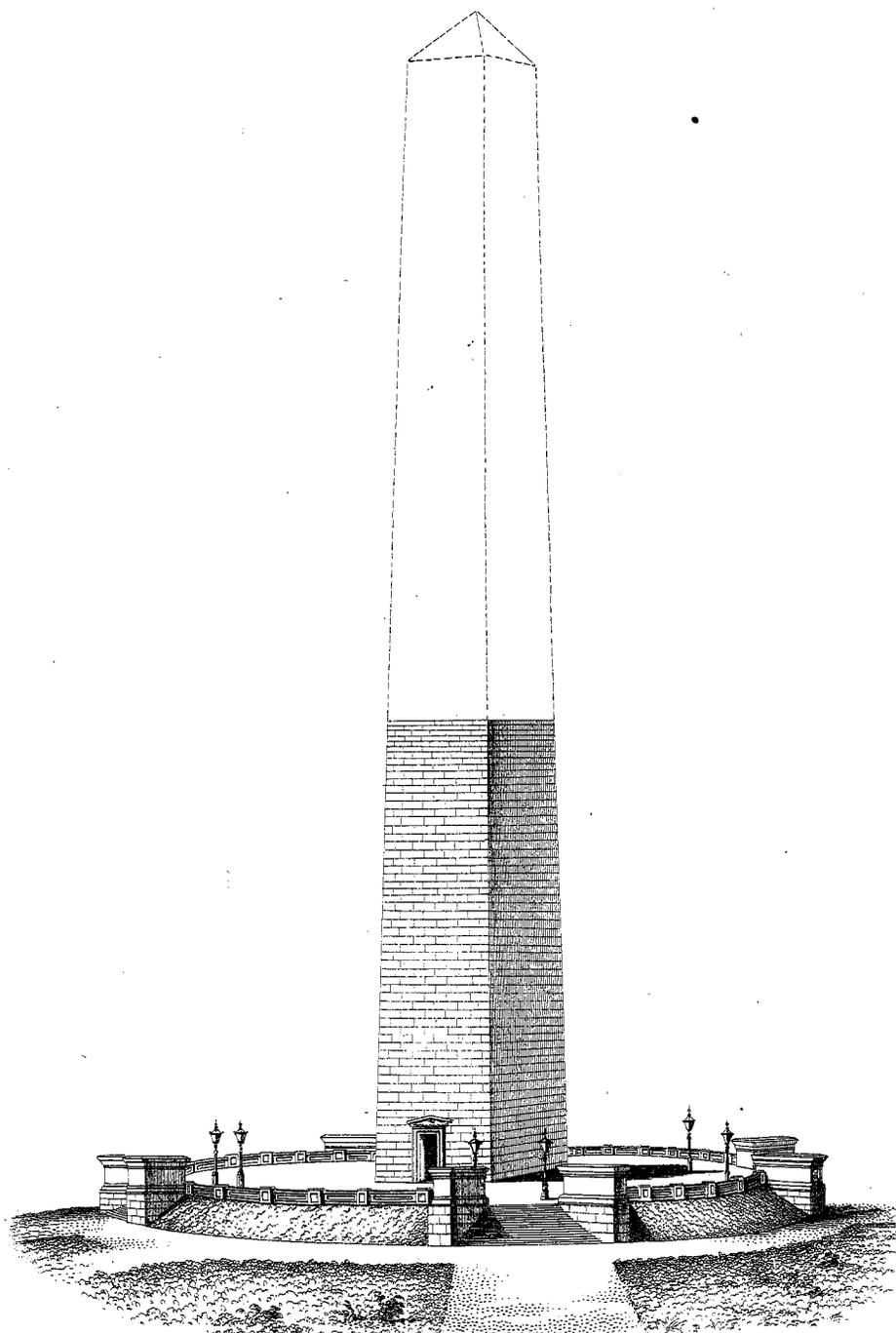


WASHINGTON,
BOWDOIN, AND FRANKLIN,
AS PORTRAYED IN
OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES.



Washington National Monument.

*Proposed height in dotted lines, 485 f^t
Completed, shown by dark lines, 174 f^t
Stone Terrace, 25 f^t high. diameter 200 f^t*

WASHINGTON,
BOWDOIN, AND FRANKLIN,

AS PORTRAYED IN

OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES:

BY
ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

WITH A FEW BRIEF PIECES ON KINDRED TOPICS,
AND WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

1876.



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PREFATORY NOTE.

I HAVE so often, of late, been called on for copies of some of these productions, — no longer to be found in a separate or convenient form, — that I have ventured to think that they might prove an acceptable contribution to our Centennial Literature.

They deal with two, certainly, of the greatest figures of the period we are engaged in commemorating; and BOWDOIN, I am persuaded, will be considered no unworthy associate of WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN in such a publication.

The Monument to Washington, to which the first production relates, is still unfinished. It may be interesting to recall the fact that the Oration, on the laying of its corner-stone, was to have been delivered by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. He died a few months before the occasion, and it was as Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, of which he had long been the most illustrious member, that I was called on to supply his place.

A new effort is now in progress to obtain the means of finishing the monument, and I have been encouraged to hope that the renewed publication of this Oration might aid in attracting attention to the subject. The Centennial Period ought not to close with a National Monument to Washington standing incomplete at the Capital.

It has already reached an elevation of one hundred and seventy-four feet. A careful scientific examination of the foundations of the structure leaves no room for reasonable doubt that they are sufficient for its contemplated height. Meantime, the design of the Monument, as exhibited in the frontispiece of this volume, has been so simplified, as to remove all grounds for the adverse criticism to which, originally, it was but too open.

I have availed myself of the republication of the Bowdoin Memoir to correct a few errors in the first edition of 1849; and I have added to the discourses on Washington, Bowdoin, and Franklin, some briefer papers on subjects connected with our Revolutionary Era.

The illustrations will sufficiently explain themselves. They are reproduced from the original manuscripts by the Heliotype process of Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co.

I dedicate this little volume to the YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

BOSTON,

February 22, 1876.

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NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

AN ORATION DELIVERED AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, ON THE OCCASION OF
LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON,
JULY 4, 1848.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES,—

We are assembled to take the first step towards the fulfilment of a long-deferred obligation. In this eight-and-fortieth year since his death, we have come together to lay the corner-stone of a National Monument to WASHINGTON.

Other monuments to this illustrious person have long ago been erected. By not a few of the great States of our Union, by not a few of the great cities of our States, the chiselled statue or the lofty column has been set up in his honor. The highest art of the old world — of France, of Italy, and of England, successively — has been put in requisition for the purpose. Houdon for Virginia, Canova for North Carolina, Sir Francis Chantrey for Massachusetts, have severally signalized their genius by portraying and perpetuating the form and features of the Father of his Country.

Nor has the Congress of the nation altogether failed of its duty in this respect. The massive and majestic figure which presides over the precincts of the Capitol, and which seems almost in the act of challenging a new vow of allegiance to the Constitution and the Union from every one who approaches it, is a visible testimony — and one not the less grateful to an American eye, as being the masterly production of a native artist* — that the government of the country has not been unmindful of what it owes to Washington.

* Horatio Greenough.

One tribute to his memory is left to be rendered: One monument remains to be reared: — A monument which shall bespeak the gratitude, not of States, or of cities, or of governments; not of separate communities, or of official bodies; but of the people, the whole people of the nation, — a National Monument, erected by the citizens of the United States of America.

Of such a monument we have come to lay the corner-stone here and now. On this day, on this spot, in this presence, and at this precise epoch in the history of our country and of the world, we are about to commence this crowning work of commemoration.

The day, the place, the witnesses, the period in the world's history and in our own history, — all, all are most appropriate to the occasion.

The day is appropriate. On this 4th day of July, — emphatically the people's day, — we come most fitly to acknowledge the people's debt to their first and greatest benefactor.

Washington, indeed, had no immediate connection with the immortal act of the 4th of July, 1776. His signature did not attest the Declaration of Independence. But the sword by which that independence was to be achieved was already at his side, and already had he struck the blow which rendered that declaration inevitable.

“HOSTIBUS PRIMO FUGATIS, BOSTONIUM RECUPERATUM,” is the inscription on the medal which commemorates Washington's earliest triumph. And when the British forces were compelled to evacuate Boston, on the 17th of March, 1776, bloodless though the victory was, the question was irrevocably settled, that independence, and not the mere redress of grievances, was to be the momentous stake of our colonial struggle.

Without the event of the 4th of July, it is true, Washington would have found no adequate opening for that full career of military and civil glory which has rendered him illustrious for ever. But it is equally true, that, without Washington, this day could never have acquired that renown in the history of human liberty, which now, above all other days, it enjoys. We may not say that the man made the day, or the day the man;

but we may say that, by the blessing of God, they were made for each other, and both for the highest and most enduring good of America and of the world.

The place is appropriate. We are on the banks of his own beloved and beautiful Potomac. On one side of us, within a few hours' sail, are the hallowed scenes amid which Washington spent all of his mature life which was not devoted to the public service of the country, and where still repose, in their original resting-place, all that remained of him when life was over. On the other side, and within our more immediate view, is the Capitol of the Republic, standing on the site selected by himself, and within whose walls the rights which he vindicated, the principles which he established, the institutions which he founded, have been, and are still to be, maintained, developed, and advanced.

The witnesses are appropriate, and such as eminently befit the occasion.

The President of the United States is here;* and feels, I am persuaded, that the official distinction which he lends to the scene has no higher personal charm, if any higher public dignity, than that which it derives from its associations with his earliest and most illustrious predecessor. "I hold the place which Washington held," must be a reflection capable of sustaining a Chief Magistrate under any and every weight of responsibility and care, and of elevating him to the pursuit of the purest and loftiest ends.

Representatives of foreign nations are here; ready to bear witness to the priceless example which America has given to the world in the character of him, whose fame has long since ceased to be the property of any country or of any age.

The Vice-President and Senate; the heads of Departments; the Judiciary; the authorities of the City and District; the officers of the army and navy and marines, from many a field and many a flood of earlier and of later fame; veterans of the line and volunteers, fresh from the scenes of trial and of triumph, with swords already wreathed with myrtles, which every patriot prays may prove as unfading as the laurels with which their

* President Polk.

brows are bound, — all are here, eager to attest their reverence for the memory of one whom statesmen and soldiers have conspired in pronouncing to have been first alike in peace and in war.

The Representatives of the People are here ; and it is only as their Organ that I have felt it incumbent on me, in the midst of cares and duties which would have formed an ample apology for declining any other service, to say a few words on this occasion. Coming here in no official capacity, I yet feel that I bring with me the sanction not merely of the Representatives of the people, but of the People themselves, for all that I can say, and for much more than I can say, in honor of Washington.

And, indeed, the People themselves are here ; in masses such as never before were seen within the shadows of the Capitol, — a cloud of witnesses, — to bring their own heartfelt testimony to the occasion. From all the States of the Union ; from all political parties ; from all professions and occupations ; men of all sorts and conditions, and those before whom men of all sorts and conditions bow, as lending the chief ornament and grace to every scene of life ; the People, as individual citizens, and in every variety of association, — military and masonic, moral, collegiate, and charitable, Rechabites and Red Men, Sons of Temperance and Firemen, United Brothers and Odd Fellows, — the People have come up this day to the temple-gates of a common and glorious Republic, to fraternize with each other in a fresh act of homage to the memory of the man, who was, and is, and will for ever be, “ first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

Welcome, welcome, Americans all ! “ The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity ” — I borrow the words of Washington himself — “ must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.”

Nor can I feel, fellow-citizens, that I have yet made mention of all who are with us at this hour. Which of us does not realize that unseen witnesses are around us ? Think ye that the little band, whose feeble forms are spared to bless our sight once more, are all of the army of Washington, who are uniting with us in this tribute of reverence for his memory ? Think ye

that the patriot soldiers or the patriot statesmen, who stood around him in war and in peace, are altogether absent from a scene like this? Adams and Jefferson, joint authors of the Declaration, by whose lives and deaths this day has been doubly hallowed; Hamilton and Madison, joint framers of the Constitution, present, visibly present, in the venerated persons of those nearest and dearest to them in life; * Marshall, under whose auspices the work before us was projected, and whose classic pen had already constructed a monument to his illustrious compeer and friend more durable than marble or granite; Knox, Lincoln, and Green; Franklin, Jay, Pickering, and Morris; Schuyler and Putnam, Stark and Prescott, Sumter and Marion, Steuben, Kosciusko, and Lafayette; companions, counsellors, supporters, friends, followers of Washington, all, all, — we hail them from their orbs on high, and feel that we do them no wrong in counting them among the gratified witnesses of this occasion!

But it is the precise epoch at which we have arrived in the world's history, and in our own history, which imparts to this occasion an interest and an importance which cannot easily be over-estimated.

I can make but the merest allusion to the mighty movements which have recently taken place on the continent of Europe; where events which would have given character to an age have been crowded within the changes of a moon.

Interesting, intensely interesting, as these events have been to all who have witnessed them, they have been tenfold more interesting to Americans. We see in them the influence of our own institutions. We behold in them the results of our own example. We recognize them as the spontaneous germination and growth of seeds, which have been wafted over the ocean, for half a century past, from our own original Liberty Tree.

The distinguished writer of the Declaration which made this day memorable was full of apprehensions as to the influence of the Old World upon the New. He even wished, on one occasion, that "an ocean of fire" might roll between America and

* Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Hamilton.

Europe, to cut off and consume those serpent fascinations and seductions which were to corrupt, if not to strangle outright, our infant freedom in its cradle.

Doubtless, these were no idle fears at the time. Doubtless, there are dangers still, which might almost seem to have justified such a wish. But it is plain that the currents of political influence thus far have run deepest and strongest in the opposite direction. *The influence of the New World upon the Old* is the great moral of the events of the day.

Mr. Jefferson's "ocean of fire" has, indeed, been almost realized. A tremendous enginery has covered the sea with smoke and flame. The fiery dragon has ceased to be a fable. The inspired description of Leviathan is fulfilled to the letter. "Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment."

But the Saint George of modern civilization and science; instead of slaying the dragon, has subdued him to the yoke, and broken him in to the service of mankind. The "ocean of fire" has only facilitated the intercourse which it was invoked to destroy; and the result is before the world.

New modes of communication, regular and more rapid interchanges of information and opinion, freer and more frequent comparisons of principles, of institutions, and of conditions, have at length brought the political systems of the two continents into conflict; and prostrate thrones and reeling empires this day bear witness to the shock!

Yes, fellow-citizens — if I may be allowed the figure, — the great upward and downward trains on the track of human freedom have at last come into collision! It is too early as yet for any one to pronounce upon the precise consequences of the encounter. But we can see at a glance what engines have been shattered, and what engineers have been dashed from their seats. We can see, too, that the great American-built locomotive, "Liberty," still holds on its course, unimpeded and unimpaired; gathering strength as it goes; developing new energies

to meet new exigencies; and bearing along its imperial train of twenty millions of people with a speed which knows no parallel.

Nor can we fail to observe that men are everywhere beginning to examine the model of this mighty engine, and that not a few have already begun to copy its construction and to imitate its machinery. The great doctrines of our own Revolution, that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness,"—these fundamental maxims of the rights of man are proclaimed as emphatically this day in Paris, as they were seventy-two years ago this day in Philadelphia.

And not in Paris alone. The whole civilized world resounds with American opinions and American principles. Every vale is vocal with them. Every mountain has found a tongue for them.

—— Sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit, et insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.

Everywhere the people are heard calling their rulers to account, and holding them to a just responsibility. Everywhere the cry is raised for the elective franchise, the trial by jury, the freedom of the press, written constitutions, representative systems, republican forms.

In some cases, most fortunately, the rulers themselves have not escaped some seasonable symptoms of the pervading fervor for freedom, and have nobly anticipated the demands of their subjects. To the sovereign Pontiff of the Roman States, in particular, belongs the honor of having led the way in the great movement of the day; and no American will withhold from him

a cordial tribute of respect and admiration for whatever he has done or designed for the regeneration of Italy. Glorious, indeed, on the page of history, will be the name of Pius IX., if the rise of another Rome shall be traced to his wise and liberal policy. Yet not less truly glorious, if his own authority should date its decline to his noble refusal to lend his apostolical sanction to a war of conquest.

For Italy, however, and for France, and for the whole European world alike, a great work still remains. A rational, practical, enduring liberty cannot be acquired in a paroxysm, cannot be established by a proclamation. It is not — our own history proves that it is not —

“The hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay.”

The redress of a few crying grievances, the reform of a few glaring abuses, the banishment of a minister, the burning of a throne, the overthrow of a dynasty, — these are but scanty preparations for the mighty undertaking upon which they have entered. New systems are to be constructed; new forms to be established; new governments to be instituted, organized, and administered, upon principles which shall reconcile the seeming conflict between liberty and law, and secure to every one the enjoyment of regulated constitutional freedom.

And it is at this moment, fellow-citizens, when this vast labor is about to be commenced; when the files of the Old World are searched in vain for precedents, and the file-leaders of the Old World are looked to in vain for pioneers; and when all eyes are strained to find the men, to find the man, who is sufficient for these things, — it is at such a moment that we are assembled on this pinnacle of the American Republic — I might almost say by some Divine impulse and direction — to hold up afresh to the admiration and imitation of mankind the character and example of George Washington!

Let us contemplate that character and that example for a moment, and see whether there be any thing in all the treasures of our country's fame, I do not say merely of equal intrinsic

value, but of such eminent adaptation to the exigencies of the time, and the immediate wants of the world.

I will enter into no details of his personal history. Washington's birthday is a National Festival. His whole life — boyhood and manhood — has been learned by heart by us all. Who knows not that he was a self-made man? Who knows not that the only education which he enjoyed was that of the common schools of Virginia, which, at that day, were of the very commonest sort? Who remembers not those extraordinary youthful adventures by which he was trained up to the great work of his destiny? Who remembers not the labors and exposures which he encountered as a land-surveyor at the early age of sixteen years? Who has forgotten the perils of his journey of forty-one days and five hundred and sixty miles, from Williamsburg to French Creek, when sent, at the age of only twenty-one, as commissioner from Governor Dinwiddie, to demand of the French forces their authority for invading the King's dominions? Who has not followed him a hundred times, with breathless anxiety, as he threads his way through that pathless wilderness, at one moment fired at by Indians at fifteen paces, at the next wrecked upon a raft amid snow and ice, and subjected throughout to every danger which treacherous elements or still more treacherous enemies could involve? Who has forgotten his hardly less miraculous escape, a few years later, on the banks of the Monongahela, when, foremost in that fearful fight, he was the only mounted officer of the British troops who was not either killed or desperately wounded?

Let me not speak of Washington as a merely self-made man. There were influences employed in moulding and making him far, far above his own control. Bereft of his father at the tender age of eleven years, he had a *mother* left, to whom the world can never over-estimate its debt. And higher, holier still, was the guardianship so signally manifested in more than one event of his life. "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence," wrote Washington himself to his venerated parent, after Braddock's defeat, "I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation, for I had four bullets through

my coat, and two horses shot under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me." Well did the eloquent pastor of a neighboring parish, on his return, "point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom" — says he — "I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to the country."

And not less natural or less striking was the testimony of the Indian chief, who told Washington, fifteen years afterwards, "that, at the battle of the Monongahela, he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, had fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but that, to his utter astonishment, none of their balls took effect; that he was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and immediately ceased to fire at him; and that he was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle."

Our Revolutionary fathers had many causes for adoring the invisible Hand by which they were guided and guarded in their great struggle for liberty; but none, none stronger than this Providential preparation and preservation of their destined chief. Be it ours to prolong that anthem of gratitude which may no more be heard from their mute lips: "The grave cannot praise Thee; death cannot celebrate Thee; but the living, the living, — they shall praise Thee, as we do this day!"

Of the public services of Washington to our own country, for which he was thus prepared and preserved, it is enough to say, that, in the three great epochs of our national history, he stands forth pre-eminent and peerless, the master-spirit of the time.

In the war of the Revolution, we see him the Leader of our Armies.

In the formation of the Constitution, we see him the President of our Councils.

In the organization of the Federal Government, we see him the Chief Magistrate of our Republic.

Indeed, from the memorable day when, under the unheard but by no means inauspicious salute of both British and Ameri-

can batteries, engaged in no holiday exercise on Bunker Hill, it was unanimously resolved, that, George Washington having been chosen commander-in-chief of such forces as are or shall be raised for the maintenance and preservation of American liberty, "This Congress doth now declare that they will maintain and assist him and adhere to him, the said George Washington, with their lives and fortunes in the same cause," — from this ever-memorable 17th of June, 1775 — a day on which, as has been well said,* Providence kept an even balance with the cause, and, while it took from us a Warren, gave us a Washington, — to the 14th day of December, 1799, when he died, we shall search the annals of our land in vain for any important scene in which he was any thing less than the principal figure.

It is, however, the character of Washington, and not the mere part which he played, which I would hold up this day to the world as worthy of endless and universal commemoration. The highest official distinctions may be enjoyed, and the most important public services rendered, by men whose lives will not endure examination. It is the glory of Washington, that the virtues of the man outshone even the brilliancy of his acts, and that the results which he accomplished were only the legitimate exemplifications of the principles which he professed and cherished.

In the whole history of the world it may be doubted whether any man can be found, who has exerted a more controlling influence over men and over events than George Washington. To what did he owe that influence? How did he win, how did he wield, that magic power, that majestic authority, over the minds and hearts of his countrymen and of mankind? In what did the power of Washington consist?

It was not the power of vast learning or varied acquirements. He made no pretensions to scholarship, and had no opportunity for extensive reading.

It was not the power of sparkling wit or glowing rhetoric. Though long associated with deliberative bodies, he never made a set speech in his life, nor ever mingled in a stormy debate.

* By Edward Everett.

It was not the power of personal fascination. There was little about him of that gracious affability which sometimes lends such resistless attraction to men of commanding position. His august presence inspired more of awe than of affection, and his friends, numerous and devoted as they were, were bound to him rather by ties of respect than of love.

It was not the power of a daring and desperate spirit of heroic adventure. "If I ever said so," replied Washington, when asked whether he had said that there was something charming in the sound of a whistling bullet, "if I ever said so, it was when I was young." He had no passion for mere exploits. He sought no bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. With a courage never questioned, and equal to every exigency, he had yet "a wisdom which did guide his valor to act in safety."

In what, then, did the power of Washington consist? When Patrick Henry returned home from the first Continental Congress, and was asked who was the greatest man in that body, he replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is by far the greatest man on that floor."

When, fifteen years earlier, Washington, at the close of the French war, took his seat, for the first time, in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and a vote of thanks was presented to him for his military services to the Colony, his hesitation and embarrassment were relieved by the Speaker, who said: "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

But it was not solid information, or sound judgment, or even that rare combination of surpassing modesty and valor, great as these qualities are, which gave Washington such a hold on the regard, respect, and confidence of the American people. I hazard nothing in saying that it was the high moral element of his character, which imparted to it its preponderating force. His incorruptible honesty, his uncompromising truth, his devout reliance on God, the purity of his life, the scrupulousness of his conscience, the disinterestedness of his purposes, his

humanity, generosity, and justice, — these were the ingredients which, blending harmoniously with solid information and sound judgment, and a valor only equalled by his modesty, made up a character to which the world may be fearlessly challenged for a parallel.

“Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*,” was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle; his steadfast discharge of duty; his utter abandonment of self; his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, — attest the more than Vestal vigilance with which he observed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances were so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account-book, in regard to the expenses of his wife’s annual visit to the camp during the Revolutionary War, with his passing allusion to the “self-denial” which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of “George Washington, Mount Vernon,” was exempted from the customary inspection in the West India ports, — that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed, — supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

Everybody saw that Washington sought nothing for himself. Everybody knew that he sacrificed nothing to personal or to party ends. Hence, the mighty influence, the matchless sway, which he exercised over all around him. “He was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of all,” said Thomas Jefferson; “there was no other one who was considered as any thing more than a party leader.”

Who ever thinks of Washington as a mere politician? Who ever associates him with the petty arts and pitiful intrigues of partisan office-seekers or partisan office-holders? Who ever pictures him canvassing for votes, dealing out proscription, or doling out patronage?

“No part of my duty,” wrote Washington to Governor Bowdoin, in a letter, the still unpublished original of which is a precious inheritance of my own: “No part of my duty will be more delicate, and in many instances more unpleasing, than that of nominating or appointing persons to offices. It will undoubtedly often happen that there will be several candidates for the same office, whose pretensions, abilities, and integrity may be nearly equal, and who will come forward so equally supported in every respect as almost to require the aid of supernatural intuition to fix upon the right. I shall, however, in all events, have the satisfaction to reflect that I entered upon my administration unconfined by a single engagement, uninfluenced by any ties of blood or friendship, and with the best intentions and fullest determination to nominate to office those persons only, who, upon every consideration, were the most deserving, and who would probably execute their several functions to the interest and credit of the American Union,—if such characters could be found by my exploring every avenue of information respecting their merits and pretensions, that it was in my power to obtain.”

And there was as little of the vulgar hero about him, as there was of the mere politician. At the head of a victorious army, of which he was the idol, — an army too often provoked to the very verge of mutiny by the neglect of an inefficient Government, — we find him the constant counsellor of subordination and submission to the civil authority. With the sword of a conqueror at his side, we find him the unceasing advocate of peace. Repeatedly invested with more than the power of a Roman Dictator, we see him receiving that power with reluctance, employing it with the utmost moderation, and eagerly embracing the earliest opportunity to resign it. The offer of a Crown could not, did not, tempt him for an instant from his allegiance to liberty.* He rejected it with indignation and abhorrence, and proceeded to devote all his energies and all his influence, all his popularity and all his ability, to the establishment of that Republican System, of which he was, from first to last, the uncompromising advocate, and with the ultimate suc-

* Sparks's "Life of Washington," pp. 354-5.

cess of which he believed the best interests of America and of the world were inseparably connected.

It is thus that, in contemplating the character of Washington, the offices which he held, the acts which he performed, his successes as a statesman, his triumphs as a soldier, almost fade from our sight. It is not the Washington of the Delaware or the Brandywine, of Germantown or of Monmouth; it is not Washington, the President of the Convention, or the President of the Republic, which we admire. We cast our eyes over his life, not to be dazzled by the meteoric lustre of particular passages, but to behold its whole pathway radiant, radiant everywhere, with the true glory of a just, conscientious, consummate man! Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that —

“ All the ends he aimed at
Were his Country’s, his God’s, and Truth’s.”

Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that he stands upon the page of history the great modern illustration and example of that exquisite and divine precept, which fell from the lips of the dying monarch of Israel, —

“ He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God ;

“ And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds !”

And now, fellow-citizens, it is this incomparable and transcendent character, which America, on this occasion, holds up afresh to the admiration of mankind. Believing it to be the only character which could have carried us safely through our own revolutionary struggles, we present it, especially, this day, to the wistful gaze of convulsed and distracted Europe. May we not hope that there may be kindred spirits over the sea, upon whom the example may impress itself, till they shall be inflamed with a noble rage to follow it? Shall we not call upon them to turn from a vain reliance upon their old idols, and to behold here, — in the mingled moderation and courage; in the combined piety and patriotism; in the blended virtue, principle, wisdom, valor, self-denial, and self-devotion of our Washing-

ton,—the express image of the man, the only man, for their occasion?

*Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus?
Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum!*

Let us rejoice that our call is anticipated. Washington is no new name to Europe. His star has been seen in every sky, and wise men everywhere have done it homage. To what other merely human being, indeed, has such homage ever before or since been rendered?

“I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men,” wrote Erskine to Washington himself. “but you are the only being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence.”

“Illustrious man!” said Fox of him, in the British House of Commons in 1794, “deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe* become little and contemptible.”

“Washington is dead!” proclaimed Napoleon, on hearing of the event. “This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will be always dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two worlds.”

“It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages,” says Lord Brougham, “to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.”

“One thing is certain,” says Guizot; “one thing is certain: that which Washington did,—the founding of a free government by order and peace at the close of the revolution,—no other policy than his could have accomplished.”

And later, better still: “Efface henceforth the name of Machiavel,” said Lamartine, within a few weeks past, in his reply to the Italian association: “Efface henceforth the name of

* It was not thought necessary to disfigure the text by inserting the loyal parenthesis, (“excepting the members of our own royal family”).

Machiavel from your titles of glory, and substitute for it the name of Washington. That is the one which should now be proclaimed; that is the name of modern liberty. It is no longer the name of a politician or a conqueror that is required; it is that of a man the most disinterested, the most devoted to the people. This is the man required by liberty. The want of the age is a European Washington."

And who shall supply that want but he who so vividly realizes it? Enthusiastic, eloquent, admirable Lamartine! Though the magic wires may even now be trembling with the tidings of his downfall, we will not yet quite despair of him. Go on in the high career to which you have been called! Fall in it, if it must be so; but fall not, falter not from it! Imitate the character you have so nobly appreciated! Fulfil the pledges you have so gloriously given! Plead still against the banner of blood! Strive still against the reign of terror! Aim still

"By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear!"

May a gallant and generous people second you, and the Power which preserved Washington sustain you, until you have secured peace, order, freedom to your country!

"Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."*

But, fellow-citizens, while we thus commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves. I have spoken of the precise period which we have reached in our own history, as well as in that of the world at large, as giving something of peculiar interest to the proceedings in which we are engaged. I may not, I will not, disturb the harmony of the scene before me by the slightest allusion of a party character. The circumstances of the occasion forbid it; the associations of the day forbid it; the character of him

* These forebodings were but too soon fulfilled. The tidings of the downfall of Lamartine's administration were received a few days after this Address was delivered. See his letter on page 29.

in whose honor we are assembled forbids it; my own feelings revolt from it. But I may say, I must say, and every one within the sound of my voice will sustain me in saying, that there has been no moment since Washington himself was among us, when it was more important than at this moment, that the two great leading principles of his policy should be remembered and cherished.

Those principles were, first, the most complete, cordial, and indissoluble Union of the States; and, second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves, perfect neutrality towards others, and peace, peace,—domestic peace and foreign peace,—as the result: This was the chosen and consummate policy of the Father of his Country.

But, above all and before all, in the heart of Washington, was the Union of the States; and no opportunity was ever omitted by him to impress upon his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its vital importance, at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable Address, in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them in solemn terms to “cherish public credit;” to “observe good faith and justice towards all nations,” avoiding both “inveterate antipathies and passionate attachments” towards any; to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, “lest, instead of warming, it should consume;” to abstain from “characterizing parties by geographical distinctions;” “to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;” to respect and uphold “religion and morality, those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens.”

But what can exceed, what can equal, the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the Union of the States! “It is of infinite moment,” says he, in language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, “that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and

individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it, — accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, *in any event*, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.”

The Union, *the Union in any event*, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, **THE UNION IN ANY EVENT**, let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union; and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick, clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation for ever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual Union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun, till that sun shall set to rise no more, draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country! Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make

it more enduring than his fame ! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble ; you cannot make it purer than his life ! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art ; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character !

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.** He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world ; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him ; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish ; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall ; star by star its glories may expire ; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble ; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten ; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON !

* We may well add, with Tacitus, *Si natura suppeditet.*

Paris 9. Sept. 1848

Monsieur

Les Cordes Magiques m'ont
apporté le magnifique paiement
de votre service, au titre d'un
bien mérité de son service honneur
est attaché à votre a la mémoire
de Washington. Cette allusion
me est d'autant plus précieuse
en ce moment, que l'on trouve
dans ma patrie dans le Sud
un immense dépression, conséquente
d'un immense succès sur les motifs
de son conduit d'altère, après

... dans une autre occasion à mes
votantes à remettre cette Patrie
sauvée dans les mains d'Assemblée
nationale. J'ai trop lu et trop
sent l'histoire sans m'étourdir
d'un mal entendu Opinion, ni
même d'un mépris d'un discussion.
Mars le 1. Mais combien
l'humanité est susceptible
d'erreurs, et quelquefois même
aveugle, d'ingratitude, néanmoins
le vous remercie j'avois envoyé
à vos votes discours ici avec
certains remerciements à quelques uns
de mes Compatriotes. La Justice
qui vient de vous est celle
qui arrive la première. Parceque
elle est ordinairement la plus

impartiale. il y a cependant
une bien grande partialité dans
vos paroles sur moi; mais
c'est la partialité de la bienveillance
qui unit entre eux à travers
l'océan, les républicains du
même camp. C'est de cette
partialité humaine, que
je devrais me plaindre, car elle
m'écrit en son langage.
Je ne sais pas la force. Le
Caisin au contraire avec impudence
ce prétendu sans adresse
pour seulement ma reconnaissance,
mais mon admiration pour l'édifice
pour l'édifice de l'union qui sera un
monument à l'honneur de
la vraie liberté et à Washington.
recoy.

Prochaines mes espérances
« affectueux Compliments.

Famartiné.
représentant du Département

à l'honorable
Robert Wintthrop. Président
de la chambre des représentants

D L &

NOTE TO PAGE 25.

THE following letter of LAMARTINE, never before published, may have something of peculiar interest at a moment, when his vision of a French Republic has at length been realized, and when his own genius and eloquence have so recently been recognized by the erection of a Statue of him at Macon. The allusion to him, which the letter acknowledges, had reached him without any intervention or knowledge on my own part : —

PARIS, 9 Sept. 1848.

MONSIEUR, — Les *cordes magiques* m'ont apporté le magnifique fragment de votre discours, où mon nom bien indigne d'un pareil honneur est associé par vous à la mémoire de Washington. Cette allusion m'a été d'autant plus douce en ce moment, que je me trouve dans ma patrie sous le poids d'une immense dépression, conséquent d'une immense erreur sur les motifs de ma conduite politique, après que j'ai été assez heureux pour contribuer à remettre cette patrie sauvée dans les mains de l'Assemblée Nationale. J'ai trop lu et trop écrit l'histoire pour m'étonner d'un mal entendu d'opinion ni même pour m'affliger d'une persécution morale. Je sais combien l'humanité est susceptible d'erreur, et quelquefois même avide d'ingratitude. Néanmoins je vous remercie d'avoir envoyé avec votre discours ici un certain remords à quelques-uns de mes compatriotes. La justice qui vient de loin est celle qui arrive la première, parce que elle est ordinairement la plus impartiale. Il y a cependant une bien grande partialité dans vos paroles sur moi ; mais c'est la partialité de la bienveillance qui unit entre eux à travers l'océan, les républicains du même cœur. C'est de cette partialité, Monsieur, que je devais me plaindre, car elle m'écrase en me louant. Je n'en ai pas la force. Je saisis au contraire avec empressement ce prétexte pour vous adresser non seulement ma reconnaissance, mais mon admiration désintéressée pour votre discours, qui sera aussi un monument à l'Amérique, à la vraie liberté et à Washington.

Recevez, Monsieur,
mes respectueux
et affectueux compliments,

A l'honorable

ROBERT WINTHROP,
Président de la chambre des représentants.

LAMARTINE,
Représentant du Peuple.

WASHINGTON'S DOUBTS.

FROM A SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF MASSACHUSETTS,
MARCH 26, 1838.

WASHINGTON never gave a quick or hasty assent to any thing. It was not his nature to do so. His reason and not his humor, his conscientious and well-considered judgment, and not any rash and arbitrary will, were the rules and standards of his action. It was by this very slowness and hesitation, that he secured the success of our Revolutionary contest. American Independence could have been achieved by no other qualities in the leader of its armies.

Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem.

And so far from regarding the hesitation which characterized his course as to this National Bank, as favorable to the cause of those who have suggested it, the whole weight which the suggestion possesses, whatever it is, seems clearly to belong to the other scale. Why, Sir, does it make an opinion less worthy of confidence, that it was slowly and deliberately formed? Does it diminish the value of a decision, that it was pronounced after a full hearing and upon solemn judgment? Does it impair the efficacy of seals and signatures, that they were affixed after many misgivings and with much ceremony? The very reverse of all this, certainly,—and especially where the opinion was formed, the decision pronounced, the signature and seal affixed by a man like Washington.

