

F 68

.H6795

Copy 1

**SPEECH**

OF

**HON. GEORGE F. HOAR,**

**OF MASSACHUSETTS,**

**DECEMBER 22, 1898,**

**AT THE BANQUET OF THE**

**NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,**

**OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.**

*7-17-*

WASHINGTON, D. C.:  
THE SANTON PRINTING CO.,  
619 E STREET N. W.  
1899.



SPEECH

OF

HON. GEORGE F. HOAR,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

DECEMBER 22, 1898,

AT THE BANQUET OF THE

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,

OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



WASHINGTON, D. C.:  
THE SANTON PRINTING CO.,  
619 E STREET N. W.  
1899.

405

W. J. Bingham  
1905

21

# SPEECH.

DECEMBER 22, 1898.

I need not assure this brilliant company how deeply I am impressed by the significance of this occasion. I am not vain enough to find in it anything of personal compliment. I like better to believe that the ties of common history, of common faith, of common citizenship, and inseparable destiny, are drawing our two sister States together again. If cordial friendship, if warm affection, (to use no stronger term,) can ever exist between two communities, they should exist between Massachusetts and South Carolina. They were both of the "Old Thirteen." They were alike in the circumstances of their origin. Both were settled by those noble fugitives who brought the torch of liberty across the sea, when liberty was without other refuge on the face of the earth. The English Pilgrims and Puritans founded Massachusetts, to be followed soon after by the Huguenot exiles who fled from the tyranny of King Louis XIV, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Scotch Presbyterianism founded Carolina, to be followed soon after by the French exiles fleeing from the same oppression. Everywhere in New England are traces of the footsteps of this gentle, delightful, and chivalrous race. All over our six States, to-day, many an honored grave, many a stirring tradition bear witness to the kinship between our early settlers and the settlers of South Carolina. Faneuil Hall, in Boston, which we love to call the Cradle of Liberty, attests the munificence and bears the name of an illustrious Huguenot.

These French exiles lent their grace and romance to our history also. Their settlements were like clusters of magnolias in some warm valley in our bleak New England.

We are, all of us, in Massachusetts, reading again the story of

the voyage of the Mayflower, written by William Bradford. As you have heard, that precious manuscript has lately been restored to us by the kindness of His Grace, the Lord Bishop of London. It is, in the eyes of the children of the Pilgrims, the most precious manuscript on earth. If there be anything to match the pathos of that terrible voyage, it is found in the story of Judith Manigault, the French Huguenot exile, of her nine months' voyage from England to South Carolina. Her name I am told, has been honored here in every generation since.

If there be a single lesson which the people of this country have learned from their wonderful and crowded history, it is that the North and South are indispensable to each other. They are the blades of mighty shears, worthless apart, but, when bound by an indissoluble Union, powerful, irresistible, and terrible as the shears of Fate; like the shears of Atropos, severing every thread and tangled web of evil, cutting out for humanity its beautiful garments of Liberty and Light from the cloth her dread sisters spin and weave.

I always delight to think, as I know the people of South Carolina delight to think, of these states of ours, not as mere aggregations of individuals, but as beautiful personalities, moral beings, endowed with moral characters, capable of faith, of hope, of memory, of pride, or sorrow and of joy, of courage, of heroism, of honor, and of shame. Certainly this is true of them. Their power and glory, their rightful place in history, depended on these things, and not on numbers or extent of territory.

It is this that justifies the arrangement of the Constitution of the United States for equal representation of States in the upper legislative chamber, and explains its admirable success.

The separate entity and the absolute freedom, except for the necessary restraints of the Constitution, of our different States, is the cause alike of the greatness and the security of the country.

The words Switzerland, France, England, Rome, Athens, Massachusetts, South Carolina, Virginia, America, convey to your mind a distinct and individual meaning, and suggests an image of distinct moral quality and moral being as clearly as do the words Washington, Wellington, or Napoleon. I believe it is,

and I thank God that I believe it is, something much higher than the average of the qualities of the men who make it up. We think of Switzerland as something better than the individual Swiss, and of France as something better than the individual Frenchman, and of America as something better than the individual American. In great and heroic individual actions we often seem to feel that it is the country, of which the man is but the instrument, that gives expression to its quality in doing the deed.

