot to be earnest and bold. Let your Society set the example, raise the hopes and animate the faith of the Democracy. Its history justifies this as its coming duty. Round your council fires consider the calamities of the country, and point us to the wisdom and strength to do all that is demanded of the great national party which has made the name "*democratic*" synonymous with the unity, glory, prosperity, and happiness of the people of the United States.

Respectfully,

RICHARD VAUX.

HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

FROM HON. THOMAS B. CARROLL.

TROY, July 1, 1867.

HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem, New York.

DEAR SIR: I sincerely regret that an engagement elsewhere will prevent me from accepting your invitation to

unite with the Tammany Society in the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the new Wigwam on the 4th of July. The programme proceedings for the occasion are alike worthy of the day and the Society, and would well repay travelling any distance to enjoy.

Your body pursued a wise and patriotic course throughout our lamentable civil strife, as it had indeed in every exigency of the country. It stood by the flag as well as the Constitution, and unlike its political adversaries it continues to stand by the Constitution and the flag—like “Liberty and Union, one and inseparable.” But for Tammany the war for the Union would not have terminated either so early or so happily. But for Tammany I gravely apprehend the Union and future peace might not be preserved. It is to be hoped that the rage of fanaticism will exhaust itself before its mission of mischief will have placed it out of the power of Tammany and the Democracy of the whole country to restore the Government to civil and Constitutional authority. The danger to our institutions is greater to-day than it has ever been before during our national existence, and I congratulate you that Tammany is doing so much to avert impending peril.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS B. CARROLL.

FROM HON. H. J. REDFIELD.

BATAVIA. *July 1, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your circular of the 24th ult., inviting me to attend on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of a new edifice for the use of the time-honored Society of Tammany, has been received.

I am just beginning to recover from a long illness, which has confined me to my room and most of the time to my bed for upwards of two months. I am yet quite too feeble to leave home at present, or to write more than this brief response to the honor of your invitation.

With high respect,

Your obedient servant.

HEMAN J. REDFIELD.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem, etc.

FROM HON. STEPHEN CAMBRELING.

NEW YORK, *July 2, 1867.*

DEAR SIR: I have received the circular invitation to attend the Tammany Hall celebration on the 4th July, and I regret that I had previously made arrangements to be absent from the city on that day. I cannot, however, forego the opportunity of expressing to you my gratitude for the able manner in which the circular vindicates the truth of history, both as to Tammany Society and the Democratic party—as I cherish the reputation of both most warmly. I trust the day is not distant when those Democratic principles which have saved the Republic in times past will again bring her—almost stranded as she is—safely to her moorings.

Very sincerely yours,

S. CAMBRELING.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

FROM ADRIAN K. HOFFMAN, M.D.

SING-SING, N. Y., *July 3, 1867.*

HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society :—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the celebration of the Anniversary of our National Independence, and to attend the important ceremony that day to be performed.

Regretting that the unavoidable infirmities of declining years will prevent my attendance, I will yet be, in spirit, as I have been for the past fifty years, with your noble Society, which has long been the bulwark of Democracy in the Empire State. That the glories of the new Wigwam will surpass even those of the old, and that the firmness of its foundations will be equalled only by the endurance of the principles of civil liberty we maintain, is the sincere hope and wish of

Yours, respectfully,

A. K. HOFFMAN.

FROM JOHN SAVAGE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *July 3, 1867.*

HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mayor of the City of New York.

DEAR SIR: I received your invitation since I arrived in this city (within half an hour) to assist on the Fourth, at the ceremony of laying "the corner-stone of a new edifice, to be devoted for all future time to the principles of Liberty and Independence, etc." Such an edifice, whenever raised, and by whatever society, must com-

mand the deep respect of those who, like me, believe everything secondary to liberty and independence; and that the integrity of the Union in sentiment and fact, is the key-note and corner-stone of the liberty of the human race. I to-night will address a society devoted to both the sentiment and the fact: the Fenian Brotherhood of Cincinnati. As American citizens they believe they ought to be propagandists of the blessings they enjoy.

I will not be able to be present at your interesting ceremonies; but nothing would give me more gratification than to listen to the remarks of my esteemed and venerable friend, the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, who is not only associated, in my mind, with the elucidation of the greatest writer in the English tongue, but with some of the noblest names in Irish patriotism—linked in sympathetic connection with the Emmets, Sampsons, and Macnevens, whose democracy led them into exile, and whose terribly tested faith in the institutions of this Republic opened to them, even in middle age, new paths of distinction and honor in America.

The best history of Ireland is written on the tombs of its martyrs and exiles. Mr. Verplanck is one of its historians. I need only point to his sculptured words of sympathy on the monuments to Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. William James Macneven, those Fenians of an earlier date.

Irishmen must respect the motives which erect an edifice to Liberty, as Americans love to honor and distinguish the graves of those Irishmen whose lives and labors were sacrificed to achieve it.

With great respect yours very truly,

JOHN SAVAGE.

FROM C. MATHEWS, ESQ.

OFFICE OF "THE NEW YORKER," 105 FULTON }
STREET, NEW YORK, *June 28, 1867.* }

HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

DEAR SIR: I am obliged to you and the gentlemen of the Tammany Society for an invitation to join them in celebrating the approaching Fourth of July: an engagement previously made, I regret, prevents my attendance. Please accept the annexed sentiment, and my best regards for yourself.

Yours truly,
C. MATHEWS.

THE NEW TAMMANY HALL. May it prove a true Temple of Liberty, whose architectural, as well as political harmony, shall command the admiration and the confidence of all coming time.

FROM HON. HARMON S. CUTTING.

BUFFALO, *July 2, 1867.*

GENTLEMEN: I have received your invitation to meet with the Tammany Society at Irving Hall, on the 4th instant, but it will not be in my power to accept it. I am none the less gratified, however, at being remembered in connection with your proposed celebration.

The character of the day, the laying of the cornerstone in the foundation of your new edifice, and the presence of the venerable and distinguished citizen who is to officiate as orator, will render the occasion one of very

unusual interest, and I regret that I cannot avail myself of the opportunity to be present, which your kindness has afforded me.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

HARMON S. CUTTING.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Grand Sachem,
Hon. JOHN KELLY, and others,
Sachems, etc.

FROM HON. D. A. OGDEN.

PENN YAN, *June 28, 1867.*

To Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, and others, Committee.

GENTS. : Your kind invitation to unite with "The Tammany Society of the Columbian Order," in celebrating the coming Fourth of July, and in laying the cornerstone of a new building for the accommodation of the Society in the future, is received.

I regret to say that my engagements elsewhere will prevent my accepting the invitation.

Old Tammany has a proud record : ever faithful and ever true. She can with honest pride point to the past of her history. However sad may be some of the aspects of public affairs, and with whatever forebodings and fears the future of our country may be contemplated, the true men of Tammany will have no personal reproaches for having aided in producing the evil, or for having failed in efforts to avert or turn aside the danger.

I regard the present as one of the most eventful eras in our history. We are, as a nation, really in the midst of great dangers ; the very breakers of disunion are surging

over us. Military power, which means despotism—for such of necessity is military rule and power—is now pressing upon one-third or more of our territory. Experience, as reflected by history, gives us but little encouragement to look for relief from a power regarded by the ruling authority as a necessity, and which is so convenient to use for partisan purposes. Who can tell when this military power will let up? When will the satrap give up his arbitrary authority or his army to enforce it? How easy to find pretexts for continuing the strong, but convenient, yet cruel and despotic military control. The poor and ignorant negro will need to be protected in his newly acquired civil rights; being a voter now he will be liable to be imposed upon, and an army with Radical commanders will be required to guard him from deception, if not to see that he votes right; or the white man disfranchised and despoiled by confiscation, will require watching, and his rebel tendencies kept back and down, notwithstanding the rebellion is years dead and buried; and an army with the military power will be necessary, and thus will civil rule depart and arbitrary rule become fixed, chronic, and perpetual. To my mind these facts and considerations afford grave cause for apprehension. We could whip out and down an active rebellion—did do so fully and perfectly—but can we as easily overcome the despotism which fixes its iron heel upon us by act of Congress, which in time of peace, by force of law, subverts civil and substitutes military government? I hope so. My only hope is on the good sense of our people. This may, I think will, enable us to outride the storm. In this way on the sound sense of the people I base my hope for a final return to sound principles; the sober, second thought begins to operate; the wild passions are sub-

siding. Let the true and good men, who love the Union and revere the Constitution, hold on and labor on, trusting and hoping that the reason of the people enlightened and freed from the bias of passion, will soon bring the country back to her old Democratic moorings, safe under the lee of the Constitution. Your Society has done good service in the past, and will continue the good work in the future. With hearty good wishes for the prosperity of the country and "Tammany,"

I am yours truly,

D. A. OGDEN.

FROM DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH.

SING-SING, *July 2, 1867.*

The Honorable JOHN T. HOFFMAN, New York:—

Your invitation to take part in the celebration of the 4th of July by the Tammany Society is just received. No more fitting period than its anniversary could be selected for laying the corner-stone of a new Tammany Hall.