He was not the person to strike nice balances in accounts of conscience or of duty. He was no constitutional casuist. Much less would he ever have given his pen to one side of a question,

while his opinion was on the other. When he doubted, he sought sincerely and anxiously to resolve his doubts, and he rarely acted till they were resolved. He summoned councils, he solicited opinions, he insisted on the fullest and freest statements and arguments of the case on both sides, and upon the materials thus obtained he turned and fastened the calm, clear, dispassionate eye of his own powerful judgment. And then, like the mists before the sun, those doubts were dispelled. And let me add, that he who goes behind the approving signature of Washington, to magnify scruples, hesitations, or doubts, which were expressed or implied by him before that signature was given, does great injustice either to his ability or his integrity.

WASHINGTON'S PRE-EMINENCE.

FROM AN ORATION BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 23, 1839.

LET me not be thought, in this allusion and others like it, in which I have already indulged, to slight the claims of the Virginia colony, or to do designed injustice to its original settlers. There are laurels enough growing wild upon the graves of Plymouth, without tearing a leaf from those of Jamestown. New England does not require to have other parts of the country cast into shade, in order that the brightness of her own early days may be seen and admired. Least of all, would any son of New England be found uttering a word in wanton disparagement of "our noble, patriotic, sister colony, Virginia," as she was once justly termed by the patriots of Faneuil Hall.

There are circumstances of peculiar and beautiful correspondence in the careers of Virginia and New England, which must ever constitute a bond of sympathy, affection, and pride between their children. Not only did they form respectively the great northern and southern rallying-points of civilization on this continent; not only was the most friendly competition, or the most cordial coöperation, as circumstances allowed, kept up between them during their early colonial existence; but who forgets the generous emulation, the noble rivalry, with which they continually challenged and seconded each other in resisting the first beginnings of British aggression, in the persons of their James Otises and Patrick Henrys? Who forgets that, while that resistance was first brought to a practical test in New England, at Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, — fortune, as if resolved to restore the balance of renown between the two,

reserved for the Yorktown of Virginia the last crowning victory of Independence? Who forgets that, while the hand by which the original Declaration of that Independence was drafted, was furnished by Virginia, the tongue by which the adoption of that instrument was defended and secured, was supplied by New England—a bond of common glory, upon which not death alone seemed to set his seal, but Deity, I had almost said, to affix an immortal sanction, when the spirits by which that hand and that tongue were moved, were caught up together to the clouds on the same great day of the nation's jubilee!

Nor let me omit to allude to a peculiar distinction which belongs to Virginia alone. It is her preëminent honor and pride, that the name which the whole country acknowledges as that of a father, she can claim as that of a son—a name at which comparison ceases—to which there is nothing similar, nothing second:—a name combining in its associations all that was most pure and godly in the nature of the Pilgrims, with all that was most brave and manly in the character of the Patriots:—A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME IN THE ANNALS OF HUMAN LIBERTY!

WASHINGTON AT THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

FROM AN ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE TOWN HALL AT
BROOKLINE, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

YOU will not have forgotten, my friends, that from July, 1775, to April, 1776, the American Army was encamped around Boston. During a large part, if not the whole, of that period, the Regiment of Colonel Prescott, who had so gallantly thrown up, and so bravely commanded, the redoubt at Bunker Hill, was stationed, together with a Rhode Island Regiment, on yonder Sewall's Farm, a portion of which is now owned and occupied by our worthy fellow-citizen, the Hon. Amos A. Lawrence. The Brookline Fort at Sewall's Point, of which the outlines may still be traced, was a very strong and extensive one, occupying a central position between the right and left wing of our Army, and commanding the entrance of Charles River. It is a most welcome and inspiring thought, for this Anniversary and this occasion, that Washington himself in those days must often have passed somewhere along these very Brookline roads, such as they then were, on his way from his head-quarters at Cambridge, where Longfellow now lives, to visit the extended lines of the American Camp. He must needs have passed, I think, not far from where we are now assembled, as he crossed from Sewall's Point to Roxbury, and so to South Boston, as it is now called, not many days before he stood in triumph on Dorchester Heights to witness the British Fleet setting sail in yonder bay, and the British Forces finally driven out from Boston and its vicinity.

We may almost venture to picture him to our mind's eye, at this instant, — reining up, perhaps, at the old Aspinwall elm, or galloping on to Corey's Hill, or some lesser height, to catch a clearer glimpse of what the enemy were doing on Boston Common. He is now at the age of forty-three, in the perfect maturity of his

manhood. And what a manhood it is! There is no mistaking him, closely surrounded, though he may be, by a gallant staff and a sturdy body-guard. That form of unsurpassed symmetry! That modest but commanding and majestic presence! The bloom of youth not yet faded from his noble countenance! A shadow of anxiety may, indeed, now and then be seen stealing over his serene brow; for we must confess that our New England Militia, with their short enlistments, and their want of ammunition, and their impatience of discipline, often involved him in the deepest concern and perplexity. But not yet has he been worn and weighed down by the cares and toils of a seven years' war; not yet by the tremendous responsibilities of inaugurating and administering an untried National Government. His great heart, his vigorous frame, are still fresh and buoyant. All that Shakspeare has given us of young Harry the Fifth, "with his beaver on, witching the world with noble horsemanship," all except, thank God, the profligate early life; all that Virgil has told us of the young Marcellus, — "*pietas, prisca fides, inviataque bello dextera,*" — the religious sense of duty, the old-fashioned integrity, the invincible right arm, — all except, thank God, the untimely end; might help us to picture to ourselves that peerless chief, as he passed this way almost a hundred years ago, — might help us to complete the portrait, of which neither the chisel of Houdon, nor the brush of Stuart, nor the stately bronze of Ball or Crawford, could give more than the cold outlines.

Haply, some Brookline school-boys of that day may have caught the sound of his horse's hoofs, and gazed up idly at him. Haply, some one of their elders may have stared incredulously, if not rudely, at the young Virginian, who had been commissioned by the Continental Congress to supersede and outrank all our veteran Wards and Putnams and Prescotts on their own New England soil. It was too early for any one to take in the full measure and proportions of the destined Father of his Country. But what Brookline school-boy is there at this hour, what man or woman or child is there among us to-day, who would not exchange all other visions of mere humanity which have ever been vouchsafed to any one of them, in a longer or a shorter life, for one distinct and conscious sight of that supreme and incomparable young man!

Think over with me, my friends, all whom you have ever seen, or ever yearned to see, at home or abroad, of American or of foreign distinction and celebrity;—Emperors at the head of triumphant armies; Kings or Queens on some grand festival of coronation; Roman Pontiffs on their Easter throne at St. Peter's; Franklin with his kite, challenging the thunderbolt; Chatham hurling scorn at his own Government for employing Indians against the American Colonies; Burke impeaching Warren Hastings, or pleading the cause of American Conciliation; Napoleon at Austerlitz; Wellington at Waterloo; Webster in the Senate Chamber, replying to Hayne, or at once defining and impersonating the noblest eloquence, at Faneuil Hall, in his matchless eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; think over each one of them, and tell me whether, with me, you would not eagerly have exchanged them all, for the single satisfaction of having seen George Washington!

The few remaining eyes which ever enjoyed that satisfaction, even in the closing years of his great career, will soon be sealed to all earthly sights. It is seventy-three years ago to-day, since on Saturday, the 22d of February, 1800, Brookline, in common with all the country, held solemn services on occasion of his death, which had occurred on the 14th of December, 1799. And from that time to this, nowhere have his character and his principles found warmer admirers or more devoted followers than here; nowhere have his name and his fame been more affectionately and reverently cherished. All honor to his memory, then, on this one hundred and forty-first Anniversary of his birthday, from these scenes and surroundings of his first great triumph in the cause of American Liberty!—All honor to the memory of him, to whom one Lord Chancellor of England did not scruple to write, — “I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence;” and of whom another and later Lord Chancellor of England did not hesitate to say, “Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON!”

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON IN BOSTON, 1789.

FROM AN ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN BOSTON,
MAY 21, 1857.

BUT a more memorable Concert than either of those to which I have alluded, has come down to us on the pages of history — a Concert of Sacred Music — called, at the time, an Oratorio, though in fact somewhat miscellaneous in its character, and given at King's Chapel on Tuesday, the 27th of October, 1789, on occasion of the visit of George Washington to Boston, as the first President of the United States.

Washington had been received and escorted into the town, by a grand civil and military procession, on Saturday, the 24th of October; and on his reaching the front of the Old State House, and entering the colonnade of that time-honored building, (which I wish could be once more restored to its old appearance and to some worthy department of the public service,) a select choir of singers, stationed upon a Triumphal Arch erected in the immediate vicinity, with DANIEL REA, the most famous vocalist of Boston in that day, at their head, had welcomed him by the performance of an original Ode, of whose quality a very few lines may, perhaps, afford a sufficient specimen. It commenced as follows: —

“ Great Washington, the Hero's come,
- Each heart exulting hears the sound;
Thousands to their deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around!
Now in full chorus join the song,
And shout aloud, Great Washington.”

I doubt not that the air and execution of this performance were at least quite equal to the poetry — though that is not

saying much. But the musical talent of our metropolis was not satisfied with a single exhibition of itself in honor of the Father of his Country. A more formal Concert of Sacred Music had, indeed, been previously arranged for an earlier day, with a view to raise funds for finishing the portico of the Chapel; but it had been postponed on account of the weather, or for some want of preparation. It was now fixed for the week of Washington's visit, and the programme is still extant in the papers of that period.

After an original Anthem, composed by the organist, Mr. Selby, — for, it seems, that native compositions were not altogether discarded on that occasion, — the beautiful airs of Handel — “Comfort ye my people,” and “Let the bright Seraphim” — were to be sung by Mr. Rea; — while the Second Part was to consist of a short but entire Oratorio, of which I have seen no account either before or since, founded on the story of Jonah. The choruses were to be performed by the Independent Musical Society, and the instrumental parts by a Society of gentlemen, aided by the Band of His Most Christian Majesty's Fleet, then lying in our harbor.

It seems, however, that owing to the indisposition of several of the best performers, — who were suffering from a prevailing cold which afterwards, I believe, acquired the name of the Washington Influenza, — a portion of this programme was again postponed. But the occasion was still a brilliant and memorable one. The ladies of Boston attended in great numbers, — many of them with sashes bearing “the bald eagle of the Union and the G. W. in conspicuous places,” while the Marchioness of Traversay, (the wife of one of the officers of the French fleet,) exhibited on this occasion, we are told, the G. W. and the Eagle set in brilliants, on a black velvet ground, on the bandeau of her hat.

Washington himself was of course there, and another original Ode in his honor was performed in the place of some of the omitted pieces; — an Ode of which I may confidently venture to give more than a single verse, and which, I am sure, will find a ready echo in all our hearts: —

“ Welcome, thrice welcome to the spot,
 Where once thy conquering banners wav'd,
 O never be thy praise forgot,
 By those thy matchless valor sav'd.

“ Thy glory beams to Eastern skies,
 See ! Europe shares the sacred flame —
 And hosts of patriot heroes rise,
 To emulate thy glorious name.

“ Labor awhile suspends his toil,
 His debt of gratitude to pay ;
 And Friendship wears a brighter smile,
 And Music breathes a sweeter lay.

“ May health and joy a wreath entwine,
 And guard thee thro' this scene of strife,
 Till Seraphs shall to thee assign,
 A wreath of everlasting life ! ”

Of all the Oratorios or Concerts which Boston has ever witnessed, I think this is the one we should all have preferred the privilege of attending. — Who does not envy our grandfathers and grandmothers the satisfaction of thus uniting, — even at the expense of an influenza, — in the homage which was so justly paid to the transcendent character and incomparable services of Washington, and of enjoying a personal view of his majestic form and features ? It is a fact of no little interest, and not perhaps generally known, that a young German Artist of that day, then settled in Boston, by the name of Gulligher, seated himself, under the protection of the Rev. Dr. Belknap, in a pew in the chapel, where he could observe and sketch those features and that form, and that having followed up his opportunities afterwards, — not without the knowledge and sanction of Washington himself, — he completed a portrait which is still in the possession of Dr. Belknap's family, and which, though it may never be allowed to supersede the likeness which has become classical on the glowing canvas of the gifted Stuart, may still have something of peculiar interest in the musical world, as the Boston Oratorio Portrait of Washington.

THE

LIFE AND SERVICES OF JAMES BOWDOIN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT
BOWDOIN COLLEGE, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE ANNUAL COMMENCE-
MENT, SEPTEMBER 5, 1849.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, —

I AM here, as you are aware, and as I trust this crowded and brilliant assembly is aware, for no purpose of literary discussion, philosophical speculation, or oratorical display. The character of the occasion would alone have pointed me to a widely different line of remark, and would, indeed, have imperatively claimed of me some more substantial contribution to the objects for which you are associated. But your committee of invitation have kindly relieved me from the responsibility of selecting a topic from the wide field of American history, and have afforded me a most agreeable and welcome opportunity of fulfilling a long-cherished intention. They have called upon me, as one likely to have more than ordinary materials for such a work, as well as likely to take a more than ordinary interest in its performance, to give some ampler account than has ever yet been supplied, of a family, which, while it may fairly claim a place in the history of the nation, as having furnished one of the most distinguished of our Revolutionary statesmen and patriots, has been more directly identified, both by its earliest adventures and by its latest acts, with the history of Maine; — of Maine, both as it once was, — an honored and cherished part of the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — and as it now is, — a proud, prosperous, and independent State.

In preparing myself to comply with this call, I have felt bound to abandon all ideas of ambitious rhetoric, to forego all

Mon Excellence.

Monsieur le Gouverneur En chef de la nouvelle
Angleterre.

Supplie humblement Pierre Gaudoin, disant que les
regens qui ce. laissent En France. contre. les protestans, l'auroyent
oblige' de sortir avec sa famille & esloyer a Antwerpen en le
royaume d'irlande en la ville de dublin, auquel lieu Il auroit pleu
il messieurs les Receueurs des droits de sa majeste' d'admettre, l'admission
a un Employ de garde des bureaux, mais comme depuis Il y a eu
changement de officiers Il seroit demeuré sans Employ. ce qui auroit
esté cause que l'admission et sa famille qui sont au nombre de six
personnes se sont retirez dans ces tems la, dans la ville de caeco
En la Conté de mayno, et d'ailleurs qu'il y a plusieurs terres qui ne
sont point occupez et principalement celles qui sont situees a la pointe
de duha de barbury Crick. Je considere monsieur Il plaira
a vostre Excellence, ordonner qu'il soit deliuré a luy plusieurs
Jusque au nombre de cent acres. aux fins que celui soit en l'employ
de cultiver la terre et Il continuera a prier dieu pour la sante
et prosperite' de vostre Excellence

Pierre

Gaudoin

custom of declamation, to clip the wings of any little fancy which I might possess, and to betake myself to a diligent examination of such private papers and public records as might promise to throw light upon my subject. I come now, gentlemen, to lay before you, in the simplest manner, the fruits of my research.

I hold in my hand an original manuscript in the French language, which, being interpreted, is as follows : —

“ To his Excellency, the Governor-in-Chief of New England, humbly prays Pierre Baudouin, saying : that having been obliged, by the rigors which were exercised towards the Protestants in France, to depart thence with his family, and having sought refuge in the realm of Ireland, at the City of Dublin, to which place it pleased the Receivers of His Majesty’s Customs to admit him, your petitioner was employed in one of the bureaux ; but afterwards, there being a change of officers, he was left without any employment. This was what caused the petitioner and his family, to the number of six persons, to withdraw into this territory, in the town of Casco, and Province of Maine ; and seeing that there are many lands which are not occupied, and particularly those which are situated at the point of Barbary Creek, may it please your Excellency to decree that there may be assigned to your petitioner about one hundred acres, to the end that he may have the means of supporting his family. And he will continue to pray God for the health and prosperity of your Excellency.

“ PIERRE BAUDOIN.”

Such was the first introduction into New England of a name which was destined to be connected with not a few of the most important events of its subsequent history, and which is now indissolubly associated with more than one of its most cherished institutions of education, literature, and science.

Driven out from his home and native land by the fury of that religious persecution, for which Louis XIV. gave the signal by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, — disappointed in his attempt to secure the means of a humble support in Ireland, whither he had at first fled, — Pierre Baudouin, in the summer of 1687, presents himself as a suppliant to Sir Edmund Andros, then Governor-in-Chief of New England, for a hundred acres of unoccupied land at the point of Barbary Creek in Casco Bay, in the Province of Maine, that he may earn bread for himself and his family by the sweat of his brow.

He was one of that noble sect of Huguenots, of which John

Calvin may be regarded as the great founder and exemplar, — of which Gaspard de Coligny, the generous and gallant admiral, who “filled the kingdom of France with the glory and terror of his name for the space of twelve years,” was one of the most devoted disciples and one of the most lamented martyrs, — and which has furnished to our own land blood every way worthy of being mingled with the best that has ever flowed in the veins either of southern Cavalier or northern Puritan.

He was of that same noble stock which gave three Presidents out of nine to the old Congress of the Confederation; which gave her Laurenses and Marions, her Hugers and Manigaults, her Prioleaus and Gaillards and Legarés to South Carolina; which gave her Jays to New York; her Boudinots to New Jersey; her Brimmers, her Dexters, and her Peter Faneuil, with the Cradle of Liberty, to Massachusetts.

He came from the famous town of Rochelle, which was for so many years the very stronghold and rallying-point of Protestantism in France, and which, in 1629, held out so long and so heroically against the siege, which Richelieu himself thought it no shame to conduct in person.

He is said to have been a physician by profession. The mere internal evidence of the paper which I have produced, though the idiom may not be altogether of the latest Parisian, shows him to have been a man of education. While, without insisting on tracing back his pedigree, as others have done, either to Baldwin, Count of Flanders in 862, or to Baldwin, the chivalrous King of Jerusalem in 1143, both of whom, it seems, spelled their names precisely as he did, there is ample testimony that he was a man both of family and fortune in his own land.

“I am the eldest descendant,” wrote James Bowdoin, the patron of the College within whose precincts we are assembled, “from one of those unfortunate families which was obliged to fly their native country on account of religion; — a family, which, as I understand, lived in affluence, perhaps elegance, upon a handsome estate in the neighborhood of Rochelle,* which at that time (1685) yielded the considerable income of 700 louis d’ors per annum.”

* See Note 1 at the end of this Address.

This estate was, of course, irrecoverably forfeited by his flight, and, after a year or more of painful and perilous adventure, he landed upon the shores of New England, with little other wealth but a wife and four children, seeking only the freedom to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience.

His petition, which has no date of its own, but which is indorsed 2d August, 1687, was favorably received by Sir Edmund Andros, and the public records in the State department of Massachusetts contain a warrant, signed by Sir Edmund, and directed to Mr. Richard Clements, deputy surveyor, authorizing and requiring him to lay out one hundred acres of vacant land in Casco Bay for Pierre Baudouin, in such place as he should be directed by Edward Tyng, Esq., one of his Majesty's Council. The warrant bears date October 8, 1687.

Before this warrant was executed, however, Pierre Baudouin had obtained possession of a few acres of land on what is now the high road from Portland to Vaughan's Bridge, a few rods northerly of the house of the Hon. Nicholas Emery. A solitary apple-tree, and a few rocks which apparently formed the curbing of a well, were all that remained about twenty years ago, to mark the site of this original dwelling-place of the Bowdoins in America. I know not whether even these could now be found.

In this original dwelling-place, Pierre and his family remained only about two years and a half. He had probably heard of the successful establishment in Boston, a year or two previously, of a Protestant church by some of his fellow-fugitives from France. He is likely to have been still more strongly prompted to an early abandonment of this residence, by its extreme exposure to the hostile incursions and depredations of the French and Indians, who were leagued together, at this time, in an attempt to break up the British settlements on this part of the North American continent. And most narrowly, and most providentially, did he escape this peril. On the 17th of May, 1690, the fort at Casco was attacked and destroyed, and a general massacre of the settlers was perpetrated by the Indians. On the 16th, just twenty-four hours previously, Pierre Baudouin and his family had plucked up their stakes and departed for Boston. A race

which had survived the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, and the siege of Rochelle, was not destined to perish thus ignobly in the wilderness !

Pierre himself lived to rejoice over this second escape for sixteen years, pursuing a humble mercantile career in his new abode, and leaving at his death, in 1706, some thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds lawful money, to be the subject of an inventory and appraisalment. But he left an eldest son, James Bowdoin (the first of that name in America), who rose to the very first rank among the merchants of Boston, who was a member of His Majesty's Colonial Council for several years before his death, and who left to his children, as the fruit of a long life of industry and integrity, the greatest estate, perhaps, which had ever been possessed, at that day, by any one person in Massachusetts; an estate which I have seen estimated at from fifty to one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Of the two sons, who succeeded equally to the largest part of this estate, James Bowdoin, who will form the principal subject of this discourse, was the youngest.

He was born in Boston on the 7th of August, 1726, and after receiving the rudiments of his education at the South Grammar School of that town, under Master Lovell, he was sent to Harvard College, where he was graduated a Bachelor of Arts in 1745. The death of his father occurred about two years later, and he was thus left with an independent estate just as he had attained to his majority.

It is hardly to be presumed that a young man of twenty-one years of age, of a liberal education, and an ample fortune, would devote himself at once and exclusively to mere mercantile pursuits. Nor am I inclined to believe that he ever gave much practical attention to them. But the earliest letter directed to him, which I find among the family papers, proves that he must have been, at least nominally, engaged in commercial business. It is directed to " Mr. James Bowdoin, Merchant."

This letter, however, has a far higher interest than as merely designating an address. It is dated Philadelphia, Oct. 25, 1750, and is in the following words : —

“ Sir, — Enclosed with this I send you all my Electrical Papers fairly transcribed, and I have, as you desired, examined the copy, and find it correct. I shall be glad to have your observations on them ; and if in any part I have not made myself well understood, I will on notice endeavor to explain the obscure passages by letter.

“ My compliments to Mr. Cooper and the other gentlemen who were with you here. I hope you all got safe home.

“ I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

“ B. FRANKLIN.”

The young Bowdoin, it seems, — who at the date of this letter was but four-and-twenty years old, — had made a journey to Philadelphia, (a journey at that day almost equal to a voyage to London at this,) in company with his friend and pastor, the Reverend Samuel Cooper, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Cooper of Brattle Street Church, — and having there sought the acquaintance of Dr. Franklin, had so impressed himself upon his regard and respect, that Franklin, in transmitting to him his electrical papers, takes occasion to invite his observations upon them.

Franklin was then at the age of forty-four years, and in the very maturity of his powers. Although he was at this time holding an office connected with the post-office department of the colonies, as the frank on the cover of this letter indicates, he was already deeply engaged in those great philosophical inquiries and experiments which were soon to place him on the highest pinnacle of fame.

The acquaintance between Franklin and Bowdoin, which had thus been formed at Philadelphia, was rapidly ripened into a most intimate and enduring friendship ; and with this letter commenced a correspondence which terminated only with their lives.*

At the outset of this correspondence, Bowdoin appears to have availed himself of the invitation to make observations on Franklin's theories and speculations, with somewhat more of independence of opinion than might have been expected from the disparity of their ages. One of his earliest letters (21st December, 1751) suggested such forcible objections to the hypothesis, that the sea was the grand source of electricity, that Franklin was led to say in his reply (24th January, 1752,) — “ I grow more doubtful of my former supposition, and more

* See Note-2 at the end of this Address.

ready to allow weight to that objection (drawn from the activity of the electric fluid and the readiness of water to conduct,) which you have indeed stated with great strength and clearness." In the following year Franklin retracted this hypothesis altogether. The same letter of Bowdoin's contained an elaborate explication of the cause of the crooked direction of lightning, which Franklin pronounced, in his reply, to be "both ingenious and solid,"—adding, "when we can account as satisfactorily for the electrification of clouds, I think that branch of natural philosophy will be nearly complete."

In a subsequent letter, Bowdoin suggested a theory in regard to the luminousness of water under certain circumstances, ascribing it to the presence of minute phosphorescent animals, of which Franklin said, in his reply (13th December, 1753,)—"The observations you made of the sea water emitting more or less light in different tracts passed through by your boat, is new, and your mode of accounting for it ingenious. It is, indeed, very possible, that an extremely small animalcule, too small to be visible even by our best glasses, may yet give a visible light." This theory has since been very generally received.

Franklin soon after paid our young philosopher the more substantial and unequivocal compliment of sending his letters to London, where they were read at the Royal Society, and published in a volume with his own. The Royal Society, at a later day, made Bowdoin one of their fellows; and Franklin, writing to Bowdoin from London, January 13, 1772, says: "It gives me great pleasure that my book afforded any to my friends. I esteem those letters of yours among its brightest ornaments, and have the satisfaction to find that they add greatly to the reputation of American philosophy."

But the sympathies of Franklin and Bowdoin were not destined to be long confined to philosophical inquiries. There were other clouds than those of the sky, gathering thickly and darkly around them, and which were about to require another and more practical sort of science, to break their force and rob them of their fires. "*Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis*" is the proud motto upon one of the medals which were struck in honor

of Franklin. Bowdoin, we shall see, was one of his counsellors and coadjutors in both the processes which secured for him this enviable ascription.

Bowdoin entered into political life in the year 1753, as one of the four representatives of Boston, in the Provincial Legislature of Massachusetts, and remained a member of the House for three years, having been reelected by the same constituency in 1754 and 1755.

The American Colonies were, at this moment, mainly engaged in resisting the encroachments of the French upon their boundaries. The Colony of Massachusetts Bay devoted itself, with especial zeal, to this object. It was said, and truly said, by their Councillors in 1755, in an answer to one of Governor Shirley's Messages, "that since the peace of Aix la Chapelle (1748) we have been at more expense for preventing and removing the French encroachments, we do not say than any other Colony, but than all His Majesty's Colonies besides."

Bowdoin appears from the journals to have coöperated cordially in making provision for the expeditions to Nova Scotia and Crown Point, and in all the military measures of defence. He seems, however, to have been more particularly interested in promoting that great civil or political measure of safety and security which was so seriously agitated at this time,—*the Union of the Colonies*.

In June, 1754, a convention of delegates from the various Colonies was held at Albany, under Royal authority and recommendation, to consider a plan of uniting the Colonies in measures for their general defence. Of this convention Franklin was a member, and a plan of general union, known afterwards as the Albany Plan of Union, but of which he was the projector and proposer, was conditionally adopted by the unanimous vote of the delegates. The condition was, that it should be confirmed by the various Colonial Assemblies.

In December, 1754, the measure was largely debated in the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and on the 14th day of that month, the House came to a vote on the three following questions:—

1. "Whether the House accept of the general plan of union

as reported by the commissioners convened at Albany in June last." This was decided in the negative.

2. "Whether the House accept of the partial plan of union reported by the last committee of both Houses, appointed on the Union." This, also, was decided in the negative.

3. "Whether it be the mind of the House, that there be a General Union of his Majesty's Colonies on this Continent, except those of Nova Scotia and Georgia." This proposition was decided in the affirmative by a large majority.

The proceedings of the legislative bodies of the Colonies, and indeed of all other legislative bodies, wherever they existed throughout the world, were at that time conducted in secrecy. As late as 1776, Congress discussed every thing with closed doors, and we are indebted to Mr. Jefferson's Notes for almost all that we know of the debates on the Declaration of Independence. Even to this day, there is no authority for the admission either of reporters or listeners to the halls of the British Parliament. A single member may demand, at any moment, that the galleries be cleared, and may insist on the execution of the demand. Practically, however, the proceedings of Parliament and of almost all other legislative bodies are now public, and no one can over-estimate the importance of the change.

Doubtless, when debates were conducted with closed doors, there were no speeches for *Buncombe*, no clap-traps for the galleries, no flourishes for the ladies, and it required no hour-rule, perhaps, to keep men within some bounds of relevancy. But one of the great sources of instruction and information, in regard both to the general measures of government, and to the particular conduct of their own representatives, was then shut out from the people, and words which might have roused them to the vindication of justice or to the overthrow of tyranny were lost in the utterance. The perfect publicity of legislative proceedings is hardly second to the freedom of the press, in its influence upon the progress and perpetuity of human liberty, though, like the freedom of the press, it may be attended with inconveniences and abuses.

It is a most significant fact in this connection, that the earliest instance of authorized publicity being given to the delibera-

tions of a legislative body in modern days, was in this same House of Representatives of Massachusetts, on the 3d day of June, 1766, when, upon motion of James Otis, and during the debates which arose on the questions of the repeal of the Stamp Act, and of compensation to the sufferers by the riots in Boston, to which that Act had given occasion, a resolution was carried "for opening a gallery for such as wished to hear the debates." The influence of this measure in preparing the public mind for the great revolutionary events which were soon to follow, can hardly be exaggerated.

Of the debates in 1754, on the Union of the Colonies, we, of course, have no record. But I find among my family papers, a brief and imperfect memorandum, in his own handwriting, of a speech made by Bowdoin on this occasion.

"It seems to be generally allowed," said he, "that an union of some sort is necessary. If that be granted, the only question to be considered is, whether the union shall be general or partial. It has been my opinion, and still is, that a general union would be most salutary. If the Colonies were united, they could easily drive the French out of this part of America; but, in a disunited state, the French, though not a tenth part so numerous, are an overmatch for them all. They are under one head and one direction, and all pull one way; whereas the Colonies have no head, some of them are under no direction in military matters, and all pull different ways. JOIN OR DIE, must be their motto."

After alluding to the importance of a union in reference to the Indian trade, he goes on to say, that "another advantage of a general union is, that the French Cape Breton trade would be put an end to."

"This trade (he continued) has been long complained of, not only as detrimental to our own trade, but as the French have, by means thereof, been furnished with provisions of all kinds, not only for themselves at Louisburg, but for Canada and the forces which they have employed on the Ohio. The flour they had there was marked by the Philadelphia and New York brand. They are supplied from the Colonies with the means of effecting their destruction; and their destruction will be the

consequence of that trade, unless it be stopped. *And it must be stopped by being subjected to the regulations of a general union.*"

Thus early did Bowdoin suggest and advocate that great idea of a general union of the Colonies for the regulation of trade, which we shall find him, almost half a century afterwards, in no small degree instrumental in accomplishing and realizing through the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

The prominent part which he took, in 1754, in favor of the measure, is proved by the fact, that immediately after the adoption of the proposition which I have stated, he was made the chairman of a committee of seven, on the part of the House, with such as the Council might join, "to consider and report a general plan of union of the several Colonies on this Continent, except those of Nova Scotia and Georgia."

It appears that this committee agreed upon such a plan, and that it was adopted by the Council. On being brought down to the House, however, its consideration was deferred, to allow time for members to consult their constituents, and a motion to print it was negatived. It was never again taken up, and I know not that any copy of it remains. Greater dangers, and from a more formidable source, were needed, to impress upon the Colonies the vital importance of that Union, without which their liberties and independence never could have been achieved. Nor were such greater dangers distant.

In May, 1757, after an interval of a single year from the termination of his three years' service in the House of Representatives, Bowdoin was elected by that body a member of the Council.

The Council of that day was not a mere Executive Council, like that which exists under the present Constitution of Massachusetts, but was a coördinate and independent branch of the Colonial Legislature. It was composed of twenty-eight members, a larger number than the Senate of the United States contained at the adoption of the Constitution, and was in almost every respect analogous to the Senates of our own day. To this body Bowdoin was annually reëlected, from 1757 to 1774, and he actually served as a member of it, with what zeal and

ability we shall presently see, during sixteen of these seventeen successive years.

It would not be easy to overstate the importance to the ultimate success of American liberty and independence, of the course pursued by the Council and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, during the greater part of this long period. Even as early as 1757, a controversy sprung up between these bodies and Lord Loudoun, the British commander-in-chief, in regard to quartering and billeting his troops upon the citizens of Boston, which by no means faintly foreshadowed the great disputes which were to follow. In this controversy, the authority of an act of Parliament in the Colony was boldly, and, it is believed, for the first time in our history, denied; and an earnest protestation was made that the colonists were entitled to all the rights and privileges of Englishmen.

The Provincial Governor of that period, however, — Thomas Pownall, — was too moderate and too liberal in his administration, and was, moreover, too deeply interested in the prosecution of those glorious campaigns of Wolfe and Amherst, in which Massachusetts, — and Maine, as a part of Massachusetts, — had so large and honorable a share, and by which the French power on this Continent was finally extinguished, to provoke any serious breach between himself and the Legislative Assemblies.

But Sir Francis Bernard, his successor, was another sort of person, and from his accession in 1760, down to the very day on which the last British governor was finally driven from our shores, there was one continued conflict between the legislative and executive authorities.

Governor Bernard, in his very first speech to the Assembly, gave a clue to his whole political character and course, by alluding to the blessings which the Colonies derived “from their *subjection* to Great Britain;” and the Council, in their reply to this speech, furnished a no less distinct indication of the spirit with which they were animated, by acknowledging how much they owed “to their *relation* to Great Britain.”

Indeed, if any one would fully understand the rise and progress of revolutionary principles on this Continent; if he would

understand the arbitrary and tyrannical doctrines which were asserted by the British Ministry, and the prompt resistance and powerful refutation which they met at the hands of our New England patriots, he must read what are called "The Massachusetts State Papers," consisting, mainly, of the messages of the Governor to the Legislature, and the answers of the two branches of the Legislature to the Governor, during this period. He will find here almost all the great principles and questions of that momentous controversy, Trial by Jury, Regulation of Trade, Taxation without Representation, the Stamp Act, the Tea Tax, and the rest, stated and argued with unsurpassed ability and spirit. It was by these State Papers, more, perhaps, than by any thing else, that the people of that day were instructed as to the great rights and interests which were at stake, and the popular heart originally and gradually prepared for the great issue of Independence. If James Otis's argument against Writs of Assistance in 1761 (as was said by John Adams,) "breathed into this nation the breath of life," few things, if any thing, did more to prolong that breath, and sustain that life through the trying period of the nation's infancy, until it was able to *go alone*, than the answers of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts to the insolent assumptions of Bernard and Hutchinson, mainly drafted by the same James Otis and Samuel Adams, and the answers of the Council, mainly drafted by *James Bowdoin*.

Of the first-rate part which Bowdoin played, during his long service in the Council, we have the fullest testimony from the most unquestionable sources.

Governor Hutchinson, who was himself a principal actor in the scenes which he describes, and who will not be suspected of any undue partiality to Bowdoin, furnishes unequivocal testimony as to his course.

"In most of the addresses, votes, and other proceedings in Council, of importance, for several years past, (says he, in the third volume of his History of Massachusetts, at the commencement of the year 1766,) the Lieutenant Governor (Hutchinson himself) had been employed as the chairman of the committees. Mr. Bowdoin succeeded him, and obtained a greater influence

over the Council than his predecessor ever had; and being united in principle with the leading men in the House, measures were concerted between him and them, and from this time the Council, in matters which concerned the controversy between the Parliament and the Colonies, in scarcely any instance disagreed with the House."

Again, under date of 1770, Hutchinson says, "Bowdoin was *without a rival in the Council*, and by the harmony and reciprocal communications between him and Mr. S. Adams, the measures of Council and House harmonized also, and were made reciprocally subservient each to the other; so that when the Governor met with opposition from the one, he had reason to expect like opposition from the other."

Hutchinson also states, under the same date, that "Bowdoin greatly encouraged, if he did not first propose, (as a measure of retaliation for the arbitrary taxes imposed by Great Britain,) the association for leaving off the custom of mourning dress, for the loss of deceased friends; and *for wearing, on all occasions, the common manufactures of the country.*"

Nor are these unequivocal expressions in the published history of Hutchinson, the only testimony which has been borne to Bowdoin's influence in the Council and in the Commonwealth.

Alexander Wedderburn, (afterwards Lord Loughborough,) in his infamous philippic upon Dr. Franklin, before the Privy Council in England, styled Bowdoin "the leader and manager of the Council in Massachusetts, as Mr. Adams was in the House."

