THE

EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE:

BEING A FULL REPORT OF THE

EVENTS OF THE DAY

IN THE

CITY OF BOSTON,

TOGETHER WITH THE REVISED ORATIONS OF RUFUS CHOATE AND JOHN S. HOLMES, AND THE SPEECHES AT THE FANEUIL HALL AND REVERE HOUSE BANQUETS.

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EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Eighty-second Anniversary of American Independence was observed with more than the usual spirit and splendor. Of crowd, bustle and clamor, there was much the same excess as at any time the past ten years; but the entertainments provided for the public amusement and edification were far superior to any ever before prepared. There were the eloquent orations of Messrs. Holmes and Choate, and their attendant events of interest; there were sports for the children and mammoth concerts for all,—two features hitherto unknown and capable of being vastly improved upon; there was a regatta—in any form comparatively a novelty—surpassing any preceding exhibition of the kind. The other displays—fireworks, processions, balloon ascensions, &c., &c., all passed off with admirable effect. The city was crowded with a larger host, perhaps, than has ever before gathered within its walls, and most happily, the joyous freedom of the day, which was bright, and clear, and mild, as if specially prearranged by contract, was marred by no disturbing tumults, no perceptible prevalence of drunkenness, no accidents, excepting two or three of slight account, which might have occurred on any other day. On the whole, the celebration was the most satisfactory in every respect, and the most thoroughly enjoyed, within our recollection. We trust it may ever be equally so.

THE FIRST EXPLOSIVE DEMONSTRATIONS

Were called into life by a midnight alarm of fire, which, not serious in itself, aroused the cheap patriotic sentiment of every fire-eater throughout the city. By one o'clock in the morning the voice of the multitude crying "Sleep no more," had been almost everywhere heard. Tired Nature's sweet restorer stepped out. The combined clatter of gunpowder

variously dispensed, in cracker form, from pistols and from cannon; of tin horns, of drums, of voices mellow with emotions of national pride and so forth; of huge rattles à la watchman, (a new invention of diabolical ingenuity,) of bells and other machinery of mad jubilation, agitated the town for hours before daylight. With the first peep of dawn the flood of strangers began to pour into the city, filling the thoroughfares, clustering in vast masses on the Common and the Parks, and gaily looking forward to the events of the day with high anticipations—perhaps destined to disappointment; it is almost always so. At sunrise the bells of all the churches pealed harmoniously forth, uniting in a grand choral of rejoicing with the voices of cannon sounding from every quarter. Soon the conveyances from the suburbs began to flock in, swelling the huge crowd to ampler dimensions. Metropolitan cars loaded beyond precedent, omnibi likewise, wagons ditto, stage coaches the same. Never were such reeking, smoking, seething swarms. As far as reportorial observation could extend, the best possible temper prevailed. Crushed corns, crumpled crinolines, battered bonnets, torn trousers, and various other alliterative woes were borne with Christian meekness. Patriotic meekness, we might better say, under the circumstances. Fourth-of-July meekness. Men did not dig convulsive elbows into shrinking ribs, in return for fancied invasion of personal rights. Women did not assail with shrill accents of fierce vindictive scorn those of their own or any other sex who happened to get entangled with them in the tortuous windings of the mazy multitude. At the early hour of which we write, content and good will reigned in every bosom.

THE ANTICS AND INTOLERABLES

Made the first organized demonstration of the day. At about six o'clock the distinguished body known as the Dog Island Fillibusters marched up State Street, representing among them every eccentricity of politics, including woman's rights, Henry C. Wright's, and opposition to marriage rites, as recently expressed in the agreeable vocabulary of the Rutland Convention. Another collection of Antics and Intolerables (which we take to be a decided improvement on the old form of title) paraded with great effect and a stunning variety of costume which distended the optics of all beholders to a dangerous degree. This formidable array was said to be the Bourbon Whiskey Reformers—a name which affords unlimited field for agreeable speculation. We are happy to be able to announce that the reports which circulated freely relative to the presence of certain distinguished gentlemen in the ranks of the Antics and Intolerables, were incorrect. It is not true that President James Buchanan, now of Washington, was the principal drummer of the Dog Island Fillibusters, neither is there the slightest foundation for the popular belief that Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, otherwise known as the Sage of Concord, carried the

banner of the Bourbon Whiskey Reformers, although that gentleman's extensive connection with reformers of various sorts might naturally give rise to some such impression. The statement that Gov. Banks was the man with four heads and a Briarean assortment of arms, looking anxiously in every direction, and grasping at all sides unceasingly, we know to be false in every particular. The Governor was in Waltham at the time, superintending that national salute which he had reluctantly ordered in compliance with the agonized and repeated entreaties of a deputation of his townsmen. As for the rumors of participation in these orgies by the Turkish Admiral and Theodore Parker, we do not believe a word of them. The Antics and Intolerables flourished for an hour or so, and then subsided, and were no more seen among men.