The Tammany Society has always been a firm, steady, consistent, and energetic supporter of our free institutions. Perils surround them at this moment, and it is the solemn duty of all good citizens to strengthen the hands of our public men, who are laboring to bring order out of chaos in the South. Let the Constitution be the guide, the chart to direct and restrain. It was formed in a spirit of compromise, and even now that spirit alone can preserve its influence upon the whole country.

The people of the South, in habits and dispositions, differ from us of the North. Climate alone must bear the

responsibility. We know the natural productions of the South are unlike those of the North. Let us not then judge men and women of the South too harshly, because they are unlike us in mental characteristics.

Let us prove we possess magnanimity ; having the power, let us show a spirit of forgiveness and conciliation—let us hasten such a reconstruction as will speedily restore representation to the whole South.

Our country's motto was once,—“ No taxation without representation.” In God's name, is not the same sentiment true still ?

The highest obligation resting upon us, as citizens of the United States, is to uphold the union of the States and the rights of States. To be deaf to these obligations is to be untrue to civil liberty and human rights. The success of our free Government is of deep concernment to all mankind. If it fails, freedom will be thrown back for centuries. Hence the destiny of millions of human beings may be affected by our example.

Let the bonds which have been so rudely dissevered between the North and the South be restored, and strengthened by mutual forgiveness and fraternal affection.

I have great and abiding faith in the members of the Columbian Order. The sentiments which they have set forth in their able manifesto prove that the old leaven of Democracy still possesses strong vitality. I am sure they will have a salutary influence upon members of Congress, of all shades of politics, now about to assemble in the City of Washington.

I regret that my engagements will prevent my attendance at Irving Hall.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

B. BRANDRETH.

Tammany Society.

FROM HON. H. B. SMITH.

MILLON, VERMONT, *July 2, 1867.*

DEAR SIR: A previous engagement in my own State to meet with a portion of its citizens, who cordially sympathize with the political principles of Tammany Hall, will prevent my being present and participating in the important ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of your new hall, and celebrating the anniversary of our national independence. But you were right in believing that I sympathize with the sentiments and principles of your Society. They are the principles to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and to sustain which in this State I have sacrificed ambition and worldly prosperity. And I know, if we are a free people, that these principles will be more enduring than the edifice which you are about to erect to perpetuate them.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. B. SMITH.

Hon. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

FROM HON. A. C. HAND.

ELIZABETHTOWN, *July 6, 1867.*

DEAR SIR: I received your favor inviting me to attend the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of your new hall, and certainly should have responded, but I did not return from Plattsburg until the 3d. I respect Old Tammany so much for the past, and expect so much from the Wigwam in the future, that I should have been happy to

have done her reverence on this auspicious event in her career ; but I was too late. But success to her.

What strange work this so-called Congress is doing ! I more and more think the voice of the Democracy of the nation should be heard, at a moment so critical, sustaining the Constitution and the Union, and declaring to the world the principles that will guide our future action.

Very respectfully,

A. C. HAND.

Hon. J. T. HOFFMAN.

Letters were also received from many other distinguished citizens, too late to be printed.

EARLIER HISTORY

BY

R. G. HORTON, Esq.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
TAMMANY SOCIETY,
OR
COLUMBIAN ORDER.

CHAPTER I.

A LEGENDARY SKETCH OF TAMMANY.

"The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory unfading can never decay:
You white men deceivers, your smiles are in vain;
The sons of Alkmoonac shall ne'er wear your chain."

OLD INDIAN SONG.

SEVERAL years since the writer prepared for the columns of a weekly journal a sketch of the "History of Tammany Society, or Columbian Order." It embraced much matter of a local interest; and, as the facts were collated with considerable care from various sources, it has been thought that they were worthy of being preserved in a permanent form. The sketch has, therefore, been revised, and is presented in the following pages.

The history of Tammany Society, however, would be incomplete without devoting some attention to the celebrated Indian chief from whom it derived its name. Many curious, interesting, and legendary accounts of this noted aboriginal warrior and sage have been handed down to posterity. The late Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, so

noted for his eccentricities of character, and his indefatigable pursuit of antiquarian information, has sketched with minuteness the legendary history of Tammany. From this it appears that, long before the discoveries of Ferdinand de Soto or La Salle, or even before the fancied voyage of Bœhem, Tammany and his people inhabited that extensive and fertile tract of land west of the Alleghany Mountains, and extending northward of the river Ohio. The remains of monuments and other vestiges of art which are now found in that section were owing, it is said, to the skill of Tammany. In his youth he was famed for his exploits as a hunter and warrior, and, from beyond the Father of Waters to the Great Salt Lake, his deeds were recounted at every council fire. He waged for many years a war with his mortal enemy, the Evil Spirit, and during this time his prowess and courage exceeded, if possible, all that is related in ancient story and song of the Grecian Hercules. This Evil Spirit took every occasion to annoy the great chief, and first caused poison-sumach and stinging-nettles to grow in the land, which diffused virulent exhalations through the air, poisoning his people, and puncturing them when they went to hunt. Tammany, after various efforts to destroy them, finally took advantage of an excessive drouth, set fire to the prairies, and consumed the venomous plants, which burned with so much rapidity that the Evil Spirit himself, who was skulking about, was sorely singed by the flames.

In revenge for this, his enemy sent innumerable rattlesnakes to infest the land, which Tammany destroyed by sowing the seeds of the ash-tree upon the grounds, and

cared their bites by seneka-root and plantain. After this, he brought large droves of mammoths and other huge animals from beyond the great lakes, and turned them loose upon the Tammanial territories. These beasts caused great devastation among the people of Tammany. They were swift and ferocious, and arrows fell blunted from their sides, so tough and impervious were their skins. But Tammany was not to be frustrated. He caused salt to be sprinkled at different places throughout his dominions, and, in the paths of the animals, as they went to these licks (as they are called to this day), he caused large pits to be dug, which were concealed by means of trees and leaves. Into these they fell and were killed, being impaled upon the points of sharpened trees, and their bones are yet found there, to confirm the truth of the story!

His enemy was mortified and enraged at his disappointment in his endeavors to injure Tammany, and now tried another expedient to effect his purpose. He had a large dam thrown across the lake, near where the city of Detroit now stands, causing a great rising of the waters of lakes Huron and Michigan, which was intended to deluge the country south of it, where lay the territory of Tammany. He also threw another across at Niagara, raising the waters of Lake Erie. The disastrous effects which might have resulted from this, Tammany averted by opening the drains in which the waters of the Miami, the Wabash, and the Alleghany now run, and by cutting a ditch, which at present forms the channel of the Ohio. For this he was pronounced by his adoring people "the savior of his country." The lakes gradually subsided,

but the rapids of Detroit and the falls of Niagara still remain as monuments of the astonishing event !

After this, the Evil Spirit stirred up the red men of the East and the North against Tammany, and a long and bloody war ensued ; but they were at length defeated, and a great number taken prisoners. When they found themselves in the power of Tammany, they expected, of course, to be put to the most cruel tortures and lacerations ; but each one had prepared himself for the horrible execution, and, like Alkmoonac, had determined to sing his death-song, while gashes were separating limb from limb, and blazing splinters stuck into his flesh. But what was their surprise when they learned that the victorious chief had determined to spare their lives ! He ordered them to be brought to his wigwam, where he delivered to them a discourse so full of good reason and sound sense that they were heartily ashamed of their own villany.

But the Evil Spirit was determined not to give up yet, and so implacable was his enmity against Tammany, that he resolved to waylay and attack him himself. Tammany, however, knew by the moving of the bushes where his enemy was secreted, and pretending not to notice the discovery, he advanced, and with his hickory staff (it will be remembered that Tammany used Hickory), he dealt a blow upon his adversary which made him bellow out with pain ; and, to follow the exact words of the legend, "they clinched, and dreadful was the crashing of timber which they trod down in the scuffle. Never since the times when the giants piled mountain upon mountain were there such exertions of animal strength. For the

space of more than a league square not a tree was left standing—all were crushed and trampled flat by the combatants. At length, after unceasing exertions for fifty days, Tammany, skillfully taking advantage of the hip-lock, threw him head and shoulders on the ground, and endeavored to roll him into the Ohio and drown him ; but an immense rock standing in the way, he could not effect it. He then seized him by the throat, and would certainly have strangled him, had not his wrist and thumb been so sprained and weakened that they could not gripe him hard enough to stop his breathing. Tammany by this time grew faint and exhausted, which the Evil Spirit perceiving, slipped out of his hands ; but, as he departed, he was told to confine himself to the cold and remote regions of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, and was threatened with instant death if he should ever be caught showing his face on this side of the great lakes."

After this Tammany devoted himself to the arts of peace. He brought maize, beans, and tobacco from their uncultivated states, and domesticated plum-trees and onions, and introduced many other improvements in agriculture. By these things he endeared himself to his people. His government was of the patriarchal kind, mild, but firm. His people looked up to him as their father, and referred all their differences and disputes to him. His decisions were always law. Plenty pervaded his land, and his people were contented and happy. Their watchword was "Tammany and Liberty."