Sir Francis Bernard, in a private letter to the Earl of Hillsborough, then secretary of the Colonies, dated 30th November, 1768, held up Mr. Bowdoin to the censure of the Ministry, "as having all along taken the lead of the Council in their late extraordinary proceedings," and, in another letter, as "the perpetual president, chairman, secretary, and speaker of the Council;" and Sir Francis gave a practical demonstration of the sense which he entertained of Bowdoin's importance to the popular party, by negating him as a councillor at the next annual election. To this most honorable proscription, by the

most tyrannical Governor who ever administered the affairs of Massachusetts, Bowdoin owed that single year of intermission in his labors at the Council Board, to which I have heretofore alluded.

But the people of Boston were not in a mood to be thus deprived of the patriotic services of a long-trying and favorite servant, and, James Otis having at this moment withdrawn from public duty, Bowdoin was immediately chosen, in his place, a representative of Boston. No sooner, however, had he taken his seat again in this body, than the House, animated by the same spirit with the people of Boston, reelected him to the Council, and Sir Francis Bernard, having in the mean time been recalled, Bowdoin's election was assented to by Governor Hutchinson upon grounds even more complimentary to his ability, and not less so to his patriotism, than those upon which he had been negatived by Sir Francis, — "because he thought his influence more prejudicial in the House of Representatives than at the Council." It was as the successor of Bowdoin, on this occasion, that John Adams first took his seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts.

Hutchinson's reason for assenting to Bowdoin's reelection to the Council, is given with something more of circumstance and amplification, in one of his private letters to the Ministry a year or two afterwards. In April, 1772, he wrote as follows: "Mr. Hancock moved in the House to address the Governor to carry the Court to Boston, and to assign no reason except the convenience of sitting there, but this was opposed by his colleague Adams, and carried against the motion by three or four voices only. The same motion was made in Council, but opposed by Mr. Bowdoin, who is, and has been for several years, the principal supporter of the opposition to the government. *It would be to no purpose to negative him, for he would be chosen into the House, and do more mischief there than at the Board.*"

It seems, however, that this reasoning was not altogether satisfactory to the ministers of the Crown, or to the Crown itself, as in 1774 Bowdoin was again negatived by General Gage, who had succeeded Hutchinson as Governor, and who declared "that he had express orders from his Majesty to set

aside from that board Hon. Mr. Bowdoin, Mr. Dexter, Mr. Winthrop," and others.

Thus terminated the services of James Bowdoin in his Majesty's Council, and within a few months afterwards his Majesty's Council itself was swept out of existence within the limits of Massachusetts.

The 17th of June, 1774, was no unfit precursor of the 17th of June, 1775. If the latter was the date of the first great physical contest for liberty, the former was the date of one of the earliest civil acts of revolution. The House of Representatives of Massachusetts then assembled at Salem, having come to a rupture with Governor Gage, and foreseeing that they should be immediately dissolved, ordered the door of their chamber to be locked, and having effectually barred out the Governor's secretary, proceeded, while he was actually reading the promulgation for their dissolution on the staircase, to pass three most important and significant resolves; one of them calling on the people to abstain from the use, not only of all imported tea, but of all goods and manufactures brought from the East Indies and from Great Britain, and recommending the encouragement of American manufactures. But more important and significant than either of these three, and the one which had brought down upon the House the special wrath of Governor Gage, was the Resolve, previously passed on the same eventful day, appointing five delegates to the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia. At the head of these delegates stood the name of James Bowdoin. The others were Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and Robert Treat Paine.

Had the condition of Bowdoin's family allowed him to proceed to Philadelphia, agreeably to this appointment, there can hardly be a doubt that his name would now be found, where all the world might read it, foremost on the roll of Independence; but the illness of his wife compelled him to stay at home, and that proud distinction was reserved for the name of John Hancock, who was elected as his substitute. The spirit by which he was actuated at this time, is abundantly indicated by a letter which he wrote to his friend Franklin in London, on the 6th of September, 1774, just after the first Congress had assembled,

and which was mainly written as an introduction of Josiah Quincy, Jr., then vainly seeking a restoration of his health by a foreign voyage.

“Six regiments (says he) are now here, and General Gage, it is said, has sent for two or three from Canada, and expects soon two more from Ireland. Whether he will think these, or a much greater number added to them, sufficient to enforce submission to the act, (for reducing the province to a military government,) his letters to the Ministry will inform them, and time, everybody else. *In apricum proferet ætas*. A sort of enthusiasm seems universally prevalent, and it has been greatly heightened by the Canada act for the encouraging and establishing Popery. ‘*Pro aris et focis*, our all is at stake,’ is the general cry throughout the country. Of this I have been in some measure a witness, having these two months past been journeying about the Province with Mrs. Bowdoin, on account of her health; the bad state of which has prevented my attending the Congress, for which the Assembly thought proper to appoint me one of their Committee.”

Mr. Bowdoin’s own health, also, about this time, gave way, and soon after assumed a most serious aspect. In a letter to John Adams from his wife, bearing date June 15th, 1775, and which is among the letters of Mrs. Adams recently published by her grandson, I find the following passage: “Mr. Bowdoin and his lady are at present in the house of Mrs. Borland, and are going to Middleborough, to the house of Judge Oliver. He, poor gentleman, is so low, that I apprehend he is hastening to a house not made with hands; he looks like a mere skeleton, speaks faint and low, is racked with a violent cough, and, I think, far advanced in consumption. I went to see him last Saturday. He is very inquisitive of every person with regard to the times; begged I would let him know of the first intelligence I had from you; is very unable to converse by reason of his cough. He rides every pleasant day, and has been kind enough to call at the door (though unable to get out) several times. He says the very name of Hutchinson distresses him. Speaking of him the other day, he broke out, ‘Religious rascal! how I abhor his name!’”

The critical character of Bowdoin's illness at this time is indicated in the following extract of a letter to him from his constant and confidential friend, Samuel Adams, dated Philadelphia, Nov. 16, 1775:—

“Give me leave to congratulate you, and also to express to you the joy I feel on another occasion; which is, that your own health is so far restored to you as to enable you again, and at so important a crisis, to aid our country with your counsel. For my own part, I had even buried you, though I had not forgot you. I thank God, who has disappointed our fears; and it is my ardent prayer that your health may be perfectly restored, and your eminent usefulness long continued.”

John Hancock, too, who had taken his place in the Congress, sent him similar congratulations, in a letter from the very chamber in which he was presiding.*

I am the more particular in giving these contemporaneous accounts of the circumstances which prevented Bowdoin from taking his seat in the Continental Congress, because, in the violence of partisan warfare afterwards, his patriotism was impeached on this ground. As well might the patriotism of James Otis be impeached, because the blows of assassins upon his brain, unsettling his reason, compelled him also to retire, at this moment, from the service of the country, and to leave others to reap a harvest of glory which he had sown! As well might the patriotism of Josiah Quincy, Jr., be impeached, because consumption, at this moment, had marked him for its prey, and he, too, was forced to fly to milder climes, from which he only returned to expire within sight of his native shores!

The services of Bowdoin, however, were not yet destined to be lost to Massachusetts or to the country. Momentous responsibilities still awaited him, and the partial restoration of his health soon enabled him to meet them.

Indeed, while his health was still failing, he served as moderator of a great meeting of the people of Boston, in Faneuil Hall, which was held to consider the demand which had been made upon them by General Gage, for the surrender of their arms. The meeting was one of the greatest interest and excitement,

* See Note 3 at the end of this Address.

and was protracted through many days. Bowdoin, at the close of it, acted as chairman of the committee to remonstrate and treat with General Gage upon the subject, and I now have in my hand the evidence of his success, in an original paper in Bowdoin's own writing, which is not without historical interest, dated Boston, April 27, 1775, in the following terms:—

“General Gage gives liberty to the inhabitants to remove out of town with their effects, and, in order to expedite said removal, informs the inhabitants that they may receive passes for that purpose from General Robinson, any time after 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.”

Such was the only *liberty* which the people of Boston could, in that day, extort from the British commander-in-chief, — *liberty* to abandon their homes and firesides, and to seek shelter where they could find it! Even this, however, was a great point gained, and was far better than being exposed to the daily insults and depredations of a hireling soldiery. I have it under his own hand, that it was by his attention to this business, while already an invalid, that Bowdoin contracted the serious illness described by Mrs. Adams, by reason of which his life was at one time despaired of.

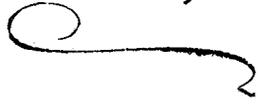
In August of this same year, 1775, a Provincial Congress assembled at Watertown, and proceeded, under the recommendation of the Continental Congress, to organize the first regular Government, by electing twenty-eight Councillors, not only to act as a branch of the legislative body, but to exercise the supreme executive authority of the province. Bowdoin was elected first on the list, and on the meeting of the Board was formally placed at its head, so that he should act as President of the Council whenever he was present. Though his health was still infirm, he instantly accepted the appointment, and soon repaired to his post, and in that capacity he presided, from time to time for several years, over the now independent Republic. “This conspicuous act of *overt* treason,” (as it was well termed by one who knew the meaning of the terms which he used, — Bowdoin's distinguished eulogist, Judge Lowell) this conspicuous act of overt treason to the British monarch, whose ministry was still exercising “the pageantry of civil government within

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tomorrow Morning

Boston April 27th 1775

1775.

Genl. Gage's Permission for
the Inhabitants to leave
Town - Boston Apr: 27th.



the province," and whose armies held possession of the capital almost within sight, furnishes ample evidence that Bowdoin shrunk from no exposure to personal proscription or peril.

George Washington had just then assumed the command of the American army, encamped around Boston. Bowdoin's official position brought him, of course, into immediate relation to the commander-in-chief, and an intimate and enduring friendship was soon formed between them. Many letters of a highly confidential character, and a beautiful cane, now in my own possession, which was the gift of Bowdoin to Washington, and which was returned, as a precious memorial to the family by Mrs. Washington, after her husband's death, bear witness to the cordial regard which they cherished for each other.

In the autumn of 1775, the Continental Congress despatched a special committee of its members to Cambridge, to confer with Washington and the authorities of the New England States, as to the best means of conducting the campaign. Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Harrison (the father of the late lamented President of the United States) were two of the committee of Congress. Bowdoin was the chairman of the committee to conduct the conference on the part of Massachusetts; and by them it was agreed that an army of twenty-four thousand men should be raised for the ensuing year, and that the several Colonies should be called on for their respective proportions of money to meet the expenses of supporting them.

It was about this time that Washington said to some timid Whigs in Massachusetts, "You need not fear, when you have a Bowdoin at your head."

It was through the confidential agency of Bowdoin, some years afterwards, in 1780, that Washington procured a plan of the harbor of Halifax, with the depth of the water, and the position of all the military works, with a view to its destruction by the French fleet.

Nor may it be uninteresting, or out of place, to mention here, that on the night on which Washington threw up the redoubts on Dorchester Heights, which compelled the British army to evacuate Boston on the 17th of March, he was accompanied by Bowdoin's son, James, (afterwards the patron of this

College,) a young man then of twenty-two years of age, who, after being graduated at Harvard, had gone over to England, partly on account of his health, and partly to pursue his studies at the University of Oxford, but who had hurried back to share the fortunes of his native land instantly on the breaking out of hostilities. The young Bowdoin also crossed over in the same boat with Washington on his entrance into Boston, after the departure of the British, and took him to dine at his grandfather Erving's, where, we are told, the greatest delicacy the town afforded "was only a piece of salted beef."

Mr. Bowdoin, the father, was reelected to the Council in 1776 and 1777, and continued to serve as its presiding officer, whenever his health permitted him to attend its meetings, until the summer of 1777, when he resigned.

In 1776, on the receipt of the news of the Declaration of Independence, he was made chairman of the committee to direct and personally superintend its proclamation from the balcony of the Old State House in Boston.* He was, also, the chairman of the committee to conduct the affairs of the Commonwealth during the recess of the General Court.

In 1779, Bowdoin was brought back again into the public service by being elected a delegate from the town of Boston to the Convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts. One attempt to accomplish this work had already been made by the Legislature during the previous year, but the plan had been rejected by the people. The greatest minds of the Commonwealth were now called together to repair the failure. Samuel Adams and John Adams, Hancock, the elder John Lowell, Theophilus Parsons, the elder John Pickering, George Cabot, Nathaniel Gorham, James Sullivan, the elder Levi Lincoln, Robert Treat Paine, Jonathan Jackson, Henry Higginson, Nathaniel Tracy, Samuel Osgood, William Cushing, and Caleb Strong, were among the members of this Convention. Your own Province of Maine was represented, among others, by David Sewall and Benjamin Chadbourne. Well might it be said that "to this Convention were returned from all parts of the Commonwealth, as great a number of men of learning, talents, and patriotism, as

* See Note 4 at the end of this Address.

had ever been assembled here at any earlier period." It may be doubted, whether any later period has ever witnessed its equal. Of this Convention, Bowdoin was the President.

His position as presiding officer, however, did not exempt him from the more active duties of membership, and, during the long recess of the Convention, he served as chairman of the select committee, by which the original draft of the Constitution was digested and prepared.* His friend and eulogist, Judge Lowell, who was himself second to no one in that Convention, either for the zeal or the ability which he brought to the work, says of Bowdoin, that "it is owing to the hints which he occasionally gave, and the part which he took with the committee who framed the plan, that some of the most admired sections in the Constitution of this State appear in their present form ;" and he adds, "this assembly of wise men carried home with them such impressions of his character as an able and virtuous statesman, that they retained the highest respect and esteem for him till his death."

At the organization of the government of the Commonwealth under this new Constitution, John Hancock was elected to the chief magistracy. There having been no choice of a Lieutenant Governor by the people, the Legislature, on their assembling, elected Bowdoin to that office. They, also, simultaneously elected him a Senator for the County of Suffolk, leaving it optional with himself to decide in which capacity he would serve the State, and intimating, certainly, in the most complimentary manner, their unwillingness that the State should be deprived of his services altogether. Bowdoin, however, declined both these offices, as he did, also, the appointment of agent to negotiate a loan in Europe, which, about this time, was offered to him. But in the subsequent winter he accepted an appointment from the Legislature, in company with the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General, and Mr. John Pickering, "to revise the laws in force in the State ; to select, abridge, alter, and digest them, so as to be accommodated to the present Government." I have seen ample evidence, in his private papers, of the labor which he bestowed on the duties of this distinguished and most responsible commission.

* See Note 5 at the end of this Address.

In 1782, Bowdoin was chosen a representative from Boston, but declined the office.

In January, 1785, Hancock resigned his place as Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts. At the ensuing April election there was no choice by the people, but on the meeting of the Legislature in May, Bowdoin was elected Governor, by the Senate, out of the candidates sent up to that body by the House of Representatives.

It was during the popular canvass preceding this election, that a charge was brought against Bowdoin that he was in British interest and under British influence. In these latter days, such a charge, against whomsoever it were arrayed, could excite little surprise. It is the penalty of modern public life to be abused. Not to be the subject of some false report, of some slanderous charge, of some calumnious imputation, would seem almost to imply that one was too insignificant to attract notice. So uniformly does abuse or misrepresentation follow any considerable fame, that a public man is almost tempted to exclaim in the words of an old ballad, —

“Liars will lee on full guid men,
Sae will they do on me ;
I wad'na wish to be the man,
That liars on wad'na lee.”

But that one who had been so early and ardent an opposer of British oppression and British dominion, and who, as we have seen, had coöperated personally and prominently in almost all the measures by which that aggression had been successfully resisted and that dominion finally thrown off, should now so soon have been subjected to such an imputation upon his patriotism, and such an impeachment of his integrity, must certainly astonish every one, who has not become familiar with the habitual disingenuousness and unscrupulousness of modern partisan warfare.

The only points relied upon to give color to this infamous accusation were, first, Bowdoin's failure to attend the Continental Congress in 1774, when, as we have sufficiently seen, the illness of his wife, and the critical condition of his own health, de-

tained him at home; and, second, the marriage of Bowdoin's only daughter to Sir John Temple.

The late estimable and distinguished author of the "Familiar Sketches of Public Characters," which are believed to be generally as correct, as they certainly are spirited and interesting, says that Bowdoin was suspected of English partialities, "because an Englishman who bore a title had become his son-in-law."

Now the fact is, that John Temple was a Boston boy, born at Noddle's Island, now East Boston, of parents who had long resided in this country, and that he did not inherit his baronetcy from a distant kinsman until nearly eighteen months after this election was over. He had been, moreover, a thorough Whig during the whole of our Revolution, and had paid the penalty of his opposition to the British Ministry by the loss of more than one office, of which the emoluments were in the last degree necessary to his support. It was of Temple that Arthur Lee, then in London, wrote to Samuel Adams, December 22, 1773, "There is no man more obnoxious to Hillsborough, Bernard, Knox, and all that tribe of determined enemies to truth, to virtue, liberty, and America."

It is, indeed, not a little curious, that, while in 1785, Bowdoin was charged with being in British interest, on account of his connection with Temple, — in 1770, Bowdoin's original opposition to Great Britain was attributed to the very same cause. "During the administration of Shirley and Pownall," says Governor Hutchinson in his third volume, "Bowdoin was considered rather as a favorer of the prerogative, than of the opposition to it. But Mr. Temple, the Surveyor-General of the Customs, having married Mr. Bowdoin's daughter, and having differed with Governor Bernard, and connected himself with Mr. Otis and others in the opposition, Mr. Bowdoin, from that time, entered into the like connections."

Hutchinson is still more explicit upon this point in some of his private letters. In a letter to Commodore (afterwards Admiral) Gambier, dated 7th May, 1772, he says: "Of the two you mentioned, one in the Common and the other near it, (Bowdoin's elegant mansion *near* the Common is still freshly remem-

bered,) I have found the first pliable, and have made great use of him, and expect to make more; the other is envious, and with dark, secret plottings endeavors to distress Government; and, although I am upon terms of civility with him, yet when the faction in the House have any point to carry, they are sure of his support in Council, and he is as obstinate as a mule. I do not find the advice, that his son-in-law is like to be provided for in England, has any effect upon him. If I see any chance of bringing him over, and making him a friend to Government, I will try it; in the mean time, I will bear with his opposition as I have done for several years past. This *inter nos*."

It seems thus, that Hutchinson was about to make a trial upon Bowdoin's patriotism, with a view of seeing if there was "any chance of bringing him over, and making him a friend to Government." And in a letter to Sir Francis Bernard, dated 25th August, 1772, four months afterwards, we have some glimpses of the result of the attempt.

"Before Commodore Gambier sailed, (he says,) he hinted to me the same thing he did to you after his arrival in England. I thought it was suggested to him by —, and I took it to be only his opinion of the effect such an expectation might have, and I have no reason to think Mr. B. was privy to the suggestion. His conduct in Council is very little different from what it was in your administration, and he runs into the foolish notions of Adams & Co., and when Government is the subject, talks their jargon. On other occasions, we are just within the bounds of decency. One would have thought the unexpected favors shown to his son-in-law would have softened him. I don't know but he may have been rather more cautious in his language, but he joins in the same measures."

Bowdoin himself gave the best evidence, not many months afterwards, with what success he had been approached, and how far he had even become "more cautious in his language," in the prompt and powerful stand which he took against Hutchinson's elaborate message to the Legislature, upholding the power of Parliament over the Colonies; in regard to which, Hutchinson wrote to General Gage, on the 7th of March, 1773, — "The Council would have acquiesced, if Mr. Bowdoin

had not persuaded them that he could defend Lord Chatham's doctrine, that Parliament had no right of taxation; but by his repugnant arguments he has exposed himself to contempt."

A copy of these "repugnant arguments" is in my possession, in Bowdoin's handwriting, as they are printed among the Massachusetts State Papers; and no one can read them without feeling that, if they exposed him to the "contempt" of this pliant tool of royalty, they have entitled him to the respect and gratitude of every American patriot. The paper is, unquestionably, among the ablest compositions to which the controversies of that day gave occasion, and was the immediate cause of Bowdoin's being negatived, at his next election to the Council, by the express order of his Majesty.

Temple, it appears, had been appointed in December, 1771, surveyor-general of the customs in England. He had been refused all further employment in America on the ground of his known attachment to the cause of his native country, the King himself having signified to Lord North that he must not be suffered to return to the Colonies in any public capacity. But his zeal for the interests of the Colonies could not thus be extinguished; and in 1774, he was summarily removed from office, for reasons which are set forth in a paper bearing his own signature, which was addressed to the Government of Massachusetts in 1781, and which begins as follows:—

"Dr. Franklin and Mr. Temple were, in the year 1774, upon one and the same day, and for one and the same cause, dismissed from the several employments they held under the crown of Great Britain; expressly for their attachment to the American cause; and particularly for their having obtained and transmitted to the State of Massachusetts, certain original letters and papers, which first discovered, with certainty, the perfidious plans then machinating against the freedom and happiness of the then Colonies, now United States in North America; Mr. Temple, by such dismissal, lost upwards of a thousand pounds sterling per annum, besides several very honorary appointments under the crown; Dr. Franklin's loss was about five hundred pounds a year."

This distinct and public declaration during the lifetime of

Franklin, corroborated as it is by a previous and private communication to John Adams, removes all reasonable doubt as to the fact, that it was through Temple's coopération with Franklin, in some indirect and still mysterious manner, that the famous Hutchinson letters were sent over to this country, and furnishes another proof that his employment and salaries abroad had, in no degree, diminished his interest in the cause of American Liberty.

It would be quite out of place to follow the course and character of Sir John Temple further on this occasion. I have said enough to show how utterly groundless were any imputations upon Bowdoin's patriotism, arising out of his connection with Temple. I have said enough to prove how justly it was said of Bowdoin at his death, — "He was in every sense a patriot. He connected himself with those who were determined not to be slaves. It was in his power to have made any terms for himself, if he could have deserted his principles; but firm and incorruptible, he put every thing at hazard."

The condition of Massachusetts, and of the nation at large, when Bowdoin assumed the Chief Magistracy of the Commonwealth, (if there was any thing which could be called a nation in 1785,) was most critical. Both were overwhelmed with the debts of the Revolution, and no effective system of finance had been established for their discharge. Indeed, the resources of the people were already utterly exhausted, and a wide-spread bankruptcy seemed almost inevitable. Bowdoin, however, stood forth, in his first address to the Legislature, as the stern advocate of supporting the credit of the State at all costs, and as the uncompromising opponent of every idea of repudiation. "Lately emerged," said he, "from a bloody and expensive war, a heavy debt upon us in consequence of it, — our finances deranged and our credit to reëstablish, — it will require time to remove these difficulties. The removal of them must be effected in the same way a prudent individual, in like circumstances, would adopt, — by retrenching unnecessary expenses, adopting a strict economy, providing means of lessening his debt, duly paying the interest of it, and manifesting to his creditors and the world, that in all his transactions he is guided by the principles of honor and

ERRATUM. PAGE 66, LINE 5.

For "sent over to this country" read "brought to light."

strict honesty. In this way, and in this only, public credit can be maintained or restored; and when governments, by an undeviating adherence to these principles, shall have firmly established it, they will have the satisfaction to see that they can obtain loans in preference to all borrowers whatever."

In this same first address to the General Court, Bowdoin came forward, also, as the ardent adviser of an enlargement of the powers of the Continental Congress, with a view to the regulation of commerce with foreign nations.

"The state of our foreign trade," said he, "which has given so general an uneasiness, and the operation of which, through the extravagant importation and use of foreign manufactures, has occasioned so large a balance against us, demands a serious consideration.

"To satisfy that balance, our money is exported; which, with all the means of remittance at present in our power, falls very short of a sufficiency.

"Those means, which have been greatly lessened by the war, are gradually enlarging; but they cannot soon increase to their former amplitude, so long as Britain and other nations continue the commercial systems they have adopted since the war. Those nations have an undoubted right to regulate their trade with us, and to admit into their ports, on their own terms, the vessels and cargoes that go from the United States, or to refuse an admittance; their own interest or their sense of it, being the only principle to dictate those regulations, where no treaty of commerce is subsisting.

"The United States have the same right, and can, and ought to regulate their foreign trade on the same principle; but it is a misfortune, that Congress have not yet been authorized for that purpose by all the States. If there be any thing wanting on the part of this State to complete that authority, it lies with you, gentlemen, to bring it forward and mature it; and, until Congress shall ordain the necessary regulations, you will please to consider what further is needful to be done on our part, to remedy the evils of which the merchant, the tradesman, and manufacturer, and indeed every other description of persons among us, so justly complain."

“It is of great importance,” he continues, “and the happiness of the United States depends upon it, that Congress should be vested with all the powers necessary to preserve the Union, to manage the general concerns of it, and secure and promote its common interest. That interest, so far as it is dependent on a commercial intercourse with foreign nations, the Confederation does not sufficiently provide for; and this State, and the United States in general, are now experiencing, by the operation of their trade with some of these nations, particularly Great Britain, the want of such a provision. . . .

“This matter, Gentlemen, merits your attention; and if you think that Congress should be vested with ampler powers, and that special delegates from the States should be convened to settle and define them, you will take the necessary measures for obtaining such a Convention or Congress, whose agreement, when confirmed by the States, would ascertain these powers.”

Thus again did Bowdoin, in 1785, propose as the only mode of securing our national prosperity, and counteracting the pernicious effects of the restrictive policy of Great Britain, the same remedy which he had declared necessary in 1754, against the Cape Breton trade of the French, — *a general union of the Colonies with the power of regulating trade.*

His views were not now lost upon those to whom they were addressed. The Legislature of the Commonwealth cordially responded to them, and passed strong resolutions, bearing date July 1, 1785, recommending a Convention of Delegates from all the States, for the purpose of revising the articles of Confederation, and enlarging the powers of Congress. These resolutions were communicated to Congress and the several States. Virginia passed similar resolutions in January, 1786; in the following September, the first meeting of delegates was held at Annapolis; and in May, 1787, the Convention assembled at Philadelphia, by which the Constitution of the United States was finally formed.

The Mr. Alden Bradford, whose name has so many titles to our respectful remembrance, does not hesitate to assert, in his History of Massachusetts, in view of the facts which I have stated, that Governor Bowdoin “is entitled to the honor of

having first urged the enlargement of the powers of Congress for regulating commerce with foreign countries, and for raising a revenue from it to support the public credit."

I need not say how gladly I would vindicate the Bowdoin title to this distinction. He who can rightfully claim it, needs no other title to the eternal gratitude of his country. The man, upon whose tombstone it may be truly written, — "It was by him that the great idea of our glorious Federal Constitution was first conceived, and first urged," — need not envy the proudest epitaph in Westminster Abbey or the Pantheon. To him the rarely interrupted peace, the unparalleled progress and prosperity, the firm and cordial union of this mighty nation, for sixty years past, and as we hope and believe, for sixty times sixty years to come, will bear grateful testimony! To him, the first great example of successful Constitutional Republican Government will acknowledge a perpetual debt! Around his memory, the hopes of civil liberty throughout the world will weave an unfading chaplet!

Such an honor, however, is too high to be lightly appropriated to any one man. I know the danger of setting up pretensions of priority in great ideas, whether of state policy, philosophical theory, scientific discovery, or mechanical invention. It was claimed for Patrick Henry, that he was the first to exclaim, under the sting of British oppression in 1774, "We must fight;" but it has since been clearly proved, that he only echoed the exclamation of Joseph Hawley of Massachusetts, communicated to him by John Adams.

The first public proposal of a General Convention to remodel the Confederacy has been traced by Mr. Madison to one, whose family name would thus seem to be associated both with the earliest suggestion, and with the latest and ablest defence of the Constitution, — Pelatiah WEBSTER, — a correspondent and friend of Governor Bowdoin, who brought it forward in a pamphlet published in 1781. This was followed by resolutions in favor of it, passed by the Legislature of New York, on motion of General Schuyler, in 1782. Hamilton declared himself in favor of the plan, in Congress, in 1783. Richard Henry Lee, in a letter to Mr. Madison, urged it in 1784. But no one can

doubt that the earnest official recommendation of Bowdoin, and the strong resolutions of Massachusetts, (then one of the three great States of the Confederacy,) in 1785, were most important steps in this momentous Federal movement. They preceded, by more than a year, the resolutions of Virginia, to which so deserved a prominence has always been given, and they should not be suffered to be omitted, as they too often hitherto have been, from the history of the rise and progress of the Constitution of the United States.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether any one was an earlier or more intelligent advocate than Bowdoin, of the great commercial principle which the Constitution was primarily established to vindicate. The necessity of regulating the trade and navigation of the United States, with a view to counteracting the restrictive policy of Great Britain and other nations, and of protecting the industry and labor of our own people, was illustrated and enforced by him on every occasion.

Under his auspices, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed an act for this purpose on their own responsibility, to cease, of course, whenever Congress should be vested with power to take the subject under national control.

Under his advice, an act laying additional duties of import and excise was also passed by the State Legislature, in relation to which, at the subsequent session, in October, 1785, Governor Bowdoin used language in his message, which shows both the extent of his information, and the soundness of his views upon these commercial subjects: —

“As one intention of the act (says he) was to encourage our own manufactures, by making such a distinction in the duties upon them and upon foreign manufactures, as to give, in regard to price, a clear preference to the former, you will please to consider, in revising the act, whether that intention be in fact answered with respect to some of them. I would particularly instance in the manufacture of loaf sugar, which, at a time when we were under the dominion of Great Britain, was for a while very profitably carried on here; but by the British Parliament giving a large bounty on the exportation of it from thence, and this with a view of putting a stop to our manufacturing it,

it was imported here so cheap, as effectually to answer that purpose. The bounty, as I am informed, being still continued, the duties on each of these manufactures, and on foreign in general, should be so regulated, as to give a decided preference in favor of our own; and a like attention should be also had in reference to all our manufactures."

In a message of February 8, 1786, he calls upon the Legislature to do something for the encouragement of the manufacture of iron: —

"Mr. John Noyes, (says he,) who has lately returned hither from Europe, was with me a few days ago, and acquainted me that while there, he employed the greatest part of his time in endeavoring to inform himself in several branches of manufacture in iron; that he had gained a thorough knowledge of those branches; and that if he and his partner, Colonel Revere, could obtain sufficient encouragement from the Legislature, they would erect works for carrying them on to some considerable extent; that he had, also, a perfect knowledge of the machines used in Europe in manufacturing iron and steel, and was well informed in the construction and use of the new-invented steam engine, very necessary in those operations, and which may be advantageously employed in many others.

"In consequence of this conversation, I yesterday received a letter from them to the same purpose, which, with a letter to me from the Hon. Mr. Adams, our Minister in London, recommending Mr. Noyes and his project of introducing some new manufactures, will be communicated to you.

"Circumstanced as we are at present, it is highly necessary we should encourage every useful and practicable manufacture, especially that of iron, which, in point of usefulness and practicability, may vie with any.

"As this manufacture, connected with the proposed improvements upon it, may be extensively beneficial to the Commonwealth, I do with great earnestness recommend the proposal for its establishment to your favorable consideration."

In another of his messages, (21st February, 1786,) he calls the attention of the Legislature to the importance of doing something for the wool growers and the woollen manufacturers of the State: —

“The extravagant importation of foreign manufactures, (says he,) since the conclusion of the war, has greatly injured our own, particularly those in wool.

“The quantity of woollens imported, their superior fabric, and the cheapness of them, have not only in a great measure put a stop to our looms, and to the several other modes of manufacturing our wool, but have thereby been a principal cause of the decrease of sheep in this Commonwealth. This decrease, as we are now necessitated to manufacture for ourselves, is universally felt and regretted; and it has become necessary to apply some remedy to this evil, which for several years has been a growing one. You will, therefore, allow me, gentlemen, to recommend to you, to apply some effectual remedy accordingly; and at the same time to project some method, by which we may obtain models of several machines, or the machines themselves, lately invented for manufacturing woollen cloths, by the use of which there would be a saving of much labor and expense, and the cloth would be manufactured in a superior manner.”

In still another message of the same date, he says, “As the encouragement of every useful manufacture in the Commonwealth has now become necessary, it is my duty to mention to you a very important one, — so important to us as a free and independent people, that our existence as such may depend on the establishing it among ourselves; I mean the manufacture of *gunpowder*.”

It is not for me, on this occasion, to discuss the value of what has been called “the American System.” Nor would I, at any time, disturb the laurels of those among the living, to whom its paternity has been ascribed. But if any one of later years is privileged to wear the title of the father of this system, I think I may safely assert, upon the evidence which I have now furnished, the unquestionable claim of Governor Bowdoin to be remembered as its *grandfather*.

Certainly, if any one desires to know for what object the revisal of the old articles of confederation was demanded by at least one of its earliest and most prominent advocates in New England; if any one desires to understand what was the original Massachusetts meaning of the constitutional phrase,

“Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations;” he may read it in language which cannot be mistaken, in these messages of Governor Bowdoin.

There was something, however, of ominous significance in his call upon the Legislature at this moment to encourage the manufacture of *gunpowder*. The day was rapidly approaching when Massachusetts was about to require a supply of that article for the first time, and, I pray God, for the last time, in her history as an independent Commonwealth, for the most deplorable of all occasions.

Bowdoin was reelected to the Chief Magistracy, in April, 1786, by a very large majority of the popular votes, when he again, in his opening address, pressed upon the Legislature the paramount importance of making provision for sustaining the public credit. Already, however, the discontents at the heavy burden of taxation had swollen to a formidable height; and before the close of the year, they had broken out into an open insurrection against the legal processes of collection. The courts of justice were systematically interrupted in their sessions, and the insurgents were led along from step to step, until they found themselves arrayed in arms against the constituted authorities of the State.

The exigency was, indeed, a momentous one. For the first time, and while the cement by which it was held together was still green and unhardened, the fabric of our free institutions was to be put to the test of a forcible assault. The public Credit, the Independence of the Judiciary, the Authority of the Executive, the Supremacy of the Laws, the Capacity of the People for Self-government,—all, all were at stake. Had “Shays’ Rebellion,” as it is called, been triumphant, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the danger in which our whole American Republican system would have been involved. Had an example of successful repudiation at once of debt, of law, and of all government, been given at so early a day after our independence, and in so leading a commonwealth as Massachusetts, no one can tell into what volcanic vortex our whole continent would have been plunged, or how far we should have escaped the fate of the Spanish colonies at the South, in being the sub-

ject of one unceasing series of political convulsions and revolutions.

Everywhere the faces of the friends of freedom gathered blackness at the prospect. Even Washington could scarcely hold fast to the great principle which had never before failed him, not to despair of the Republic. In a letter to James Madison, of November 6, 1786, he says:—"No morn ever dawned more favorably than ours did; and no day was ever more clouded than the present. . . . Without an alteration in our political creed, the superstructure we have been seven years in raising, at the expense of so much treasure and blood, must fall. We are fast verging to anarchy and confusion.

"A letter which I have received from General Knox, who had just returned from Massachusetts, whither he had been sent by Congress, in consequence of the commotions in that State, is replete with melancholy accounts of the temper and designs of a considerable part of the people. Among other things he says: 'Their creed is, that the property of the United States has been protected from the confiscation of Britain by the joint exertions of *all*, and therefore ought to be *the common property of all*; and he that attempts opposition to this creed, is an enemy to equity and justice, and ought to be swept off from the face of the earth.' Again, 'they are determined to annihilate all debts, public and private, and have agrarian laws, which are easily effected by the means of unfunded paper money, which shall be a tender in all cases whatever.' . . . How melancholy is the reflection, that in so short a time we should have made such large strides towards fulfilling the predictions of our transatlantic foes!—"Leave them to themselves, and their government will soon dissolve.' Will not the wise and good strive hard to avert this evil? Or will their supineness suffer ignorance, and the arts of self-interested, designing, disaffected, and desperate characters, to involve this great country in wretchedness and contempt?"