THE BRASS CONCERT ON THE COMMON

Was an event of great attraction. We call it "The Brass Concert," because the instruments employed in it were peculiarly and extensively brass, including cannon. Thirty or forty thousand people assembled upon the great hill of the Common, and perhaps ten thousand more around the enclosed space in which the musicians were stationed. Of all these, possibly the tenth part were able to hear the music. A concert in the open air must always be a failure, when attempted on any large scale. What are eighty performers in the vast infinitude of space? The thing might have been arranged with care and discretion, and a little expense, so as to have produced sublime effects; and another year we hope it will be done. If those in power do not find out how before that time, we will tell them. For the few within hearing, the concert was interesting; the concluding piece peculiarly so, as developing certain possibilities of effects novel and stupendous, by the introduction of cannon. The idea is not new, Handel having contemplated it in his time; but no opportunity of observing the result has ever before been afforded here. We may observe in this connection that the musicians played "Hail Columbia" in the usual hurried, slap-dash manner. It is to be hoped they will discover the absurdity of doing so some time. "Hail Columbia" rapidly played is nothing; properly harmonized and rolled forth in stately measure, it is grand. The rest of the concert amounted to nothing particular. "Yankee Doodle" was perpetrated with extensive solo operations, by leaders of the different bands. "Wood Up" was again exhumed from the obscurity in which it ought to be permitted forever to rest; "Washington's March" was played; "The Anvil Chorus" was pounded out on eight diseased anvils; "The Star Spangled Banner" came next, to afford a sufficient pretext for the sudden unfolding of the stars and stripes from a temporary flagstaff; then "God Save the Queen," for a similar purpose respecting the development of the Union Jack; afterwards "La Marseillaise," to accompany the unfolding of the tri-color; in turn, "The

Russian National Hymn," with a spread of bunting supposed to represent the Romanoff ensign; subsequently "The Turkish March,"—that same old Turkish March—on the strength of which the crescent was revealed from a fifth flag-pole; ultimately "Hail Columbia," hereinbefore spoken of.

YOUNG AMERICA'S FROLIC AT THE GARDEN

Was quite a pleasant affair, and naturally attracted very much attention. But the excessive crowd made it less agreeable than it ought to have been. The Public Garden was opened at seven o'clock in the morning, and was not closed until seven in the evening. During those twelve hours thousands upon thousands of visitors entered the enclosure, examined into the condition of affairs, and left. At nine o'clock, A. M., the time of our first special observation, the human tide streamed in at the narrow gateway with a rush and turbulence appalling to witness. The officials were bewildered, and couldn't stand it at all. Ticket or no ticket, it was all the same. Fortunately in the gasping crowd at the entrance, there were none of the "children" for whose particular entertainment the garden had been opened; their little lives would have been almost crushed out. The entrance accomplished, however, all was comfortable, though warm. The juveniles were amusing themselves by swinging, dancing, and so forth. Under a capacious tent the Germania Band furnished the music, to which the merry little footsteps kept time. In various parts of the garden, cameras obscuras, mammoth kaleidoscopes, and other mechanical mysteries were exhibited. In the morning some fancy dances were indulged in, and at noon the song written by Dr. T. W. Parsons was sung. On the whole, however, the celebration was not what we had hoped to see. There were too many children of a larger growth constantly interfering. It did not appear to be devoted to the juveniles, or to meet their wants. They could not have enjoyed it to any great extent, and as their enjoyment was the professed object, the project was rather a failure. May it have better luck next time.

THE CITY CELEBRATION.

PROCESSION.

Very punctually at ten o'clock, the signals for the city procession to move were given by the Chief Marshal, Colonel Jonas H. French. The escort, members of the City Government, invited guests, the fire department, city officers, and private citizens had assembled at and near the City Hall, whence they marched in the order set down upon the programme, a section of mounted police going in advance to clear the way. The Brigade Band preceded the escort, which consisted of the Boston