About this time, Manco Capac, the great Inca of Peru and the descendant of the Sun, who had heard of the wisdom and powers of Tammany, dispatched messengers

inviting him to an interview, the place of which he would mention might be Mexico, a spot about equidistant from the dominions of each, where he wished to consult him on a form of government which he was about to establish for the Peruvian nation. Tammany, before departing to have this talk with the illustrious Sachem of the Andes, called together his tribes, which amounted to thirteen, and delivered the following sententious precepts to each :

“CHILDREN OF THE FIRST TRIBE : The EAGLE should be your model. He soars above the clouds, loves the mountain-tops, takes a broad survey of the country round, and his watchfulness in the day-time lets nothing escape him. From him learn to direct your thoughts to elevated objects, to rise superior to the fogs of prejudice and passion, to behold in the clear atmosphere of reason all things in their true light and posture, and never expose yourself to be surprised, while the sun shines, in a fit of drowsiness or slumber.

“CHILDREN OF THE SECOND TRIBE : The TIGER affords a useful lesson for you. The exceeding agility of this creature, the extraordinary quickness of his sight, and, above all, his discriminating power in the dark, teach you to be stirring and active in your respective callings, to look sharp to every engagement you enter into, and to let neither misty days nor stormy nights make you lose sight of the worthy object of your pursuit.

“CHILDREN OF THE THIRD TRIBE : You are to pay good attention to the qualities of the DEER. He possesses uncommon readiness of hearing—can judge of sounds at a great distance. In like manner open ye your ears to whatever is passing ; collect the substance of distant rumors, and learn before dangers surround your corn-fields and wigwams, what is going on at a distance.

“CHILDREN OF THE FOURTH TRIBE : There is one quality of the WOLF to which I would call your attention. His wide extent of nostrils catches the atoms floating in the air, and gives him notice of the approach of his prey or his foe. Thus, when power grows rank, and like a contagion sends abroad its pestilent streams, I see

the WOLF, like the myrmidons of Tammany, the first to rouse, turn his head, and snuff oppression in every breeze.

“CHILDREN OF THE FIFTH TRIBE: You, my children, are to take useful hints of the BUFFALO. He is one of the strongest animals in the wilderness; but strong as he is, he loves the company of his kind, and is not fond of venturing upon distant excursions. This is wise in the buffalo, and wise it will be in you to imitate him. Operate in concert, stand together, support one another, and you will be a mountain that nobody can move; fritter down your strength in divisions, become the spirit of parties, let wigwam be divided against wigwam, and you will be an ant-hill which a baby can kick over.

“CHILDREN OF THE SIXTH TRIBE: That social and valuable creature, the DOG, offers something for you to profit by. The warmth of his attachment, the disinterestedness of his friendship, and the unchangeableness of his fidelity, mark him as the object of your kindness and imitation. Do but love each other with half the warmth, sincerity, and steadiness with which these, your constant hunting companions, love you all, and happiness, comfort, and joy will make your land their dwelling-place, and ye shall experience all the pleasure that human nature can bear.

“CHILDREN OF THE SEVENTH TRIBE: You are to take pattern after the BEAVER. His industry merits your regard. Forests must be cleared, hills leveled, rivers turned to accomplish your plans. Labor and perseverance overcome all things; for I have heard old people say their ancestors assisted in making the sun, immense as he appears, by collecting into a heap all the fire-flies and glow-worms they could find; and the moon, whose light is fainter and size smaller, was in like manner formed by gathering into a pile all the fox-fire or phosphoric rotten wood they could procure.

“CHILDREN OF THE EIGHTH TRIBE: The SQUIRREL, my children, offers something profitable to you. It is his practice, as he has a foresight of winter, to collect acorns, chestnuts, and walnuts, and carry them in large quantities to his hole. In like manner it becomes you to look forward to the winter of life, and have some provision necessary for yourselves at that needy time. This you

may enjoy at your firesides, while all around you frost rends the trees asunder, and the white powder lies so thick upon the ground that you cannot venture out without your snow-shoes.

“CHILDREN OF THE NINTH TRIBE: You are to learn a lesson from the FOX. He looks well before him as he travels, examines carefully the ground he treads upon, and takes good care that his enemies do not come upon him by surprise. Such keen examination will guard you from difficulties; and if, in the course of nature, you shall be, in spite of all this, beset by them, nothing will more effectually enable you to extricate yourselves.

“CHILDREN OF THE TENTH TRIBE: The TORTOISE, who supports on his back the world we inhabit, offers a world of instruction to you. Were it not for his benevolence in keeping afloat on the immense ocean in which he swims, this land we inhabit would soon go to the bottom; and the displeasure he feels when men lead lives of idleness and vice, when they quarrel and injure their neighbors and families, has induced him more than once to dip a part of his shell under the water, and drown a set of wretches no longer fit to live. If, then, you wish to attain a long life, be honest, upright, and industrious.

“CHILDREN OF THE ELEVENTH TRIBE: I recommend to your attention the wholesome counsel derived to man from the EEL. He was never known to make a noise or disturbance in the world, nor to speak an ungentle sentence to a living creature. Slander never proceeded from his mouth, nor doth guile rest under his tongue. Are you desirous, my children, of modest stillness and quiet? Would you like to live peaceably among men? If such be your desires, learn a lesson of wisdom from the Eel, who, although he knows neither his birth nor his parentage, but is cast an orphan upon creation, yet shows by his strength and numbers the excellence of the mode of life he has chosen.

“CHILDREN OF THE TWELFTH TRIBE: I shall point out for your improvement some excellent traits in the character of the BEAR. He is distinguished for his patient endurance of those inconveniences which he finds it impossible to ward off. Thus when scarcity threatens your country with famine—when diseases among the beasts strew

your hunting-grounds with carcasses—when insects destroy your beans, and worms corrode the roots of your corn—when the streams refuse their accustomed supplies, or when the clouds withhold their rain, bear with patience and resignation whatever necessity imposes upon you. Show yourselves men ; for it is adversity which gives scope to your talents.

“CHILDREN OF THE THIRTEENTH TRIBE : I call your attention to the economy of the BEE. You observe among those creatures a discipline not surpassed by anything the woods afford. Idlers, vagrants, and embezzlers of public property have no toleration there. Regularity and method pervades every department of their government. Borrow from them an idea of arrangement in business ; and above all, derive from their instructive example that alchemy of mind, which, by an operation somewhat analogous to the production of nectar from venom, converts private feelings into public advantages, and makes even crimes and vices ultimately conducive to public good.”

After delivering these precepts to his tribes, Tammany departed for his interview with the Inca, which proved to be most interesting and beneficial to all parties. On returning to his native country, he found his old enemy had taken advantage of his absence, and had instilled notions of idleness and dissipation into the minds of his people. On account of this, diseases had broken out among them, which required all his skill and sagacity to subdue. This, however, he eventually succeeded in doing, and lived, after he had accomplished it, many years in great happiness, and wonderfully beloved by his people. At last, after arriving at an unusual age, that universal palsy, which, in the natural course of things, immediately precedes death, terminated his life without either sickness or pain, and he expired without a sigh or a groan. Great honors were paid to his memory. After

more ceremony than was ever shown to any corpse before, they committed Tammany to the ground, after their manner, and raised over it a large mound of earth. Curious antiquarians have detected the spot, though they know not its design or use, for he lies within the great Indian fort, near MUSKINGUM, beneath the hillock which they have so often admired—a monument for size and labor second to nothing of the kind save the Pyramids of Egypt.

Such is the legendary history of Tammany. Of his real life we know but little, but that little upsets much of the poetry of the foregoing account, as we doubt not an explicit, unvarnished narrative of the deeds of Hercules or Ajax would many of the remarkable exploits which have been attributed to them by the pens of the classic poets. One statement informs us that Tammany, or, as captious orthographists contend, Tamanend, was settled within the bounds of Pennsylvania, when William Penn came to America; that he lived then near the Schuylkill, but at the time of his death resided in Bucks county, near Doylestown, and is buried near a spring about four miles from the latter place. It is believed, though not positively known, that Tamanend was present at the great council under the elm-tree at Shakamaxon, upon Penn's first arrival in this country. All the chiefs of the tribes of the Lenni Lenape were there, and it is not at all probable that so distinguished a king as Tammany would have been absent. As, however, there was no treaty signed at the first interview, which was only intended for the purpose of exchanging assurances of friendship, the names of those present have never been

preserved. The first treaty for the purchase of lands, made by Penn with the Indians, is dated April 23, 1683, and in that Tamanend and Melamequan relinquish their right and title to a tract lying between Pennepack and Neshamony creeks. In the great treaty, by which a large portion of Pennsylvania was acquired, dated the 30th of May, 1685, the name of Tamanend does not appear. From this we infer that he must have deceased between these years. This opinion is strengthened by the fact that all accounts of him agree in the statement that he died but a short time after Penn settled in this country—indeed, Penn himself related, in his account of the first settlement of Pennsylvania, that “he found him an old man, yet vigorous in mind and body, with high notions of liberty, but easily won by the suavity and peaceable address of the governor.” Another account, differing only slightly from the above, represents him as a noted chief of the Delaware nation, the head of the powerful confederacy of the Lenni Lenape, and that his wigwam stood where Princeton College is now located.