It was Switzerland who gathered into her breast at Sempach, the sheaf of fatal Austrian spears. It was the hereditary spirit of New England that gave the word of command by the voice of Buttrick, at Concord, and was in the bosom of Parker at Lexington. It was South Carolina whose lightning stroke smote the invader by the arm of Marion, and whose wisdom guided the framers of the Constitution through the lips of Rutledge, and Gadsden, and Pinckney.

The citizen on great occasions knows and obeys the voice of his country as he knows and obeys an individual voice, whether it appeal to a base or ignoble, or to a generous or noble passion. "Sons of France, awake to glory," told the French youth what was the dominant passion in the bosom of France, and it awoke a corresponding sentiment in his own. Under its spell he marched through Europe and overthrew her kingdoms and empires, and felt in Egypt that forty centuries were looking down on him from the pyramids. But, at last, one June morning in Trafalgar Bay there was another utterance, more quiet in its tone, but speaking also with a personal and individual voice—"England expects every man to do his duty."

At the sight of Nelson's immortal signal, duty-loving England and glory-loving France met as they have met on many an historic battlefield before and since, and the lover of duty proved the stronger. The England that expected every man to do his duty was as real a being to the humblest sailor in Nelson's fleet as the mother that bore him.

The title of our American States to their equality, under this admirable arrangement, depends not on area, or upon numbers,

but upon character and upon personality. Fancy a league or a confederacy in which Athens or Sparta were united with Persia or Babylon or Nineveh and their political power were to be reckoned in proportion to their numbers or their size.

I have sometimes fancied South Carolina and Massachusetts, those two illustrious and heroic sisters, instead of sitting apart, one under her palm trees and the other under her pines, one with the hot gales from the tropics fanning her brow, and the other on the granite rocks by her ice-bound shores, meeting together, and comparing notes and stories as sisters born of the same mother compare notes and stories after a long separation. How the old estrangements, born of ignorance of each other, would have melted away.

Does it ever occur to you that the greatest single tribute ever paid to Daniel Webster was paid by Mr. Calhoun? And the greatest single tribute ever paid to Mr. Calhoun was paid by Mr. Webster?

I do not believe that among the compliments or marks of honor which attended the illustrious career of Daniel Webster there is one that he would have valued so much as that which his great friend, his great rival and antagonist paid him from his dying bed.

"Mr. Webster," said Mr. Calhoun, "has as high a standard of truth as any statesman whom I have met in debate. Convince him, and he cannot reply; he is silent; he cannot look truth in the face and oppose it by argument."

There was never, I suppose, paid to John C. Calhoun, during his illustrious life any other tribute of honor he would have valued so highly as that which was paid him after his death by his friend, his rival and antagonist, Daniel Webster.

"Mr. Calhoun," said Mr. Webster, "had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I was sure he was, in the prin-



ciples he espoused, and in the measures he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or a selfish feeling. However he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those opinions and those principles will now descend to posterity, and under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of the country. He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here will find that he has left upon our minds and upon our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come that we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."

Just think for a moment what this means. If any man ever lived who was not merely the representative, but the embodiment of the thought, opinion, principles, character, quality, intellectual and moral, of the people of South Carolina, for the forty years from 1810 until his death, it was John C. Calhoun. If any man ever lived who not merely was the representative, but the embodiment of the thought, opinion, principles, character, quality, intellectual and moral, of the people of Massachusetts, it was Daniel Webster. Now if, after forty years of rivalry, of conflict, of antagonism, these two statesmen of ours, most widely differing in opinions on public questions, who never met but to exchange a blow, the sparks from the encounter of whose mighty swords kindled the fires which spread over the continent, thought thus of one another, is it not likely that if the States they rep-

resented could have met with the same intimacy, with the same knowledge and companionship during all these years, they, too, would have understood, and understanding, would have loved each other?

I should like to have had a chance to hearken to their talk. Why, their gossip would almost make up the history of liberty! How they would boast to each other, as sisters do, of their children, their beautiful and brave! How many memories they would find in common! How the warm Scotch-Irish blood would stir in their veins! How the Puritan and the Presbyterian blood would quicken their pulses as they recounted the old struggles for freedom to worship God! What stories they would have to tell each other of the day of the terrible knell from the bell of the old tower of St. Germain de L'Auxerrois, when the edict of Nantes was revoked and sounded its alarm to the Huguenot exiles who found refuge, some in South Carolina and some in Massachusetts! You have heard of James Bowdoin, of Paul Revere, and Peter Faneuil, and Andrew Sigourney. These men brought to the darkened and gloomy mind of the Puritan the sunshine of beautiful France, which South Carolina did not need. They taught our Puritans the much needed lesson that there was something other than the snare of Satan in the song of a bird or the fragrance of a flower.