"It is with the deepest and most heartfelt concern, (writes Washington soon after to General Humphreys,) that I perceive, by some late paragraphs extracted from the Boston papers, that the insurgents of Massachusetts, far from being satisfied with

the redress offered by their General Court, are still acting in open violation of law and government, and have obliged the Chief Magistrate, in a decided tone, to call upon the militia of the State to support the Constitution. What, gracious God! is man, that there should be such inconsistency and perfidiousness in his conduct? It was but the other day, that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitutions under which we now live, — Constitutions of our own choice and making, — and now we are unsheathing the sword to overturn them. The thing is so unaccountable, that I hardly know how to realize it, or to persuade myself that I am not under the illusion of a dream."

I might cite a hundred other evidences of the alarm which this rebellion in Massachusetts excited throughout the Union. "*Proximus ardet Ucalegon.*" No one knew whose house would catch next, or how soon the whole nation might be involved in the flames of civil war. It was regarded, like the late rising of the Communists and Red Republicans of Paris, as menacing the very existence of the system against which it was aimed, and as threatening the whole experiment of free government with explosion and failure.

"These combinations, (says Judge Lowell,) were extensive and formidable, and perhaps there was a time in which it was uncertain, whether even a majority of the people were not at least in a disposition not to *oppose* the progress of insurgency." Well did he add, that "Bowdoin was at this time in a situation to try the fortitude and resources of any man."

Among other difficulties with which he had to contend, was that of an empty treasury and a prostrate credit. I have myself heard the late venerable Jacob Kuhn say, that having occasion to buy fuel for the winter session of the Legislature in 1786, and there being no money in hand to pay the bills, he could find no one who would furnish it on the credit of the Commonwealth, and he was obliged to pledge his own personal responsibility for the amount! The credit of this humble but honest and patriotic Messenger of the General Court was thus better than that of the Commonwealth itself! But an appeal was made, where it has never been made in vain, to the merchants and other men of property of Boston, and was seconded by the liberal example

of Bowdoin himself, and funds enough were speedily raised, by voluntary subscription, for carrying on the measures of defence, which had now become necessary for the safety of the State. A special session of the Legislature was convened; the militia in all parts of the Commonwealth were called on to hold themselves in readiness for service, and many of them summoned at once into the field; and after a few months of vigilant and vigorous exercise of the whole civil and military power which the Constitution and the laws intrusted to him, Bowdoin had the unspeakable happiness to find Order again established, Peace restored, and Liberty and Law triumphantly reconciled.

He had excellent counsellors about him, and gallant officers under him, in this emergency; and he knew how to employ them and trust them. The brave and admirable Benjamin Lincoln, to whom the chief command was assigned, and who, in conducting the principal expedition against the insurgents, gathered fresh laurels for a brow already thickly bound with the victorious wreaths of the Revolution; the gallant John Brooks, afterwards the distinguished and popular governor of the State; the chivalrous Cobb, who, being at once chief justice of the Bristol courts and commander of the Bristol militia, declared he "would sit as a judge, or die as a general;" the prudent yet fearless Shepard; these, and many more whom the accomplished Minot, in his history of the rebellion, has sufficiently designated, rendered services on the occasion which will never be forgotten. But nobody has ever doubted that, to the lofty principle, the calm prudence, the wise discretion, and the indomitable firmness of Bowdoin, the result was primarily due, and that his name is entitled to go down in the history of the country, as preëminently the leader in that first great vindication of Law and Order within the limits of our American Republic.

In the course which he was obliged to pursue, however, for this end, cause of offence could hardly fail of being given to large masses of the people. An idea, too, extensively prevailed, that Bowdoin would be sterner than another in enforcing the punishment of the guilty parties, and stricter than another in exacting the payment of the taxes still due. During the latter part of the year, too, the Legislature had passed a bill reducing

the Governor's salary; and Bowdoin, holding this measure to be inconsistent at once with the true spirit and with the express letter of the Constitution, had not scrupled to veto it. He clearly foresaw that this act would conspire with other circumstances in preventing his reelection to the executive chair. He resolved, however, not to shrink from the canvass, nobly declaring, that "his inclination would lead him to retirement, but if it should be thought he could be further serviceable to the Commonwealth, he would not desert it." *Defendi rempublicam adolescens; non deseram senex.*

His predictions were realized, and at the next election, Hancock, having accepted a nomination in opposition to him, was again chosen Governor of Massachusetts. It would have been an ample compensation for any degree of mortification which Bowdoin could have felt at this defeat, could he have known, as he doubtless did before his death, and as is well understood now, that the ratification of the Federal Constitution by the Convention of Massachusetts was unquestionably brought about by this concession on the part of his political friends to the demands of their opponents. He would have counted no sacrifice of himself too great to accomplish such a result.

But Bowdoin was to be permitted to aid in the accomplishment of that result in a more direct and agreeable manner. Once more, and for the last time, he was to be employed in the service of the Commonwealth and the Country. A Constitution, embodying the great principle of *the Regulation of Trade by a General Union*, was at length framed by the National Convention at Philadelphia, and submitted to the adoption of the people. The Massachusetts Convention assembled to consider it in January, 1788. Bowdoin was a delegate from Boston, and had the satisfaction of finding his son by his side, as a delegate from Dorchester. Both gave their ardent and unhesitating support to the new instrument of government, and both made formal speeches in its favor.

The elder Bowdoin concluded his remarks with a sentiment, which will still strike a chord in every true American heart: —

“If the Constitution should be finally accepted and established, it will complete the temple of American liberty, and, like the

keystone of a grand and magnificent arch, be the bond of union to keep all the parts firm and compacted together. May this temple, sacred to liberty and virtue, — sacred to justice, the first and greatest political virtue, — and built upon the broad and solid foundation of perfect union, — be dissoluble only by the dissolution of nature! and may this Convention have the distinguished honor of erecting one of its pillars on that lasting foundation!”

It was Bowdoin's happiness to live to see this wish accomplished, to see the Federal Constitution adopted and the Government organized under it, and to welcome beneath his own roof his illustrious friend, General Washington, on his visit to Boston in 1789, as the First President of the United States.

He was now, however, a private citizen, and had transferred his attention again to those philosophical pursuits, which had engaged him in his earliest manhood. Indeed, his interest in literature and science had never been suspended. A little volume of verses, published anonymously by him in 1759, proves that poetry as well as philosophy was an object of his youthful homage. He was long connected with the government of Harvard College, and always manifested the most earnest devotion to her welfare. “The Bowdoin Prizes” were established by his Will. Harvard had made him a Doctor of Laws in 1783. Two years afterwards he received the same honor from the University of Edinburgh; and the Diploma, now in my possession, contained a most remarkable series of autograph signatures, including those of Robertson, the Historian, of Adam Ferguson, Hugh Blair, Dugald Stewart, Joseph Black, Andrew Dalzel, and others hardly less eminent in Literature, Philosophy, and Science.

In 1780, he was one of the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was their President from their first organization to his death. To the transactions of the Academy he contributed several elaborate Memoirs, in regard to which I borrow the language of the accomplished Lowell, who, at the request of the Academy, pronounced the eulogy from which I have already repeatedly quoted, and who, undoubtedly, gave utterance to the judgment of his learned associates:

“ The first, (says he,) was an ingenious and perspicuous vindication of Sir Isaac Newton’s Theory of Light from objections which Dr. Franklin had raised. The two others were also on the subject of Light; and an attempt to account for the manner in which the waste of matter in the sun and fixed stars, by the constant efflux of light from them, is repaired.

“ These Memoirs (he adds) afford conclusive evidence that Mr. Bowdoin was deeply conversant in the principles of natural philosophy; and though the latter Memoir suggests a theory which may be liable to some objections, yet the novelty of it and the ingenious manner in which he has considered it, discovers an inquisitive mind, and a boldness of ideas beyond those, who, though learned in the knowledge of others, are too feeble to venture on new and unexplored paths of science.”

The correspondence between Bowdoin and Franklin on questions of science was now renewed, and it will be interesting, I am sure, to follow them once more, for a single moment, in some of the speculations of their closing years. “ Our ancient correspondence (says Franklin, in a letter dated 31st May, 1788,) used to have something philosophical in it. As you are now free from public cares, and I expect to be so in a few months, why may we not resume that kind of correspondence ? ” And he then proceeds to suggest some fifteen or twenty questions, relating to magnetism and the theory of the earth, for their mutual consideration and discussion. Among others, he inquires, “ May not a magnetic power exist throughout our system, perhaps through all systems, so that if a man could make a voyage in the starry regions, a compass might be of use ? ”

Bowdoin, in his reply of June 28, 1788, after expressing his doubt whether Franklin would even yet be spared from the public service, proceeds to say, — “ If, however, you choose to recede from politics, it will be a happy circumstance in a philosophical view, as we may expect many advantages to be derived from it to science. I have read, (says he,) and repeatedly read, your ingenious queries concerning the cause of the earth’s magnetism and polarity, and those relating to the theory of the earth. By the former, you seem to suppose that a similar magnetism and polarity may take place, not only throughout the

whole solar system, but all other systems, so that a compass might be useful, if a voyage in the starry regions were practicable. I thank you for this noble and highly pleasurable suggestion, and have already enjoyed it. I have pleased myself with the idea that, when we drop this heavy, earth-attracted body, we shall assume an ethereal one; and, in some vehicle proper for the purpose, perform voyages from planet to planet, with the utmost ease and expedition, and with much less uncertainty than voyages are performed on our ocean from port to port. I shall be very happy in making such excursions with you, when we shall be better qualified to investigate causes, by discerning with more clearness and precision their effects. In the mean time, my dear friend, until that happy period arrives, I hope your attention to the subject of your queries will be productive of discoveries useful and important, such as will entitle you to a higher compliment than was paid to Newton by Pope, in the character of his Superior Beings; with this difference, however, that it be paid by those Beings themselves." *

Little dreamed these veteran philosophers and friends, how soon the truth of their pleasant theories was to be tested, and how almost simultaneously they were indeed about to enter upon an excursion to the stars! On the 17th of April, 1790, Franklin died, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. On the 6th of November, of the same year, at the earlier age of sixty-four years, borne down by the pressure of severe disease, Bowdoin followed him to the grave.

The death of Bowdoin was in admirable keeping with his life. "Inspired by religion, (says the obituary of the time,) and upheld by the Father of Mercies, he endured a most painful sickness with the greatest firmness and patience, and received the stroke of death with a calmness, a resignation, and composure, that marked the truly great and good man."

He had not contented himself with a life of unstained purity and unstinted benevolence; nor had he postponed the more serious preparations for death to the scanty and precarious

* "Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape."

opportunities of a last illness. He had embraced the religion of the Gospel at an early period of his life, upon studious examination and serious conviction. If his philosophic mind ever entertained doubts, he strove, and strove successfully, to remove them. He has left it upon record, that "Butler's Analogy" was of the greatest service to him in satisfying his mind as to the truths of Christianity. "From the time of my reading that book, (said he,) I have been an humble follower of the blessed Jesus;" and, as the moment of his dissolution drew nigh, he expressed his perfect satisfaction and confidence that he was "going to the full enjoyment of God and his Redeemer."

Rarely has the end of a public man in New England been marked by evidences of a deeper or more general regret. "Great and respectable (we are told) was the concourse which attended his funeral; every species of occupation was suspended; all ranks and orders of men, the clergy and the laity, the magistrate and the citizen, men of leisure and men of business, testified their affection and respect by joining in the solemn procession; and crowds of spectators lined the streets through which it passed, whilst an uncommon silence and order everywhere marked the deepness of their sorrow."

Such were the becoming tokens of public respect for the memory of one who had devoted no less than thirty-six years of his life to the service of his Commonwealth and his Country; who had sustained himself in the highest offices of trust and responsibility, and in the greatest emergencies of difficulty and danger, without fear and without reproach; and of whom it is not too much to say, that he had exhibited himself always the very personification of that just and resolute man of the Roman poet, whom neither the mandates of a foreign tyrant, nor the menaces of domestic rebels, could shake from his established principles.

*"Justum, et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ."*

I can find no other words for summing up his character, than the admirable sentence of Judge Lowell:

“It may be said that our country has produced many men of as much genius; many men of as much learning and knowledge; many of as much zeal for the liberties of their country; and many of as great piety and virtue; but is it not rare indeed, to find those in whom they have all combined, and been adorned with his other accomplishments?”

Governor Bowdoin was early married to Elizabeth Erving, a lady of most respectable family and of most estimable qualities, who, with their two children, survived him.

Of his only son, James Bowdoin, I need say nothing in this presence and on this spot. He was known elsewhere as a gentleman of liberal education and large fortune, repeatedly a member of both branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and who received from Mr. Jefferson the appointments successively of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain, and Associate Special Minister with General Armstrong to the Court of France. He is known *here* by other and more enduring memorials. He died without children; but it was only to give new attestation to that quaint conceit of Lord Bacon's,—“Surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men; who have sought to express the images of their minds, where those of their bodies have failed: so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity.”

With him the name of Bowdoin, by direct descent in the male line, passed away from the annals of New England; but, even had there been no collaterals and kinsfolk worthy to wear, and proud to adopt and perpetuate it, the day, the place, the circumstances of this occasion, afford ample evidence that it has been inscribed where it will not be forgotten. When Anaxagoras of Clazomene was asked by the Senate of Lampsacus how they should commemorate his services, he replied, “By ordaining that the day of my death be annually kept as a holiday in all the schools of Lampsacus.” And, certainly, if any man may be said to have taken a bond against oblivion, it is he whose name is worthily associated with a great institution of education. Who shall undertake to assign limits to the duration of the memories of Harvard, and Yale, and Bowdoin, and the rest, as

long as another, and still another generation of young men shall continue to come up to the seats of learning which they have founded, and to go forth again into the world with a grateful sense of their inestimable advantages? The hero, the statesman, the martyr, may be forgotten; but the name of the Founder of a College is written where it shall be remembered and repeated to the last syllable of recorded time. *Semper — semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt!*

And may I not add, Mr. President and Gentlemen, in conclusion, that the name of Bowdoin is intrinsically worthy to be held in such perpetual remembrance? Do not the facts which I have thus imperfectly set before you, justify me in saying, without the fear of being reproached even with a not unnatural partiality, that there are few names in our country's history, which will better bear being held up before the young men of New England, as the distinguishing designation of their *Alma Mater*?

The mere money which endows a school or a college, is not the only or the highest contribution to the cause of education or improvement. It may have been acquired by dishonorable trade or accursed traffic. It may have been amassed by sordid hoardings, or wrung from oppressed dependants. It may carry with it to the minds of those for whom it provides, the pernicious idea, that a pecuniary bequest may purchase oblivion for a life of injustice and avarice, or secure for the vile and the infamous that ever fresh and fragrant renown, which belongs to the memory of the just.

The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to the youth of his native land, is that of a shining, spotless example.

Let not, then, the ingenuous and pure-hearted young men, who are gathered within these walls, imagine that it is only on account of the munificence of the younger Bowdoin, that I would claim for the name their respect and reverence. Let them examine the history of that name through four successive generations. Let them follow it from the landing at Casco to the endowment of the College. Let them consider the religious constancy of the humble Huguenot, who sought freedom of con-

science on the shores of yonder bay. Let them remember the diligence, enterprise, and honesty of the Boston Merchant. Let them recall the zeal for science, the devotion to liberty, the love for his country, its constitution and its union,—the firmness, the purity, the piety of the Massachusetts Patriot;—and let them add to these the many estimable and eminent qualities which adorned the character of their more immediate benefactor;—and they will agree with me, and you, Gentlemen, will agree with them, that it would be difficult to find a name in our history, which, within the same period of time, has furnished a nobler succession of examples for their admiration and imitation. And neither of you, I am sure, will regret the hour which has now been spent, in once more brushing off the dust and mould which had begun to gather and thicken upon memories, which, in these Halls at least, can never be permitted to perish.

James Deane Esq

I am first willing to perform, and
have only time to add my best wishes of health
& happiness to you & all yours. Permit me
to say my love to Mr Deane, & believe
me ever, with sincere & great esteem
Your most affectionately
James Deane

Wm. Mar. 24. 1776

My Dear Friend,

To

The honorable
James Bowdoin, Esq

Middleborough

Pha Franklin.
Nesbroughs Bay

NOTES.

NOTE 1. — PAGE 42.

While I was in London in June last (1875), in company with my nephew, James Bowdoin, Esq., I drove to the old Huguenot burial-ground at Wandsworth, called "Mount Nod," where, on one of the principal monuments, within and about whose iron railings an old Sycamore-tree had entwined and entangled itself, we saw the following epitaph: —

"JAMES BAUDOUIN, Esq^r born at Nismes, in France: but in the year 1685, fled from France to avoid Tyranny and Persecution, and enjoyed a Protestant Liberty of Conscience, which he sought and happily found, and was gratefully sensible of, in the Communion of the Church of England. He Constantly answered this pious Resolution in his life, and went to enjoy the blessed Fruits of it, by his death the 2^d day of February, 1738-9, Aged 91."

There can be little doubt that this was a relative, probably a brother, of Pierre Baudouin, the emigrant to America, whose birth-place may also have been at Nismes, though he afterwards established himself at Rochelle.

NOTE 2. — PAGE 45.

I have selected this letter of Franklin's, from a large number, only as an illustration of his intimate and affectionate correspondence with Bowdoin: —

PHILAD^a Mar. 24, 1776.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Inclosed is an Answer to the Request from the Inhabitants of Dartmouth. I have comply'd with it upon your Recommendation, and ordered a Post accordingly.

I have put into Mr. Adams's Hands directed for you, the new Edition of Vattel. When you have perus'd it, please to place it in your College Library.

I am just setting out for Canada, and have only time to add my best

Wishes of Health & Happiness to you & all yours. Permit me to say my Love to Mrs. Bowdoin, & believe me ever, with sincere & great Esteem,

Yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

JAMES BOWDOIN, Esq:

Addressed

“ To

The Honourable

JAMES BOWDOIN, Esq:

Middleborough,

B. FRANKLIN.

Massachusetts Bay.”

NOTE 3. — PAGE 57.

I subjoin the letter of Hancock, from the original, with the reply of Bowdoin, from the rough draft, found among his papers :—

CONGRESS CHAMBER, 9 Nov: 1775.

PHILAD^a

SIR, — I am exceeding glad to find by the report of our Committee of Conference that your health was so established as to be able to attend to the Public Business, I hope soon to hear of your perfect recovery.

I have the pleasure to inform you that your Son Mr. James Bowdoin arrived last eve^r in this City from London, and this morning breakfasted with me, he is in good health, and proposes in a few days to set out for Cambridge. I congratulate you on his arrival. No answer to the Congress Petition the King refusing to receive it on the throne ; that [thus?] we must work out our own Salvation.

I beg my best respects to your good Lady, and am with respect

Sir Your most Obed Serv^t

JOHN HANCOCK.

Hon. Mr. BOWDOIN.

Dec: 8, 1775.

JNO. HANCOCK, Esq:

SIR, — I received your letter of the 9th Nov. and am much obliged to you, for your Kind congratulations with regard to my health, altho' they came at a time when I was very ill, occasioned by a severe return of my old disorder ; at present, however, I am somewhat better and hope to be re-established. I had the pleasure of seeing my Son, before I rec^d your letter, so that we were wholly unapprised of his coming. I thank you for your obliging attentions to him when at Phil^a. As to public matters he informs me there seemed to be no disposition in Ministry to a reconciliation ; that they appeared determined to prosecute the war with vigour ; that the King had interested himself against us ; and that we must expect to withstand the

Sir

Congress Chamber 9 Nov. 1775
Phila. Pa.

I am exceedingly glad to find by the Report of our Committee of Conference that your health was so established as to be able to attend the Publick Business, I hope soon to hear of your presence.

I have the pleasure to inform you that your Son Mr. James Bodwin arriv'd ^{last evening} in this City from London, and this morning breakfasted with me, he is in good health, and proposes in a few days to set out for Cambridge. I congratulate you on his arrival.

In answer to the Congress Proclamation the King refusing to receive us on the Throne; that we must work out our own Salvation,

I Beg my best respects to your good Lady, I am with Respect,

Sir your most Obedient
John Hancock

How Mr Bodwin

whole force of Great Britain the ensuing Summer. The King's refusing to receive the Congress Petition upon the Throne, corroborates strongly his information. The present time is critical. It seems to be the particular one that is to determine our Fate, which under Providence depends in a great degree on the wisdom and fortitude of the Gentlemen of the Congress. Vigorous measures taken by them, and unabatedly pursued, I make no doubt, will be a means of extricating the Colonies out of their present difficulties and securing their future freedom.

Please to make my compliments to the Massa. Delegates, to y^r good Lady, to your worthy brethren, and in particular to D^r Franklin who I am glad to hear by my Son got well to Philadelphia. I am with much esteem, Sir,

Y^r most Ob^{dt} hble Serv^t

(JAMES BOWDOIN.)

NOTE 4. — PAGE 60.

The Proclamation of the Declaration of Independence in Boston, on the 18th of July, 1776, is thus described in a letter of the admirable Mrs. John Adams to her noble husband: —

Boston, 21 July, 1776.

Last Thursday, after hearing a very good sermon, I went with the multitude into King Street to hear the Proclamation for Independence read and proclaimed. Some field-pieces with the train were brought there. The troops appeared under arms, and all the inhabitants assembled there (the small pox prevented many thousands from the country), when Colonel Crafts read from the balcony of the State House the proclamation. Great attention was given to every word. As soon as he ended, the cry from the balcony was, "God save our American States," and then three cheers which rent the air. The bells rang, the privateers fired, the forts and batteries, the cannon were discharged, the platoons followed, and every face appeared joyful. Mr. Bowdoin then gave a Sentiment, "Stability and perpetuity to American independence." After dinner, the King's Arms were taken down from the State House, and every vestige of him from every place in which it appeared, and burnt in King Street. Thus ends royal authority in this State. And all the people shall say Amen.

The scene is more minutely described in the "New England Chronicle," as follows: —

Boston, Thursday, July 25.

Thursday last, pursuant to the Order of the honorable Council, was proclaimed from the Balcony of the State-House in this Town, the Declaration of the American Congress, absolving the united colonies from their Allegiance to the British Crown, and declaring them Free and Independent States. There were present on the Occasion, in the Council Chamber, the

Committee of Council, a Number of the honorable House of Representatives, the Magistrates, Ministers, Selectmen, and other Gentlemen of Boston and the neighbouring Towns ; also the Commission Officers of the Continental Regiments stationed here, and other Officers. Two of those Regiments were under Arms in King Street, formed into three Lines on the North Side of the Street, and in thirteen Divisions ; and a Detachment from the Massachusetts Regiment of Artillery, with two Pieces of Cannon was on their Right Wing. At one o'clock the Declaration was proclaimed by Colonel Thomas Crafts, which was received with great Joy, expressed by three Huzzas from a great concourse of People assembled on the occasion. After which, on a Signal given, Thirteen Pieces of Cannon were fired from the Fort on Fort-Hill ; the Forts at Dorchester Neck, the Castle, Nantasket, and Point Alderton, likewise discharged their Cannon. Then the Detachment of Artillery fired their Cannon Thirteen Times, which was followed by the two Regiments giving their Fire from the Thirteen Divisions in Succession. These Firings corresponded to the number of the American States United. The Ceremony was closed with a proper Collation to the Gentlemen, in the Council Chamber ; during which the following Toasts were given by the President of the Council, [Bowdoin,] and heartily pledged by the Company, viz.

Prosperity and Perpetuity to the United States of America.

The American Congress.

The General Court of the State of Massachusetts-Bay.

General Washington, and Success to the Arms of the United States.

The downfall of Tyrants and Tyranny.

The universal Prevalence of Civil and Religious Liberty.

The Friends of the United States in all Quarters of the Globe.

The Bells in Town were rung on the Occasion ; and undissembled Festivity cheered and brightened every Face.

On the same Evening the King's Arms, and every sign with any Resemblance of it, whether Lion and Crown, Pestle and Mortar and Crown, Heart and Crown, &c. together with every Sign that belonged to a Tory was taken down, and the latter made a general Conflagration of in King-Street.

NOTE 5. — PAGE 61.

I do not forget that JOHN ADAMS was on this Committee, and did more, perhaps, than any one else in framing the Constitution of Massachusetts. He was in correspondence with Bowdoin from time to time, and I insert here the following letter, from the Bowdoin Papers, as illustrating their confidential relations : —

PHILADELPHIA, Ap. 29, 1777.

SIR, — There is a Letter from Dr Lee, dated Bourdeaux Feb. 20th which says that he had a Letter from a confidential Friend which assures him that

Philadelphia Apr. 29. 1777

Sir

There is a Letter from Sr Lee, datd Bourdeaux Feb. 20th which says that he had a Letter from a confidential Friend which assured him that Five Thousand Mus, were obtained in Germany, and Vessell sent for them, That three with three Thousand British were to come out under Brevogogue. That Boston would certainly be attacked, - That Howe would probably move towards Philadelphia. That Ministry depended much on beginning the Campaign early, and much upon the Success in Pennsylvania!!

The Success of affairs may have altered their Plans, But I thought it my Duty to transmit the Intelligence whatever may be the amount of it. -

The surest Method of averting the Plans from Boston will be to quicken the March of your whole force to Peshkill, depend upon it, if you do that, Howe must order all the Force to join him, or he will be ceterpeted, I am Sir

with great Respect, your most obedient
humble servant

Mr Bowdoin

John Adams

Ten Thousand Men were obtained in Germany, and Vessell sent for them. That these with three Thousand British were to come out under Burgoigne. That Boston would certainly be attacked. That Howe would probably move towards Philadelphia. That Ministry depended much on beginning the Campaign early, and much upon the Divisions in Pensilvania.

The Reverse of affairs may have altered their Plan. But I thought it my Duty to transmit the Intelligence, whatever may be the amount of it.

The surest Method of averting the Blow from Boston will be to quicken the March of your whole force to Peekskill; depend upon it, if you do that, Howe must order all the Force to join him, or he will be extirpated. I am, sir with great Respect, your most obedient humble servant

JOHN ADAMS.

MR. BOWDOIN.

Mr. Adams was sent, as Ambassador, to France, before the work on the Constitution of Massachusetts was quite finished; and I find Bowdoin writing to him Jan. 11, 1781, as follows:—

“ I wish we could have had more of your assistance in completing the plan of Government. Some of the alterations made in it, after you left us, were by no means for the better. The whole of it, as laid before the several towns, was pretty generally adopted, excepting two or three articles, particularly the one which related to religion. However, they all had the required proportion of voters. The era of the new government commenced, accidentally, on the anniversary of the demise of his late Majesty George II. Some good people think this circumstance a happy omen, indicating a perpetual end to regal government in these States.”

ARCHIMEDES AND FRANKLIN.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION, NOVEMBER 29, 1853.

A CHARMING story which has come down to us in reference to the great orator, philosopher, and patriot of ancient Rome, — and which he has not thought it unworthy to tell briefly of himself, in one of his Tusculan Disputations, — may form a not inappropriate introduction to the lecture which I am here this evening to deliver.

While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, — the first public office which he ever held, and the only one to which he was then eligible, being but just thirty years old, (for the Roman laws required for one of the humblest of the great offices of state the very same age which our American Constitution requires for one of the highest), — he paid a visit to Syracuse, then among the greatest cities of the world.

The magistrates of the city, of course, waited on him at once, to offer their services in showing him the lions of the place, and requested him to specify any thing which he would like particularly to see. Doubtless, they supposed that he would ask immediately to be conducted to some one of their magnificent temples, that he might behold and admire those splendid works of art with which — notwithstanding that Marcellus had made it his glory to carry not a few of them away with him for the decoration of the Imperial City — Syracuse still abounded, and which soon after tempted the cupidity, and fell a prey to the rapacity, of the infamous Verres.

Or, haply, they may have thought that he would be curious to see and examine the Ear of Dionysius, as it was called, — a huge

cavern, cut out of the solid rock in the shape of a human ear, two hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet high, in which that execrable tyrant confined all persons who came within the range of his suspicion, — and which was so ingeniously contrived and constructed, that Dionysius, by applying his own ear to a small hole, where the sounds were collected as upon a tympanum, could catch every syllable that was uttered in the cavern below, and could deal out his proscription and his vengeance accordingly, upon all who might dare to dispute his authority, or to complain of his cruelty.

Or they may have imagined, perhaps, that he would be impatient to visit at once the sacred fountain of Arethusa, and the seat of those Sicilian Muses whom Virgil so soon after invoked in commencing that most inspired of all uninspired compositions, — which Pope has so nobly paraphrased in his glowing and glorious Eclogue, — the Messiah.

To their great astonishment, however, Cicero's first request was, that they would take him to see the tomb of *Archimedes*. To his own still greater astonishment, as we may well believe, they told him in reply, that they knew nothing about the tomb of Archimedes, and had no idea where it was to be found; and they even positively denied that any such tomb was still remaining among them.

But Cicero understood perfectly well what he was talking about. He remembered the exact description of the tomb. He remembered the very versés which had been inscribed on it. He remembered the sphere and the cylinder which Archimedes had himself requested to have wrought upon it, as the chosen emblems of his eventful life. And the great orator forthwith resolved to make search for it himself.

Accordingly, he rambled out into the place of their ancient sepulchres, and, after a careful investigation, he came at last to a spot overgrown with shrubs and bushes, where presently he descried the top of a small column just rising above the branches. Upon this little column the sphere and the cylinder were at length found carved, the inscription was painfully deciphered, and the tomb of Archimedes stood revealed to the reverent homage of the illustrious Roman quæstor.

This was in the year 76 before the birth of our Saviour. Archimedes died about the year 212 before Christ. One hundred and thirty-six years, only, had thus elapsed since the death of this celebrated person, before his tombstone was buried up beneath briars and brambles, and before the place and even the existence of it were forgotten by the magistrates of the very city of which he was so long the proudest ornament in peace, and the most effective defender in war.

What a lesson to human pride, what a commentary on human gratitude, was here! It is an incident almost precisely like that which the admirable and venerable Dr. Watts imagined or imitated, as the topic of one of his most striking and familiar Lyrics:—

“Theron, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And, searching onward as he went,
He traced a ruined monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet ere he passed, with much ado,
He guessed and spelled out, Sci-pi-o.
'Enough,' he cried; 'I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull stoics o'er.

For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes.'”

I do not learn, however, that Cicero was cured of his eager vanity and his insatiate love of fame by this “turn” among the Syracusan tombs. He was then only just at the threshold of his proud career, and he went back to pursue it to its bloody end with unabated zeal, and with an ambition only extinguishable with his life.

And after all, how richly, how surpassingly, was this local ingratitude and neglect made up to the memory of Archimedes himself, by the opportunity which it afforded to the greatest orator of the greatest empire of antiquity, to signalize his appreciation and his admiration of that wonderful genius, by going out personally into the ancient graveyards of Syracuse, and with the

robes of office in their newest gloss around him, to search for his tomb and to do honor to his ashes! The greatest orator of Imperial Rome anticipating the part of Old Mortality upon the gravestone of the great mathematician and mechanic of antiquity! This, surely, is a picture for mechanics in all ages to contemplate, with a proud satisfaction and delight.

In opening a Course of Lectures on the application of Science to Art, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, I have thought that, instead of any vague generalities upon matters and things which they understand already better than I do, a brief notice of that great mathematical and mechanical genius, at whose grave Cicero thought it no scorn to do homage, and who may be taken, in some sort, as the very personification of the idea of *Science applied to Art*, would not be uninteresting or unwelcome.

You have adopted Archimedes, Mr. President, as your Patron Saint. You have emblazoned his form on your certificate of honorary membership, as I have had the most agreeable opportunity of knowing. Yet it would not be surprising if, to some of those before me at this moment, the details of his story were hardly more familiar than they seem to have been to the people of Syracuse, when Cicero visited them nineteen hundred and twenty-nine years ago, — and as they certainly were to myself, I may add, before I entered on the preparation of this Lecture.

Let me then inquire, for a moment, who this Archimedes was, and what was his title to be thus remembered and revered, not merely by the illustrious orator of the Augustan era, but by the American mechanics of the nineteenth century. And in doing this, I may perhaps find occasion to compare his character and his services with those of some one or more of the great inventors and mechanics of our own day and of our own land.

Archimedes was born in the year 287 before the Christian era, in the island of Sicily and city of Syracuse. Of his childhood and early education we know absolutely nothing, and nothing of his family, save that he is stated to have been one of the poor relations of King Hiero, who came to the throne when Archimedes was quite a young man, and of whose royal patronage he

more than repaid whatever measure he may have enjoyed. He is stated, also, to have travelled into Egypt in his youth, and to have been a pupil of Conon, a celebrated Samian astronomer, whose compliment to Berenice, the Queen of Ptolemy Euergetes, will not be in danger of being forgotten, as long as the sparkling constellation to which he gave the name of *Coma Berenices*, in honor of her golden locks, shall still be seen glittering in our evening sky. I know not what other lady has secured so lofty a renown, until, indeed, the accomplished Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, wrote her own name upon the golden locks of a comet, discovered by her in 1847.

Neither royal patronage, however, nor the most learned and accomplished tutors of Egypt or of Greece, could have made Archimedes what he was. His was undoubtedly one of those great original* minds, which seem to owe little to anybody but their Creator; which come into existence ready trained and furnished for some mighty manifestation, and to which the accidents of life and of condition supply nothing but occasions and opportunities. Pallas springing full-armed from the brain of Jove, is the fabulous and familiar prototype of a class of persons, whose powers and whose productions can be attributed to nothing but a divine genius, and of whom Homer, and Socrates, and Shakspeare, and Sir Isaac Newton, — upon whose statue at Cambridge, in Old England, may be seen the proud inscription, that he surpassed the human race in intellectual power, — will everywhere suggest themselves as examples.

To this order of minds, Archimedes unquestionably belonged. He has been well called, by a French philosopher, “the Homer of Geometry.” It has been said of him by those entitled to pronounce such a judgment, that his theory of the lever was the foundation of statics till the discovery of the composition of forces in the time of Sir Isaac Newton; that no essential addition was made to the principles of the equilibrium of fluids and floating bodies, established by him in his treatise, “*De Insidentibus*,” till the publication of Stevins’s researches on the pressure of fluids in 1608;* and again, “that he is one of the few men

* Smith’s Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography. D’Alembert says, that of all the great men of antiquity Archimedes is perhaps the one best entitled to be placed by the side of Homer. — *Brit. Encyc.* vol. i. p. 4.

whose writings form a standard epoch in the history of the progress of knowledge," and that no further advance was made in the theory of mechanics after his death, until the days of Galileo, who lived eighteen hundred years later.

You will all agree with me, I doubt not, that the man over whose theories and calculations eighteen centuries may fairly be said to have rolled, without obliterating their record, or even impairing their value and their importance, may well be numbered among the fixed stars of Science.

It is a striking fact, that Galileo himself, who may well-nigh be included in the same order of intellects, and who was the first to make any advance or improvement in the condition of science after this long interval, prepared himself for pursuing his own great discoveries by perusing the writings of Archimedes. It was while studying the hydrostatical treatise of the old Syracusan philosopher, that he first conceived the idea of writing an essay on a kindred topic. It was that essay, in illustration of some of the discoveries of Archimedes, which gained for Galileo the favor of a patron (Guido Ubaldi, the brother-in-law of Cardinal del Monte) to whom he afterwards owed most of his worldly success.

Would that this high-priest of the stars, as he has well been denominated, could have caught a little more seasonably something of the noble courage of the brave old Syracusan! Would that, when summoned before the Inquisition "for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought,"—instead of making an ignominious and humiliating abjuration, he might have been seen boldly asserting to their teeth those eternal truths which had been revealed to him; and accepting, if so it must have been, that crown of martyrdom, which would have come to him "plaited with immortal laurels!"* I know of no scene in history more derogatory to the character of poor human nature, or more derogatory to the dignity of science, than that of Galileo on his knees before the Inquisitors, recanting that great doctrine of the motion of the earth around the sun which it was his glory to have established; and the sublime exclamation which he is related to have made in a whisper,

* Sir David Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*.

to a friend at his elbow, as he rose from his knees, "*It does move, notwithstanding,*" only adds a deeper shade to our sense of his humiliation.