At all events, Tammany was disposed to cultivate the friendship of the pale-faces, and had the sagacity to perceive that their knowledge of the mechanical and agricultural arts rendered them much superior to his own people in power and intelligence. That he lived to a great age is universally attested by all accounts, both historical and legendary. Cooper, in his novel, the “*Last of the Mohicans*,” represents him as referring to his age in the following beautiful manner. At the death of Uncas, he exclaims—“My day has been too long. In the morning, I saw the sons of Unamis happy and strong,

and yet, before the night has come, have I lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans." He is sometimes represented as an Iroquois chieftain, and one of the first converted to Christianity by the French missionaries ; and it has been stated that he was actually enrolled among the saints of the calendar. But this is a mistake. Tammany was not an Iroquois, but belonged to the confederacy of the Lenni Lenape, and was doubtless a Delaware.

His friends adopted the idea of calling him a saint merely to ridicule the foreign societies founded about the period of the Revolutionary war, which had generally designated their organizations by the name of some European saint. The Sons of Liberty were determined that America should not be behind other countries in the illustrious character of her productions, and hence they invented the legendary accounts of the distinguished chieftain, a portion of which were based on the stories received from his descendants. A Hudibrastic poem, parts of which would probably shock the fastidious ears of the present generation, was published at a very early period, in which their patron saint is extolled as far superior to all the renowned worthies of the Old World.

Tammany was, however, without any question, one of the most distinguished red men who ever lived. He was kind, merciful, and brave. He taught his children to cultivate the arts of peace, as well as to subdue their enemies. Under his reign, the confederacy of the Lenni Lenape became powerful and mighty. Then, living to a remarkable age—so great as to be called "Tamanend of

many days"—he was looked upon as a patriarch, and revered with all that strength of affection which the sons of the forest always bestowed upon their chieftains. Such was the man whom the patriots of the Revolution adopted as their tutelar saint; and if they could not claim that he had performed miracles, they could at least point to him as one who had rendered good service both to his own people and to the whites, and who, while he endeavored to live in peace with all men, would suffer neither wrong nor abuse, nor submit to a loss of his liberty or his rights.

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1789 TO 1801.

"Celestial maid ! shall Europe boast
 The saints her nations feign,
 And o'er thy best, thy favorite coast,
 No sacred guardian reign ?
 Not so, blest Freedom ! whilst thy rays
 Illume our vast domain—
 Not whilst Columbia's Order blaze
 Effulgent in thy train !"

ON the 12th day of May, 1789, about two weeks after Gen. Washington had taken the oath of office as the first President of the United States, in the balcony of the old City Hall at the foot of Nassau street, the organization known as the TAMMANY SOCIETY, OR COLUMBIAN ORDER, was instituted. Various societies had existed before and during the Revolution in different parts of the country, as well as in this city, under the names of the "Sons of Liberty," sometimes called "The Sons of St. Tammany." To John Trumbull, the author of the cleverest imitation of Hudibras which has ever been written, it is said, belongs the distinction of first originating the designation of "St. Tammany." So many societies had been formed, under the names of St. George's, St. Andrew's, and St. David's, all of which, in their commencement, breathed the most fervent loyalty to the king of Great Britain, that it was thought too great a distinction

for them to monopolize all the saints on the calendar, and, as we have intimated, a genuine American guardian was discovered, thus placing the Sons of Liberty on a level with their opponents.

After the establishment of peace, the organizations called the Sons of Liberty, their object having been accomplished, went down; and it was not until those jealous of American rights saw that there were many who, although they had zealously fought for freedom, were nevertheless strongly imbued with the principles of royalty, that it occurred to them that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." The discussion upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution in this State had evolved two distinct parties; and finally, at about the time of its being acquiesced in, we may say there were three. Jay, Hamilton, and Chancellor Livingston, who were its principal champions, advocated it on the ground that it was the most energetic government they could obtain. They were strongly opposed by George Clinton, Governor of the State; Robert Yates, afterwards Chief-Justice; John Lansing, and Melancthon Smith. The opponents of the Constitution did not profess to be adverse to a confederation, but they looked upon the project before them as an attempt at consolidation and the erection of an irresponsible power to destroy the sovereignty of the States. When they saw Hamilton, who had proposed a President and Senate for life, and even the election of the governors of the different States by Congress, as also Gen. Schuyler and his colleagues, who had only the year previously voted against the oath bearing allegiance to the State of New York, all with one accord supporting the new con-

stitution, it was not singular if it created some alarm among the friends of popular government, and convinced them that those who had fought for freedom were not always the friends of the people. After the adoption of the constitution, it was generally acquiesced in, and Tammany Society appears to have numbered among its first members those moderate men of both the federal and anti-federal parties who, while agreeing to that instrument, yet cherished a most devoted attachment to American principles and the doctrine of State rights. It was not, however, commenced as a party institution. That idea does not appear to have been distinctly recognized until the time of Jefferson. Before that, it was composed of men of different political opinions, and was intended, as its first constitution, published in 1789, expresses it, "to connect, in indissoluble bonds of friendship, American brethren of known attachment to the political rights of human nature and the liberties of the country." It also incorporated a benevolent feature in its organization, and to carry out fully the American principle of its founders, as well as to show its contempt for those societies aping foreign manners, it adopted aboriginal forms and ceremonies, divided the year into seasons of blossoms, fruits, and snows, and the seasons into moons. Its officers were to be a Grand Sachem (chosen from thirteen Sachems), a Sagamore, and a Wiskinskie. Another object in organizing the society on this plan was to conciliate the numerous tribes of Indians who were devastating our defenseless frontiers, and carrying desolation, with fire and tomahawk, to the hearths of the intrepid pioneers. Another cause which

contributed to the formation of the society was the strong anti-republican principles adopted by the Society of Cincinnati, of hereditary succession in its membership, of which Baron Steuben was at that time the President in this State. This obnoxious feature was modified at the urgent request of Washington, but exists in the society, to some extent, at the present time.

Such were the causes which, combined together, produced the association that has so far eclipsed all its contemporaries in power and influence. It was strictly a national society, founded on the principles of patriotism, and had for its object the keeping alive of that honest and generous devotion to country which is removed from radical and fanatical principles on the one hand, and from a disregard to the rights of the people on the other.

On the 12th of May, 1789, the society had a celebration, on which occasion marquees were erected on the banks of the Hudson river, about two miles from the city, for the reception of the brethren. Then, two miles from the city was about where Christopher street now is. Here the calumet was smoked by each member in turn, and in the evening they returned to the city. The officers of the society, this year, were William Mooney, grand sachem; and White Matlack, Oliver Glenn, Philip Hone, James Tylee, John Campbell, Gabriel Furman, John Burger, Jonathan Pierce, Thomas Greenleaf, Abel Hardenbrook, Cortlandt Van Beuren, and Joseph Godwin, sachems. Thomas Ash was treasurer, Anthony Ernest, secretary, and Gardiner Baker, wiskinskie or doorkeeper. Of these officers, Thomas Greenleaf and Cortlandt Van Beuren were anti-federalists—the others, we believe, were fede-

ralists. In 1790, William Pitt Smith was grand sachem, and John Pintard, to whom this city is so indebted for much of its historical collections, was sagamore.

This year (1790) a most interesting event in the annals of the society occurred, which illustrated the benefits of one of the principles upon which it was founded. The United States had long been desirous of forming a treaty of friendship and alliance with the Creek Indians, and various unsuccessful attempts had been made to effect this object. At length Colonel Marinus Willet went to that nation, and induced Alexander McGilvery, a half-breed, and about thirty of the principal chiefs, to come to this city. The Tammany Society determined to receive them with great ceremony. The members, at that day, were accustomed to dress in the Indian costume, and on this occasion they wore feathers, moccasins, leggings, painted their faces, and sported huge war-clubs and burnished tomahawks. When the Creeks entered the wigwam, they were so surprised to see such a number of their own race, that they set up a whoop of joy, which almost terrified the people present. On the occasion of this interview, Governor George Clinton, Chief-Justice Jay, Mr. Duane, the Mayor, Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, and other distinguished men, were present. The Creeks were overjoyed with their reception. They performed a dance, and sang the E-tho song. Mr. Smith, the grand sachem of the society, made a speech to the Indians, in which he told them that although the hand of death was cold upon those two great chiefs, Tammany and Columbus, their spirits were walking backward and forward in the wigwam. The sagamore presented the chiefs with the calumet, and

one of them dubbed the Grand Sachem TULIVA MICO, or Chief of the White Town. In the evening they went to the theatre, attended by the sachems and members. Before they left the city, they entered into a treaty of friendship with "Washington, the beloved Sachem of the Thirteen Fires," as they were pleased to call him.