The boys and girls of South Carolina and the boys and girls of Massachusetts went to the same school in the old days. Their school-masters were tyranny and poverty and exile and starvation. They heard the wild music of the wolves' howl, and the savages' war cry. They crossed the Atlantic in midwinter, when—

Winds blew and waters rolled,  
Strength to the brave, and power, and Deity.

They learned in that school little of the grace or the luxury of life. But they learned how to build States and how to fight tyrants.

They would have found much, these two sisters, to talk about of a later time. South Carolina would have talked of her

boy Christopher Gadsden, who, George Bancroft said, was like a mountain torrent dashing on an over-shot wheel. And Massachusetts would try to trump the trick with James Otis, that flame of fire, who said he seemed to hear the prophetic song of the Sybil chanting the springtime of the new empire.

They might dispute a little as to which of these two sons of theirs was the greater. I do not know how that dispute could be settled, unless by Otis' own opinion. He said that "Massachusetts sounded the trumpet. But it was owing to South Carolina that it was assented to. Had it not been for South Carolina no Congress would have been appointed. She was all alive, and felt at every pore." So perhaps we will accept the verdict of the Massachusetts historian, George Bancroft. He said that "When we count those who above all others contributed to the great result of the Union, we are to name the inspired madman, James Otis, and the unwavering lover of his country, Christopher Gadsden."

It is the same Massachusetts historian, George Bancroft, who says that "the public men of South Carolina were ever ruled by their sense of honor, and felt a stain upon it as a wound."

"Did you ever hear how those wicked boys of mine threw the tea into the harbor," Massachusetts would say; "Oh, yes," South Carolina would answer, "but not one of mine was willing to touch it. So we let it all perish in a cellar."

Certainly these two States liked each other pretty well when Josiah Quincy came down here in 1773 to see Rutledge and Pinkney and Gadsden to concert plans for the coming rebellion. King George never interfered very much with you. But you could not stand the Boston port bill any more than we could.

There is one thing in which Massachusetts must yield the palm, and that is, the courage to face an earthquake, that terrible ordeal in the face of which the bravest manhood goes to pieces, and which your people met a few years ago with a courage and steadfastness which commanded the admiration of all mankind.

If this company had gathered on this spot one hundred and twenty years ago to-night the toast would have been that which no gathering at Charleston in those days failed to drink — "The

Unanimous Twenty-six, who would not rescind the Massachusetts circular."

"The royal governor of South Carolina had invited its assembly to treat the letters of the Massachusetts 'with the contempt they deserved;' a committee, composed of Parsons, Gadsden, Pinkney, Lloyd, Lynch, Laurens, Rutledge, Elliot, and Dart, reported them to be 'founded upon undeniable constitutional principles;' and the house, sitting with its doors locked, unani- mously directed its speaker to signify to that province its entire approbation. The governor, that same evening, dissolved the assembly by beat of drums."

Mr. Winthrop compared the death of Calhoun to the blotting out of the constellation of the Southern Cross from the sky.

Mr. Calhoun was educated at Yale College, in New England, where President Dwight predicted his future greatness in his boyhood. It is one of the pleasant traditions of my own family that he was a constant and favorite guest in the house of my grandmother, in my mother's childhood, and formed a friendship with her family which he never forgot. It is delightful, also, to remember on this occasion that Mr. Lamar, that most Southern man of Southern men, whose tribute to Mr. Calhoun in this city is among the masterpieces of historical literature, paid a discriminating and most affectionate tribute also to Charles Sumner at the time of his death.

In this matchless eulogy Mr. Lamar disclaims any purpose to honor Mr. Sumner because of his high culture, his eminent scholarship, or varied learning, but he declares his admiration for him because of his high moral qualities and his unquenchable love of liberty. Mr. Lamar adds: "My regret is that I did not obey the impulse often found upon me to go to him and offer him my hand and my heart with it."