City Guard, Captain I. F. SHEPARD, numbering about fifty muskets, and marching with their proverbial care and precision. Mayor LINCOLN, the Board of Aldermen, the Common Council, past officers of the City Government, Governor BANKS, and aids PARKER, REED, and BLAKE. Other State officers and civil functionaries generally, followed in carriages, the number of which was about sixty. The fire department brought up the rear; and, feeling dissatisfied with their position, which was the only proper one for them, put on their usual absurd airs, and refused to turn out in very full numbers. Engine Companies Numbers 1, 2, 5, 7, 9, and 14; Hose Companies 3, 4, 5, and 6: and Hook and Ladder Companies 2, and 3, did not present themselves. They should be specially excluded from all city processions hereafter. The other companies appeared with full ranks, and engines handsomely decorated, and were accompanied by the Metropolitan, Loud's, and the Boston Brass Bands. Passing through School, Tremont, Beacon, Charles, Pleasant, Washington and Oak Streets, Harrison Avenue, Essex, Washington and Union Streets, to the Music Hall, the procession, greeted at all points by large crowds of people, mostly ladies, arrived at the Music Hall shortly after eleven o'clock, where already a large audience had assembled, only the two central sections of seats on the lower floor being reserved. As soon as quiet was established, the exercises were opened by the singing of the "Cantate Domino" chant, by a choir of school children, under the direction of Mr. Charles Butler. The children, fifty boys neatly attired, and about one hundred and fifty girls clothed in white, and crowned with wreaths of flowers, looked so pleasant and happy as to win many complimentary and envious expressions from the audience, and their singing was as excellent and pleasant as their personal appearance. A prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. S. K. LOTHROP, after which an original ode, by Mr. HOWARD M. TICKNOR, was sung.

Mr. D. K. FORD then read the Declaration of Independence, and Hail Columbia was sung by the children, after which Mr. JOHN S. HOLMES was introduced to the audience by the Mayor, and delivered his oration, as follows:—

ORATION OF JOHN S. HOLMES.

Eighty-two years ago yesterday, there was assembled in convention at Philadelphia, a body of men, selected from all the people of the land as the foremost in intelligence, in integrity and deliberate patriotism. For more than a month the great question of National Independence had been, in motion and resolution, before them; and the hour had come when the determined wisdom of that Convention was

to declare the fate of the thirteen American Colonies. The vigorous action of Massachusetts, under the quick memory of her immediate wrongs, and the concurrent will of North Carolina—into which, one by one, the whole array of the Colonies marched, "keeping step to the music of the Union"—had made it certain that no weak opinion, no unmanly counsel, would rule the hour that governed the destiny of the country. The day had come. Groups of grave men gathered anxiously about the old hall, where that Congress sat. That morning, the calm face of woman was troubled, and startled children stared in vacant wonder—their toys idle in their hands. All were in expectant waiting for that great action by which a *nation* should be established among the kingdoms of the earth. Not that any one feared that the ultimate result would not be a Declaration of Freedom; but until, one by one, the members of that Convention had written themselves down—traitors against tyranny—heroes in all patriotism—there was the lingering fear incident to the uncertainty of human events that it might not be. It was done. The old bell in the State House at Philadelphia, "rang out the first peal of American Liberty;" the bells of a hundred spires caught the sound; it was flung by myriad voices on the listening air, and village, and town, as the sound rushed on, lifted higher the cry, till the whole land became vocal with the word Liberty. Every twelvemonth from that day, the grand echo of that National voice has been heard throughout America. From the icy, granitic North, down through the savannas of the tropic South—from the eastern wave of the Atlantic, to the shore of the far Pacific—from a thousand great cities; from ten thousand great towns; by the hills of New England; along the Alleghanies; against the rocky battlements of our Western coast—that echo has been sounded, again and again. To-day we hear it; and to-day we lift up our solemn acclaim, and give the energy of our hearts and voices to that majestic noise, which shall ring in equal and repeated reverberations over this land—as we

devoutly pray, as we truly believe—until the strength of the hills shall perish, and the great seas shall wither, and human freedom shall be lost in a higher and nobler creation.

On this day of national rejoicing—the only day in the whole year when we cease to be individuals, and become Americans, forgetful of local prejudice and wrong, and party and sectional strife, to mingle in a common gratitude, and to share a common pride in the great, unexampled prosperity of the whole land—on this day, as nothing can be dearer to us than the continuance of that national prosperity which depends, under God, upon the union of these States, I propose briefly to consider some of the *dangers which threaten the stability of the Union.*