In June of this year (1790) the society established a museum for the purpose of collecting and preserving everything relating to the history of the country. A room was granted for its use in the City Hall, and Gardiner Baker was appointed to take charge of the collection. In 1794 it was removed to a brick building standing directly in the middle of the street, at the intersection of Broad and Pearl streets, called the Exchange. The lower part was used as a market; but the upper part, being light and airy, was well calculated for displaying the many curiosities which now by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Baker had been collected. On the 25th of June, 1795, the society passed a resolution relinquishing to Gardiner Baker all their right and title to the museum. He had taken so much pains, and incurred so much expense in getting it up, that he could, with good reason, make a claim upon it. It was therefore given up to him, upon condition that it should be forever known as the Tammany Museum, in honor of its founders, and that each member of the society and his family should have free access to it. This museum, after the death of Baker, was sold to Mr. W. J. Waldron, and, after passing through various hands, formed the foundation of what was afterwards called Scudder's Museum, in Chatham street.

In 1791 Josiah Ogden Hoffman was grand sachem, and

the republican party among the sachems was increased by the election of Melancthon Smith, one of the most powerful and earnest friends the people had. Hamilton himself, with all his classic polish and scholastic logic, had found him his most severe antagonist in the constitutional convention. De Witt Clinton, then very young, was scribe of the council.

From this time until the election of Jefferson, a general view of the progress and movements of the society must suffice. They paid great attention to their anniversary and the Fourth of July. On the occasion of their annual meeting, they usually assembled at their wigwam at Barden's tavern, in the lower part of Broadway, and then either proceeded to the old Presbyterian church in Wall street, which stood about where the Continental Bank now does, or what in those days was called the new Presbyterian church afterwards the old Brick church, located on the block where the office of the *Daily Times* now stands, where an oration was delivered, and some patriotic song, composed for the occasion, was sung. At other times they went out to Campbell's, at Greenwich, where nearly the same exercises were observed.

The political views of the members, of course, were constantly subject to change by the force of passing events. The federal party was very strong in the southern section of the State, and particularly in this city, where it generally triumphed up to the year 1800. From the adoption of the constitution up to this time, the principal topics of political dispute were the French revolution, the Jay treaty, and in 1798, the alien and sedition laws. The Tammany Society was opposed to the ultra

measures adopted by some, which would have involved us in European difficulties, and toasts were drunk at their festivals, one of which was—"The hawks of war—may they be harmless." In 1795, at the time of the excitement about the Jay treaty, the minority of the United States Senate, who voted against it, were toasted: so it would appear that federalism in it, at that time, was not remarkably strong. In 1798, however, when the principles of Jefferson were in the ascendant, federalism in Tammany Hall gradually died out. The alarming attacks upon the rights of the people which Mr. Adams had made, and the evident intention of some portions of the federal party to have what they called an energetic government, but which the republicans conceived was only another name for oligarchy, induced hundreds of those who had been attached to that party to renounce its allegiance. The strides which had been made from the principles of the constitution in the short space of ten years were alarming. A standing army, internal taxation, the power of the President to borrow money, his control of aliens, the law against speaking or writing anything contemptuous of him, convinced republicans that a determination existed to subvert their liberties. Hence arose that large class of persons from the federal party called "trimmers," who concluded it was time for them to steer in another direction. For this reason, in 1800, we find the election resulting strongly in favor of the republican party. Then it was that Tammany Society became distinctively recognized as a democratic institution.

The place of meeting of the society, during the period to which we have referred, was Barden's tavern, called

also the City Tavern, in Broadway. It met here until about 1798, when it removed its quarters to the south-east corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, in a low wooden building, having an entrance in Nassau street. The landlord of the establishment was Abraham B. Martling, familiarly known for many years as "Brom Martling." This place was stigmatized by the federalists with the name of the "Pigpen." All the leading democrats of the day were constant attendants upon the meetings held there, among whom were John Tryson, Abraham Stagg, William H. Ireland, John Moss, John Targee, Abraham Daily, Benjamin Romaine, Dr. Prince, Eldad Holmes, John B. Thorp, Peter Sharpe, George Buckmaster, Augustus Wright, Abraham Valentine, Lewis Ford, Clarkson Crolius, Joseph Kimball, William Mott, Samuel L. Page, W. J. Waldron; and although the party were constantly threatened by divisions of the Burrrites, Lewisites, and Clintonians, yet the old men kept it together in a solid phalanx, to the terror of the federalists, and all who disregarded the rights of the people.

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1800 TO 1812.

“There’s a barrel of porter at Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long :
In the time of my boyhood ’twas pleasant to call
For a seat and a cigar ’mid the jovial throng.”

HALLECK’S SONG.

BEFORE commencing this portion of the history of the society, it may be well to ask the reader to take a peep at the city, and particularly at the wigwam where the stern old republicans were in the habit of holding their council fires. In 1800, Nassau and Pine streets were what Union Place and Madison Square now are. Pearl street, from Hanover Square to John street, was the abode of wealth and fashion. Wall street, now given over to the sordid purposes of Mammon, was the gay promenade on bright afternoons, and there many a gallant’s heart has been pierced by glances shot from beneath the frizzled locks of the fair sex ; while the beaux with their powdered curls before, and their neat black silk bags behind the head, their laced ruffles and desperately square-toed shoes, were equally *comme il faut*. The City Hall stood at the foot of Nassau street. Just below it was the elegant mansion of Mr. Verplanck, and immediately opposite, on the corner of Broad street, was the watch-house ; while further down, at the corner of New street, stood Becker’s tavern—then a place of great

resort. In Nassau street resided the Jays, Waddingtons, Radcliffes, Brinckerhoffs, and other prominent families. Where the Merchants' Exchange now stands were the residences of Thomas Buchanan, Mrs. White, and W. C. Leffingwell; while in Pearl street were the fashionable dwellings of Samuel Denton, John Ellis, John J. Glover, John Mowatt, Robert Lennox, Thomas Cadle, John B. Murray, Lieut.-Gov. Broome, Andrew Ogden, Governor George Clinton, and Richard Varick. Near the location of the present City Hall was the almshouse, with the bridewell on one side and the prison on the other. Grenzeback's grocery stood where French's hotel now does. There were but three or four old buildings on the block where Tammany hall is, one of which, nearly on the present site of the Tribune buildings, was a place of great resort for military men. The only remaining remnants of the neighborhood in that time are the wooden shanties, with their moss-covered roofs, which now disfigure Chatham street, opposite Centre.

Tammany Wigwam, or "Martling's Long Room," on the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, was the most noticeable feature of the locality, partly from its appearance, but more particularly on account of the sturdy "Sons of Seventy-Six" who met there, and the exciting scenes and incidents which frequently occurred within its walls. Martling himself was a whig of the Revolution, and drew around him all those who contended for a true republican government. His house was a low frame building, with a rough exterior; and, if it had ever experienced the adorning effects of paint, the storms of years long past had worn it off. It had escaped the de-

vastating fires of 1776 and 1778, as well as the destructive ravages of the British troops. Nothing at that time intervened between it and the Park—the buildings connected with the “Brick Church” not having been erected. The bar-room was situated immediately on the corner of Spruce street, while the kitchen was on Nassau street, directly in the rear. The celebrated “Long Room” was back of these apartments, running parallel with Nassau street. The entrance to it was either in Spruce street, through a long hall or entry-way, or from the bar-room, by a door which opened into the same hall. Its floor was several steps lower than the bar-room and kitchen, and its ancient aspect and somewhat dilapidated appearance acquired for it that uncomplimentary sobriquet of “The Pigpen,” by which it was so long known to the enemies of the Tammany Society. It was the headquarters of the democracy, however, until their new hall was finished, in 1812, and was sacrificed, about 1814, to the resistless march of improvement, which spares nothing in this city, however old or sacred.

Immediately after the election of Jefferson, when the federal party had become thoroughly prostrated, a division broke out in the ranks of the democracy between the friends of Mr. Clinton, Chancellor Livingston, and Colonel Burr. Burr was accused of faithlessness to the party, and of having conspired to defeat Mr. Jefferson. Colonel John Swartwout, a warm friend of Colonel Burr, became involved in a dispute with Mr. Clinton which led to a duel at Hoboken, wherein Swartwout was wounded. When Mr. Clinton, who always wore his coat buttoned with one button, like Daniel Webster, found it very un-

ceremoniously unfastened by the bullet of Swartwout, he was not at all unwilling to listen to overtures of peace. Burr soon completed his own disgrace with the democracy by running as stump candidate, in 1803, against Morgan Lewis, and was forever ostracized by that party. In 1805, strange as it may appear, a secret plan was formed by the Clintonians to unite their fortunes with the Burr-ites against the Lewisites. It was known to be very important to keep this coalition from coming to the ears of the Lewisites, and more particularly with regard to the "Martling men," as they sometimes called the members of the Tammany Society, who had already begun to suspect De Witt Clinton of courting the favor of the federalists, and had partially denounced him. To effect this, Levi McKeen, a "dyed-in-the-wool" Burr-ite of Poughkeepsie, was chosen, as a delegate from that party, to come to New York and confer with General Baily, on the part of the Clintonians, as to the preliminaries of the union. All this was studiously kept from the Martling men, and it was not until the 20th of February, 1805 (when the Clintonians and Burr-ites, as hail-fellows well met, assembled at Dyde's hotel, located near where the foot of Sixty-first street now is, to celebrate the union), that the true republicans fully comprehended what was going on. They immediately called a meeting at Martling's on the 27th of the same month, and denounced the whole affair as a federal proceeding.