Mr. Lamar closes this master-piece of eulogistic oratory with this significant sentence: "Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we honor to-day could speak to both parties in tones that would reach every home throughout this broad territory,— 'My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another.'"

There is another memorable declaration of Mr. Lamar, whom I am proud to have counted among my friends. In his oration at the unveiling of the statue of Calhoun, at Charleston, he said that the appeal to arms had "led to the indissolubility of the American Union and the universality of American freedom."

Now, can we not learn a lesson also from this most significant fact that this great Southern statesman and orator was alike the eulogist of Calhoun and the eulogist of Sumner?

For myself I believe that whatever estrangements may have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, are born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge. I believe that of our 45 States there are no two who, if they could meet in the familiarity of personal intercourse, in the fullness of personal knowledge, would not only cease to entertain any bitterness, or alienation, or distrust, but each would utter to the other the words of the Jewish daughter, in that most exquisite of idylls which has come down to us almost from the beginning of time :

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

Mr. President, I repeat to-night on Southern soil what I said first in my place in the Senate, and what I repeated in Faneuil Hall, with the full approbation of an enthusiastic and crowded audience, representing the culture and the Puritanism of Massachusetts.

The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of the Southern stock, and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion, its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this vine has a flavor not to be found in other gardens.

In the great and magnificent future which is before our country, you are to contribute a large share both of strength and beauty.

The best evidence of our complete reconciliation is that there is no subject that we need to hurry by with our fingers on our lips. The time has come when Americans, North, South, East and West, may discuss any question of public interest in a friendly and quiet spirit, without recrimination and without heat, each understanding the other, each striving to help the other, as men who are bearing a common burden and looking forward with a common hope. I know that this is the feeling of the people of the North. I think I know that it is the feeling of the people of the South. In our part of the country we have to deal with the great problems of the strife between labor and capital, and of the government of cities where vast masses of men born on foreign soil, of different nationalities and of different races, strangers to American principles, to American ideas, to American history, are gathered together to exercise the unaccustomed functions of self-government in an almost unrestricted liberty. You have to deal with a race problem rendered more difficult still by a still larger difference in the physical and intellectual qualities of the two races whom Providence has brought together.

I should be false to my own manhood if I failed to express my profound regret and sorrow for some occurrences which have taken place recently, both in the North and in the South. I am bound to say that, considering all the circumstances, the Northern community has been the worse offender.

It is well known (or if it be not well known I am willing to make it known), that I look with inexpressible alarm and dread upon the prospect of adding to our population millions of persons dwelling in tropical climes, aliens in race and in religion, either to share in our self-government, or, what is worse still, to set an example to mankind of the subjection of one people to another. We have not yet solved the problem how men of different races can dwell together in the same land in accordance with our principles of republican rule and republican liberty. I am not one of those who despair of the solution of that problem in justice and in freedom. I do not look upon the dark side when

I think of the future of our beloved land. I count it the one chief good fortune of my own life that, as I grow older, I look out on the world with hope and not despair. We have made wonderful advances within the lifetime of the youngest of us. While we hear from time to time of occurrences much to be deplored and utterly to be condemned, yet, on the whole, we are advancing quite as rapidly as could be expected to the time when these races will live together on American soil in freedom, in honor and in peace, every man enjoying his just right wherever the American Constitution reigns and wherever the American flag floats—when the influence of intelligence, of courage, of energy, inspired by a lofty patriotism and by a Christian love will have its full and legitimate effect, not through disorder, or force, or lawlessness, but under the silent and sure law by which always the superior leads and the inferior follows. The time has already come when throughout large spaces in our country both races are dwelling together in peace and harmony. I believe that condition of things to be the rule in the South and not to be the exception. We have a right to claim that the country and the South shall be judged by the rule and not the exception.

But we want you to stand by us in our troubles as brethren and as countrymen. We shall have to look, in many perils that are before us in the near future, to the conservatism and wisdom of the South. And if the time shall come when you think we can help you, your draft shall be fully honored.