Although the American colonies were separated from England not more by distance than by substantial differences in polity, manners and religion, yet the sentiment of the colonies until the close of the French and Indian war was one of strong, unwavering loyalty to that great, venerable nation. The Americans were proud of their ancestry, proud of the "mighty living and the mighty dead"—of the glory of their arms, the magnificence of their literature; proud even of the faults and weaknesses of the Anglo-Saxon character, and not lightly or easily were the bonds loosed that held them together. As the rooted fibres of the cornel and myrtle, which grew out of the body and grave of Polydorus, wept purple blood as they were rudely broken, so as one by one the ties of allegiance, of friendship, of pride, of power, between England and America, were severed by the angry folly of Grenville, and Townsend, and North—the Parcæ of the reign of George III.—the hearts of the people of both countries were greatly saddened and disturbed. Even after long and bitter irritation—after the revival of the Navigation Act—the passage of the Stamp Act—the tax on paper, and glass, and tea—the Boston Port Bill—the Boston Massacre—the struggle at Lexington and Concord—aye, even after that glorious battle of Bunker Hill, whose name is like the blast of a trumpet—after thir-

teen long years of "patient sufferance of an attempt to establish an absolute tyranny over these States"—after enduring all the wrongs and outrages which the Declaration of Independence so vigorously sets forth—after all these, the Continental Congress presented a petition to his most excellent Majesty, professing that "they were attached to his person, family and government, with all the devotion that principle and affection could inspire," "and most ardently desired not only that the former harmony between Great Britain and the Colonies might be restored, but that a concord might be established between them on so firm a basis as to perpetuate its blessings, uninterrupted by any future dissensions, to succeeding generations in both countries, and to transmit His Majesty's name to posterity adorned with a signal and lasting glory." Great States stood still; great and good men hesitated as the final hour approached. The people were reluctant to speak the last stern word which put England away forever; but with the lofty courage of great minds, "appealing to Heaven to attest the justness of their cause," the Declaration was made and uttered with a voice that startled the world, "that these Colonies were joined in one body for the preservation of the liberties of America." And thus the last lingering sentiment of loyalty was utterly extinguished. There then sprang up in the American mind the latent sentiment of Patriotism—the love of country as such—that firm devotion to her being, her authority, her happiness, which has made the names of Adams, and Otis, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and Hancock, household words among us—words of beauty, words of power. There then sprang up in full life and strength "the sympathy of race," the sympathy by which every American felt himself united to his countrymen in every fortune and for any destiny. This was the moving force of the Revolution. This nerved the father as he looked for the last time in the face of her whose smile was the brightness of his home and his life; this stilled the voice and dried the eye of the mother as she buckled the

belt around the boy she had borne beneath and ever in her heart; this broke every pride and bent every purpose to the one great, solemn thought of freedom.

After long toil and suffering, and many battles, America, "with *native* honor clad," stood independent, sovereign, among the nations of the earth. Her Constitution was established in doubt, in some danger; but the patriotic temper of that day yielded to compromise for a greater, for the common good—that which could not be won by violence—and that great political miracle was wrought, which no foreigner but De Tocqueville has understood or interpreted, of a combination of Towns and Counties and States, all independent and self-dependent, yet all resting each on the other, and all alike poised on one great, central force. This delicate adjustment of powers and rights has borne the jars and tumults of nearly three-quarters of a century, and yet moves well. But there are signs of a decay of the spirit of American Revolutionary patriotism. The general weakness of the country, thoroughly impoverished by the long war with England, and the lust of wealth excited by an open trade with the world, early gave a strong commercial impulse to this people, which has widened and deepened, as the triumphs of our arms, and the more peaceful triumphs of our naval architecture have enlarged the extent and power of our commercial enterprise. We have grown to be the first commercial nation on the earth. We hence have grown to be a pecuniary people—loving money—bending the best energies of our lives to its accumulation—sacrificing youth and health and strength to the pursuit of gain. It is true that in this pursuit many great virtues have been developed—(the honest merchant and the agriculturist are the best citizens of a State)—it is true that by it many great energies have been stirred. It has made the American an universal man, so that wherever a man can go he will go, whatever a man can bear he will suffer, whatever a man can do he will attempt. By this commercial spirit broad States have been created, and the bounds of our

empire stretched from sunrise to sunset. But it tells upon the patriotism of the people. It tends to reduce every thing to a commercial standard—to measure every thing by its present availability—to give principles and men a market value, and has even led some to estimate the price, the cost of maintaining the mother of us all—the Union of the American States. It makes us niggardly in the performance of our duties to the State. It prefers individual comfort and thrift to public prosperity. It is impatient of the restraints of public service. It tends to the establishment of an aristocracy of wealth, which is dangerous to the State, as it is necessarily mean, selfish and aggressive; and rests upon such distinctions and differences in society as are directly antagonistic to the first principles of democracy. We do not spurn riches, if they come as the well-earned gain of honesty, courage and intelligence,—as they are the result of labor, the fair recompense of energy and integrity. But when wealth becomes the *end* instead of the *means* of the life of a man or a nation, it irritates, it degrades, it corrupts. "A mercantile democracy," says Landor, speaking through Panœtius, "may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy cannot stand." For the duties of all citizens are equal, as all have equal rights; and when aught makes a man prefer his personal ease or good to that of the State, and to repose upon eminent respectability away from but not above the people, or his duty to the people, and to consider that paying for government is quite enough for him, without the trouble and discomfort of attending the assemblages of the people, or of mingling in the crowd at the polls, or losing time, money or pride in acting the part of a true republican—whatever does this, destroys the spirit of patriotism, and loosens the bonds of social order, and delivers the State to a certain doom. If the men of eighty-two years ago thought thus, felt thus, acted thus, where should we be now—"under which king?" The old silver—the household treasure—the garnered clothing—the secret comforts of a thousand homes were given to the first year