D. D. Tompkins was the republican candidate for governor in 1806, and his rising popularity soon made him a man of mark. In 1807, the trial of Col. Burr for treason completed that extraordinary man's doom, and he sunk into that ob-

security of which his inordinate and unscrupulous ambition had made him eminently deserving. In 1810, Lieut-Governor Broome died, and De Witt Clinton was nominated by the members of the Legislature to fill his place. It is unnecessary to say that Tammany was in arms. A meeting was immediately called at their headquarters, and they recited in a decided tone the causes of their opposition to Mr. Clinton, which were his ambition, untempered by honesty; his opposition, or at least lukewarmness, to Mr. Madison and his administration; his eleventh-hour support of the embargo, etc. Colonel Marinus Willet was nominated to oppose him, and Dr. Mitchell, Teunis Wortman, Matthew L. Davis, and John Ferguson, were appointed a committee to forward his election. The Clintonians in this city held a meeting shortly after for the same purpose, at the Union Hotel, which stood in William street, opposite Cedar, before the latter was cut through to Pearl. The Martling men went down to give them a reception, and a scene occurred which somewhat resembled the squabbles in "The Coal Hole," at a later day. The Clintonians found it impossible to transact any business, so great was the crowd and confusion.

In 1811, Mr. Clinton, partially by the aid of Mr. Van Buren, who had just then made his appearance in the political world, succeeded in obtaining the vote of this State for President. Tammany Society opposed him, and General Erastus Root cast his influence in the scale with them; but Mr. Madison was re-elected, notwithstanding the vote of New York against him, and the republicans were still in the ascendant in the national councils. Thus stood Tammany Society at the time of

the breaking out of the war. It had supported all the measures of Mr. Madison's administration. Our flag had been insulted in every sea, our merchantmen searched, our citizens forced into foreign service, and yet the conduct of Great Britain found apologists in America; but they were not among those who had kept bright the true love of patriotism by meeting around the council fires of Tammany, and recounting the brave deeds of their ancestors upon every return of the birthday of liberty. This society had never been, like the federalists of Albany, so fearful of offending the delicate sensibilities of Englishmen, as to advocate that the Declaration of Independence should not be read upon the Fourth of July! As the storm gathered around, and there was no remedy for our grievances but ignobly submitting to them, or bravely contending with our enemies, no party or society more earnestly gave "aid and comfort" to our government than Tammany. It was the headquarters of those who took an active part in the war, and who materially contributed to its honorable and glorious termination.

The society had, during this period, advanced rapidly in wealth and prosperity. It had been incorporated by an act of the Legislature in 1805. In 1808, after repeated calls upon Congress, but with no effect, Tammany Society determined to perform a duty of patriotism which will ever be an honor to the institution. Since the Revolution, the bones of those who had died on board the prison ships at Wallabout had been permitted to bleach upon the shore. The inhumanity with which they were treated has been so often described, that it has become almost a hackneyed theme. We will merely say that, from the

most reliable accounts which can be gathered, not less than 11,500 souls perished on board the various ships which were moored in the East river. Paine predicted, "that before America would submit to the unjust demands upon her, the bones of three millions of her citizens would whiten the shores of their country;" and the bones of 11,500 had indeed whitened the shores of the Wallabout.

It is not our purpose here to describe their sufferings, but we cannot refrain from making a short extract from the poem of Philip Freneau, the cleverest bard of our revolutionary era, the room-mate in College of President Madison, and ever afterwards honored with his warmest confidence, which so forcibly and pointedly tells the story of their woes :

"Each day at least six carcasses we bore,
And scratched them graves along the sandy shore ;
By feeble hands the shallow graves were made—
No stone memorial o'er their corpses laid,
In barren sands, and far from home they lie—
No friend to shed a tear in passing by ;
O'er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the sand, and curse the rebel dead !"

To collect and provide a suitable place for the deposit of the bones of these martyrs, who had endured all the slow and lingering tortures which fancy could invent for their devotion to liberty, was the object to which the Tammany Society addressed themselves.

In making improvements near the navy yard, a number of casks and boxes had been filled with these remains, and preserved by John Jackson, Esq., for interment. It had been repeatedly suggested by a great many persons

that some suitable place should be provided for them. Dr. Mitchell had brought the subject before Congress, but that body doubted its power to make an appropriation for that purpose. Tammany Society took up the subject as early as 1803; and finally, in 1807, when it became evident that Congress would do nothing about it, a committee, called "the Wallabout Committee," was appointed to take measures for carrying the long contemplated design of interment into effect. An appropriation, it is said, was made by the Legislature to assist the society in their patriotic undertaking; but the financial benefit derived from it does not appear to have been much, and the disposal of the money is still involved in much mystery.

The "Wallabout Committee" reported in February, 1808, and immediate measures were taken to carry into effect their suggestions. The corner-stone of the tomb was laid on the 13th of April, 1808, when a grand and imposing procession was formed under the direction of Major Aycregg, grand-marshal. The military companies and civic societies united with the Tammany, and proceeded to the spot, where Joseph D. Fay, Esq., the orator of the day, delivered an eloquent and impassioned oration. Referring to those who had perished for the love they bore their country, he said: "On this day we lay the corner-stone of their tomb. Their ashes hitherto have been blown about like summer's dust in the whirlwind. But the marble column shall rise on this spot, and tell to future ages the story that they had to choose death or slavery, and that they nobly elected the former. The curious mariner shall point to it in silent admiration as he passes at a distance, and posterity shall call it the Tomb of the Patriots!"

The vault being completed, the society fixed on the 25th of May of the same year for consigning the bones to their final resting-place; but the weather proving stormy, the ceremony was postponed until the 26th, when one of the largest and most magnificent funeral pageants which this city has ever witnessed took place. Garret Sickles was the grand-marshal of the day. The first feature in the procession was a trumpeter, mounted on a black horse, carrying in his hand a black flag, upon which was inscribed in letters of gold—"Mortals, avaunt! 11,500 Spirits of the Martyred Brave! approach the Tomb of Honor, of Glory, of Virtuous Patriotism!" Then followed the military, under command of Brigadier-General Morton, and immediately after, the Wallabout Committee, each member with a bucktail in his hat. Then came the Tammany Society, headed by Benjamin Romaine, grand sachem, with all the insignia of their order—making a most impressive display. The municipal governments of New York and Brooklyn came next (De Witt Clinton was then Mayor of the city), followed by the Governor of the State, D. D. Tompkins, and Lieutenant-Governor John Broome, members of Congress, military and naval officers of the United States, and finally all the various civic societies of the city. The procession proceeded through the then principal streets, crossed to Brooklyn, and moved to the vault in Hudson avenue, near York street, which was to contain the remains of the patriot dead. Dr. Benjamin De Witt delivered the oration, which he had prepared at the request of the Tammany Society. After its conclusion, the coffins were deposited in the tomb, and the procession returned

to the city. There were those at that day who stigmatized this patriotic affair of the Tammany Society as a *ruse* to make political capital ; but if it were, never could political capital have been made upon more worthy or patriotic grounds. But such was not the case. The society felt the disgrace which justly attached to our country for the neglect which it showed to the memory of these brave men, and they determined to wipe away the stain.

In 1811, the society took efficient measures to erect a suitable hall for a place of meeting. Two ineffectual attempts, one in 1792 and the other in 1802, had been previously made ; but at this time, by the efficient exertions of Colonel Rutgers and others, the sum of \$28,000 was subscribed, and the corner-stone of the new hall was laid on the southwest corner of Frankfort and Nassau streets, on the 13th of May, 1811. Abraham M. Valentine was the grand-marshal of the day. The members of the society wore the bucktail in their hats, as usual, marched in Indian file, and appeared in aboriginal costume. Clarkson Crolius was the grand sachem. He laid the corner-stone, and made a short and spirited address to the sachems, warriors, and brethren present, telling them that here they would hereafter meet, and recount to the young warriors and hunters the virtuous and heroic deeds of their fathers. Alpheus Sherman delivered the oration. The hall was speedily finished, and became the headquarters of the democracy about the time of the breaking out of the war.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1812 TO 1834.

“Thy spirit, Independence, let me share !
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose looks sublime,
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.”