But to-night belongs to the memory of the Pilgrims. The Pilgrim of Plymouth has a character in history distinct from any other. He differed from the Puritan of Salem or Boston in everything but the formula in which his religious faith was expressed. He was gentle, peaceful, tolerant, gracious. There was no intolerance or hatred or bigotry in his little commonwealth. He hanged no witches, he whipped no Quakers, he banished no heretic. His little State existed for seventy-two years, when it was blended with the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He enacted the mildest code of laws on the face of the earth. There were but eight capital offenses in Plymouth. Sir James Mackintosh held in his hand a list of two hundred and twenty-

three when he addressed the House of Commons at the beginning of the present century. He held no foot of land not fairly obtained by honest purchase. He treated the Indian with justice and good faith, setting an example which Vattel, the foremost writer on the law of nations, commends to mankind. In his earliest days his tolerance was an example to Roger Williams himself, who has left on record his gratitude for the generous friendship of Winslow. Governor Bradford's courtesy entertained the Catholic priest, who was his guest, with a fish dinner on Friday. John Robinson, the great leader of the Pilgrims, uttered the world's declaration of religious independence when he told his little flock on the wharf at Delft Haven, as reported by Winslow: "We are ere long to part asunder and the Lord knoweth whether he should live to see our face again. But, whether the Lord hath appointed it or not, he charged us before God and His blessed angels to follow him no further than he followed Christ; and, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as we were to receive any truth by his ministry, for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break out of His Holy Word."

The Pilgrim was a model and an example of a beautiful, simple and stately courtesy. John Robinson, and Bradford, and Brewster, and Carver, and Winslow differ as much from the dark and haughty Endicott, or the bigoted Cotton Mather as, in the English church, Jeremy Taylor, and George Herbert, and Donne, and Vaughn differ from Laud, or Bonner, or Baneroff.

Let us not be misunderstood. I am not myself a descendant from the Pilgrims. Every drop of my blood through every line of descent for three centuries has come from a Puritan ancestor. I am ready to do battle for the name and fame of the Massachusetts Puritan in any field and against any antagonist. Let others, if they like, trace their lineage to Norman pirate or to robber baron. The children of the Puritan are not ashamed of him. The Puritan, as a distinct, vital and predominant power, lived less than a century in England. He appeared early in the reign of Elizabeth, who came to the throne in 1558, and departed at the restoration of Charles II, in 1660. But in that brief period



he was the preserver, aye, the creator of English freedom. By the confession of the historians who most dislike him, it is due to him that there is an English constitution. He created the modern House of Commons. That House, when he took his seat in it, was the feeble and timid instrument of despotism. When he left it, it was what it has ever since been — the strongest, freest, most venerable legislative body the world has ever seen. When he took his seat in it, it was little more than the register of the King's command. When he left it, it was the main depository of the national dignity and the national will. King and minister and prelate who stood in his way he brought to the bar and to the block. In the brief but crowded century he made the name of Englishman the highest title of honor upon the earth. A great historian has said: "The dread of his invincible army was on all the inhabitants of the island. He placed the name of John Milton high on the illustrious roll of the great poets of the world, and the name of Oliver Cromwell highest on the roll of English sovereigns." The historian might have added that the dread of this invincible leader was on all the inhabitants of Europe.

And so, when a son of the Puritans comes to the South, when he visits the home of the Rutledges and the Pinckneys and of John C. Calhoun, if there be any relationship in heroism or among the lovers of constitutional liberty, he feels that he can

"Claim kindred there and have the claim allowed."

The Puritan differs from the Pilgrim as the Hebrew prophet from St. John. Abraham, ready to sacrifice Isaac at the command of God; Jeremiah, uttering his terrible prophecy of the downfall of Judea; Brutus, condemning his son to death; Brutus, slaying his friend for the liberty of Rome; Aristides, going into exile, are his spiritual progenitors, as Stonewall Jackson was of his spiritual kindred. You will find him wherever men are sacrificing life or the delights of life on the altar of Duty.

But the Pilgrim is of a gentler and a lovelier nature. He, too, if Duty or Honor call, is ready for the sacrifice. But his weapon is love and not hate. His spirit is the spirit of John, the beloved

Disciple, the spirit of Grace, Mercy and Peace. His memory is as sweet and fragrant as the perfume of the little flower which gave its name to the ship which brought him over.

So, Mr. President, responding to your sentiment, I give you mine:

South Carolina and Massachusetts, the Presbyterian and the Puritan, the Huguenot and the Pilgrim; however separated by distance or by difference, they will at last surely be drawn together by a common love of liberty and a common faith in God.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 069 260 8