We shall have abundant evidence, that he did not derive this unworthy spirit of submission from a study of the life of Archimedes. He might rather be supposed to have caught the idea, that such a stooping to arbitrary power was not inconsistent with the beauty and nobleness of his general character, from the example of that leaning tower of Pisa, upon whose summit Galileo is known to have stood in performing some of his experiments and in taking not a few of his observations, and whose unaccountable deflection from a plumb-line seems to have attracted more admiration in some quarters than even the beauty of its proportions or the purity of its material.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to attempt any detailed account, on such an occasion as this, of the writings of Archimedes. He left many works of a scientific character,—treatises on the quadrature of the parabola, on equilibrium and the centres of gravity, on spirals and spheroids and conoids, on the possibility of numbering even the sands on the seashore,—a treatise in which he is said to have anticipated the modern method of logarithms,—and particularly on the sphere and cylinder, his discovery of the precise ratios of which to each other he evidently regarded as the master-work of his life, when he selected these emblems for that forgotten tombstone which Cicero searched for and found.

All these writings, however, were in the cause of pure, abstract, unapplied science; and had his labors ended here, his name would have had little claim to the reverence of a Mechanic Association, and his character and career would have had still less interest for a general audience. It was by the application of science to art,—it was by the conversion of the results of his profound investigations and marvellous inventions to the direct advantage of his fellow-men, and to the immediate advancement of his country's welfare,—that he earned his chief title to be remembered with admiration and gratitude by the great mass of mankind.

It must be acknowledged, however, at the outset, that there is

too much reason for supposing, that most of what he did in this way was prompted by but little feeling of personal respect for any thing of practical art, and by but little original impulse of philanthropy. He lived at a day when it was not thought quite consistent with the dignity of a philosopher to busy himself with any of the common affairs or common interests of society. Plutarch tells us, that "the first that turned their thoughts to *Mechanics*, a branch of knowledge which came afterwards to be so much admired, were Eudoxus and Archytas, who thus gave a variety and an agreeable turn to Geometry, and confirmed certain problems by sensible experiments and the use of instruments, which could not be demonstrated in the way of theorem." "But," he adds, "when Plato inveighed against them with great indignation, as corrupting and debasing the excellence of Geometry, by making her descend from incorporeal and intellectual to corporeal and sensible things, and by thus obliging her to make use of matter, which requires much manual labor and is the object of servile trades, then *Mechanics* were separated from Geometry, and, being a long time despised by the philosophers, were considered only as a branch of the military art."

In another place, in speaking of some of the great machines which Archimedes invented, he says,—"Yet Archimedes had such a depth of understanding, such a dignity of sentiment, and so copious a fund of mathematical knowledge, that though in the invention of these machines he gained the reputation of a man endowed with divine rather than human knowledge, yet he did not vouchsafe to leave behind him any account of them in writing. For he considered all attention to *Mechanics*, and every art that ministers to common uses, as mean and sordid, and placed his whole delight in those intellectual speculations, which, without any relation to the necessities of life, have an intrinsic excellence arising from truth and demonstration only."

The old Greek biographer, indeed, seems disposed even to apologize for the great Geometrician, by representing him, in his mechanical inventions, as yielding reluctantly to the importunity of his royal relative. "He did not think the inventing of them (says he) an object worthy of his serious studies, but only reckoned them among the amusements of Geometry. Nor had he

gone so far, but at the pressing instance of King Hiero, who entreated him to turn his art from abstracted notions to matters of sense, and to make his reasonings more intelligible to the generality of mankind by applying them to the uses of common life."

Thus, according to Plutarch's account, it is King Hiero who deserves the credit of having originally prompted that "application of Science to Art," which is to be the subject of your Lectures, and which is the great secret and source of the wonderful inventions and improvements of modern times. And a brave and noble fellow this Hiero certainly was,—Hiero the Second, King of Syracuse,—who, during a reign of more than half a century, devoted himself to promoting the arts of peace, adorning the city over which he reigned with numberless works of public utility as well as of great magnificence, while he ruled his people with an almost republican simplicity, and with much of the substance, and not a few of the forms, of a free constitutional government.

A modern commentator on the character of Archimedes* seems to think that Plutarch "confounded the application of geometry to mechanics with the solution of geometrical problems by mechanical means," and that he is mistaken in representing Archimedes as despising all mechanical contrivances and practical inventions. I would gladly believe that this is a true theory, but I confess to a good deal of distrust for these corrections of history eighteen hundred years after it was written, and in regard to points, too, upon which no new facts or new testimony have been, or can be, procured.

But whatever may have been the circumstances under which Archimedes originally turned his mind and his hand to mechanical inventions, and in whatever estimation he may himself have held the practical arts and sciences, the noble use to which he afterwards applied them, no less than the wonderful effects which he afterwards produced with them, will be enough to secure him an everlasting remembrance among men.

There is no more characteristic anecdote of this great philosopher, than that relating to his detection of a fraud in the com-

* Professor Donkin of Oxford.

position of the royal crown. Nothing, certainly, could more vividly illustrate the ingenuity, the enthusiasm, and the complete concentration and abstraction of mind with which he pursued whatever problem was proposed to him.

King Hiero, or his son Gelon, it seems, had given out a certain amount of gold to be made into a crown, and the workman to whom it had been entrusted, had at last brought back a crown of corresponding weight. But a suspicion arose that it had been alloyed with silver, and Archimedes was applied to by the King, either to disprove or to verify the allegation. The great problem, of course, was to ascertain the precise bulk of the crown in its existing form; for gold being so much heavier than silver, it is obvious that if the weight had been in any degree made up by the substitution of silver, the bulk would be proportionately increased. Now it happened that Archimedes went to take a bath, while this problem was exercising his mind, and, on approaching the bath-tub, he found it full to the very brim. It instantly occurred to him, that a quantity of water of the same bulk with his own body must be displaced before his body could be immersed. Accordingly, he plunged in; and while the process of displacement was going on, and the water was running out, the idea suggested itself to him, that by putting a lump of gold of the exact weight of the crown into a vessel full of water, and then measuring the water which was displaced by it, and by afterwards putting the crown itself into the same vessel after it had again been filled, and then measuring the water which this, too, should have displaced, the difference in their respective bulks, however minute, would be at once detected, and the fraud exposed. "As soon as he had hit upon this method of detection (we are told), he did not wait a moment, but jumped joyfully out of the bath, and running naked towards his own house, called out with a loud voice that he had found what he had sought. For, as he ran, he called out in Greek, 'Eureka, Eureka!'"

No wonder that this veteran Geometer, rushing through the thronged and splendid streets of Syracuse, naked as a pair of his own compasses, and making the welkin ring with his triumphant shouts,—no wonder that he should have rendered the phrase, if not the guise, in which he announced his success,

familiar to all the world, and that "Eureka, Eureka," should thus have become the proverbial ejaculation of successful invention and discovery in all ages and in all languages from that day to this!

The solution of this problem is supposed to have led the old philosopher not merely into this ecstatic exhibition of himself, but into that entire line of hydrostatical investigation and experiment, which afterwards secured him such lasting renown. And thus the accidents of a defective crown and an overflowing bath-tub gave occasion to some of the most remarkable demonstrations of ancient science.

At the instigation and under the auspices of this same King Hiero, Archimedes achieved another of his memorable triumphs, in the building of a ship of wonderful dimensions, far exceeding any thing which had ever before been constructed; and which, if the accounts of its magnitude and its magnificence,* — of its banqueting rooms and galleries and stables, — its baths, its fish-ponds, its temple of Venus, and its floors inlaid with scenes from Homer's Iliad, — be not greatly exaggerated, must have been a perfect floating city of itself, and must have been more than a match, in splendor and in size, if not in speed, even for the "Great Republic" † of our worthy friend and fellow-citizen, Donald McKay.

One might imagine that it was from the accounts which have come down to us of this marvellous vessel, that Shakspeare — who, though he is said to have "had small Latin and less Greek," yet always contrived to pick up whatever either Greek or Latin authors contained which could serve his turn and adorn his story or his style — must have derived the idea of that gorgeous bark in which he represents Cleopatra — the serpent of old Nile — sailing down the Cydnus to make captive of the valiant but voluptuous Antony: —

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke."

* Athenæus Deipnos. Book V.

† This splendid ship was burned to the water's edge, at New York, soon after this Lecture was delivered.

It seems to have been discovered too late, however, that Sicily had no harbor large enough for the permanent accommodation of this stupendous structure, — although Syracuse itself was famous for its capacious port, in which, even as late as the year 1798, ages after it had been supposed to be irrecoverably choked up with sand, the heroic Nelson, on his way to the glories of the Nile, found a safe and ample anchorage for a whole fleet of British frigates and ships of war, watering his ships, in the mean time, at the fountain of Arethusa, and writing to a friend that *that alone* was an ample recipe for victory. At any rate, on this account or some other, this huge vessel was sent off as a present to Ptolemy, King of Egypt, laden with corn enough to supply almost the whole demand of an immediate national scarcity. Now, one of the Ptolemies is said to have had a ship (280 cubits) 420 feet long, and (48 cubits) 72 feet deep, which is nearly 100 feet longer and 33 feet deeper than the “Great Republic,” and which required four thousand four hundred rowers and other mariners, and was capable of accommodating three thousand soldiers besides, — a ship which the great historian Gibbon, in one of his notes, quotes Dr. Arbuthnot as having estimated at four and a half times the tonnage of an English hundred-gun ship! If the ship which Archimedes built was larger and more capacious still, as, under the circumstances, must be presumed, he may fairly be set down as having outdone even the foremost and most adventurous of our East Boston shipbuilders, in the construction of these monsters of the deep; notwithstanding the recent suggestion that Donald McKay can be nothing less than a lineal descendant of the great Ark-builder, father Noah himself.

It must be remembered, however, that there was no ocean navigation in those days to try the strength of her hull, or test the stiffness of her ribs, and that rowing her across the Mediterranean was a very different thing from giving her to the breeze upon the broad Atlantic. Even for the short voyages of that day, the charming Roman Lyric tells us that there was no great confidence to be placed in these painted and ornamented ships; and I imagine there is very little doubt which of the two vessels any of us would prefer for a voyage to Canton or San Francisco, or even for a trip to Dover. It must not be forgotten, either, that the

Sicilian ship did not obey the magic voice of its master builder, as the "Great Republic" did in the sight of us all in her late majestic and sublime descent into her destined element, with all her bravery on and streamers waving;—but required, we are told, the aid of a powerful and ponderous screw, which Archimedes was obliged to invent, and did invent, for the express purpose of launching her.

But this was not the only screw which Archimedes invented. You are all acquainted with another which bears his name to this day, which, I believe, is often called the water-snail,—and which is sometimes said to have been originally contrived for pumping water out of the hold of this same gigantic ship, and by others as having been invented by him, while in Egypt, for raising the waters of the Nile to irrigate the lands which were above the reach of the river.

It would occupy too much of my time to enter into any detailed account or enumeration of all the inventions which are ascribed to this wonderful man. Nothing seems to have been above or below the reach of his inventive faculties, from a Chinese puzzle to exercise the ingenuity of children, to an orrery illustrating the movements of the heavenly orbs. Nothing seems to have been too difficult for his accomplishment, from an hydraulic organ,—producing music, I dare say, almost as delightful in that day, as can be drawn by any of the fair fingers before me from one of your President's* grand pianofortes in this,—to that amazing combination of ropes and wheels and pulleys, by means of which, with a slight motion of his hand at the end of a machine which he had contrived for the purpose, he is said to have drawn towards himself, from a considerable distance and upon the dry land, one of the largest of the king's galleys, fully manned and fully laden, in as smooth and gentle a manner as if she had been under sail upon the sea!

It was this last achievement which induced the astonished Hiero to intercede with the philosopher to prepare for him a

* A few days only after the delivery of this Lecture, the excellent President of the Association, JONAS CHICKERING, Esq., was struck down by apoplexy and died. The remembrance of his virtues and his charities will be long and gratefully cherished by our whole community.

number of engines and machines which might be used either for attack or defence in case of a siege. Hiero, it seems, thus early adopted the prudent maxim of our own Washington, "In peace, prepare for war." Like Washington, however, he maintained always a pacific and paternal policy, and he finished a reign of almost unequalled duration, without having been obliged to resort to the marvellous enginery with which Archimedes was prevailed upon to provide him.

But the time at length came round when Syracuse was to need that enginery; and fortunately the old engineer was himself alive and at hand, to superintend and direct its application.

Old Hiero died at ninety years of age, after a reign of fifty-four years. He had made peace with the Romans and become their ally, soon after his accession, and he resolutely adhered to them until his death. His son Gelon had died before him, and he was, therefore, succeeded on the throne by his grandson, Hieronymus, a boy of fifteen years of age, who was flattered and seduced by the emissaries of Hannibal into an alliance with the Carthaginians. He was soon after basely assassinated by a band of conspirators in the Roman interest, and with him the whole race of Hiero was exterminated. A re-action in favor of the Carthaginian alliance having been the natural consequence of this atrocious massacre, Syracuse at once became a prey to foreign influences and entanglements, and suffered all the evils of a city divided against itself. A Roman fleet was accordingly despatched to turn the scale between the contending factions, and Marcellus was sent over to Sicily to assume the supreme command. But the recent cruelty and barbarity of Marcellus in scourging and beheading, in cold blood, two thousand of the Roman deserters at the siege of Leontini, had roused up all the friends of Rome in Syracuse against him, and they absolutely refused to acknowledge his authority, or even to admit him into the city.

Thence arose that last and most famous siege of Syracuse, — a siege carried on both by land and sea, — Marcellus commanding the fleet, and Appius Claudius the army. The Roman army was large and powerful, invincible and irresistible, as it was supposed, by any force which Syracuse could furnish, whether Carthaginian

or Sicilian. It was flushed, too, by recent victory, being fresh from storming the walls of Leontini, which it had accomplished as easily — (to borrow Dr. Arnold's Homeric comparison) — “as easily as a child tramples out the towers and castles which he has scratched upon the sand of the seashore.”

“But at Syracuse,” continues this admirable historian and excellent man, whose description could not be mended, “it was checked by an artillery such as the Romans had never encountered before, and which, had Hannibal possessed it, would long since have enabled him to bring the war to a triumphant issue. An old man of seventy-four, a relation and friend of King Hiero, long known as one of the ablest astronomers and mathematicians of his age, now proved that his science was no less practical than deep; and amid all the crimes and violence of contending factions, he alone won the pure glory of defending his country successfully against a foreign enemy. This old man was Archimedes.

“Many years before, he had contrived the engines which were now used so effectively. Marcellus brought up his ships against the sea-wall of Achradina, and endeavored by a constant discharge of stones and arrows to clear the walls of their defenders, so that his men might apply their ladders, and mount to the assault. These ladders rested on two ships lashed together, broadside to broadside, and worked as one by their outside oars; and when the two ships were brought close up under the wall, one end of the ladder was raised by ropes passing through blocks affixed to the two mast-heads of the two vessels, and was then let go, till it rested on the top of the wall. But Archimedes had supplied the ramparts with an artillery so powerful that it overwhelmed the Romans before they could get within the range which their missiles could reach; and when they came closer, they found all the lower part of the wall was loop-holed; and their men were struck down with fatal aim by an enemy they could not see, and who shot his arrows in perfect security. If they still persevered and attempted to fix their ladders, on a sudden they saw long poles thrust out from the top of the wall like the arms of a giant; and enormous stones, or huge masses of lead, were dropped upon them, by which their ladders were crushed to pieces, and their ships were almost sunk. At other times, machines like cranes,

or such as are used at the turnpikes in Germany, and in the market gardens round London, to draw water, were thrust out over the wall ; and the end of the lever, with an iron grapple affixed to it, was lowered upon the Roman ships. As soon as the grapple had taken hold, the other end of the lever was lowered by heavy weights, and the ship raised out of water, till it was made almost to stand upon its stern ; then the grapple was suddenly let go, and the ship dropped into the sea with a violence which either upset it or filled it with water. With equal power was the assault on the landside repelled ; and the Roman soldiers, bold as they were, were so daunted by these strange and irresistible devices, that if they saw so much as a rope or a stick hanging or projecting from the wall, they would turn about and run away, crying, ‘ that Archimedes was going to set one of his engines at work against them.’ Their attempts, indeed, were a mere amusement to the enemy, till Marcellus in despair put a stop to his attacks ; and it was resolved merely to blockade the town, and to wait for the effect of *famine* upon the crowded population within.” *

Plutarch represents Marcellus, in this strait, as laughing outright at his own artillerymen and engineers, and as exclaiming, “ Why do we not leave off contending with this mathematical Briareus, who, sitting on the shore, and acting as it were but in jest, has shamefully baffled our naval assault ; and in striking us with such a multitude of bolts at once, exceeds even the hundred-handed giants in the fable ? ” And, in truth (adds the old Greek biographer), all the rest of the Syracusans were no more than the body in the batteries of Archimedes, while he himself was the informing soul. All other weapons lay idle and unemployed ; his were the only offensive and defensive arms of the city.

That, Mr. President, was the application of science to art with a witness to it, and in the noblest of all causes, the defence of one’s country. That was an illustration of the *one-man power* which has never been surpassed, if ever equalled, since the world began. I know of few things, certainly, more sublime, in the history of human actions, than the spectacle of this old

* Arnold’s History of Rome, vol. iii. chap. 45.

patriot mathematician and mechanic holding Marcellus and the Roman power at bay by his single arm, and saving his native city so long by his unaided and overwhelming genius. It reminds one of nothing so much as of Milton's magnificent description of the heroic, renowned, irresistible Samson, as he calls him in the *Agonistes*, who

“Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;
 And, weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,
 Chalibean-tempered steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean proof.
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
 Flew from his lion ramp; old warriors turned
 Their plated backs under his heel;
 Or, grovelling, soiled their crested helmets in the dust.”

Samson's, however, you all remember, was mere physical strength, mere brute force, which, though it could defy a thousand swords and spears, yielded ingloriously at last to a single pair of scissors; while that of Archimedes was the surpassing and almost superhuman power of intellect, overcoming all physical forces, and rendering them subservient and tributary to its own mighty will.

And now, who can remember this incomparable service which Archimedes rendered to his native city in the hour of its utmost peril, and then reflect upon the oblivion into which his tomb and almost his name seem so soon to have fallen,—even among the magistrates of Syracuse in Cicero's time,—without recalling that touching lesson upon human vanity and human ingratitude which has been left us by the Royal Preacher on the pages of Holy Writ? One would almost imagine that Solomon was a prophet, as well as a preacher and a poet, and was permitted to look forward, through the mist of eight centuries, to the very scene we have been witnessing:—

“There was a little city (says he), and few men within it; and there came a great King against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it:

“Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

“Then, said I, wisdom is better than strength; wisdom is better than weapons of war; nevertheless the poor man’s wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.”

There is some confusion of dates in this part of Sicilian and Roman history; but it is calculated that a full year, at the very least, and perhaps two or even three years, elapsed, before Marcellus succeeded in overcoming the countless expedients of Archimedes, and in getting Syracuse into his possession. Among other marvellous means which the old philosopher is said to have employed, to avert this catastrophe, was a combination of mirrors in the nature of burning glasses, by which ships were set on fire at the distance of a bowshot from the walls. Some doubt has been thrown upon this story, and it has given occasion to a great deal of philosophical experiment and controversy. The celebrated naturalist, Buffon, however, has abundantly proved that there was nothing impossible about it, having himself succeeded in “igniting wood at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet by means of a combination of one hundred and forty-eight plane mirrors,” and having, according to another account, by a combination of four hundred small mirrors, melted lead at the distance of one hundred and twenty feet, and set fire to a haystack at a much greater distance. And, after all, the account is not a whit more incredible, at first view, than the recent experiment of Professor Faraday, who succeeded in igniting gunpowder by rays of the sun transmitted through a lens of Wenham ice. Our friend, Sir Charles Lyell, is particular in telling us that it was *Wenham* ice which ignited the British gunpowder, and that British ice had too much salt, and too many bubbles in it, for a successful experiment.*

Syracuse was at last taken, and, amid the general carnage by which the sack was attended, Archimedes was slain. The accounts of his death are not entirely uniform, but the most commonly received version is, that being engaged in some mathematical investigations, either in his own study or in the market-

* Lyell’s Second Visit to the United States, chap. xl.

place, he was so absorbed by his calculations that not even the tumultuous shouts of the Romans, rushing in triumph through the walls, awakened him to a realizing sense that the city was at length captured. Under these circumstances, a Roman soldier suddenly approached him, and ordered him to follow him to Marcellus. "Disturb not my circle," exclaimed the old philosopher: "Hold off for a moment, till I have finished my problem." But the soldier, in a fury, having no respect either for him or his theorem, drew his sword, and laid him dead at his feet. Marcellus, it is said, had given orders that his life should be spared, — perhaps, that he might be seen marching behind his chariot wheels, among the captives, in the triumphal procession at Rome; — or, perhaps, it may have been, out of real regard for his scientific genius and celebrity. He is said, even, to have bestowed some favors upon the philosopher's relatives out of respect to his memory. But Dr. Arnold well observes, that "the Roman soldier's sword dealt kindly with Archimedes, in cutting short his scanty term of remaining life, and saving him from beholding the misery of his country."

Little now remains of the ancient city of Syracuse, once so celebrated for her wealth and luxury and learning and art, — which was able, at different periods of her history, to contend against the whole power of Athens, of Carthage, and of Rome, and which, in its victory over the Athenian fleet, two hundred years before, had "settled the fate of the whole western world." Not even a table to write upon, or a chair to sit upon, could be conveniently found there by a most agreeable tourist in 1770.* Of its vast ruins, once covering a space of thirty miles in circumference, but a few imperfect fragments can now be traced. Its celebrated fountain of Arethusa, associated, in the mind of the scholar, with so much of the rich romance of ancient poetry, has become turbid and muddy, and is only resorted to as a place for washing the clothes of the poor. But the name of that wonderful mathematician and mechanic will make the place of his birth, and the scene of his experiments and his exploits, memorable throughout all ages and all lands, — even when the tyranny of Dionysius and the patriotism of Timoleon shall have been alike forgotten. The ever-burning *Ætna* itself, in whose awful pres-

* Brydone.

ence he lived, and whose mighty energies he seems to have emulated in that memorable siege, may sooner cease to roll up its volumes of smoke and flame to the skies, than the name of Archimedes — now that it has been transplanted to another hemisphere, and taken in special charge by the mechanics of a new world — shall cease to be remembered and cherished.

What might not such a man have accomplished, had he enjoyed this new hemisphere, with all its boundless opportunities and advantages, as his scene of action! You all remember his striking exclamation, — “Give me a place to stand upon, and I will move the world!” That was the expression of a man, who felt that his sphere was too limited for his powers, and who panted for a wider field upon which to display his genius. If he ever spoke with contempt of the practical arts, it could only have been because he saw how little room for them there was in the narrow circuit to which his life and labors were confined. It required a world-wide theatre for the great mechanical inventions which characterize our age. It needed ocean navigation — it needed the navigation of vast inland seas and of rivers thousands of miles long — to afford the stage and the stimulus for the experiments and the enterprise which led to the invention of steamboats. It needed the magnificent distances of modern intercommunication, and especially of our own American Union, to give full scope for the Railroad and the Telegraph. Above all, it needed a state of society and of government in which industry should no longer be the badge of servitude, — in which it should no longer be thought inconsistent with the dignity of a philosopher to busy himself with the common affairs and common interests of life, and in which the laboring millions should be lifted up — let me rather say, should *lift themselves up*, as they have done — to the assertion and enjoyment of the common and equal rights of humanity, — it needed all this to give occasion and inducement to those wonderful improvements and inventions of every sort, of which the chief benefit and blessing has been manifested in improving the condition, and multiplying so incalculably the comforts, of the great masses of mankind. Necessity is the mother of invention, and there was little or no necessity of that sort in Syracuse. But every thing for which a demand

existed, Archimedes seemed able to supply, and actually did supply.

It was not reserved for him to find a place for doing more. It was not his destiny to discover the fulcrum, by poising his mighty lever upon which, the world, as he knew it, could be moved. But sixteen hundred years afterwards, at the head of the very gulf on which Sicily stands, and within but a few days' sail of Syracuse, the man was born, to whom that lofty destiny was vouchsafed. Columbus, a native of Genoa, discovered the New World, and the Old World has been moving ever since. And it is not too much to say, that this motion has been in great measure produced by those very mechanical discoveries and inventions of which Archimedes was the original designer, and by that application of science to art of which he furnished the first signal and successful example.

I may not prolong this discourse by dwelling upon that long series of discoverers and inventors and men of science and mechanics, in the Old World or in the New, by whom the practical and useful arts have been advanced to their present state of perfection. Our own land has had its full share of them. Their names are known to you by heart. Some of them have lived, some of them are yet living, among us.

But there is time enough still left to me, I am sure, to allude briefly to at least one of them, long since dead, — who, if wide distinctions and differences in his condition and pursuits forbid me from calling him the American Archimedes, may well be compared with that wonderful man in the services which he rendered to art, to science, and to his country, — and whose memory, at this moment, has at least one thing in common with that of the great Syracusan, which, I trust, for the honor of his native country, and his native city, will not be of much longer continuance.

If any of you, my friends, as you happen to be passing down Hanover Street, in this good city of Boston, on some pleasant morning, will pause for a moment on the side-walk of the First Baptist Church, and cast your eyes over to the right-hand side of the street, you will perceive, suspended from a sort of crane, smaller, but perhaps not altogether unlike those which Archi-

medes thrust out from the walls of Syracuse to swamp the Roman ships, and projecting from the building which forms the upper corner of Hanover and Union Streets, — a building in which may be found India Rubbers on the lower story and Daguerrotypes up stairs (two articles which were utterly unknown to commerce or to art in the days to which I am about to allude), — you will perceive, I say, a wooden ball, about as large as a good-sized cocoa-nut or a small-sized watermelon; and upon this ball, from which a part of the gilding has been already cracked and from which the rest seems rapidly peeling, you may discern without difficulty the date of 1698, legibly inscribed on both sides of it. How this precise date came there, it is not easy to tell; at least, I have never met with the explanation.* But there is another inscription on the ball, and there are other well-authenticated circumstances associated with it, which render it one of the most precious memorials — which ought, certainly, to render it one of the most cherished relics — of our city in the olden time.

There, in the year 1716, might have been seen a precocious and rather roguish boy, of about ten years of age, unwillingly but diligently employed in cutting wicks and filling moulds for the commoner sort of candles, — a humble occupation enough, but one not a little significant of the *light* which he was himself about to shed upon his country and upon mankind in after years. Born in Boston, on the 6th day of January, old style, or the 17th of January as we now call it, in the year 1706, in an old-fashioned gable-end house near the head of Milk Street, opposite the Old South Church, in which he was christened the very same morning, — born in that well-remembered mansion, which, were it still standing, would be visited one of these days, if not now, with hardly less interest than that with which pilgrims from every land are found flocking to the humble birth-place of the great British bard at Stratford-upon-Avon, — the son of poor, but honest, industrious, and pious parents, and having only been permitted to enjoy two years of schooling, one of them at the common grammar school of the town, and the other at a private school for writing and arithmetic, the little fellow had been taken

* Perhaps, as Mr. Sparks suggests, the date only indicates the period when the Ball was made and adopted as a sign.

away thus early from his books and his play, to help along his father in his business, — which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. And that father's name may still be deciphered beneath the torn and tarnished gilding on the ball to which I have alluded. Tradition tells us that it was originally a blue ball, and that it was at one time the sign of a public house.

At the sign of the blue ball the boy remained, assisting his father for two years, and there was every appearance that he was destined for a tallow-chandler himself. But there was that in his nature, which could not be content with the daily drudgery of this somewhat unsavory calling. There was that within him, which seemed to whisper in his youthful ear, as Archimedes declared aloud in his maturer manhood, that, if he could only find a place to stand upon, *he*, too, could move the world. And this dissatisfaction with his condition at length manifested itself so distinctly and in so many ways, that his father had good cause to apprehend, that, if a more agreeable and congenial occupation were not soon provided for him, he would break loose from parental control and go off to sea, as one of his brothers had done before him.

And so he was next destined by his well-meaning parents for a cutler's trade, and his wits were to be employed in making edge-tools for others, in order to prevent him from doing what young America, I believe, sometimes calls "*cutting stick*" himself. But fortunately, perhaps, for all concerned, the fee demanded for an apprenticeship in that craft was too considerable for his father's purse, and the cutler's trade was never entered upon.

An occupation, which in its incidental opportunities and advantages, at least, was better suited to his peculiar taste and talents, at last offered itself; and he may now be seen regularly indented and bound over as a printer's apprentice till he should be twenty-one years of age, with what was doubtless deemed a most important and liberal stipulation in the covenant, — that for the last year of the term, he should be allowed journeyman's wages. No doubt he was the envy of all the young apprentices in his neighborhood, and considered as made for life, with such a rich remuneration in prospect. Under that indenture he remained steady and diligent for five years out of the nine which it cov-

ered,—working hard at the press during the day, and making the most of the leisure hours of the evening, and of the later hours of the night, too, in improving his handwriting, in practising composition, and in reading the books which accident brought within his reach ;— and, fortunately for him and for us all, these were among the very best books which the world afforded, — Plutarch, Bunyan, Defœe, and Addison.

But the yearning for a wider sphere could only be temporarily repressed by a condition like this, and indeed it was daily acquiring fresh impulse and increased energy from the very circumstances by which he was surrounded. The very last thing in the world for taming down a quick, earnest, inquiring and ambitious mind, conscious of its own power and its own superiority, — conscious, too, that its godlike capabilities were never meant to rust away unused, — the very last way in the world for reducing such a mind as this into subjection to the discipline and drudgery of an indented apprenticeship, is to bring it into acquaintanée and contact with that mighty mechanical engine, by which, more than by any other which has ever yet been known, either to ancient or to modern art, the old idea of Archimedes has been fulfilled and the world moved. If such a mind is to be kept under, let it busy itself with any other mystery beneath the sun, rather than with the mystery of the composing stick, more especially when it is employed in the service of a newspaper. There is an atmosphere in a printer's office, which, somehow or other, puts notions into boys' heads, and into men's heads, too,—an atmosphere which is very apt to make quick blood run quicker, and impulsive hearts beat higher, and active brains work harder, until those who were only indented to set up types for other people's thoughts, are suddenly found insisting on having other people to set up types for their own thoughts. So it has been, certainly, with more than one of your own most distinguished members, Mr. President, — your Russell, your Armstrong, and your Buckingham, the latter of whom has recently added a new claim to your regard, and to the regard of the community, by the preparation of an elaborate and excellent history of your Association.*

* Annals of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, by Joseph T. Buckingham, 1853

And so, certainly, it was with our young Boston printer's boy of 1718, whom not even journeyman's wages for the ninth year could tempt to serve out his time in mere type-setting, and who even before the fifth year was fairly ended, availed himself of a tempting opportunity once more to assert his freedom, fled from his employer and family and native town, and who might have been seen, some time in the year 1723, leaping ashore from on board of a little sloop at New York, a lad of only seventeen years old, without the least knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in his pocket. A few days afterwards he is found buying threepence worth of rolls out of a baker's shop in Philadelphia, and paying for them out of his last dollar, eating one of them himself from very hunger as he walked along Chestnut Street, and washing it down with a draught of river water, giving the others to a poor woman and child whom he had met along the road, and at last finding his way into a Quaker meeting-house, and there falling asleep from utter fatigue and exhaustion; — a runaway apprentice, who might have been seized under the fugitive act, if such an act had existed in those days!

Thus ended the career of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in his native city of Boston; and almost at that very moment, almost at that early age, and under those unpropitious and seemingly desperate circumstances, he commenced a career of well-nigh unequalled usefulness to his fellow-men, and of well-nigh unequalled service and glory to his country. I am not about to attempt any detailed sketch of that brilliant career in the little remnant of an hour's discourse. It is so identified with the history of his country and of the whole civilized world in the age in which he lived, that volumes have been, and might again be, filled, without exhausting either its interest or its variety. Mr. Sparks has performed a service to the community, in his edition of Franklin's writings, with a biography prefixed, second only to that which he has rendered in the preparation of his noble edition of the life and writings of Washington. And I am glad to perceive that one of our younger literary men, lately connected with the evening press of the city (Mr. Epes Sargent), has brought the life and writings of Franklin within the reach of every one, in a single volume, just published, containing almost every thing that could be desired by an ordinary reader.

I have only alluded to that career, this evening, as presenting some striking circumstances, both of comparison and of contrast, with that of the great Syracusan philosopher and mechanic of antiquity, whose history I have just given you, and from a feeling which impressed itself upon my mind, on the first glance at the design of the diploma to which I have alluded, that the figure of Franklin resting on that old original printing-press of his, which is still to be seen in the patent office at Washington, might well have formed a counterpart to the figure of Archimedes resting on his screw. Their names are connected with periods of history two thousand years apart, but they are still, and they will ever be, the names, which mechanics everywhere, and certainly in our own country, will remember and cherish, with an interest and a respect which no other names in that long, long interval, can ever be permitted to share.

If Archimedes signalized his early ingenuity in discovering the defectiveness of King Hiero's crown, Franklin was second to no one in detecting and making manifest the defectiveness and worthlessness of all crowns, for any purposes of American free government.

If Archimedes by his burning mirrors drew down fire from the sun upon the foes of his country, Franklin caught the forked lightning upon his magic points, averted it from the homes of his fellow-men, and conducted it where it might be safely disarmed of its deadly properties.

And, certainly, if Archimedes exhibited a sublime spectacle, in setting at defiance and holding at bay the whole power of imperial Rome on sea and on land, by his marvellous and tremendous enginery, literally laughing a siege to scorn, — Franklin, sending up his kite and holding his key in a thunder storm, in order to draw deliberately down upon himself the flaming bolts of heaven, that he might analyze their character and verify his theory for the good of mankind, presents a picture of even greater and nobler sublimity.

Franklin did not, indeed, devote himself to profound mathematical and geometrical problems and theorems. He lived in a larger and busier world than Archimedes ever conceived of, and at a period when the distractions of an unsettled and uncivilized

state of society permitted but little devotion or attention to philosophy or science of any sort. But he was not a whit behind the great Sicilian in the ingenuity and industry which he displayed, in devising and preparing the instruments and engines by which his countrymen were enabled to improve their condition in time of peace, and to defend their soil and their independence in time of war. And I know not any one in our own history, or in any other history, who, from the variety and multiplicity of the improvements, inventions, and practical suggestions, both for the purposes of peace and of war, of which he was the author, could so well be likened to that hundred-handed Briareus, to whom Marcellus compared the old philosopher of Sicily, as Benjamin Franklin.

Nothing seemed too lofty, nothing too low, for his regard. But the great aim of his mind, unlike that of Archimedes, was undoubtedly that which Lord Mahon in one of his late volumes ascribes to it;—“whether in science and study, or in politics and action, the great aim of his mind was ever *practical utility*,”—and nothing could be juster or finer than the remark of Sir Humphrey Davy, that Franklin sought rather to make philosophy a useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces.

It is amazing, as we skim over the surface of his career ever so lightly, to contemplate the number and variety of his services to his fellow-men in all stations and conditions of life, and to reflect how many of our most valued institutions and establishments, for the welfare alike of the individual and of the state, were of his original suggestion and introduction.

See him, as early as 1731, setting on foot at Philadelphia, the first subscription library on this Continent, at a time when one of the great obstacles to improvement was the difficulty of access to books.

See him the year after, commencing the publication of that earliest serial, “Poor Richard’s Almanac,” which was to supply the place of so many other books for the spare minutes of the laboring poor, and filling it with maxims and proverbs which made it a fountain of wisdom for every fireside where it found a place, as, indeed, it has remained to this day.

See him, in the city of his adoption, undertaking the improvement of the city watch, projecting the establishment of the first engine company for the extinguishment of fires, and soon after submitting a plan for paving and cleaning and lighting the streets.

Follow him a little further, and see him proposing and establishing the first philosophical society on our continent, and afterwards laying the foundations of an institution for education, which ultimately grew up into the University of Pennsylvania.