DURING the war of 1812 Tammany Hall was the headquarters of those in this State who were in favor of its vigorous prosecution, and the unpatriotic position taken in relation to it by a large portion of the federal party only stimulated its friends to renewed diligence. In October, 1814, when this city was threatened by an attack from the British troops, intrenchments were erected at Harlem and Brooklyn Heights, at Greenwich Barracks, near where the old State prison now stands, and at other points in the vicinity of the city. A large number of the militia of the neighboring counties were ordered by the Governor of the State to repair here without delay, and assist in erecting and manning these redoubts. So urgent was the necessity for their immediate completion thought to be, that many patriotic citizens joined the soldiers, and contributed their labor in hurrying them forward. The members of Tammany Society several times offered their services to the Com-

mittee of Defense, and, repairing in a body to the forts, voluntarily performed this patriotic labor.

At no place were the victories of our forces, whether by sea or land, received with more heartfelt enthusiasm than at Tammany Hall. The patriots who met there felt that the successes which had crowned our arms taught the world the strength and vigor of a free though youthful nation, and how fruitless it was to endeavor to repress her expanding energies; but when Great Britain extended proffers of peace, the joy which followed the announcement of their ratification was as hearty and vehement as when the splendid victory of General Jackson at New Orleans captivated the people and gratified their national pride. When the Commissioners (Messrs. Clay, Gallatin, and Adams), appointed on the part of the United States to arrange the treaty of peace, returned from Ghent, they were treated to a grand banquet at Tammany Hall. Strange as it may seem in later days, Henry Clay has actually been toasted and applauded within the great wigwam of democracy.

About the time of the war, a small party of federalists, who had become disaffected, left their ranks and joined Tammany Society. It was called the "Coody party," so known from a series of articles which appeared in one of the newspapers of the day, signed "Abimileck Coody, Ladies' Shoemaker," wherein it was urged with much vehemence that the federalists had better give up their opposition to the war. These letters were very severe and caustic upon De Witt Clinton; so much so as to induce, as it is generally believed, answers to them from the distinguished man himself. "Abimileck Coody"

was no other person than the venerable and worthy Gulian C. Verplanck, the son of a wealthy land-owner in Dutchess county, who had been in some way involved in a riot (which, we believe, occurred in Trinity Church, at a Commencement of Columbia College), and who, it was said, cherished a personal enmity towards Mr. Clinton, on account of a charge which the latter had given against him in some proceedings growing out of the affair. However this may be, the "Coody party," as it was called, consisting of Mr. Verplanck, Hugh Maxwell, Jacob Radcliffe, Richard Hatfield, Josiah Hedden, John Hopkins, and others—in all amounting to forty—rushed into Tammany Hall, and claimed, for a time, to be better democrats than even the old chiefs of the wigwam. Many of the older members of the society looked upon the new-comers with suspicion, and some opposed their admission; but opposition to Mr. Clinton, at that time, was considered pretty good proof of democracy, and hence that party were allowed seats around the council-fire. Radcliffe afterwards became mayor; Hatfield, clerk; of the sessions; and Maxwell, district-attorney.

After the peace, parties assumed a somewhat different position. The federalists were still formidable, and numbered among their leaders some of the shrewdest political managers of the day. The Clintonians generally managed so as to assist them, and the quasi-union of the two formed a party which placed the republicans in a decided minority. Mr. Clinton, who had been elected to the chief executive office of the State when Governor Tompkins resigned, upon taking his post as Vice-President, in 1816, immediately removed many of the "Buck-

tails," or Tammany men, in office then. A powerful effort was thereupon made in 1820 to defeat him, by bringing out that old standard-bearer of democracy, D. D. Tompkins, against him for Governor; but the coalition of the federalists and the popularity of the canal policy were sufficient to secure the election of Mr. Clinton, though in every other respect the republicans were triumphant. They elected a large majority in the Legislature, secured the council of appointment, and, in every respect, achieved a substantial victory.

No one who has marked the history of political parties with any degree of attention but must have been struck with their constantly shifting position upon many important questions of public policy. This is necessarily so, from the equally constant variations which circumstances present, the force of which no man can gainsay or resist. In 1819, when our country was probably suffering from a greater prostration of internal trade and manufactures than ever before or since, the Tammany Society adopted an address to the people of the United States on the subject of protection to home manufactures. It recapitulated the disastrous condition of the country occasioned by the inordinate emissions of paper money by the banks, the extraordinary quantities of foreign manufactures which were deluging our country, thus crushing American labor, and lamenting the gambling propensities of the day, which, in the form of lotteries, billiard-rooms, etc., were so injurious to habits of industry and economy. Resolutions were passed by the society, on the 11th October of the same year, recommending their brethren to refrain from useless extravagance in living, and to dis-

continue the importation and use of every species of foreign manufacture which could be conveniently substituted by the fabrics of the United States. The address was forwarded to the prominent political men of the day, who nearly all returned answers to it more or less approving of the sentiments it contained, and among whom were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, James Madison, John Quincy Adams, H. Dearborn, Nathan Sandford, and Mahlon Dickerson. These letters were all addressed to Clarkson Crolius, at that time grand sachem, and were published in the *National Advocate*.

About this time a party calling itself "The People's Party," profiting by the unpopularity which had been brought upon the Crawford party for opposing the election of presidential electors by the people, succeeded in electing their candidate, and in actually getting possession of Tammany Hall, and expelling, for a short time, its rightful occupants. The democracy, however, were not to be entirely driven away from their wigwam, but sought refuge in "The Coal Hole," and there nominated an Assembly ticket, which they elected by nearly three thousand majority.

From this time until 1827, political matters were more quiet than they had previously been. Mr. Van Buren was now the political manager of the Albany regency, and he inculcated in his followers his peculiar system of management. He early conceived the idea of bringing out General Jackson in opposition to Mr. Adams, in 1828, and did not fail to conciliate, as far as possible, the Clintonians, in order to forward his scheme. Mr. Clinton

was well known to be a warm friend of General Jackson, and his support was worth gaining. None of these arrangements transpired until the 26th of September, 1827, when the General Republican Committee of this city met at Tammany Hall and passed a resolution recommending their fellow-citizens, in their respective wards, to elect only such persons in their committees as were in favor of General Jackson as the next candidate for President. Major Noah soon after ran up the name of the old hero at the head of the *National Advocate*, and in the election which followed he received twenty out of the thirty-four electoral votes to which this State was entitled—the electors being then chosen by districts, and not by general ticket. Mr. Van Buren was elected Governor, in opposition to Smith Thompson; but, upon General Jackson forming his cabinet in 1829, he was called by him to the post of Secretary of State. Here, by a judicious management of the well-known difficulties growing out of the expulsion of the wife of Major Eaton, Secretary of War, from social intercourse with the families of the other members of the cabinet, for some supposed irregularities, he succeeded in establishing himself very firmly in the affections of the President. The General had declared, with all his constitutional vehemence, that he would be “cut into inch pieces,” before he would permit that lady to be injured by vile calumnies, and Mr. Van Buren appears to have very observedly turned the matter to some account in forwarding his chances for the succession. He very opportunely resigned in 1831, and, as early as 1834, was distinctly marked on the programme

at Tammany Hall as the next democratic presidential candidate. About this time, all the discordant elements of the opposite party, or opponents of General Jackson, assumed the name of whigs.

CHAPTER V.

FROM 1834 TO 1840.

“Oh, Moses Jacques! oh, Moses Jacques!
'Tis painful and 'tis true,
A caucus of the Regency
Imposed the task I do.

And as for you, Levi D. Slamm,
Grieve intellect, 'tis plain;
Apply it to wise purposes,
Where profit you can gain.”

TAMMANY SOCIETY continued the firm and unwavering supporter of Gen. Jackson's administration through all the memorable difficulties which it encountered, and nothing occurred in it particularly worthy of record until the rise of the “equal rights party,” in 1835. This organization was founded on nearly the same principles as the “workingmen's party,” of 1828. It declared unqualified and uncompromising hostility to bank notes and paper money as a circulating medium, opposition to all monopolies, and particularly to the creation of vested rights by legislation. Its principles were mainly supported and defended by William Leggett—a name which no Democrat does not remember with respect; for however inexpedient or visionary some of his political views may have been, they were yet advocated with an honest and enthusiastic spirit that could not fail to command regard. Mr. Leggett was at this time editor of the *Evening Post*; and around him and his paper, although

both were ruled out of the regular democratic party, the equal rights men took their stand. They looked upon Tammany Society as the stronghold of the abuses in the democracy of which they complained—hence that organization was the principal target of all their feats in political gunnery. Another cause which contributed to bring out this party against Tammany Hall was the charge that the politicians of the latter had appropriated to themselves the lion's share in the distribution of offices—so much so, that they were said to be “hunkers;” from which originated the application to them of the term “hunkers,” as indicating a sordid and covetous spirit in retaining all the spoils to themselves. They were also accused of “going up the back-stairs of the wigwam,” and organizing meetings before the rank and file had an opportunity to be heard.