of Revolutionary strife, and by the contributions of women and children the American army was often sustained and saved. Our government is to be preserved by a like temper. We must remember that there is no public gathering of American citizens into which the proudest may not enter with a more than Athenian pride;—that there is no question that concerns our political state so small that it may not command the respect and attention of the highest mind;—that there is no office among freemen so lowly that it may not bring honor to him who holds it;—that there is no public duty that does not challenge our best endeavor and our quickest obedience.

A painful illustration of the decay of patriotism among us is found in the irreverent tendency of the time—our careless indifference to the associations and memory of the past.

The present, burdened with its instant cares, attracts our attention. We have little reverence for those events or persons not immediately useful to our present happiness or purpose. We are oblivious of our obligations to that past upon which our greatness and prosperity rest. The grand story of American History was begun before we were born, and the great men who were its chief actors and narrators have been gathered to their noble reward. We stand just outside of the personal authority of those great Captains and Statesmen, and are blindly, foolishly indifferent to the influence of their names and actions, as moving the power of association—one of the subtlest, strongest forces that can stir the human heart and life. We all feel it, but we do not recognize its importance enough to give it a permanent presence. Who ever returned to the old roof tree after years of absence, and did not cross the old threshold with a hearty benediction? who ever wandered among the graves of kinsmen and friends and did not feel his eyelids grow heavy with the tribute of grateful tears? who ever stood where men have wrought great deeds in love of our common humanity for country, God, and truth, and did not feel his heart move with an unselfish nobleness kindred to theirs?

who ever stood beside the grave of Washington and did not feel the "warm gale and gentle ventilation" of the breath of the spirit of Liberty, pronouncing the high duty and destiny of the true American citizen? And yet what have we *really* preserved to ourselves and our children of that treasure "which cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious Onyx, or the Sapphire?" Where are our memorials of the great past? *To-day*, the very tomb of the Father of his Country is a thing of bargain and sale between the miserly descendant of a great name and the eloquence of Massachusetts, uttering words that throb in the hearts of the matronly pride and maidenly beauty of South Carolina and Virginia. Where is the tomb of the elder Adams, the Nestor of the Revolution? Whose feet have worn a path to it? The grave of the great Jefferson lies still and unfrequented as the grave of a village hind. Monroe till this hour lingered in a borrowed tomb. The "old man eloquent," the Spartan son of this State, slumbers beside his father, and shares the common forgetfulness of his greatness. The remains of Samuel Adams lie under the sidewalk of Tremont Street, and shake in the tread of unthinking thousands. The bones of William Wirt moulder in the graveyard at Washington, as unmarked as the ashes of Marshal Ney. Franklin, whose intellect circles the world every hour, is hidden in a recess of the Arch Street burial place in Philadelphia. And while I speak, a great, sovereign State is searching for the body of its best hero, whose words were deeds; whose life was spent in the name of Almighty God and the Continental Congress. How think you the spirit of the past is to be preserved among us? Greece had her Marathon and Platea, and kept them by her perpetual tribute to the greatness of the dead and the lofty honors she gave to the living. Rome had her temples and triumphal arches, and gorgeous processions, and crowns of laurel, and statues of heroes—"the monuments of former greatness and pledges of future glory," and through these kept clear and strong the vestal fire of her Patriotism, and perished