See him inventing, at one moment, a fireplace; at the next, a lightning-rod; and, at the next, a musical instrument, making melody which his wife, at least, mistook for the music of angels.

Behold him, in the mean time, presiding with consummate ability and despatch over the Post Office department of the whole American Colonies, — an office which, considering the inadequacy of the means of communication within his command, must have required a hundred-fold more of the hundred-handed faculty, than even now, when its duties and distances have been so incalculably multiplied.

See him, in time of war, too, or in anticipation of war, exhibiting the same marvellous facility and many-sided genius in providing for every exigency and emergency which the perils of his country might involve. The first of those volunteer militia companies, which are still among the best securities for law and order in our crowded cities, the very first of them, I believe, ever instituted on this continent, were instituted under the auspices of Franklin, and he himself was the first colonel of the first volunteer regiment. The horses and wagons for the advance of General Braddock's army could never have been seasonably obtained, if ever obtained at all, but through his ingenious and indomitable energy, and through the pledge of his own personal credit; — and it is a most striking fact, that he warned that ill-starred commander (but warned him, alas! in vain) of the precise danger which awaited him; that fatal ambuscade of the Indians, by which he and his forces were so disastrously cut off on the banks of the Monongahela, and from which our own Washington escaped only as by the miraculous interposition of an Almighty arm, — escaped so narrowly, and under circumstances so hopeless, to all human

sight, that no one to this day can read the story of that imminent peril and that hair-breadth 'scape, without a holding of the breath, and an involuntary shudder, at the idea of what might have been the consequences to our country, if Washington had thus early been lost to her.

Follow Franklin across the ocean. Witness that impressive and extraordinary examination which he underwent at the bar of the British House of Commons in 1766, when he fairly exhausted the subject of the commerce, the arts, the agriculture, the whole circumstances and condition of the infant Colonies, and of the views and feelings and resolute intentions of the colonists,—literally astonishing the world with the information and wisdom of his answers, and furnishing, in the almost off-hand replies to off-hand questions, a history which must be consulted to this hour for the best understanding of the times.

Go with him to the bar of the Privy Council, a few years later, and mark his imperturbable patience and equanimity under the reproaches and revilings of the insolent Wedderburn, calling him a thief to his face. Go with him, a twelvemonth afterwards, to the bar of the House of Lords, and mark the same unmoved composure, when the peerless Chatham declares, in his own presence, that all Europe holds him in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranks him with the Boyles and Newtons of old England.

Behold him at Court, the shrewd, sagacious, and successful diplomatist, who, bringing his world-wide reputation as a philosopher, and his eminent character as a man, to the aid of his unequalled common sense and practical tact, did more than even Gates's army by their gallant and glorious victory at Saratoga, in bringing about that French Alliance, and securing that French assistance, which finally turned the scale in favor of American Independence. Behold him signing that Treaty of Alliance and the Treaty of Amity and Commerce with France in 1778,—signing the provisional articles and the definitive Treaty of Independence and Peace with Great Britain in 1782 and 1783,—signing the Treaties of Amity and Commerce with Sweden and with Prussia in 1783 and 1785. Review the whole history of his successes as a minister, and his reception as a man, in so many foreign

courts and by so many crowned heads, and then tell me if Solomon were not a prophet in regard to him, as well as in regard to Archimedes of old, in that memorable proverb, which Franklin himself tells us, in his admirable autobiography, that his father, among other instructions to him while a boy, so frequently repeated in his hearing, — “Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, — he shall stand before Kings, he shall not stand before mean men!”

See him, finally, and above all, as early as 1754, as a delegate to the Convention at Albany, proposing that plan of Union among the Colonies, which was ultimately to become the mightiest engine which mortal wisdom ever invented for maintaining the freedom, prosperity, and independence of a nation like ours. Franklin was undoubtedly the original proposer of the Union as we now enjoy it; and Mr. Bancroft has not hesitated to style him “the true father of the American Union.”

His, indeed, was not the first plan of Union ever proposed on this continent. The old primitive Union of the New-England Colonies, more than a hundred years before, instituted under the auspices of John Winthrop, then Governor of Massachusetts, and his associates, and of whose little Congress he was the first president, — *that* was the original pattern and model of a political machinery, which has proved more effective than any combination of pulleys and ropes and wheels which Archimedes ever devised or ever dreamed of, for rescuing and defending our country at once from domestic and from foreign foes, and for propelling our Great Republic onward — ever onward — in her mighty, matchless career.

But Franklin knew little of our early Colonial history. He may have known something about William Penn’s plan of union in 1697, but not enough even of that to impair his claim as an original proposer of Union in 1754. And thus it is that the little Boston boy, who filled candle-moulds under the Blue Ball at the corner of Union Street, must have the credit of having first set the golden ball of Union in motion. And few men, if any man, did more than he did, to keep that ball rolling on and on, until the Declaration of Independence in ’76 and the Constitution of the United States in ’89 — of both of which he was one of the

signers and one of the framers — attested successively and unmistakably, that it was a ball which could never go backwards,— a Revolution which could never stop short of a full and perfect consummation.

When this great and glorious consummation was finally accomplished, Franklin was already older by many years than Archimedes was at the siege of Syracuse, and his work of life was finished. Happier than the great Sicilian philosopher, however, he fell by no hostile hand, and with no spectacle of his country's captivity and ruin before his eyes. He died, on the contrary, when he could not, in the course of nature, have expected or desired to live longer, at the age of eighty-four, and in the confident assurance, which he expressed so characteristically while the Constitution of the United States was in process of being signed, that the sun of his country's glory was a rising and not a setting sun, and was about to usher in a day, a long-continued day, of prosperity and true progress, such as the sun in the heavens had never before shone upon.

Brave, benevolent, wonderful old man! Well did our own Congress declare of him, in the resolutions adopted on his death, on motion of James Madison, that "his native genius was not more an ornament to human nature, than his various exertions of it have been precious to science, to freedom, and to his country." Well, too, was it said by that matchless French orator, Mirabeau, in announcing the event to the National Assembly of France, which went into mourning on the occasion, that "antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants."

And if a eulogy of later date, long, long after the immediate impressions of his life and his loss had passed away, and when the time had arrived for a cool, deliberate, and dispassionate judgment upon his abilities and his acts, his character and his whole career, — if such a eulogy be appealed to, as more worthy of reliance, — you may find it in the brief but glowing tribute to Franklin by Lord Brougham, in his late account of the statesmen of the times of George III., of which the opening paragraph will be more than enough for this occasion: —

“One of the most remarkable men, certainly of our times, as a politician,” says he, “or of any age, as a philosopher, was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, — and in this, that, having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires of the world.”

Undoubtedly, Mr. President, it is often a perplexing and a perilous thing to attempt, as Lord Brougham has here done, to assign the precise rank upon the scale of merit and of fame, to which any of the great lights and leaders of the world may be entitled. Our own country, certainly, has never yet been so unfruitful of such productions, that individual men could be at all times seen overtopping the level of those around them, and could be singled out at a glance as surpassing all their cotemporaries in the varied elements which enter into a just and true idea of human greatness. The North and the South, Virginia and New England, Kentucky, South Carolina, New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, have more than once in our history been found vying with each other for the palm, as having produced the greatest statesman or the best man. It is a generous rivalry, and, in some respects, a wholesome one, and we would not desire to see it altogether extinguished. Our own little city of Boston, too, though she has often shone, and been proud to shine, with borrowed rays, — rays which she would have rejoiced to hold back still longer from their kindred skies, — has herself given birth to more than one luminary of no common brilliancy. That city need not be ashamed to compare calendars with any of its neighbors, which, to say nothing of the living, has given birth in a single generation to a Quincy, a Bowdoin, a Knox, and a Samuel Adams.

But no one, I think, can hesitate, for a moment, to admit, that while there are others who may be permitted to compete with Franklin for the title of the Great American, — a title, which I am sure would, everywhere and with one accord, be awarded, above all others and before all others, to the incomparable Washington, — that while others may be permitted to compete with Franklin for the title of the Great New-Englander, — and I

would not anticipate your judgment or the judgment of posterity upon such a point, — that while others may even be permitted to compete with Franklin for the title of the Great Son of Massachusetts, — there is no one, not one, who has ever yet been numbered among the native children of our own metropolis, who can be allowed to dispute his claim, for an instant, to the proud designation of *the Great Bostonian*. And if in the lapse of centuries, and in the providence of God, Boston shall ever become as Syracuse now is, her temples and her palaces prostrated in the dust, her fountains a place for the poor to wash clothes at, and her harbor for the fishermen to dry nets in, I am by no means sure that she will have any more effective claim, or any more certain hold, upon the memory and the respect of a remote and world-wide posterity, than that which Syracuse now has, — that within her walls was born and cradled and brought up to manhood the great Patriot Philosopher and Mechanic of his age.

And now, my friends, if some one of the renowned orators or philosophers of the old world, if some British or European Cicero, — a Brougham or a Macaulay, a Humboldt or a Guizot, — on coming over to visit this proud and prosperous Republic of ours, — should happen, as well he might, to take a Halifax steamer and arrive first at the birth-place of Franklin, — and if, upon being waited on by the magistrates of the city, as Cicero of old was waited upon on his arrival at ancient Syracuse, with an offer to show him our Yankee lions, — if such a man, under such circumstances, instead of asking to be conducted to our temples of education or of religion, of charity or of liberty, to our Asylums or Athenæums, our aqueducts, our fountains, or our Faneuil Hall, — should inquire at once, as Cicero inquired, for the monument commemorative of the genius and services of one so known and honored throughout the world, — of him who wrested the sceptre from tyrants and the thunderbolt from the skies, — I think it would not be difficult to realize something of the embarrassment with which His Honor the Mayor, or whoever else might be his conductor, would suggest to the distinguished stranger, that, though Franklin was born in Boston, he did not exactly die in Boston, — that there was, indeed, a little painted

stone urn, without a name on it, in one of the side streets,—but that Philadelphia, perhaps, would be the more appropriate place to inquire at, as he was understood to have been buried there.

Our distinguished visitor, of course, would acquiesce in the suggestion; not, however, I imagine, without a shrug of astonishment, which French politeness might conceal, but which John Bull, in the person of my Lord Brougham, certainly, would be altogether likely to make quite as manifest as was agreeable. At any rate, he would postpone further inquiries until he reached Philadelphia, where he would rely on the satisfaction of paying his homage at the very grave of the great philosopher. And now let us imagine him to have reached the charming metropolis of Pennsylvania, and to have sallied out, as Cicero did, into the ancient grave-yards in quest of the tomb,—what, what, would he find there,—if, indeed, he succeeded in finding any thing? Let me give you the description in the very words in which I have recently met with it, in one of the leading religious papers of our land:—

“A dilapidated dark slab of stone, at the south-west corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, marks (or did mark a few years ago) the spot where rest the remains of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin; but you cannot see their grave nor read the inscription without climbing a high brick wall, in violation of the law, or without securing a good opportunity and the favor of the sexton, each of which is said to be attended with difficulty. So well hidden is this grave, and so little frequented, that we have known many native Philadelphians of men’s and women’s estate, who could not direct one to the locality where it may be found.”

Is this, Mr. President, a mere parody of Cicero’s description of his hunt for the tomb of Archimedes before the Christian era?—Or is it a genuine and authentic account of the tomb of Benjamin Franklin in this nineteenth century? If it be the latter, as, I am sorry to say, cannot be doubted,—said I not rightly and justly, a moment since, that there was at least one thing in common to the memory of the great Syracusan and the great Bostonian, which, I trusted, for the honor of us all, would not be of much longer continuance? Archimedes had been dead a

hundred and thirty-six years, before Cicero discovered his forgotten tombstone buried up beneath briers and brambles. Less than half that time has elapsed since Franklin was summoned to the skies. He died only five years before this Association was founded, and, thanks to a kind Providence, not even all your original members are yet numbered among the dead. There is at least one of them,* I rejoice to remember, who may be seen almost every day on 'Change, with a heart as young as the youngest within these walls, and whose name, inscribed in the second volume of Webster's Speeches, as a token of the constant friendship and regard of their illustrious author, will be preserved as fresh and fragrant with future generations, as it is with that which has been the immediate witness of his genial good nature, his fulness of information, and his untiring obligingness. Sixty-three years only—less by seven, than the allotted term of a single human life—have thus expired since Franklin's death; but they have been enough, it seems, to consign his tomb to dilapidation and almost to oblivion.

It is true, indeed, and in justice to Franklin himself, I must not forget it or omit it, that with a native simplicity and modesty of character, which no compliments or caresses of the great or the learned, which no distinction or flattery at home or abroad, could ever corrupt or impair, this truly great man prescribed, by his own Will, the plainest and humblest possible memorial for his own resting-place.

"I wish," says he, "to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long and four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription:

'BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN,

178—,'

to be placed over us both."

It is true, also, that Franklin has left memorials enough of himself behind him, to render all further commemoration on his own account altogether superfluous.

* Isaac P. Davis, Esq.

Every lightning-rod is a monument to Franklin, of his own erection; and not a flash, which is disarmed by its magic points, passes to the ground, without a fresh illumination of his title to the gratitude of mankind. One might almost be permitted to borrow the idea of the conscience-stricken king in Shakspeare's "Tempest," and to imagine the thunder, with its deep and dreadful diapason, pronouncing the name of FRANKLIN, — not, indeed, as a name of terror, but as a pledge of safety in the storm.

Every penny-stamp, too, is a monument to Franklin, earned, if not established by himself, as the fruit of his early labors and his signal success in the organization of our infant post-office; — and no man, I think, can use the invaluable little implements of modern cheap postage, — I do not mean the stamped envelopes, which are nothing less than a disgrace to American art and a caricature of the Father of his Country, but the original, separate stamps, — without rejoicing that, apart from all other advantages of the system, the noble heads of Washington and Franklin are thus brought daily to our view, and are associated in the minds and hearts of the whole people of the Union, with the unspeakable privilege of a sure and speedy communication with the absent and the loved.

And here, in our own immediate community, too, I may add, every little silver medal distributed annually to the children of our free schools, is a precious memorial of Franklin; and every boy or girl who is incited by the prizes he instituted to higher efforts at distinction in good scholarship and good behavior, is a living monument to his prudent and provident consideration for the youth of his native city. One of the last things which a Boston boy ever forgets is, that he won and wore a Franklin medal. There is at least one of them, I know, who would not exchange the remembrance of that youthful distinction for any honor which he has since enjoyed.

And though the larger provision which he made for the young and needy mechanics of our city has not quite realized all the advantages which he anticipated, yet the day is sure to arrive, when Boston and the whole Commonwealth will reap a rich harvest of public improvement from the surplus accumulation of the Franklin Mechanic Fund.

Not, then, because Franklin is in any danger of being forgotten, — not because his memory requires the aid of bronze or marble to rescue it from oblivion, — not because it is in the power of any of us to increase or extend his pervading and enduring fame, — but because, in these days of commemoration, it is unjust to ourselves, unjust to our own reputation for a discriminating estimate and a generous appreciation of real genius, of true greatness, and of devoted public service, — do I conclude this Lecture with the expression of an earnest hope, that the day may soon come, when it shall cease to be in the power of any one to say, that the great Patriot Mechanic and Philosopher of modern times is without a statue or a monument, either in the city of his burial-place or his birth-place.

The mechanics of Massachusetts, the mechanics of New England, owe it to themselves to see to it, that this reproach no longer rests upon our community and our country. And I know not under what other auspices than theirs such a work could be so fitly and so hopefully undertaken. When the obelisk at Bunker Hill, — doubly consecrated to us by the memory of those in whose honor it was erected, and of him whose consummate eloquence will be for ever associated both with its corner-stone and its cap-stone, — when this noble monument was lingering in its slow ascent, the mechanics of Massachusetts pronounced the word, Let it be finished, and it was finished. And now there is another word for them to speak, and it will be done. Let them unite, let us all unite, with our brethren of Philadelphia and of the whole Union, in erecting a suitable monument near the grave of Franklin; — but let there not fail to be, also, a Statue of our own, on some appropriate spot of the Old Peninsula which gave him birth.*

I know not of a greater encouragement which could be given to the cause of Science applied to Art, in which we are assembled; I know not of a greater encouragement which could be held out to the young apprentices, to whom we look to carry forward that cause in the future, and to supply the places of that noble race of Massachusetts mechanics to which our

* This suggestion was immediately adopted and acted upon. See "Franklin Statue Memorial," Boston, 1857. See, also, page 128 of this volume.

city, our State, and our whole country, have been so greatly indebted, both for laying the foundations, and for building up the superstructure, not merely of our material edifices, but of our moral, civil, and political institutions; I know not of a greater encouragement which could be afforded to industry, temperance, moderation, frugality, benevolence, self-denial, self-devotion, and patriotism, in every art, occupation, and condition of life,—than the visible presence, in some conspicuous quarter of our metropolis, of the venerable figure of Franklin, in that plain, old-fashioned, long-bodied, Quaker-like coat, with which he will be for ever associated in our minds, and in which he appeared proudly alike before kings and commoners; and with that bland and benevolent countenance, which seems to say even to the humblest and least hopeful of God's creatures,—“I was once as you are now,—houseless and penniless, without fortune and without friends. But never despair,—be just and fear not,—be sober, be diligent, be frugal, be faithful, love man and love God, and do your whole duty to yourself, to your neighbor, and to your country, in whatever circumstances you are placed,—and you, also, may do good in your day and generation,—and you, too, may, haply, leave a name, that shall be remembered and honored in all ages and throughout all climes!”

THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN, IN BOSTON,
SEPTEMBER 17, 1856.

WE are assembled, Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, to do honor to the memory of one, of whom it is little to say, that from the moment at which Boston first found a local habitation and a name on this hemisphere—just two hundred and twenty-six years ago to-day—down even to the present hour of her mature development and her meridian glory, she has given birth to no man of equal ability, of equal celebrity, or of equal claim upon the grateful remembrance and commemoration of his fellow-countrymen and of mankind.

We come, on this birthday of our ancient metropolis, to decorate her municipal grounds with the image of that one of her native sons, whose name has shed the greatest lustre upon her history; proposing it as the appropriate frontispiece and figure-head, if I may so speak, of her Executive and Legislative Halls for ever.

We come, at this high noon of a new and noble exhibition of the products of New England industry and invention, to inaugurate a work of Art, in which the latest and best efforts of American genius and American skill—for it is all American—are fitly and most felicitously embodied in the form and lineaments of the greatest American Mechanic and Philosopher.

We come, on this anniversary of the very day on which the Constitution of the United States was adopted and signed, to commemorate a Statesman and Patriot, who was second to no

one of his time in the services which he rendered to the cause of American Liberty and Independence, and whose privilege it was, at the advanced age of eighty years, to give his official sanction and signature to the hallowed instrument, by which alone that Liberty and Independence could have been organized, administered, and perpetuated.

I hail the presence of this vast concourse of the people,—assembled in all the multiplied capacities and relations known to our political or our social state, mechanic, mercantile and agricultural, literary, scientific and professional, moral, charitable and religious, civil, military and masonic; not forgetting that “legion of honor,” which has decorated itself once more, for this occasion, with the Medals which his considerate bounty provided for the scholastic triumphs of their boyhood, and which are justly prized by every one that wins and wears them beyond all the insignia which kings or emperors could bestow,—I hail the presence of this countless multitude both of citizens and of strangers, from which nothing is wanting of dignity or distinction, of brilliancy or of grace, which office, honor, age, youth, beauty could impart,—as the welcome and most impressive evidence, that the day and the occasion are adequately appreciated by all who are privileged to witness them.

“Thus strives a grateful country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!”

Our city and its environs have not, indeed, been left until now, fellow-citizens, wholly destitute of the decorations of sculpture. WASHINGTON—first always to be commemorated by every American community—has long stood majestically within the inner shrine of our State capitol, chiselled, as you know, by the celebrated Chantrey, from that pure white marble which is the fittest emblem of the spotless integrity and pre-eminent patriotism of a character, to which the history of mere humanity has hitherto furnished no parallel.

Bowditch, our American La Place, has been seen for many years, beneath the shades of Mount Auburn, portrayed with that air of profound thought and penetrating observation, which seems almost to give back to the effigy of bronze the power of piercing

the skies and measuring the mechanism of the heavens, which only death could take away from the ever-honored original.

Near him, in the beautiful chapel of the same charming cemetery, will soon be fitly gathered representative men of the four great periods of Massachusetts history:—John Winthrop, for whom others may find the appropriate epithet and rightful designation, with the first charter of Massachusetts in his hand;—James Otis, that “flame of fire” against writs of assistance and all the other earliest manifestations of British aggression;—John Adams, ready to “sink or swim” in the cause of “Independence now and independence for ever;”—and Joseph Story, interpreting and administering, with mingled energy and sweetness, the constitutional and judicial system of our mature existence. Glorious quaternion, illustrating and personifying a more glorious career! God grant that there may never be wanting a worthy successor to this brilliant series, and that the line of the great and good may be as unbroken in the future, as it has been in the past history of our beloved Commonwealth!

——— *Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus.*

Within the last year, also, the generosity and the genius of our city and country have been nobly combined, in adorning our spacious and admirable Music Hall with a grand embodiment of that exquisite composer, who would almost seem to have been rendered deaf to the noises of earth, that he might catch the very music of the spheres, and transfer it to the score of his magnificent symphonies.*

Nor do we forget, on this occasion, that the familiar and cherished presence of the greatest of the adopted sons of Massachusetts is soon to greet us again on the Exchange, gladdening the sight of all who congregate there with the incomparable front of Daniel Webster.

At the touch of native art, too, the youthful form of the martyred Warren is even now breaking forth from the votive block, to remind us afresh “how good and glorious it is to die for one’s country.”

But for BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the greatest of our native-born

* The statue of Beethoven, by Crawford.

sons, and peculiarly the man of the people, has been reserved the eminently appropriate distinction of forming the subject of the first bronze, open-air statue, erected within the limits of the old peninsula of his birth, to ornament one of its most central thoroughfares, and to receive, and I had almost said to reciprocate, the daily salutations of all who pass through them.

Nor can any one fail to recognize, I think, a peculiar fitness in the place which has been selected for this statue.

Go back with me, fellow-citizens, for a moment, to a period just one hundred and forty-two years ago, and let us picture to ourselves the very spot on which we are assembled, as it was in that olden time. Boston was then a little town, of hardly more than ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. Her three hills, now scarcely distinguishable, were then her most conspicuous and characteristic feature, and I need hardly say that almost all the material objects which met the view of a Bostonian in this vicinity, at that day, must have been widely different from those which we are now privileged to look upon. No stately structures for city councils or for courts of justice were then standing upon this site. There was no Horticultural Hall in front, delighting the eye and making the mouth water with the exquisite flowers and luscious fruits of neighboring gardens and green-houses. There were no shops and stores, filled with the countless fabrics of foreign and domestic labor, facing and flanking it on every side. Yet all was not different. The fathers and founders of Boston and of Massachusetts—more than one, certainly, of the earliest ministers and earliest magistrates of the grand old Puritan colony—were slumbering then as they are slumbering now, in their unadorned and humble graves at our side, in what was then little more than a village churchyard,—

“Each in his narrow cell for ever laid;”

and yonder House of God, of about half its present proportions, was already casting its consecrated shadows over the mouldering turf which covered them. At the lower end of the sacred edifice, for the enlargement of which it was finally removed about the year 1748, there might have been seen a plain wooden building, of a story and a half in height, in which Ezekiel Cheever, of

immortal memory, — “the ancient and honorable Master of the Free School in Boston,” — had exercised his magisterial functions for more than five and thirty years. He, too, at the date of which I am speaking, was freshly resting from his labors, having died, at the age of ninety-four, about six years previously, and having fully justified the quaint remark of Cotton Mather, that he “left off teaching only when mortality took him off.” But the homely old schoolhouse was still here, under the charge of one Mr. Nathaniel Williams, and among the younger boys who were daily seen bounding forth from its irksome confinement at the allotted hour, to play on the very green on which we are now gathered, was ONE, who probably as little dreamed that he should ever be the subject of a commemoration or a statue, as the humblest of those five and twenty thousand children who are now receiving their education at the public expense within our city limits, and some of whom are at this moment so charmingly grouped around us!

Descended from a sturdy stock, which an original tithe-book, — recently discovered and sent over to his friend Mr. Everett, by one who finds so much delight himself, and furnishes so much delight to all the world, in dealing with the heroes and demigods of humanity (Thomas Carlyle), — descended from a sturdy stock of blacksmiths, which this curious and precious relic enables us to trace distinctly back to their anvils and their forge-hammers, and to catch a glimpse of “their black knuckles and their hob-nailed shoes,” more than two centuries ago, at the little village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, Old England, — born, himself, near the corner of our own Milk Street, only eight years before the scene I have just described, and baptized, with most significant punctuality, on the same day, in the Old South Meeting-house, — he was now, indeed, a bright, precocious youth, who could never remember a time when he could not read, and his pious father and mother were already cherishing a purpose “to devote him to the service of the church, as the tithe of their sons.” So he had been sent to the public grammar school (for Boston afforded but one, I believe, at that precise moment), to get his education; — but he continued there rather less than a single year, notwithstanding that “in that time (to use his own

words) he had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be at the head of the same class, and was removed into the next class, whence he was to be placed in the third at the end of the year." He was evidently a *fast* boy,—in more senses of the word than one, perhaps,—and his progress was quite too rapid for his father's purse, who could not contemplate the expense of giving him a college education. Accordingly, "he was taken away from the grammar school, and sent to a school for writing and arithmetic kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, where he learned to write a good hand pretty soon, but failed entirely in arithmetic."

And thus the little fellow disappeared from the play-ground on which we are now standing, and presently from all the opportunities of education which his native place supplied. Not long afterwards we trace him helping his father at soap-boiling and tallow-chandling at the sign of the Blue Ball (now the Golden Ball), at the corner of Union and Hanover Streets. Next we find him working his brother's printing press in Queen Street, now Court Street, and diversifying his labors as an apprentice with the most diligent and devoted efforts to increase his information and improve his mind. Now and then we detect him writing a ballad,—“a Light-House Tragedy,” or a “Song about Blackbeard, the Pirate,”—and hawking it through the streets, by way of pastime or to turn a penny. Now and then we discover him trying his pen most successfully at an anonymous article for his brother's newspaper. Presently we see him, for a short time, at little more than sixteen years of age, the ostensible and responsible editor of that paper, and in the “New-England Courant,” printed and sold in Queen Street, Boston, on the eleventh day of February, 1723, there appears, in fair, round capitals, the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,—never again to be undistinguished while he lived, nor ever to be unremembered in the history of New England, or of the world.

But circumstances in his domestic condition proved unpropitious to the further development of his destiny at home. His spirit was winged for a wider and bolder flight than discreet and prudent parents would be likely to encourage or to sanction. It was, certainly, altogether too soaring to be longer hampered by

fraternal leading strings, and it was soon found chafing at the wires of the domestic cage. Disgusted at last with the impediments which were thrown in his way, and yearning for an assertion of his personal independence, he slips the noose which binds him to his birth-place, and is suddenly found seeking his fortune, under every discouragement, three or four hundred miles away from home or kindred or acquaintance. A lad of only seventeen, Franklin had disappeared not only from the old Schoolhouse Green, but from Boston altogether. But not for ever. He has carried with him a native energy, integrity, perseverance, and self-reliance, which nothing could subdue or permanently repress. He has carried with him a double measure of the gristle and the grit which are the best ingredient and most productive yield of the ice and granite of New England. And now, fellow-citizens, commences a career, which for its varied and almost romantic incidents, for its uniform and brilliant success, and for its eminent public usefulness, can hardly be paralleled in the history of the human race. This is not the occasion for doing full justice to such a career. Even the barest and briefest allusion to the posts which were successively held, and the services to his country and to mankind which were successively rendered, by the GREAT BOSTONIAN, would require far more time than can be appropriately consumed in these inaugural exercises. The most rapid outline is all I dare attempt.

The life of Franklin presents him in four several and separate relations to society, in each one of which he did enough to have filled up the full measure of a more than ordinary life, and to have secured for himself an imperishable renown with posterity. As we run over that life ever so cursorily, we see him first as a MECHANIC, and the son of a Mechanic, aiding his father for a year or two in his humble toil, and then taking upon himself, as by a Providential instinct, that profession of a PRINTER, in which he delighted to class himself to the latest hour of his life. You all remember, I doubt not, that when in the year 1788, at the age of eighty-two years, he made that last Will and Testament, which Boston apprentices and Boston school-boys will never forget, nor ever remember without gratitude, he commenced it thus: "I Ben-

jamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, Printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France, now President of the State of Pennsylvania, do make and declare my last Will and Testament as follows." Before all other titles he placed that of his chosen craft, and deemed no designation of himself complete, in which that was not foremost. In the midst of his highest distinctions, and while associated with statesmen and courtiers at home or abroad, he was proud to be found turning aside to talk, not merely with the Baskervilles and Strahans who were so long his chosen friends, but with the humbler laborers at the press, — "entering into their schemes and suggesting or aiding improvements in their art." In the last year but one of his life, he writes to his sister, "I am too old to follow printing again myself, but loving the business, I have brought up my grandson Benjamin to it, and have built and furnished a printing-house for him, which he now manages under my own eye." He had an early and intense perception of the dignity and importance of that great engine for informing and influencing the public opinion of the world, and a prophetic foresight of the vast and varied power which a free press was to exert, for good or for evil, in his own land; — and he seemed peculiarly anxious that his personal relations to it should never be forgotten.

And they never will be forgotten. If Franklin had never been any thing else than a printer, if he had rendered no services to his country or to mankind but those which may fairly be classed under this department of his career, he would still have left a mark upon his age which could not have been mistaken or overlooked. It was as a *printer* that he set such an example to his fellow-mechanics of all ages, of industry, temperance, and frugality, — of truth, sincerity, and integrity. "The industry of that Franklin," said an eye-witness of his early habits (Dr. Baird), "is superior to any thing I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from Club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." And you all remember how the ale-drinking apprentices of London sneered at him as "the Water-American," and wondered how one who drank no *strong* beer, could be so much *stronger* than themselves. It was as a *printer*, that he instituted those Clubs for discussion and mutual improve-

ment, which elevated the character and importance of the working classes wherever they were introduced. It was as a *printer*, that he displayed such extraordinary mechanical ingenuity, in making for himself whatever articles he needed in his own profession, founding letters of lead, carving ornaments and cuts of wood, engraving vignettes upon copper, mixing his own printer's ink, and manufacturing his own plate press. It was as a *printer*, that he set on foot the first Subscription Circulating Library, "the mother of all in North America." It was as a *printer*, that he did so much to improve the character of the Newspaper Press of the American Colonies, asserting its liberty, discouraging its licentiousness, protesting against its being employed as an instrument of scandal, defamation, and detraction, and exhibiting it as the worthy and chosen vehicle of information, entertainment, and instruction. It was as a *printer*, that he commenced and continued that series of delightful essays, sometimes political, sometimes historical, sometimes moral, sometimes satirical or playful, which are hardly inferior in wit and wisdom to the best papers of Johnson or of Addison, of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's or the genial Canon of St. Paul's, — and which would have secured and established the permanent literary reputation of their author, had no other monument of his labors existed. It was as a *printer*, above all, that he prepared and published for so many years his immortal Almanac, under the name of Richard Saunders, with those inimitable proverbs, only second, some of them, to those of Solomon, of which so many millions of copies, in almost every language and tongue known beneath the sun, have been scattered broadcast throughout the world, for the entertainment and instruction of young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple. When will ever Poor Richard be forgotten! Or when will he ever be remembered without fresh admiration for the shrewd, sagacious common sense, which he poured forth with such charming good humor and in such exhaustless profusion!

Well may the Mechanics of Boston take the lead in every commemoration of Benjamin Franklin, — as they have done in that of which this day witnesses the completion, — for it was as a Boston Mechanic that he laid the foundations, strong and deep, of a character which no temptations or trials could ever shake,

and of a fame which will know no limits but those of civilization, and no termination but that of time!

But the ingenuity and invention of Franklin, while they stooped to supply not merely every want which he encountered in his own profession, but every want which he observed in his relations with others, could not be confined within any mere mechanical limits, but demanded nothing less than the whole circle of art and nature for their display. If nothing was too low for his care, neither was any thing too lofty for his contemplation; and as we run over his life, he stands before us in the character of a PHILOSOPHER, not less distinctly or less proudly than we have just seen him in the character of a printer.

It is with no little interest that we recall his own statement, that it was in his native Boston that his curiosity was first excited in regard to the nature of that wonderful element, from the investigation of which he was destined to derive his highest and most pervading celebrity. Here, in the year 1746, he received the earliest impressions upon the subject of electricity, and here, among the Bowdoins and Chauncys and Coopers and Quincys and Winthrops of that day, he found some of the earliest and latest sympathizers and co-operators in his scientific as well as in his political pursuits. The gradual steps by which he advanced in his electrical researches are for the historian and biographer; the transcendent result is familiar to you all. When Franklin had completed that grand and unparalleled discovery, — arresting the very thunder-bolts on their flaming circuit through the sky, challenging them forth from their chariots of fire, and compelling them to a reluctant revelation of the nature of their mysterious, mighty energies, — he had reached a pinnacle of human glory which had not been approached by any man of his country or of his age. His fame was flashed from pole to pole over the whole habitable globe, and hardly a civilized region, over which a thunder-cloud ever pealed or rattled, was long left ignorant of the name of him who had disarmed it of its shafts and stripped it of its terrors.

The boldness and sublimity of the experiment, by which his theories were finally tested and confirmed, have never been surpassed, if they have ever been equalled, in the walks of science;

and even the battle-fields of ancient or modern history may be explored in vain for a loftier exhibition of moral and physical heroism.

See him going forth into the fields, with no attendant or witness but his own son, lest a failure should bring discredit, — not upon himself, for no man cared less for any thing which might concern himself, — but upon the experiment he was about to try, and upon the theory which he knew must prove true in the end. See him calmly awaiting the gathering of the coming storm, and then lifting his little kite, with an iron point at the top of the stick, and a steel key at the end of the hempen string, to draw deliberately down upon his own head a full charge of the Artillery of Heaven! See him, disappointed at first, but never despairing or doubting, applying his own knuckle to the key, — knocking, as it were, at the very gates of the mighty Thunderer, — and eagerly standing to receive that bolt, from which so many of us, even now that he has provided so complete a shield, shrink away so often in terror! A similar experiment is to cost the life of a distinguished Russian philosopher at St. Petersburg only a few months afterwards. Shall Franklin's life be spared now? Well has Mr. Everett suggested that if that moment had been his last, "conscious of an immortal name, he must have felt that he could have been content." But the good providence of God, in which, as we shall see, Franklin always trusted, permitted the cloud to emit but a single spark. That spark was enough. His theory is confirmed and verified. Henceforth, in the latest words of the dying Arago, Electricity is Franklin's. "To him the world owes the knowledge which led to the Telegraph, the Electroplate, the Electrottype. Every fresh adaptation of electricity is a stone added to his monument. They are only improvements of his bequest. Electricity is Franklin's." His name has, indeed, become immortal, but, thanks be to God, his life is still preserved for the best interests of his country and for the welfare of the world.