On the 29th of October, 1835, a meeting to ratify the democratic nominations in the city for State officers was called at Tammany Hall. The equal rights party was strongly opposed to some of the nominees, because it was alleged that they were in favor of the perpetuation of bank monopolies. The doors had scarcely opened on the evening named, when that party rushed in, and Isaac L. Varian, who had been nominated for President of the meeting, was not allowed to take the chair. Joel Curtis was nominated by the equal rights men, and a scene of confusion followed, equal, if not ahead, of anything of the kind that has ever occurred within the old wigwam. The regular democrats were finally, by the force of overpowering numbers, driven from the room, and in the midst of the hubbub, some one turned off the

gas and left the infuriated opponents of monopoly to pursue their investigations in the dark. But, having obtained possession of the conservative democratic headquarters, they were determined not to be driven away easily. Accordingly, candles and lucifer or "loco-foco" matches were obtained, and they soon produced a light which enabled them to proceed to business. They adopted a ticket to suit themselves, passed resolutions in accordance with their principles, and adjourned. The *Courier and Enquirer*, next morning, dubbed the new party which had made such a splendid *coup d'état*, by the name of "loco-focos"—which appellation was afterwards applied by the opposition to the democratic party.

This organization assumed a formidable footing for about two years, and caused considerable distraction in the ranks of the democracy. Moses Jacques—Mr. Leggett being cut off by an untimely death—became its most conspicuous leader. Among its prominent members were Alexander Ming, Job Haskell, F. W. Byrdsall, Levi D. Slamm, A. F. Vache, Clinton Roosevelt, G. W. Mattell, and Robert Townsend, Jr. Their headquarters were at the old Military and Civic Hotel, formerly located on the southwest corner of the Bowery and Broome street. They went so far as to resolve that Tammany Society was not a democratic body, and that its practices and usages were injurious to republicanism. Many politicians, however, turned this party to account, and by a *soi-disant* friendship, succeeded in obtaining office by its aid. On February 13, 1837, an intensely cold and extremely windy day, they held a meeting in the Park to take into con-

sideration the high price of provisions, and from this gathering proceeded the mob which attacked the flour store of Eli Hart & Co., at Nos. 173 and 175 Washington street. Much odium was thrown upon the party on account of this occurrence; but there are no grounds for believing that its leaders either instigated or approved of the outrage. The party, by a compromise of principles, were finally admitted into Tammany Hall. The democratic forces which stood so nobly victorious in 1837, were swept away by the tornado that elected General Harrison in 1840. The subsequent history of Tammany Society, the memorable difficulties between the "hunkers" and "barnburners," and the "hards" and "softs," are too closely allied to our own times to be treated of at present. It has been the aim of the writer to present a candid and condensed view of the history of the Tammany Society down to the point indicated, totally free from personal or political bias. A short explanation of its forms and ceremonies, and we have completed our undertaking.

The society elects annually thirteen sachems, which represent the original thirteen States. From their number, or from the body of the society, one is elected who is styled the Grand Sachem. This body forms a Council, presided over by a Father, which meets quarterly for the transaction of business. The other officers of the society are a Secretary, Treasurer, Sagamore, and Wiskinskie. The duty of the Sagamore is to take care of the property of the society; that of the Wiskinskie, to act as doorkeeper. All the customs and ceremonies observed are borrowed from the aborigines, and the members of the

society were originally divided into tribes corresponding to the different States. New York was the eagle tribe, New Hampshire the otter, Massachusetts the panther, Rhode Island the beaver, Connecticut the bear, New Jersey the tortoise, Pennsylvania the rattlesnake, Delaware the tiger, Maryland the fox, Virginia the deer, North Carolina the buffalo, South Carolina the raccoon, and Georgia the wolf. When members joined the society, they either chose the tribe to which they preferred to belong, or were assigned to one by the Grand Sachem ; but this observance has now fallen into disuse. All the transactions of the society are dated from three eras—its own organization, our national independence, and the discovery of America by Columbus. The year is divided into four seasons—viz. : December, January, and February, the Season of Snows ; March, April, and May, the Season of Blossoms ; June, July, and August, the Season of Fruits ; September, October, and November, the Season of Hunting. If any event occurring on this day were to be chronicled according to their rules, it would be in the following form : “ Manhattan, Season of Fruits, 17th day of the 7th Moon, Year of Discovery 361st, of Independence 78th, and of the Institution the 65th.”

Members are proposed at one meeting, elected at the next, and initiated at the next. If they fail to appear in the regular order named, they cannot come up again within three months. They must have nearly a unanimous vote to be elected. The initiation fee is three dollars, and one dollar annual dues. At the initiation of

the Grand Sachem, the "Et-hoh Song" is sung, commencing :

"Brothers, our council-fire shines bright, Et-hoh !"

At the initiation of a member, a different one is sung, the first stanza of which is as follows :

"Sacred's the ground where Freedom's found,
And Virtue stamps her name ;
Our hearts entwine at Friendship's shrine,
And Union fans the flame :
Our hearts sincere
Shall greet you here,
With joyful voice
Confirm your choice.
Et-hoh ! Et-hoh ! Et-hoh !

Every member who proposes a person for initiation is required to vouch that he is a true republican, and firmly attached to the Constitution of the United States.

Among the members of the society who have held the offices of Sachem and Grand Sachem from 1789 to 1864, appear the names of :

WILLIAM MOONEY	Harmanus Tallman.
(Grand Sachem).	George J. Warner (Grand Sachem).
George Clinton, Jr.	Pierre C. Van Wyck.
Courtlandt Van Beuren.	Naphtali Judah.
Cornelius C. Van Allen	Abraham Stagg (Grand Sachem).
(Grand Sachem).	John Striker.
Nathaniel Bloodgood.	
Everardus Warner.	

Philip Schuyler.	John Forbes.
Walter Bowne (Mayor ; Grand Sachem, 1820).	Jacob Barker.
William J. Waldron (Grand Sachem).	Jacob Vandervoort.
Samuel L. Mitchell.	John M. Bloodgood.
Jesse Hoyt.	Samuel B. Romaine (Grand Sachem).
Adrian Hegeman.	George Seaman (Grand Sa- chem).
Clarkson Crolius (Grand Sachem).	Josiah Ingersoll.
David Bryson.	Churchill C. Cambrelling.
Judah Hammond.	Matthew L. Davis (Grand Sachem).
Abr'm M. Valentine.	Stephen Cambrelling.
John T. Irving.	Rutgers Van Brunt.
Jonathan P. Pearse.	Samuel Hawkins (Grand Sachem).
Brockholst Livingston.	Garret Sickles.
David Longworth.	Abr'm Bogart.
Thomas Timpson.	Ezra S. Conner.
Christian Shultz, Jr.	Elijah F. Purdy (Grand Sa- chem).
Garrit Gilbert.	John Timpson.
Peter Embury.	Mordecai M. Noah (Grand Sachem.)
Daniel D. Tompkins.	Jacob Brush.
John Swartwout.	Charles Mills.
William P. Van Ness.	James Conner (Grand Sa- chem).
John P. Haff.	Miln Parker.
Samuel Cowdrey.	Peter F. Cisco.
Ebenezer Stevens.	Michael Schureman.
George W. Clinton.	
Peter H. Wendover.	
James Valentine.	
William Jones.	

Shivers Parker (Grand Sachem).	Lorenzo B. Shepard (Grand Sachem).
Robert B. Boyd (Grand Sachem).	Daniel E. Delavan (Grand Sachem).
Reuben Bunn.	C. Godfrey Gunther.
Abraham Martling.	Aug. Schell.
Cornelius Cregier.	Emanuel B. Hart.
Benjamin Coddington.	John Cochrane.
Adrian C. Van Sluyck.	John McKeon.
Isaac Minard.	William H. Cornell.
Gideon Ostrander.	James C. Willett.
Stephen Allen.	Wilson Small.
John Hillyer.	John Kelly.
Ruggles Hubbard.	George H. Purser.
Jesse West.	William D. Kennedy (Grand Sachem).
Michael Ulshoeffter.	Samuel Jones Willis.
Levi D. Slamm.	John J. Cisco.
Philip S. Crooke.	Nelson J. Waterbury (Grand Sachem).
William Vail.	John Van Buren.
Charles P. Clinch.	Robert Kelly.
Alpheus Sherman.	Andre Froment.
John Woodward.	W. C. H. Waddell.
John B. Thorp.	Daniel D. Briggs.
Charles Mapes.	Caspar C. Childs.
Joseph Hopkins.	George E. Baldwin.
Edward Sandford.	Jonathan Trotter.
C. S. Bogardus.	Peter B. Sweeny.
Isaac V. Fowler (Grand Sachem).	Charles G. Cornell.
John A. Dix.	Albert Cardozo.
Samuel J. Tilden.	

Matthew T. Brennan.	John E. Develin.
William M. Tweed.	Edward Cooper.
John Clancy.	Isaac Bell.
Douglas Taylor.	Richard B. Connolly.
John T. Hoffman (Grand Sachem).	Thomas J. Barr.
James B. Nicholson.	Henry Vandewater.
	Wm. McMurray (Sachem).

MB
— hst