only when her sons forgot the State and became selfish followers of personal vice. "The Swiss peasants, for five hundred years after their Independence," says Allison, "assembled on the fields of Mortgarten and Laupen, and spread garlands over the graves of their fallen warriors, and prayed for the souls of those who had died for their country's freedom." France has her great Hotel des Invalides and her Legion of Honor, and every Frenchman turns to the tomb of Napoleon as he thinks of France, as the devout Arab turns in prayer toward the tomb of Mahomet. England has her Westminster Abbey, where lies the dust of a hundred trophied generations of greatness. And we, where are our memorials of the great Past? There is Faneuil Hall—there is Bunker Hill with its monument—*but where are all the rest?* It is idle to say that our schools and colleges and institutions are the only adequate representations of the power of Freedom, and that he who would love America must linger among these and learn her greatness from her present happy prosperity. *Not so.* This is but the fruit of that harvest long ago sown in tears and blood—this is but the benign result of a labor earlier and stronger than ours. The Present rests upon the Past—the Future rises out of it. If we would be true-hearted, pure-hearted Americans, we must honor and revere the great events and names that dignify the past. We must raise statues and monuments and celebrate the birthdays of the great men and great events of that time, and fill the land with constant reverence for their greatness. We must speak of them that our children may learn to emulate the patriotism of our Fathers, and that the strangers within our gates, who come hither with a full memory of the honors that are heaped in the Old World upon its bravest and best, and of the triumphs that welcomed its Nelson, and the sorrows that deplored its Wellington—may find here in the true land of heroes, a higher and nobler appreciation of human worth, and a purer and more grateful recognition of the labor it has accomplished.

Another danger to the republic arises from a misconception of the office and end of government. It has been said that the best government is one that has the fewest laws. It would be better to say that the best government was one under which the people were most prompt in obedience, most sincere in allegiance to the law, for there never was a permanently good government with permanently bad subjects. The fundamental idea of the American government is reverence to law. The Puritans came here because they regarded certain laws of God, as they interpreted them, to be higher and more authoritative than certain laws of man. They reverenced the one too much to live in disobedience to the other, so they came here, as their first declaration says, "for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith," and erected a form of government that has been scarcely modified in this State since their time. Obedience to the divine law was the basis of that government; they framed their rules of human conduct with direct reference to man's spiritual allegiance. There was great, momentous reason in the stern, undoubting belief of the Puritan that all power is of God, and is to be revered as becomes its high origin; that law is but an exhibition or exemplification of that power, and that obedience to it is a necessary part of moral duty. We have wandered far from this belief. The idea of many now is that government is altogether a human institution, created, sustained by the people, and that they, as the source and fountain of political power, are supreme. It is now held that obedience to and reverence of government is to be determined always and only by individual taste and judgment, from which there is no appeal.

But when and where did that great Convention meet, which by solemn vote declared that government would be useful, and that it was proper and expedient that it should be established among men. Man was not shipwrecked into this world like a political Robinson Crusoe, and left to find out by strategy and device how to live. When two people stood together on the earth, government was established—

by a necessity of nature—by a divine decree anterior to conventions and constitutions, stronger than all parchments—and man cannot escape from, though he may violate that decree. Reckless passion may overturn government; anarchy may rule the hour; but the excess of anarchy compels the reëstablishment of government, the excess of popular passion imperatively demands order. The French Revolution ended in a despotic rule; the riotous lawlessness of vagabonds and villains in California compelled the institution of an orderly and quiet government. With us government is impossible, unless it controls the will and commands the respect of the people. For ours is a government of law, and only of law. We never see government except as it executes the authority of law. It arrests, imprisons, punishes those who disobey it, but otherwise we never see its palpable presence; it is a sword in the sheath; it is lightning hid in the cloud. No armed bands, no troop of gorgeous menials, no titled lackeys, no regal retinue, no stately presence commanding the obedience of the hand or knee, meets our eyes; but one man—the greatest among us—looks like his fellows, and every one goes his own way, and does his own pleasure and selects his own rulers, and honors whom he likes, and reposes with absolute faith under the invisible but dreadful authority of law, which surrounds him like a Political Providence, and has every man, the lowest equally with the highest, within its beneficent keeping. Hence, whatever disturbs the reverence of and obedience to law in this republic, threatens its stability. The two great dangers which lie in and express the common misconception of the office and end of government are: the one, on the part of government itself—the endeavor to extend and maintain its authority by yielding to apparent popular feeling and prejudice; the other, the opinion on the part of the people that government was created by them and for them—to hew their wood and draw their water—to suit every man's purpose, and subserve every man's convenience. The sagacity of the wisest of every nation but

ours has kept some things in mysterious secrecy, hath flung a holy awe about places and persons and events, or hath hedged them round with a divinity none dare penetrate. To us all things are open. We see the wheels impinging on wheels, and look along the dizzy line of motion till we find to what end all this power moves—whether it be to a State honor or in a National sympathy—whether it turns this man out and that man in—whether it revolves half a man into the fraction of a Senator, or twirls a great statesman out of a great place for one whose absence is more eloquent than any other man's presence. Hence, if those who stand in the name and dignity of the State or Nation forget their place and duty, the authority of government is directly, visibly disgraced. I appeal not to party feeling on this day, but remember how often and how much your faith in and reverence for those in the best and most honorable positions has been shaken by their base subservience to prejudice and their cowardly indifference to duty; remember how often this has been made, both in State and Nation, a government of men, instead of a government of law and for law. This degradation of place and power I call a misconception of the office and end of government. I could, but will not, call it a harsher name, though no man ever bent the authority intrusted to him to private or party purposes without deserving the traitor's doom and the traitor's fate, and no man can, while he plays in the narrow guile and uses the foxy craft of a politician, stand in a position of public honor without deserving that doom and daring that fate. Whatever planks are put hereafter into those platforms or rafts by which men endeavor to escape from a sinking party, I devoutly hope that these may be firmly nailed—that no mere politician is worthy of any office, and that no man who cannot and does not earn an honest living outside of politics and party can have an honest man's vote for any place of public trust, profit or power. Away with the herd of common supplicants for popular favor—away with the mob of those who take to politics as the last resort