But the fame of Franklin as a philosopher rests not alone on his discoveries in any single department of natural history, and the brilliancy of his electrical experiments must not be permitted to eclipse his many other services to science. Nothing, indeed, within the range of philosophical inquiry, seemed to be beyond

his eager and comprehensive grasp, and to the end of his long life he was yearly adding something to the stock of scientific knowledge. He delighted to employ himself in searching out the causes of the common operations of nature, as well as of its more striking and remarkable phenomena. The principles of evaporation, the origin of the saltness of the sea and the formation of salt-mines, the habitual commencement of north-easterly storms at the south-east, the influence of oil in smoothing the waters and stilling the waves, and a hundred other subjects, at that time by no means familiar to the common understanding, were elaborately investigated and explained by him. Indeed, wherever he went, he was sure to find material for his inquisitive and penetrating mind. A badly heated room would furnish him with a motive for inventing a better stove, and a smoking chimney would give him no rest until he had studied the art of curing it. Did he visit Holland, — he is found learning from the boatmen that vessels propelled by an equal force move more slowly in shoal than in deep water, and forthwith he engages in patient experiments to verify and illustrate the lesson, for the benefit of those who may be employed in constructing canals. Did the bark in which he was crossing the ocean stop a day or two at Madeira, — he seizes the occasion to procure and write out a full account of its soil, climate, population, and productions. And while the ship is in full sail, behold him from day to day the laughing-stock of the sailors, who probably regarded him as only a whimsical land-lubber, while he sits upon the deck dipping his thermometer into successive tubs of water, baled out for the purpose, — or, perhaps, directly into the ocean, — to ascertain by the differences of temperature the range and extent of the Gulf Stream, and thus furnishing the basis of that Geography of the Seas, which has recently assumed so imposing a shape under the hands of the accomplished and enterprising Maury.

No wonder that the great English historian of that period, the philosophic Hume, wrote to Franklin as he was leaving England to return home in 1762: "I am sorry that you intend soon to leave our hemisphere. America has sent us many good things, gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo, &c.; but you are the first philosopher, and, indeed, the first great man of letters for whom

we are beholden to her." And most justly did Sir Humphrey Davy say of him at a later day, — "He has in no instance exhibited that false dignity, by which philosophy is kept aloof from common applications; and he has sought rather to make her a useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces." Indeed, his merits as a philosopher were early and everywhere recognized and acknowledged, and our BOSTON PRINTER was introduced and welcomed into Royal Societies, and Imperial Academies and Institutes, in almost every kingdom on the globe.

Nor were his scientific attainments recognized only by diplomas and titular distinctions. It is pleasant to remember that the great British powder magazines at Purfleet, and the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, were both protected from the danger of lighting by rods arranged under Franklin's immediate direction; while some years later (1784), the King of France placed him at the head of a commission, consisting of five members from the Royal Academy of Sciences, and four members from the Faculty of Medicine, to investigate the subject of animal magnetism, then first introduced to the notice of the world by the celebrated Mesmer.

In running over the marvellous career of Benjamin Franklin, we hail him next, in the third place, as a STATESMAN and PATRIOT, second to no one of his time in the variety and success of his efforts to build up the institutions of our country, both State and national, and in promoting and establishing her Union and her Independence.

Franklin made his first formal appearance on the political stage, at the age of thirty years, in the humble capacity of clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, in the year 1736. But his thoughts being now turned to public affairs, he at once commenced instituting reforms wherever an opportunity presented itself. Nothing which could contribute to the welfare of the community in which he lived, was too seemingly insignificant for his attention. The regulation of the city watch, the paving and sweeping and lighting of the streets, the organization of fire companies, the foundation of schools and academies,

successively occupied his earliest care. His fitness for every sort of public employment soon becoming manifest, he was spared from no service within the gift either of the executive or of the people. In the single year 1750, while he was just commencing his philosophical pursuits, he was called upon to discharge the duties of a justice of the peace (no sinecure in that day), by the governor; of a common-councilman, and then an alderman, by the corporation of Philadelphia; and of a burgess, to represent them in the State Assembly, by his fellow-citizens at large. The next year finds him delegated as a commissioner to treat with the Indians. The next year, he is appointed joint post-master general of the colonies. The following year, — the ever memorable year of 1754, — he is one of a congress of commissioners from all the colonies at Albany, to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations concerning the means of defending the country from a threatened invasion by France. And then and there, in that capacity, our Boston printer first projected and proposed a Union of all the colonies under one government, — the original suggestion of that glorious UNION which was afterwards adopted as a defence against the tyrannical oppression of Great Britain, and which is still our best and only defence, not only against Great Britain and all the rest of the world, but against each other, and against ourselves, too. God grant that this Union may be no less durable than the solid bronze of which the statue of its earliest proposer and constant advocate is composed, — defying alike the corrosions of time, the shock of strife, and the convulsions of every evil element!

The next year, 1755, we see him procuring wagons for General Braddock, who had utterly failed to procure them by any other agency, and advancing for the service upwards of a thousand pounds sterling out of his own pocket. And then, too, it was, that with a sagacity so remarkable, he distinctly predicted the precise ambuscade which resulted in the disastrous defeat of that ill-starred expedition. Before the close of the same year, we find him marching himself, at the head of a body of troops, to protect the frontier, — not waiting, I presume, to be formally commissioned as commander, since it is not until the succeeding year, 1756, — just one hundred years ago, — that we see him

regularly sworn in as colonel, and learn that several glasses of his electrical apparatus were shaken down and broken, by the volleys fired under his windows, as a salute, after the first review of his regiment.

Passing over the six or seven next years, which belong to another department of his career, we find him in 1763, sole post-master general of British North America, and spending five or six months in travelling through the northern colonies in an old-fashioned gig, for the purpose of inspecting and arranging the post-offices. Soon afterwards we see him taking a leading part in stopping the tide of insurrection and quieting the commotions arising out of the inhuman massacre of the Indians in Lancaster County,—appealing to the people in an eloquent and masterly pamphlet, organizing a military association, and by his personal exertions and influence strengthening the arm of government and upholding the supremacy of the laws. And now, in 1764, we welcome him, assuming the chair, as speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, to sign a bold petition to the king against the proprietary government, which he had drafted and defended on the floor, but to which the previous speaker had shrunk from affixing his signature.

Passing over another interval of a little more than ten years, (to be the subject of separate allusion under another view of his services), we meet him next, on his own soil, in 1775, as a delegate from Pennsylvania to the second Continental Congress. He serves simultaneously as chairman of the committee of safety appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly. “In the morning at six o’clock” (says he of this period, and he was then sixty-nine years of age), “I am at the committee of safety, which committee holds till near nine, when I am at Congress, and that sits till after four in the afternoon.” In the Continental Congress, we find him successively proposing a plan of confederation; assuming the entire management of the American post-office; at the head of the commissioners for Indian affairs; a leading member of the committee of secret correspondence, and of almost every other committee, whether for secret or for open negotiations; a delegate to the American camp at Cambridge, to consult with Washington and the continental army for the relief of his

native town; a delegate to Canada, to concert measures of sympathy and succor; and finally, one of the illustrious Committee of Five, with Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams, and Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, to draft the Declaration of Independence. That Declaration is reported and adopted, and Franklin signs it in his order with an untrembling hand. He would seem, however, to have fully realized the momentous character of the act, when he humorously replied to our own John Hancock, — who had said, “There must be no pulling different ways, we must all hang together;” — “Yes, we must, indeed, all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately.” He was as ready to brave the strokes of arbitrary power, as he had been those of the lightning of Heaven, — to snatch the sceptre from tyrants as the thunderbolt from the clouds; and he might almost seem to have adopted, as the motto at once of his scientific and political life, those noble lines of a cotemporary poet, —

“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 which howls along the sky!”

And now he presides over the convention which frames the Constitution of Pennsylvania; and, after another interval of about eight years and a half (to be accounted for presently), we see him presiding over the State itself, whose Constitution he had thus aided in forming. Now, too, at the age of eighty, the Nestor of America, as he was well styled by the National Assembly of France, he is found among the delegates to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and there we may hear him making two brief but most characteristic and remarkable speeches. One of them I reserve for the conclusion of this discourse. The other was delivered on the twenty-eighth day of June, 1787, when he submitted that memorable motion, seconded by Roger Sherman, and said by at least one member of the convention to have been rejected only because they had no funds for meeting the expense, but which, at any rate, found only three or four voices to sustain it, — that “henceforth prayers,

imploping the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

"I have lived, sir (said he most nobly), a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth,— that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing governments by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest."

Glorious words! Precious testimony! Admirable example! The wisest and most venerable of all that wise and venerable assembly, full of the largest and richest and most varied experience; full, too, of the fruits of the most profound scientific and philosophical research,— even he that had "divided a way for the lightnings," "sending them that they might go, and say unto him, Here we are,"— publicly acknowledging the utter insufficiency of all human wisdom, and calling upon his associates to unite with him in "humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate their understandings!"

Who shall say, that if inequalities, or injustices, or imperfections of any sort, exist in the great work of that convention, which even now may threaten its overthrow,— which even now may involve us in the danger of being "divided by our little partial local interests" and of encountering the fate of "the builders of Babel,"— who shall say that the adoption of Franklin's resolution might not have averted such a result? And who shall doubt that, if, in the future administration of that cherished instrument, all human wisdom shall again be found signally at fault, as it is found at this hour, the humble prostration of a

whole people, governors and governed, in prayer to God, for that most neglected of all subjects of prayer — the preservation of our country and its Constitution, its Union and its liberty, — might not be a more effectual safeguard, than all the brawlings and bickerings and wrestlings and wranglings of self-relying and self-magnifying politicians ?

We could all have wished, my friends, that Franklin had been a more earnest student of the Gospel of Christ ; but the devout reliance upon a superintending Providence, attested by frequent prayer, which characterized him from his youth upwards, and which never failed him in private or in public life, — his intimacy with Whitefield and with the “ Good Bishop ” of St. Asaph, — his earnest religious advice to his daughter, and his strenuous remonstrance against the infidel publications of Paine, — furnish ample evidence of a reverence for sacred things and solemn observances, which might well put to shame the indifference of not a few of those who may be most disposed to cavil about his views of Christianity.

But there is another phase to this many-sided and mighty mind, and the Great Bostonian stands before us, in the fourth place, as a DIPLOMATIC AGENT AND AMBASSADOR in foreign lands ; a character in which he rendered services of inestimable value to the separate colonies and to the whole country, and secured a renown quite independent of that which he had achieved as a Mechanic, a Philosopher, or a Statesman, and by no means inferior to either.

Franklin spent no less than twenty-six years of his mature life in other lands, all but two of them in public employment. He was more than five years in London, between 1757 and 1763, as agent of Pennsylvania to attend to that petition to the king, which he had been appointed speaker to sign. His fame as a philosopher and a writer had even then preceded him. He had already been made a member of the Royal Society, and had received the medal of Sir Godfrey Copley. His mission at this time, however, gave but little scope for brilliant service, although it has been said on good authority that the British expedition against Canada, with its memorable results in the victory of Wolfe and the conquest of Quebec, may be chiefly ascribed to his earnest recommendation of that particular policy to the British ministry of the day.

His second and more important visit to London, in a public capacity, extended from the close of the year 1764, to May, 1775. He went at first, as before, only as agent for Pennsylvania, but soon received commissions as agent for Georgia, for New Jersey, and for our own Massachusetts Assembly. Arriving at the very era of the stamp act, his whole residence in England, of more than ten years' continuance, was crowded with incidents of the most interesting and exciting character. If no other memorial existed of Franklin's wisdom, courage, and patriotism, than the single record of his extraordinary examination before the House of Commons, at the beginning of the year 1766, the statue which we are about to inaugurate would have an ample justification to every American eye and in every American heart.

If any one desires to obtain a vivid impression of the surpassing qualities of this wonderful man, — of his fulness of information, of his firmness of purpose, of his wit, prudence, and indomitable presence of mind, of his true dignity and patriotic devotedness of character, — let him read this examination as contained in his published works. It has often seemed to me incredible that such replies could have been, as we know they were, in so great a degree unpremeditated. There is a dramatic power, a condensed energy, a mingled force and felicity of expression, with an unhesitating mastery of resources, in Franklin's share of this famous dialogue, which would alone have secured him no second place among the remarkable men of his age. This was the scene of his glory and his pride. But he was no stranger to the other side of the picture. He knew how to be humbled as well as how to be exalted, how to be silent as well as how to answer. And that subsequent scene in the privy council chamber, on the eleventh of January, 1774, when he stood as the "butt of invective ribaldry for near an hour," and bore without flinching, in his capacity of agent of Massachusetts, a treatment so indecent and ignominious, will be remembered by every true-hearted American, to the latest generation, as a triumph no less proud and glorious.

Another year attests the estimation in which he is held by the greatest figure of that memorable period of English history, when the peerless peer — the incomparable Chatham — not only intro-

duced him personally into the House of Lords, to listen to his burning words on a motion to withdraw the troops from the town of Boston, but soon afterwards, on being reproached with taking counsel of Franklin, "made no scruple to declare that if he were the first minister of the country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of American affairs as the gentleman alluded to, and so injuriously reflected on; one, whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons; who was an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature."

But by far the greatest of Franklin's services in foreign employment remain still to be recounted. It is not too much to say, that the early success of our revolutionary struggle was mainly attributable to the generous and magnanimous aid afforded us by France, — represented here, on this occasion, I am glad to perceive, by her highest diplomatic functionary, the Count de Sartes. Let us never forget the magnitude of our indebtedness to France for that noble intervention, and let the remembrance of it serve to temper the animosities and soften the asperities which may at any time spring up in our intercourse with her people or her rulers, — inclining us ever to maintain the kindest and most amicable relations with both. But let us never fail to remember that for the French alliance, with all its advantages and aids, our country was indebted, more than to any or all other causes, to the character, the influence, and the efforts of Benjamin Franklin. His celebrity as a philosopher, a man of letters, a statesman, and a bold defender of his country's rights and liberties, prepared the way for his success. The intelligence, information, and lofty independence he had displayed during his recent examination before the British Commons, and the unflinching firmness with which he had borne the abuse which had been heaped upon him at the bar of the British council, had excited the warmest admiration and sympathy on the other side of the channel. Every thing in his age, appearance, and reputation conspired to render him an object of interest, attention, and enthusiastic regard. It might be said of his arrival at Paris, as Cicero said of the arrival of Archias at

some of the cities of ancient Greece, "Sic ejus adventus celebrabatur, ut famam ingenii expectatio hominis, expectationem ipsius adventus admiratioque superaret."

Nothing could be more striking than the account which an eminent French historian has given of this advent:—"By the effect which Franklin produced in France, we might say that he fulfilled his mission, not with a court, but with a free people. . . . Men imagined they saw in him a sage of antiquity come back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns. They personified in him the republic of which he was the representative and the legislator. . . . His virtues and his renown negotiated for him; and before the second year of his mission had expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin."

Undoubtedly at that era, and in that capital, Franklin was the great American name. The mild but steady lustre of Washington's surpassing character had not yet broken forth full-orbed on the admiration of the European world, as it was destined to do no long time afterwards. With that character at this day we admit no comparison. But our Boston printer was the very first of whom it might then have been said, in language since applied to others, that his name alone made our country respectable throughout the world; and when he signed the treaty of alliance with France, on the sixth of February, 1778, he had accomplished a work which will ever entitle him to be counted as the negotiator of the most important, as well as of the very first, treaty to which this country has ever been a party. This treaty of alliance was, indeed, the immediate and most effective instrument of that other and still more memorable treaty, which he was privileged also to sign at Paris, four or five years afterwards, in company with his illustrious associates, John Adams and John Jay,—the treaty of peace and independence with Great Britain, by which the war of the Revolution was at length happily and gloriously terminated, and by which the United States of America were at last admitted to an equal place in the great brotherhood of nations.

Many more treaties received his attention and his signature, with those of his illustrious associates, during the same period:

— one of amity and commerce with France, one with Sweden, and one with Prussia, in which latter he succeeded in procuring admission for that noble stipulation against privateering,— which, whether it be expedient or inexpedient for the particular circumstances of our country at the present moment, must commend itself as a matter of principle and justice to the whole Christian world. The late congress of peace at Paris has substantially revived and adopted this article on the very spot on which it was drafted and defended by Franklin eighty years ago,— uniting it, too, with that great American doctrine, that free ships shall make free goods, which found in Franklin, on the same occasion, one of its earliest and ablest advocates.

And these were the acts of a man more than three-score-and-ten years old, wearied with service and racked with disease, and praying to be suffered to return home and recover his strength, before he should go hence and be no more seen,— but whose retirement Congress was unwilling to allow! In his early youth, however, he had adopted the maxim, “never to ask, never to refuse, and never to resign” any office for which others might think him fit, and he bravely persevered till all was accomplished. May I not safely say, fellow-citizens, that had Benjamin Franklin left no record of his public service, but that which contains the story of his career as a foreign agent and minister, whether of separate colonies or of the whole country, after he had already completed the allotted term of human existence, he would still have richly merited a statue in the squares of his native city, and a niche in the hearts of all her people, as one of the great American negotiators and diplomatists of our revolutionary age?

And now, my friends, over and above the four distinct and separate phases of his life and history, which I have thus imperfectly delineated; but which are to find a worthier and more permanent portrayal on the four panels of the pedestal before you, — over and above them all, at once the crowning glory of his career and the keystone to its admirable unity, blending and binding together all the fragmentary services which he rendered in widely different spheres of duty into one symmetrical and noble life, — over and above them all, like some gilded and

glorious dome over columns and arches and porticoes of varied but massive and magnificent architecture, rises the character of Franklin for *benevolence*; that benevolence which pervaded his whole existence, animating every step of its progress, and entitling him to the pre-eminent distinction of a true PHILANTHROPIST.

Happening by the purest accident, let me rather say, by some Providential direction, to have read in his earliest youth an essay written by another celebrated son of Boston — Cotton Mather — upon “the good that is to be devised and designed by those who desire to answer the great end of life,” he dedicated himself at once to “a perpetual endeavor to do good in the world.” He read in that little volume such golden sentences as these: — “It is possible that the wisdom of a poor man may start a proposal that may serve a city, save a nation.” “A mean mechanic, — who can tell what an engine of good he may be, if humbly and wisely applied unto it!” “The remembrance of having been the man that first moved a good law, were better than a statue erected for one’s memory.” These and many other passages of that precious little volume sunk deep into his mind, and gave the turn to the whole current of his career. Writing to “his honored mother” at the age of forty-three, he says, “For my own part, at present, I pass my time agreeably enough. I enjoy, through mercy, a tolerable share of health. I read a great deal, ride a little, do a little business for myself, now and then for others, retire when I can, and go into company when I please; so the years roll round, and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, ‘He lived usefully,’ than ‘He died rich.’” Writing to the son of Cotton Mather, within a few years of his own death (1784), and after he had achieved a world-wide celebrity as a philosopher, a statesman, and a patriot, he nobly says, in reference to the “Essays to do good,” — “I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.”

And certainly, if any man of his age, or of almost any other age, ever earned the reputation of a doer of good, and of having

lived usefully, it was Benjamin Franklin. No life was ever more eminently and practically a useful life than his. Capable of the greatest things, he condescended to the humblest. He never sat down to make himself famous. He never secluded himself from the common walks and duties of society in order to accomplish a great reputation, much less to accumulate a great fortune. He wrote no elaborate histories, or learned treatises, or stately tomes. Short essays or tracts, thrown off at a heat to answer an immediate end,—letters to his associates in science or politics,—letters to his family and friends,—these make up the great bulk of his literary productions; and, under the admirable editorship of Mr. Sparks, nine noble volumes do they fill,—abounding in evidences of a wisdom, sagacity, ingenuity, diligence, freshness of thought, fulness of information, comprehensiveness of reach, and devotedness of purpose, such as are rarely to be found associated in any single man. Wherever he found any thing to be done, he did it; any thing to be investigated, he investigated it; any thing to be invented or discovered, he forthwith tried to invent or discover it, and almost always succeeded. He did every thing as if his whole attention in life had been given to that one thing. And thus while he did enough in literature to be classed among the great writers of his day; enough in invention and science to secure him the reputation of a great philosopher; enough in domestic politics to win the title of a great statesman; enough in foreign negotiations to merit the designation of a great diplomatist; he found time to do enough, also, in works of general utility, humanity, and benevolence, to insure him a perpetual memory as a great Philanthropist.

No form of personal suffering or social evil escaped his attention, or appealed in vain for such relief or remedy as his prudence could suggest or his purse supply. From that day of his early youth, when, a wanderer from his home and friends in a strange place, he was seen sharing his roll with a poor woman and child, to the last act of his public life, when he signed that well-known memorial to Congress, as President of the Anti-Slavery Society of Pennsylvania, a spirit of earnest and practical benevolence runs like a golden thread along his whole career.

Would to Heaven that he could have looked earlier at that great evil which he looked at last, and that the practical resources and marvellous sagacity of his mighty intellect could have been brought seasonably to bear upon the solution of a problem, now almost too intricate for any human faculties! Would to Heaven that he could have tasked his invention for a mode of drawing the fires safely from that portentous cloud, — in his day, indeed, hardly bigger than a man's hand, — but which is now blackening the whole sky, and threatening to rend asunder that noble fabric of union, of which he himself proposed the earliest model!

To his native place, which is now about to honor him afresh, Franklin never failed to manifest the warmest regard and affection. Never forgetting that "he owed his first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there," he made a provision by his Will which must render him a sort of patron saint to Boston school-boys to the latest generation. Never forgetting the difficulties under which he had struggled as a Boston apprentice, he has left ample testimony of his desire to relieve Boston apprentices from similar trials in all time to come. At all periods of his life, he evinced the liveliest interest in the welfare of his birth-place, and the kindest feelings for its citizens, and the day is certain to arrive, though we of this generation may not live to witness it, when his native city and his native State will owe some of their noblest improvements and most magnificent public works, to a fund which he established with that ultimate design. Here, in yonder Granary grave-yard, his father and mother were buried, and here he placed a stone, in filial regard to their memory, with an inscription commemorative of their goodness. The kindness and honors of other cities could not altogether wean him from such associations. As he approached the close of his long and eventful career, his heart seemed to turn with a fresh yearning to the grave of his parents, the scenes of his childhood, and the friends of his early years. Writing to Dr. Cooper, on the fifteenth of May, 1781, he says, "I often form pleasing imaginations of the pleasure I should enjoy as a private person among my friends and compatriots in my native Boston. God only knows whether this pleasure is

reserved for me." Writing to his sister on the fourth of November, 1787, he says, "It was my intention to decline serving another year as president, that I might be at liberty to take a trip to Boston in the spring; but I submit to the unanimous voice of my country, which has again placed me in the chair." Writing to the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, on the thirty-first of May, 1788, he says, "It would certainly, as you observe, be a very great pleasure to me, if I could once again visit my native town, and walk over the grounds I used to frequent when a boy, and where I enjoyed many of the innocent pleasures of youth, which would be so brought to my remembrance, and where I might find some of my old acquaintance to converse with. . . . But I enjoy the company and conversation of its inhabitants, when any of them are so good as to visit me; for, besides their general good sense, which I value, the Boston manner, turn of phrase, and even tone of voice, and accent in pronunciation, all please, and seem to refresh and revive me." But the most striking testimony of his attachment to the scenes of his birth is found in the letter to Dr. Samuel Mather, on the twelfth of May, 1784, from which I have already quoted, where he says, "I long much to see again my native place, and to lay my bones there. I left it in 1723; I visited it in 1733, 1743, 1753, and 1763. In 1773 I was in England; in 1775 I had a sight of it, but could not enter, it being in possession of the enemy. I did hope to have been there in 1783, but could not obtain my dismissal from this employment here; and now I fear I shall never have that happiness."

And he never did again enjoy that happiness. A few years more of pain and suffering,—sustained with an undaunted courage, and relieved by a persevering and unwearied attention to every private and every public claim,—a few years more of pain and suffering terminated his career, and the seventeenth day of April, 1790, found him resting at last from the labors of a life of eighty-four years and three months, in the city of his adoption, where his ashes still repose. Let his memory ever be a bond of affection between his birth-place and his burial-place, both of which he loved so well, and of both of which he was so eminent a benefactor; and may their only rivalry or emulation be, which shall show itself, in all time to come, by acts of enlightened phi-

lanthropy and of enlarged and comprehensive patriotism, most loyal to the memory, and most faithful to the example and the precept, of one who did enough to reflect imperishable glory on a hundred cities!

Fellow-citizens of Boston, the third half century has just expired since this remarkable person first appeared within our limits. The seventeenth day of January last completed the full term of one hundred and fifty years, since, having drawn his first breath beneath the humble roof which not a few of those around me can still remember, he was borne to the neighboring sanctuary to receive the baptismal blessing at the hands of the pious Pemberton; or, it may have been, of the venerable Willard. More than sixty-six years have elapsed since his death.

He has not—I need not say he has not—been unremembered or unhonored during this long interval. The street which bears his name—with the graceful urn in its centre, and the old subscription library at its side—was a worthy tribute to his memory for the day in which it was laid out. The massive stone which has replaced the crumbling tablet over the grave of his father and mother, is a memorial which he himself would have valued more than any thing which could have been done for his own commemoration. The numerous libraries, lyceums, institutes, and societies of every sort, in all quarters of the country, which have adopted his name as their most cherished designation, are witnesses to his worth, whose testimony would have been peculiarly prized by him. He has been honored, more than all, by the just distinctions which have everywhere been accorded to not a few of those who have inherited his love of science with his blood,—one of whom, at least, we had confidently hoped to welcome among us on this occasion, as the acknowledged heir and living representative of his philosophical fame. I need hardly name the learned and accomplished Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, — ALEXANDER DALLAS BACHE, — the great-grandson of Franklin, — under whose devoted and admirable direction the mysteries of the Gulf Stream have been freshly and profoundly analyzed, and so many of the intricate bays and harbors of our gigantic coast have been accurately and

exquisitely mapped out for the guidance of our pilots, and for the convenience and safety of our mercantile and naval marine. Nor should it be forgotten, on this occasion, that within a year or two past, a beautiful shaft of polished granite, with a brief but most appropriate and comprehensive inscription, has found a conspicuous place at Mount Auburn, erected, as a tribute of regard and reverence for Franklin's memory, by a self-made man of kindred spirit, still living in our vicinity,—the venerable Thomas Dowse,—whose magnificent library is destined to enrich the Historical Hall at our side.

But something more was demanded by the unanimous sentiment of his birth-place. Something more was called for by the general voice of his country. Something more was due to the claims of historic justice. The deliberate opinion of the world has now been formed upon him. Personal partialities and personal prejudices, which so often make or mar a recent reputation or a living fame, have long ago passed away, with all who cherished them. The great posthumous tribunal of two whole generations of men—less fallible than that to which antiquity appealed—has sat in solemn judgment upon his character and career. The calm, dispassionate Muse of history—not overlooking errors which he himself was ever foremost in regretting, nor ascribing to him any fabulous exemption from frailties and infirmities which he was never backward in acknowledging—has pronounced her unequivocal and irrevocable award; not only assigning him no second place among the greatest and worthiest who have adorned the annals of New England, but enrolling him for ever among the illustrious benefactors of mankind. And we are here this day, to accept, confirm, and ratify that award, for ourselves and our posterity, by a substantial and enduring token, which shall no longer be withheld from your view. Let it be unveiled! Let the stars and stripes no longer conceal the form of one who was always faithful to his country's flag, and who did so much to promote the glorious cause in which it was first unfurled!

[The drapery was here removed, and the statue displayed to view amid the shouts of the surrounding multitude. When the applause had sufficiently subsided, Mr. Winthrop continued as follows :—]

And now behold him, by the magic power of native genius, once more restored to our sight! Behold him in the enjoyment of his cherished wish,—“revisiting his native town and the grounds he used to frequent when a boy”! Behold him, re-appearing on the old schoolhouse green, which was the play-place of his early days,—henceforth to fulfil, in some degree, to the eye of every passer-by, the charming vision of the Faëry Queen,—

“A spacious court they see,
Both plain and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meet a FRANKLIN fair and free.”

Behold him, with the fur collar and linings which were the habitual badge of the master printers of the olden times, and which many an ancient portrait exhibits as the chosen decorations of not a few of the old philosophers, too,—Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler,—who held, like him, familiar commerce with the skies! Behold him, with the scalloped pockets and looped buttons and long Quaker-like vest and breeches, in which he stood arraigned and reviled before the council of one monarch, and in which he proudly signed the treaty of alliance with another! Behold him, with the “fine crab-tree walking-stick,” which he bequeathed to “his friend and the friend of mankind, General Washington,”—saying so justly, that “if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it”!

Behold the man, to whom Washington himself wrote, for the consolation of his declining strength,—a consolation more precious than all the compliments and distinctions which were ever showered upon him by philosophers or princes,—“If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured, that so long as I retain my memory, you will be recollected with respect, veneration, and affection, by your sincere friend, GEORGE WASHINGTON!”

Other honors may grow cheap; other laurels may fade and wither, other eulogiums may be forgotten, the solid bronze before

us may moulder and crumble, but the man of whom it may be said that he enjoyed the sincere friendship, and secured the respect, veneration, and affection of Washington, has won a title to the world's remembrance which the lapse of ages will only strengthen and brighten.

Behold him, "the sage of antiquity coming back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns," — the wise old man of his own apologue of 1757, discoursing to the multitude of frugality and industry, of temperance and toleration! Behold Poor Richard, — pointing the way to wealth and dealing out his proverbs of wit and wisdom, — that wisdom "which crieth at the gates" and "standeth by the way in the places of the paths," — that wisdom "which dwells with prudence, and finds out knowledge of witty inventions!" Behold him, with that calm, mild, benevolent countenance, never clouded by anger or wrinkled by ill humor, but which beamed ever, as at this instant, with a love for his fellow-beings and "a perpetual desire to be a doer of good" to them all.

Behold him, children of the schools, boys and girls of Boston, bending to bestow the reward of merit upon each one of you that shall strive to improve the inestimable advantages of our noble free schools! Behold him, mechanics and mechanics' apprentices, holding out to you an example of diligence, economy, and virtue, and personifying the triumphant success which may await those who follow it! Behold him, ye that are humblest and poorest in present condition or in future prospect, — lift up your heads and look at the image of a man who rose from nothing, who owed nothing to parentage or patronage, who enjoyed no advantages of early education which are not open — a hundred-fold open — to yourselves, who performed the most menial offices in the business in which his early life was employed, but who lived to stand before kings, and died to leave a name which the world will never forget. Lift up your heads and your hearts with them, and learn a lesson of confidence and courage which shall never again suffer you to despair, — not merely of securing the means of an honest and honorable support for yourselves, but even of doing something worthy of being done for your country and for mankind! Behold him, ye that are highest and most honorable in the world's

regard, judges and senators, governors and presidents, and emulate each other in copying something of the firmness and fidelity, something of the patient endurance and persevering zeal and comprehensive patriotism and imperturbable kind feeling and good nature, of one who was never dizzied by elevation, or debauched by flattery, or soured by disappointment, or daunted by opposition, or corrupted by ambition, and who knew how to stand humbly and happily alike on the lowest round of obscurity, and on the loftiest pinnacle of fame!

Behold him, and listen to him, one and all, citizens, freemen, patriots, friends of liberty and of law, lovers of the Constitution and the Union, as he recalls the services which he gladly performed, and the sacrifices which he generously made, in company with his great associates, in procuring for you those glorious institutions which you are now so richly enjoying! Listen to him, especially, as he repeats through my humble lips, and from the very autograph original which his own aged hand had prepared for the occasion, —listen to him as he pronounces those words of conciliation and true wisdom, to which he first gave utterance sixty-nine years ago this very day, in the convention which was just finishing its labors in framing the Constitution of the United States: —

“Mr. President, I confess that I do not entirely approve this Constitution; but, sir, I am not sure that I shall never approve it. I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. . . . In these sentiments, sir, I agree to this Constitution with all its faults, if they are such. . . . I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better Constitution. . . . The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. . . . On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of this convention, who may still have objections to it, would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument.”

Upon this speech, followed by a distinct motion to that effect, Hamilton and Madison, and Rufus King and Roger Sherman, and the Morrises of Pennsylvania, and the Pinckneys of South Carolina, and the rest of that august assembly, with Washington at their head, on the seventeenth day of September, 1787, subscribed their names to the Constitution under which we live. And Mr. Madison tells us, that whilst the last members were signing it, Dr. Franklin, looking towards the president's chair, at the back of which an image of the sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him, that painters had found it difficult to distinguish in their art a rising from a setting sun. "I have," said he, "often and often in the course of the session, and of the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

Yes, venerated sage, privileged to live on

"Till old experience did attain
To something like prophetic strain," —

yes, that was, indeed, a rising sun, "coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course." And a glorious course he has run, enlightening and illuminating, not our own land only, but every land on the wide surface of the earth, — "and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." God, in his infinite mercy, grant that by no failure of his blessing or of our prayers, of his grace or of our gratitude, of his protection or of our patriotism, that sun may be seen, while it has yet hardly entered on its meridian pathway, shooting madly from its sphere and hastening to go down in blackness or in blood, leaving the world in darkness and freedom in despair! And may the visible presence of the GREAT BOSTONIAN, restored once more to our sight, by something more than a fortunate coincidence, in this hour of our country's peril, serve not merely to ornament our streets, or to commemorate his services, or even to signalize our own gratitude, — but to impress afresh, day by day, and hour by hour, upon the hearts of every man and woman and child who shall gaze upon it, a deeper sense of the value of that

Liberty, that Independence, that Union, and that Constitution, for all of which he was so early, so constant, and so successful a laborer!

Fellow-citizens, the statue which has now received your reiterated acclamations owes its origin to the mechanics of Boston, and especially to the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. Or, if any fortunate word of another may be remembered as having suggested it, that word was uttered in their service, and by one who is proud to be counted among the honorary members of their fraternity. The merchants and business men of our city, members of the learned professions, and great numbers of all classes of the community, came nobly to their aid, and in various sums, large and small, contributed to the cost of the work. Honor and thanks to them all!

But honor and thanks this day, especially, to the gifted native artist,—Richard S. Greenough,—who has so admirably conceived the character, and so exquisitely wrought out the design, committed to him!

Honor, too, to Mr. Ames, and the skilful mechanics of the foundry at Chicopee, by whom it has been so successfully and brilliantly cast! Nor let the Sanborns and Carews be forgotten, by whom the massive granite has been hewn, and the native verd antique so beautifully shaped and polished.

It only remains for me, fellow-citizens, as chairman of the sub-committee under whose immediate direction the statue has been designed and executed,—a service in the discharge of which I acknowledge an especial obligation to the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Mechanic Association, and to Mr. John H. Thorndike and Mr. John Cowdin among its active members;—to those eminent mechanics, inventors, and designers, Blanchard, Tufts, Smith, and Hooper;—to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; to Mr. Prescott, the historian; to Mr. Henry Greenough, the architect, to whom we are indebted for the design of the pedestal;—to Mr. Thomas G. Appleton and Mr. Epes Sargent, cherished friends of art and of artists, one of them absent to-day, but not forgotten; to Edward Everett and Jared Sparks,

whose names are so honorably and indissolubly associated with the noblest illustration of both Franklin and Washington; to David Sears, among the living, and to Abbott Lawrence, among the lamented dead, whose liberal and enlightened patronage of every good work will be always fresh in the remembrance of every true Bostonian; — it only remains for me, as the organ of a committee thus composed and thus aided, to deliver up the finished work to my excellent friend, Mr. Frederic W. Lincoln, Jr., who, as Chairman of the General Committee, — after the ode of welcome, written by our Boston printer-poet, James T. Fields, shall have been sung by the children of the schools, — will designate the disposition of the statue which has been finally agreed upon in behalf of the subscribers.

Sir, to you, as President of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and as Chairman, ex-officio, of the Committee of Fifty appointed under their auspices, — yourself, I am glad at this hour to remember, a direct and worthy descendant of that patriot mechanic of the revolution, PAUL REVERE — I now present the work which your association intrusted to our charge, — hoping that it may not be counted unworthy to commemorate the great forerunner and exemplar of those intelligent and patriotic Boston mechanics, who have been for so many years among the proudest ornaments and best defenders of our beloved city, and to whom we so confidently look, not merely to promote and build up its material interests, but to sustain and advance its moral, religious, charitable, and civil institutions, in all time to come!

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

I.

SPEECH AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE "BOSTON TEA-PARTY," IN FANEUIL HALL, DECEMBER 16, 1873, IN REPLY TO A COMPLIMENTARY CALL FROM HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE OCCASION.