of lazy dishonesty — away with the crowd of garrulous boys who talk themselves into sweet favor with enthusiastic girls (and hence it may be into Congress) — away with all hangers-on of party, of all parties — camp followers who, avoiding all danger, gather their plunder amid the strife of battle and thrive upon the destinies of better men. Let us have only good men and true men in place. Following the pious injunction of the noble Robinson, the spiritual father of the Puritans, "Let your wisdom and godliness appear by choosing such persons only as do entirely love and will diligently promote the common good." Thus shall we strangle the brood of vipers that crawl about the cradle of our liberty — thus shall we utterly destroy one form of the danger which threatens us.

Again, the people have learned to regard government as a private power to be used by the citizens and for the citizens, forgetful that the State is more than, higher than the citizen, and that he has but the right of one, and can give but the allegiance and reverence of one. She carries all in her great, generous heart, and must give to all equally a mother's gracious love and care. Hence, as our feelings or passions inspire, we seek to make of government a great agricultural society, or a great temperance society, or a great anti-slavery society, or a great humanitarian organization, as best serves the occasion of the hour, or best suits our prevailing purpose. But government has no such office or duty. It is designed only for the protection of social order, by keeping one man from wrongfully interfering with another, and by binding all in love and reverence to one common centre of authority. If government attempts more, it trespasses upon personal or religious rights, over which it has no legitimate control. For as man has a nature with social relations, so he has a soul with higher and infinite relations, which can never be confounded the one with the other; and National and State governments, as they have authority only over the one, cannot interfere with the other without great wrong and danger. There is

a higher than human law which supremely governs our direct relations to God; there is no law higher or more authoritative than human law to govern our social and political state. But all laws are equally derived from one source and rest in a common authority; for the essence of human law is as that of the divine law—'tis but the rule of order—the direction of human freedom in obedience to order, and you cannot wrongfully disturb a man's obedience to the one without harming his reverence for the other. If we do not regard the law as it stands, if we do not regard it as law, we offend against the State, we offend against the Nation, we offend against God. Not that I would say that all laws are just—that tyranny and wickedness may not have often declared that to be right which is positively wrong. But there is given to every people an ultimate authority over law. With some, it is in the last stern necessity—the "ultima ratio"—of revolution; with *us*, it is in the ballot-box. If a law offends us, change it by the pure force of public will. If enough are not agreed, "bide your time." It will come if truth and right demand it, and then change the law for a better. But stir no useless anger, array no merely factious opposition, lest you bring upon yourselves a greater evil than you deprecate—a disregard of *all law*—a contempt of all authority—an irreverent and unpatriotic spirit toward the great, the *sole* foundation of this State and of all the States—which is the law of the land.

A pregnant illustration of the popular feeling about Government is found in the increasing desire that the judicial office be made elective. It was a singularly happy thought—rather, it was a sagacious prophecy of future danger—which led to the threefold separation of the power of Government into the Executive, Representative and Judicial branches—each as distinct as hand, and eye, and will, yet all agreeing in a common purpose—to keep and protect the liberty of the State and of all the States. This grand distinction among the powers and duties of Government has

been lost in the partisan discussion and action of the day. It has even here, in the old, revered Bay State—ever the last to lend herself to that which did not concern the common good—been attempted that our judges should be elected by the people, and for a limited time. This I regard as the boldest attack upon the true liberties of the people for a hundred years. Who of all the honored men that have borne the title of judge in this State, from the eldest till now, but has kept his intelligence and integrity pure and strong for the common benefit of all? Who has degraded himself and stained with dishonor the lofty seat he has filled? And yet those who have the greatest fear of the law, as they best deserve its righteous penalties—the politicians of this State, and equally thus in other States—are endeavoring to bring to the market the office of judge, and to put the judicial ermine upon the level with the skin of a rabbit. Within our memories have incompatibilities been found where none existed, and offices confounded and places given to fools that had before been filled by honored wisdom. If we surrender this, the chief—I may say, the *only*—conservative part of Government to those who are seeking for selfish ends to pervert Government to their own uses and the prosperity of party, let us know—let us ever remember—that we are parting the strongest bower-anchor of the Constitution, that we are breaking in pieces the truest compass, and flinging to the winds the best chart of the noble old ship. Let Justice descend from her pedestal—let her eyes discern between the well-favored and homely—let her scales be jostled in the crowd—and how long will men trust her decisions? How reverently will they repose under her authority? No; better far destroy your household gods than despoil the Temple of Public Justice. You may weep in sorrow over them; but a nation—the world—feels the touch of profanity. You may burn your own little handful of books; but fire not the library of the Wisdom of the World.