I THANK you, Mr. President, for the kindness of your allusions both to the living and to the dead. There is certainly no blood in my veins which I prize more highly to-day than the old Huguenot blood of James Bowdoin, — the friend of Washington and Franklin, of Samuel Adams and John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., — and who co-operated with them all in the great work of American independence. Nor would I willingly forget my somewhat more remote relationship to that John Winthrop, the eminent Professor of Natural Philosophy at Harvard College for forty years, who, while he so eagerly observed a comet, or an earthquake, or a transit of Mercury, did not fail to keep a sharp look-out upon the political sky also, and counted no eclipse of sun, or moon, or stars, so important to be watched and noted as the faintest approach to an eclipse of liberty. I thank you again, sir, for calling on me in connection with such names and such men, — both of whom had the honor to be dismissed from the council board of Massachusetts in 1775, by an arbitrary provincial governor, as unsuited to his purposes, and uncompromisingly hostile to his policy.

But I may be pardoned, I trust, to-day, for saying what little more I have to say here, in no representative capacity, and by no mere right of inheritance, but simply as one who claims the birthright of a Bostonian. And let me assure you at the outset, ladies and gentlemen, that I rejoice to understand that only brief speeches are to be expected here from any one. That

was, indeed, distinctly impressed on the complimentary card of admission with which I was favored ; for while your ingenious artist has portrayed a very large and capacious tea-pot, — big enough to hold ship and cargo, tea-chests, Mohawks and all, — he has plainly indicated a very short *spout*.

Seriously, my friends, I was most highly honored in being selected by the ladies as one of the minute-men, or five-minutes-men, of this occasion ; and I am only afraid that I have used so much of my time in the preamble that there will be none left for the peroration, to say nothing of the staple thread of my discourse. But indeed you desire no discourse. You have not come here this afternoon to listen to elaborate details of what was said or done in Boston just a hundred years ago to-day. Those details are all familiar to you. That rainy, winter morning ; those countless multitudes from all parts of the town, and of the neighboring towns, thronging to the Old South ; the consultations with the consignees ; the message to Governor Hutchinson, at Milton ; the wise and eloquent words of Quincy ; the unanimous vote, at half-past four, that the tea should not be landed ; the stern and repulsive answer of the Governor — reported and listened to by dimly-burning candles — at six ; the final word of Samuel Adams, “ This meeting can do nothing more to save the country ; ” the war-whoop at the door ; the response from the galleries ; the rush of the Mohawks to Griffin’s Wharf ; the boarding of the vessels ; the drowning of the tea ; the dispersion of the crowd, and the quiet night which followed, — who can add a fact or a figure, a light or a shade, to a picture already so indelibly engraved on the pages of history, and even more deeply imprinted in all our memories and in all our hearts ? You have not assembled here to be told what you know so well, and remember so vividly.

Nor are we here to-day, I am sure, to renew our accusations or revive our resentments against provincial governors, or British parliaments or ministries. The presence and participation of the ladies would alone be a sufficient pledge that we are here in no spirit of animosity or bitterness toward anybody. We delight to remember Old England this day and every day as our mother-country ; and we thank God that she, of all the nations

of the earth, was our mother-country. No other mother could have produced such children. It was from her history and her example that we imbibed those great lessons of freedom which led to independence. From the days when the Barons at Runnymede extorted the great charter from King John, her history was the history of advancing freedom. When John Hampden so heroically resisted the forced loans and the ship-money of Charles I., he pointed the way for James Otis and Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams to resist the stamp act and the tea tax of George III.

No, no, my friends; we have not come to Faneuil Hall to-day to arraign or reproach any one — whether tyrants abroad or Tories at home — for measures which, as we look back upon them now, in the calm, clear light of history, and in the reverent recognition and grateful acknowledgment of an overruling God, seem almost to have been providentially arranged and designed to rouse up the American colonies to assert and maintain their rights as freemen and their independence as a nation. How slowly the evolution of our great Republic might have gone on, how the grand development of constitutional liberty and union might have lagged and dragged, but for the persistent madness of Hillsborough and Dartmouth and Lord North, to say nothing of their Royal Master, on the other side of the ocean, and of Bernard and Hutchinson and Gage, on this side! I think we may well afford to recall all their memories without infusing a particle of bitterness in our cup of tea this evening.

Once more, my friends, — and I will detain you but little longer, — we are not here to-day, I think, to glory over a mere act of violence, or a merely successful destruction of property, however obnoxious that property may have been. “Liberty and law” is, now and ever, the fundamental principle of our American institutions. And there can be no secure liberty without law. Irresponsible and irrepressible resistances to authority must always be, I suppose, — as they always have been, — the beginning of revolutionary movements. But now that a free, constitutional government has existed and prospered in our land for more than three-quarters of a century, the very last lesson we would even run the risk of teaching our children, or of teach-

ing anybody, at home or abroad, is that any thing but evil and mischief and wrong is to be accomplished by a resort to lawless violence.

But let it never be forgotten that the destruction of the tea was no part of the original purpose of the Boston patriots. They endeavored in every way to avoid the possibility of such a necessity, or even of such a temptation. They besought the consignees, they implored the governor, that it should not be landed; that it should be sent safely back where it came from. But when the British Parliament had resolved that taxation "in all cases whatsoever," and taxation without a shadow of representation, should be enforced and submitted to, and had sent over these particular tea-chests to test that issue, it became a simple question, which should go under, British tea or American liberty. We all know which did go under, and which remains uppermost, erect and triumphant; and we are here to-day to thank God that it was so, and to honor our fathers for standing fast and firm, at every hazard, in defence of the great right of representation.

We know not exactly who prompted the precise mode of proceeding, or whether any of the patriot leaders of the day, disguised or undisguised, had a hand in the act. It seemed to have been performed by a spontaneous rising of the young blood of the town, from the workshops and the printing-offices of men like Benjamin Edes and Paul Revere, to whom we owed so much in the later stages of the Revolution. They knew how to do what they undertook to do without boasting or blustering, or even revealing their names, and to go quietly home after it was over, with the all-sufficient satisfaction of feeling that the tea was at least beyond the reach of the tax-gatherer, and that the question of paying duties in all cases whatsoever, or in any case whatsoever, was settled, finally and for ever. They did the deed, and let the glory go.

But there was hardly an act ever performed by human hands which produced more immediate or more permanent results; and from it may fairly be dated the practical beginning of the struggle for independence. From that moment might have been seen written on every patriot brow the maxim of John

Hampden, "No steps backward." An angry and avenging spirit was not unnaturally aroused in the British Parliament; and blow after blow — port bills and military bills, and I know not what all — came pouring down upon our devoted town. But every blow struck out a new spark, and every spark kindled a fresh flame, not merely in Massachusetts, but in every colony on the continent. New York and Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas, and all the rest, were heard declaring at once and together that "the cause of Boston was the cause of all;" and all eagerly united in supporting and vindicating that cause.

Yes, my friends, from those scattered tea-leaves — not on the bottom of cup or saucer, after the fashion of the old itinerant fortune-tellers, whom some of us remember, but strewed along the sands of yonder shore — might have been foreseen and foretold the rising fortunes of our country, as they have since been so gloriously unfolded. That illustrious philosopher, — Agassiz, — who has done so much more than all other men to give an impulse to scientific study and research in our day and land, and whose death — I hardly dare trust myself to speak of him as dead — whose unspeakable loss is, at this very hour, casting so profound a gloom over the whole scientific world, as well as over the wide social sphere of which he has so long been the joy and the pride, has taught us by precept and by example the importance of dredging the bottom of the ocean for ascertaining the structure of the earth, as well as for discovering the deposits and contents of the mighty deep. The historical inquirer may confine himself to a narrower field. He needs only to dredge our little Boston Bay to ascertain the primary elements of our great struggle for freedom. A single tea-leaf, if it could be plucked up from the huge mass which furnished strange food for the fishes, at Griffin's wharf, a hundred years ago, — one fossilized tea-leaf, if it could be found, would furnish him an ample clue to the whole story.

"Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?" is said to have been the exclamation of one of the Liberty Boys, at some stage of the discussions at the Old South. I am not aware that the experiment of such a mixture was ever tried before, or ever has been since; and the result in this particular case may

have been somewhat exceptional. I should hardly venture to recommend another such trial to the British East India Company, or even to the Boston Oriental Company. But certain it is that those three hundred and forty-two chests of Bohea, or Hyson, or Souchong, or Imperial Gunpowder, or whatever they were, thoroughly soaked and saturated with iced salt water, have produced a wider, a more wholesome, and a more enduring inspiration in men and in women, wherever there was a head or a heart to be inspired for any cause of human rights, than the whole crop of the Celestial Empire from that day to this, — even though it were steeped in urns of silver or gold, and poured into porcelain of Sévres or Dresden, and every cup served out by hands as fair as those which are so kindly and gracefully ministering it to us at this moment!

Mr. President, my time is more than up. Pardon me for a word, and but a word more. You, Sir, have been doing a good service of late for our city and State, if I mistake not, as the head of our harbor commissioners. There has been much to be done in the way of improving and preserving the channels, and in preventing nature and art from conspiring successfully together to bring about what the British Parliament once tried so vainly to effect, — the shutting-up of the port of Boston. You will accomplish, I hope and trust, all which you may attempt, and the good wishes of us all will go with you in your work. But there is one thing which you will never attempt, and never accomplish, if you should attempt it. You can never obliterate the tracks and traditions of the 16th of December, 1773. You can never alter the current or divert the channel of history. Your sea-walls and breakwaters may do any thing and every thing but that. “You may break, you may shatter,” — no; let me never admit that idea, but let me paraphrase the well-remembered lines of the charming Irish songster: —

“You may narrow or widen the port, if you will,
But the scent of the *tea-leaves* will hang round it still!”

II.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, HELD IN THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY, AT THE HOUSE OF REV. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

WE are here, Gentlemen, at the invitation of our valued associate, Mr. Waterston, to spend a social evening in recalling the events which have rendered this anniversary so conspicuous in our Colonial history. Some of us have been at Faneuil Hall this afternoon, to take a commemorative cup of tea with the ladies of Boston, and to give brief expression to the feelings which the place and the day could not fail to excite in the hearts of all who were assembled there. Under this quiet domestic roof, we are privileged to indulge in calmer reflections on what occurred just a hundred years ago, and to contribute, as any of us may be able, in the most informal and colloquial manner, such historical statements or facts as may befit the sober records of our Society, and such contemporaneous accounts and traditions as may serve to illustrate the spirit or the conduct of those who took part in the memorable transactions of the 16th of December, 1773.

At the meeting at Faneuil Hall, this afternoon, the chair, as you all know, was assigned to a grandson of the "Josiah Quincy, Junior," of our early Revolutionary period. We meet to-night under the roof of a grand-daughter of the same distinguished patriot. And I cannot refrain from giving expression, at the outset, to what seems to me the eminent appropriateness that the family name of the young Quincy of 1773 should be thus distinctly associated with these observances. We cannot look back upon the history of that period without remembering how soon and how sadly his name was to disappear from the rolls of the living, and to be lost to every thing except the grateful and affectionate memories of his fellow-countrymen.

Of the leading men of the Revolution whom Massachusetts is privileged and proud to claim as her children, the larger number lived to reap the rewards of their labors and sacrifices, in greater

or less measure, after the struggle was ended and the victory won. I will say nothing of Franklin, in this connection, as the glories of his mature life belong to Pennsylvania. And James Otis, it is true, the great orator of the earlier days of the Stamp Act, — that “flame of fire,” as John Adams called him, against “Writs of Assistance,” — had been the subject of a base assault some years before the event we commemorate; and had been compelled by disability to retire from the public service, and to await, in a condition worse than death, that merciful stroke of fire from Heaven which at last released him to his rest. There is said to have been a glimpse of him at Bunker Hill. His presence there, however, was only the shadow of a name, whose place in American history, and in American hearts, had been already and unchangeably fixed.

But, for the others, great opportunities and great achievements were still in the future. John Hancock lived to write his name where all the world should read it to the end of time, as President of the Congress of Independence, and the first signer of the Declaration; and afterwards to be the first Governor of our Commonwealth under its established constitution. John Adams lived not only to be the Colossus of Independence on the floor of Congress, but to be the first American Minister to England, and afterwards Vice-President and President of the United States. Samuel Adams, the foremost man of all, perhaps, at the period of which we are speaking, lived to be a leader in the Congress of the Declaration, and did not die without the highest honors of his native State; while if he failed to receive all the consideration to which he was entitled in his lifetime, it has been more than made up, for his posthumous and permanent fame, by the statue of him which Massachusetts has so recently ordered to be sent to Washington, as one of her two representative characters in the gallery of the Capitol. James Bowdoin, older than almost any of them, many years older than any except Samuel Adams, and upon whose feeble constitution the infirmities of age came early and heavily, lived to preside over the convention which framed our State Constitution, as well as to take a prominent part in the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution; and, as Governor of Massachusetts, to

conduct the State with distinguished wisdom and safety through the perilous period of Shays's Rebellion. Even Warren, who played no second part in 1773, was spared for two years longer, to die a death more glorious, as far as historical fame is concerned, than any life, and to be associated for ever with the great events at Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill. When the Centennial Anniversary of those events arrives, his name, we all know, — with that of the gallant Colonel Prescott, — will have its rightful pre-eminence.

But when Josiah Quincy, Jr., at the early age of twenty-nine, made that brilliant speech in the Old South Meeting-house, one hundred years ago to-day, — the last formal speech made by any one before the destruction of the tea was consummated, — his career was rapidly approaching its close. The fever flush was already on his cheek. An admirable and masterly pamphlet remained to be written by him, and many other powerful contributions to the newspaper press. But a voyage to England was soon rendered necessary by his failing health, and from that voyage he only returned to die within sight of his native shores on the 26th of April, 1775, — seven days only after the fight at Lexington, of which he could never have heard; twenty days only before the battle of Bunker Hill, when Warren, the friend whom he so much yearned to see, was to follow him to the skies.

Am I not right, then, in speaking of the peculiar fitness, that the name of one who was thus so soon to be cut off from all part or lot in the other great days of that struggle for liberty, for which, young as he was, he had done so much to prepare the way, should be recalled with special distinctness, and with special distinction, on this first commemoration of our grand centennial era?

I have here the original draft of a letter from James Bowdoin, in his own hand, to Benjamin Franklin, then in London, which may be interesting on this occasion. It is dated Boston, Sept. 6, 1774, after the destruction of the tea had brought upon us the vengeance of the British Parliament in the shape of Port Bills and Army Bills, and contains the following language: "The several Acts of Parliament relative to this town and

province will instamp eternal infamy on the present administration, and 'tis probable that they themselves will soon see the beginning of it. The spirit those Acts have raised throughout the colonies is surprising. It was not propagated from colony to colony, but burst forth in all of them spontaneously, as soon as the Acts were known; and there is reason to hope it will be productive of an Union that will work out the salvation of the whole. The Congress now holding at Philadelphia, which was intended to effect such an Union, it is earnestly wished may be the means of establishing, on a just and constitutional basis, a lasting harmony between Britain and the colonies." "*Pro aris et focis*, our all is at stake,' is the general cry," he continues, "throughout the country. Of this I have been in some measure a witness, having these two months past been journeying about the province with Mrs. Bowdoin on account of her health, the bad state of which has prevented my attending the Congress, for which the General Assembly thought proper to appoint me one of their Committee."

The main interest of this letter, however, in connection with what I have been saying, is in the fact, that it was a letter introducing Josiah Quincy, Jr., to Benjamin Franklin, and borne by him across the Atlantic in that voyage from which he was not to return alive.

"It is needless," says Bowdoin, "to enlarge on the subject of American affairs, as the worthy and ingenious gentleman, Mr. Josiah Quincy, Junior, of distinguished abilities in the profession of law, who does me the favor to take charge of this letter, can give you the fullest information concerning them, and his information may be depended on. To him I beg leave to refer you, and at the same time take the liberty to recommend him to your friendship and acquaintance."

The "acquaintance and friendship" of Franklin! Who does not envy those who were privileged to enjoy them, as the young Quincy so eminently did? But hardly less might one envy the appreciation which Quincy soon won from Franklin. "His coming over," says the Great Bostonian, in a letter to Quincy's father, "has been of great service to our cause, and would have been much greater if his constitution would have borne the

fatigues of being more frequently in company ;” while in a later letter, after the death of the young patriot, he says : “ The notes of the speeches taken by your son, whose loss I shall ever deplore with you, are exceedingly valuable, as being by much the best account preserved of that day’s debate.”

And may I not say that if Josiah Quincy, Jr., had left no other fruit of his visit to England than his grand report of the noble speech of Lord Chatham on American Affairs, on the 20th of January, 1775, he would have entitled himself to the endless gratitude of every admirer of eloquence, and of every friend of freedom ?

But I cannot conclude these introductory remarks without a more distinct reference to the speech of Quincy himself, at the Old South, a hundred years ago to-day. Only a short paragraph of that speech has ever been found in print, and I know not that any thing more of it is to be found anywhere. That paragraph contains an eloquent and noble plea for moderation. He was evidently, I think, inclined to hold back his native town from plunging precipitately into a struggle which he knew must come, but for which the country at large might not yet be ready. He loved liberty so well and so wisely, that he was reluctant, I think, to have the sacredness and the lustre of its cause in the slightest degree dimmed or tarnished by any outbreak of irresponsible or lawless violence. Accordingly, in his masterly “ Observations on the Boston Port Bill,” a few months afterwards, he vindicates the town from the charges of riot and disorder. He maintains that “ Boston had, as a town, cautiously and wisely conducted itself ; not only without tumult, but with studied regard to established law.” He alludes to the very last town-meeting before the proceeding which we commemorate, and to what he calls “ the mere temporary events which took place in Boston in the matter of the tea,” as having occurred “ without any illegal procedure of the town ;” and he challenges “ the greatest enemy of the country ” to “ point out any one step of the town of Boston, in the progress of this matter, that was tumultuous, disorderly, and against law.”

It is thus, I think, rather with the great principles of freedom which led to the destruction of the tea, than with the act

itself, that his name is ever to be associated ; and, in the clear, calm light of history, it will never be less honored on that account. That volunteer band of Liberty-Boys, in the disguise of Mohawks, performed their work "better than they knew," — averting contingencies which must have caused immediate bloodshed, and accomplishing results of the greatest importance to the American cause. But Quincy was right in claiming that it was not the act of Boston, as a town ; that the people, or a part of the people, took matters into their own hands on that occasion ; and that, while the act was exactly what might have been expected under the circumstances, and had actually been predicted, it was one which the truest and most ardent friends of freedom, as our associate, Mr. Frothingham, has justly said, "would have gladly avoided," if they could have done so without sacrificing the best hopes of their country.

But, Gentlemen, Mr. Frothingham, the Historian of all this period, is with us to-night ; and I will not detain you a moment longer from the statement which, at our request, he has kindly prepared for this occasion. For, indeed, all the rest of the acts of the Tea Party, all that they did, and all the great results to which their proceedings directly and indirectly led, — are they not written in the Chronicles of the "Siege of Boston," and the "Life of Warren," and the "History of the Rise of the Republic" ? Let me, then, call upon the author of these works without further delay.

MASSACHUSETTS IN 1775.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF A MONUMENT, ERECTED BY ORDER OF THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO ISAAC DAVIS, ABNER HOSMER, AND JAMES HAYWARD, AT ACTON, OCTOBER 29, 1851.

[In reply to a complimentary call from the President of the day, Rev. JAMES T. WOODBURY.]

I COULD have wished, Mr. President, that this call might have been postponed to a later period of the festival, or that, at least, I might have been spared from attempting to speak, until the clatter of plates within, and the noise of drums without, had in some measure subsided. But I suppose that one who has just looked on the bones of Isaac Davis, must not permit himself to shrink from any service which may be assigned him. And indeed, Sir, I am deeply indebted to your Committee of Arrangements for the privilege of being present at all on this occasion, and for the opportunity they have afforded me of witnessing the impressive ceremonies of this morning, and of listening to the instructive and eloquent address of His Excellency the Governor.

Sir, we have had many celebrations and jubilees of late in this part of the country, and it has been my fortune to be present at not a few of them. But, though comparisons are sometimes odious, I can safely and sincerely say that there has been none, none among them all, which has seemed to me so peculiarly congenial to the spirit of our republican institutions, so eminently characteristic of the American people and of American principles, as that in which we are now engaged.

We are here, Mr. President, for what? Not to inaugurate the opening of some magnificent highway of internal commu-

nication ; not to display the rich trophies of agricultural or horticultural industry and skill ; not to celebrate the almost miraculous triumphs of modern mechanic art and invention ; not to offer the homage of our hearts, or the hospitalities of our homes, to some popular Chief Magistrate of our own Republic, or of a neighboring Colony. No, Sir ; no. All these things have been attended to elsewhere. In the crowded cities, in the larger towns, they have been done, and well done. And it was fit they should be done ; and many of them have been attended with a more costly ceremonial, with a more gorgeous pageant, with more of outside pomp and circumstance, than have been witnessed on this occasion.

But these are not the objects which have broken the ordinary stillness of this quiet, rural neighborhood. These are not the objects which have summoned to this retired spot such masses of the people of Middlesex, and of Massachusetts generally, in all their various capacities of Magistrate, and citizen, and citizen-soldier, and which have engaged and engrossed all our minds and all our hearts to-day. Not for the present, not for the living, not for those who are, or ever have been, high in place, exalted in rank, powerful in influence, have these memorials been prepared, and these libations poured out. We have assembled, on the contrary, to pay a grateful, though a tardy tribute, to the memory of three humble citizens of one of the smallest towns in the State, two of them privates in a militia company, and the third with no higher title than that of a captain, whose simple story is that they laid down their lives, seventy-six years ago, in defence of American Liberty.

I need not say, Sir, that such an example of rendering honor to the memory of the humblest officers and the common soldiers of our Revolutionary Militia, is in beautiful harmony with the spirit of republican equality which pervades our institutions, and is better calculated than all the bounties and *bonuses* and land scrip, which can be voted by the most liberal or the most prodigal Congress, to raise up defenders for those institutions, — where alone they must be looked for in time of need, — among the rank and file of the people. It gives an assurance which will not be forgotten, that, however it may be in the country

churchyards of the old world, the "village Hampdens" and village Heroes of our own land will never want a stone to mark their grave, or an inscription to tell the tale of their prowess and their patriotism.

But it would be quite unjust, Mr. President, to limit the intention of this occasion to the precise object which has given rise to it. It has a larger and more comprehensive scope. We are here to commemorate, and to commend afresh to the admiration and imitation of our children, the patriotism and valor and self-devotion of the whole people of Massachusetts in 1775 — of all her citizens and of all her soldiers — militia-men, minute-men, and volunteers — as exemplified and illustrated on the 19th of April, in the persons of three of their number, to whom so early and so glorious a crown of martyrdom was assigned.

Let me not seem to disparage the individual heroism of Isaac Davis, Abner Hosmer, and James Hayward. Their names are upon yonder granite; they are upon the scroll of history; they are uppermost to-day upon the tablets of all our hearts. Few instances could be selected from the whole range of our Revolutionary records, of greater bravery and daring than those of these three noble men of Acton. But let us not forget the full force and import of that memorable exclamation of the gallant Davis himself, — "I have n't a man that's afraid to go." Sir, that was a generous and a just exclamation. It was true, not only of his own Acton Company, which led the way so gallantly down to the old North Bridge, but it was true of the great mass of the common soldiers and of the common people of the State, whether in town or country, in cities or in villages. Everywhere, in every county and district alike, throughout the whole length and breadth of the State, there was found the same resolute determination to resist the tyranny of the mother country, even unto death.

There were different manifestations of this spirit in different localities, and different individuals enjoyed different opportunities of displaying it. In Boston, it exhibited itself in words and deeds of defiance towards Commissioners of Stamps and Commissioners of Customs, towards royal Governors and a

hireling garrison. There was Faneuil Hall. There was the Old South. There was the Green Dragon. There was the Liberty Tree. There was the Tea Party. There were Otis, and Quincy, and Hancock, and Adams. There American Liberty was born and cradled.

In Salem, it displayed itself in the brave, though bloodless resistance, offered to Colonel Leslie and the British troops, by Colonel Pickering and the minute-men of that region, on that memorable Sabbath afternoon, February 26, 1775; — a resistance which almost made the North Bridge of Essex as famous in our annals, as the North Bridge of Middlesex. There, as was said by the British journals at the time, the Americans first “hoisted the standard of Liberty.”

In Lexington and Concord, it manifested itself on the 19th day of April, in a sterner form and in less doubtful colors. There the first blood was shed.

At Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June, it assumed a still sterner and fiercer front. There was the first challenge, the first defiance, the first intrenchment, the first general engagement with the British forces. There Prescott and Putnam fought, and Warren fell.

And, lastly, at Dorchester Heights, on the 17th of March, 1776, it presented itself in the more welcome shape of a vigorous and masterly movement, which settled the question of Liberty once and for all, so far as Massachusetts soil was concerned, and made it free soil forever! There was the first success of Washington and the American cause, under the Union Flag.

Thus, Mr. President, in all these different localities of the Old Bay State, something was done first; the first word, the first blow, the first blood, the first redoubt, the first triumph. Each vied with the other in acts of heroism. Deep called unto deep, valley responded to valley, plain to plain, hill-top to hill-top. There were diversities of operations, but the same spirit; the same calm, deliberate, fearless, unchangeable, and unconquerable spirit, of which the Acton Martyrs furnished so noble a type. In 1805, I think, Nelson's last signal at Trafalgar was, “England expects every man to do his duty.” But thirty years before that, in New England, every man *did* his duty. On that

day, Massachusetts, certainly, might have said of her citizen soldiers, what your own Davis said of his company, "I have n't a man that 's afraid to go." No, nor a woman, nor a child; for the spirit of Liberty pervaded all ages and sexes, and the patriot mothers of Massachusetts were alternately occupied in furnishing food and clothing for their husbands in the field, and in educating their children at home to a hatred of tyranny and oppression, and to an admiration of those who fought and bled in resisting it.

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

And then "the old man eloquent" proceeded to read to me, so far as it was finished, one of the most interesting letters I ever read or heard in my life. It was a letter of autobiography, in which he described his parentage and early life, and in which he particularly alluded to the sources from which he derived his jealousy of Great Britain, and his readiness to resist her,

even unto blood, whenever he thought that she was encroaching on American rights. He said that he was old enough in 1775, to understand what his father was about in those days, and he described the lessons which his mother taught him, during his father's absence in attending the Congress of Independence. Every day, he said, after saying his prayers to God, he was required to repeat those exquisite stanzas of Collins, which he had carefully transcribed in his letter, and which he recited to me with an expression and an energy which I shall never forget, — the tears coursing down his cheeks, and his voice, every now and then, choked with emotion: —

“How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

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

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

Such, Sir, was the education of at least one of our Massachusetts children at that day. And though I do not suppose that all the mothers of 1775 were like Mrs. Adams, yet the great majority of them, we all know, had as much piety and patriot-

ism, if not as much poetry, in their composition, and their children were brought up at once in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and of Liberty.

Indeed, Sir, I have at my side, at this instant, a living illustration of the fact. Here is my venerable friend, Dr. Walton, of Pepperell, who has come over here to celebrate his eighty-first birthday, and who has just told me, that on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, he was employed at his father's house in Cambridge — being then about five years old — in pouring powder into cartridges for the American soldiers.*

And as it was in Massachusetts, Sir, so was it throughout all the other colonies. When Joseph Hawley's declaration — "We must fight" — (for it was from old Hampshire that this exclamation first came) — was communicated to Patrick Henry of Virginia, he instantly replied, as you all remember, with a solemn appeal to Heaven, "I am of that man's mind." And when the admirable Laurens, of South Carolina, just after his own release from a cruel confinement in the Tower of London, heard that his gallant and glorious son, after receiving the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, had fallen in a skirmish with the enemy, his more than Spartan language was, "I thank God I had a son who dared to die for his country."

So truly did Joseph Warren write to Josiah Quincy in 1774, — "I am convinced that the true spirit of Liberty was never so universally diffused through all ranks and orders of people in any country on the face of the earth, as it is now through all North America."

This, Mr. President, is the spirit which we this day commemorate; a spirit, not local, not sectional, but which, by the help of God, made the thirteen Colonies independent of Great Britain, and gave political being to the United States of America.

And now, Sir, let us not merely commemorate this spirit, as exhibited by our fathers. Let us cherish it in our hearts, and display it in our own lives, or, if need be, in our own deaths. Let the monuments which we have erected here or elsewhere, be not only tributes to the dead, but pledges, sacred pledges, on the part of the living. Our fathers have left monuments for

* Here Dr. Walton rose, and received the greetings of the whole company.

themselves, far more commensurate to their deeds and to their deserts, than any which we can build, — in the institutions which they have founded, in the States and in the Nation at large. Our common schools, our churches, our constitutions, State and National, our beloved Union, — these are their monuments.

Let it be ours to keep them always in repair, always standing erect and unshaken, a tower and a castle for ourselves and our children, a refuge for the oppressed, whether flying from an Austrian or an Australian prison, and a beacon for the friends of Liberty throughout the earth. May History never record — and here I borrow the words of Fisher Ames, and I offer them as the sentiment with which to conclude my remarks, —

May History never record of the Institutions of our Country, “that they were formed with too much wisdom to be valued, and required too much virtue to be maintained!”

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATIONS

AT

LEXINGTON AND BUNKER HILL.

DEPRIVED of the opportunity of participating in the celebrations of the 19th of April and 17th of June, by unavoidable absence in Europe, I may be pardoned for closing this little volume with two letters, which, however unimportant in themselves, may serve to show that I was not unmindful of those grand occasions, or absent from them without regret. They are copied here from the Lexington and Bunker Hill Memorials:

I.

ROME, March 17, 1875.

Gentlemen, — I dare not longer delay an acknowledgment of your most obliging communication. It reached me when I was just quitting the quiet retreat on the shores of the Mediterranean to which I had resorted, during the early winter, for the health of one of my family.

It renewed, I need hardly say, the deep regrets which I had already expressed to my valued and venerable friend, your chairman, that unavoidable absence from home and country would deprive me of the privilege of taking part in your great Centennial Celebration of the 19th of April.

I thank you sincerely, gentlemen, for counting me worthy to be remembered again, at so great a distance, in a foreign land, among those whom you would be pleased to welcome to your festive board. The occasion is one full of interest and attraction for every American heart; and your programme gives promise of a celebration from which no one would willingly be absent.

Most gladly would I have paid my humble tribute to the memory of the men who perilled their lives, and poured out the first blood, in the cause of American liberty. Even here, where

I am surrounded with the monuments of so many grand and heroic acts, and where so large a part of the history of the Old World is written on the magnificent ruins which confront me on every side, I turn to Lexington and Concord for examples of deliberate valor in a just cause, which are not surpassed by any thing of Greek or Roman fame.

Here, too, where so many of the earlier local glories are merely legendary, and where, through the relentless investigations of modern archæologists and antiquaries, so many of the most cherished and charming legends are fast fading into fables, I cannot but appreciate, more highly than ever before, the value of our own authentic records, and rejoice, with a new fervor, that there is nothing of uncertain tradition or doubtful testimony about the glory of your village heroes.

It seems but yesterday, but you will know how much less than half a century ago it was, that, after following their hallowed remains from the humble graves in which they had originally reposed, to the vault beneath the monument where they now rest, I was listening to their story with all its thrilling incidents, as it fell from the lips of one who told it as no other man could tell it. And, if any detail of the day and its events were omitted by Edward Everett, it has been more than supplied in the admirable town history of your chairman, to whose fidelity and ability I was so long a witness, both in the Legislature of Massachusetts and in the Congress of the United States.

The annals of Lexington, and of the men who have made its name famous forever, are indeed safe; and the lapse of ages can only increase the veneration in which the memories of those men are held by the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

For ourselves, who have inherited the freedom which was purchased for us at so great a price, we can never be too grateful either to the men who planted our colonies, or to those who achieved their independence. Other and later struggles and triumphs, however important, must never be suffered to blind us to the magnitude of those which crowd the early pages of our colonial and national history. Writing at this moment from an apartment which overhangs the site of the old gardens of Sallust, the words which that great historian puts into the mouth of

Cæsar, and which were familiar to me as a school-boy, come back with renewed vividness, and find fresh illustration and force in events at home which have recently filled so many hearts with apprehension: —

“Profectò virtus atque sapientia major in illis fuit, qui ex parvis opibus tantum imperium fecère, quam in nobis, qui ea bene parta vix retinemus.”

Let me not seem, however, to imply a doubt, even under the cover of a dead language, that we shall still hold fast and forever to the union and liberty which were won for us by the wisdom and valor of our fathers. This very Centennial Period comes round most opportunely for recalling the whole people of the country from divisions, contentions, and estrangements which have too long poisoned our peace, and for fixing their minds and hearts once more on the common glories which belong to them as a nation, and on the great first principles which were contended for so nobly on every battle-field of the Revolution.

Let us, then, pay to the heroes of those battle-fields the full honor which belongs to them, beginning at Lexington and Concord, and ending only with Cowpens, and Eutaw Springs, and Yorktown. The memory and example of our fathers may thus do almost as much in these latter days in helping us to uphold and maintain our free institutions, as their wisdom and valor did, a hundred years ago, in founding and establishing them.

Once more thanking you for your most friendly and flattering invitation, and with sincere wishes for the success of your celebration,

I am, gentlemen, your obliged fellow-citizen,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

HON. CHARLES HUDSON,

M. H. MERRIAM,

WILLIAM H. MUNROE,

Esquires,

Committee of Invitation.

II.

PARIS, May 17, 1875.

DEAR MR. WARREN, — I have not forgotten my promise to write to you before the great Centennial, over which you are privileged to preside, just a month hence.

And where could I write more appropriately, in regard to any thing which concerns our Revolutionary struggle, than here, in the capital of France, to whose generous aid we owed so much of our final success, — now a Republic herself, our younger sister!

I cannot but recall, too, how greatly the presence of the noble-hearted Lafayette contributed to the interest of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Bunker Hill. I can hardly realize that fifty years have passed away since I saw him in the throng of that great celebration, “the observed of all observers,” and listened to the incomparable eloquence of Webster in addressing him.

Of all the omissions with which we are chargeable, in the way of commemoration, I know of none which calls more emphatically for reparation, at this Centennial Period, than the omission to place a statue of Lafayette in some one of the public squares or halls of Boston. Such a statue might well be seen by the side of Washington in the State House, or by the side of Warren at Bunker Hill, or by the side of Franklin in front of the City Hall.

Agreeably to your request, that, as one of the vice-presidents of our Association, I would invite some appropriate guests to our Centennial festival, I called on one of the grandsons of Lafayette, a few days ago, and assured him how peculiarly welcome would be the presence, on the occasion, of one bearing the name and blood of the great and good Marquis. I fear, however, that it will not be in the power of any of the family to leave France for such a purpose.

I have also found an opportunity to express to M. Thiers, the veteran historian and statesman, — the first President of the existing French republic, — how cordially and enthusiastically he would be received at Bunker Hill, and everywhere else, dur-

ing our Centennial Period. I dare not encourage a hope that he can be induced to cross the Atlantic, though our worthy minister, Mr. Washburne, in whose company I recently dined with M. Thiers, loses no occasion of urging him to make the effort.

The new volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, which I have been reading of late, brings freshly to mind our indebtedness to France; and my accomplished friend, Count Adolphe de Circourt, who is preparing a translation of Bancroft's volume into French, will accompany it with documents, never before printed, which will throw new light on that memorable Alliance of 1778.

But I must not trespass longer on your indulgence. You know already how deeply I regret being absent from your great celebration; and I need not repeat what I have said in previous letters. Let me only offer to the Association, and to yourself, my best wishes for the brilliant success of the occasion, and my ardent hope that the influence of all that is said and done at Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June, 1875, may be as effective for the harmony and union of our beloved country, as were the acts and suffering of our fathers, on that consecrated height, a hundred years ago.

Believe me, dear Mr. President,

Very faithfully yours,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Hon. GEO. WASHINGTON WARREN,
President B. H. M. Association.