Again, we are endangered by a partisan and sectional temper. The existence of parties is essential to the political

health and strength of every form of free government. In continued unity of opinion the public mind would stagnate. There must always be honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom and patriotism of measures of government, and the fitness of rulers and legislators. To adequately express that difference there must always be a broad, vigorous party feeling and strife.

You all remember how quickly, after the fact of American freedom was recognized by the nations of Europe, the people of this country, flinging aside their arms, rushed into a national discussion of the powers and rights of government, and the relations of the several States to each other, and of the confederate authority over each and over all. The great principles of the Constitution have been discussed ever since its establishment, with ardor and learning, and even yet, after so many great minds, with patriotic zeal, have given interpretation to that noble instrument, there remains a large extent of power within and under it to be applied to the arising exigencies of increasing National and State rights. The complexity of our government, or rather the numerous relations which every citizen sustains to his vintage, to his State, and to the Federal government, compels discussion, and forces men into the generous hostility of party. In the free, open examination of measures and men lies the safety and strength of our popular institutions. Every man here is a sovereign, crowned with a royal authority of speech and vote, and so long as the ends he aims at are his country's, God's, and truth's, so long will every voice be like a war cry, and every vote like a bullet against foreign or domestic foes. But when allegiance to the principles of party—(and I speak not of ephemeral organizations that now and then grow out of the disappointed ambition, or the o'ervaulting pride or shallow conceit of some selfish politician, but of those great national parties which have, which should, and which will again divide the affections and suffrages of the people)—when that allegiance becomes partisanship, and principles are forgotton in the heat of party temper, and a man comes

to love party *more* than country, then he strikes a traitorous blow at the genius of American liberty, and kindles a flame that threatens the destruction of this, her magnificent abode and temple. And is not this partisan temper growing among us? Is there not a violence of feeling, language and sentiment in our public discussions, which is like the excitement of the chase? Do not the leaders of parties play to the popular prejudice, and yield to the passions of the multitude? and do not the people too blindly give themselves up to the selfish aggrandizement of these demagogues? Are not men politically named, as such a man's men, and do they not wear his livery with complacent meekness—aye, and rejoice to be ranked among the *followers* of a *man*—a *politician*—forgetful that the ruler among us is the servant of the people —that we, the people, have the dispensation of honors and gifts, and that no man can grow above the rank of an American citizen, in which dignity we are all equal? Is there not a visible lessening of adherence to principle, of loyalty to right? Do not men change their public opinions in the twinkling of an eye, and rush with unpatriotic ardor into the ranks of the largest party, so as to be sure to be on the triumphant side? Success allures more than constancy. I do not applaud the sentiments, but I ever admired the courage, of those men who, year by year, we have seen come up to the ballot-box, and, amid jeer and laugh, drop a useless vote, but one according to the dictates of their own consciences. Did I say useless vote? No! not so; for no man ever did boldly that which he honestly believed right, but his own heart grew nobler and his nature expanded with a loftier energy. Out of such men you make heroes and martyrs, and one day the world feels their power. This partisan temper tends to make us sectional in our political feeling, as it narrows our political duty to the bounds of party and substitutes for a broad, all-embracing patriotism, a devotion to the interests of a part, and not the whole. It makes us selfish and aggressive, and to believe, or at least to act, as if government was ordained for *our* interest, to satisfy

our wants and sustain *our* peculiar ideas. Besides, as partisanship leads to allegiance to leaders of a party, the sentiment of the party is necessarily controlled by the policy and opinions of those leaders, and such men, seeking their own fame and fortune, and availing themselves of their position to excite local and sectional jealousies and discontent, have embittered the relations of men and States, so that now we speak of the North and of the South, the East and the West, as if there were but four great States in the Union, and each had its own separate, diverse interests, and the only unity between them was the result of contiguity.

Already this sectional temper is so strong that men have estimated—so far as their weak reason could compass it—the value of the union of the American States, and have considered how well the North could thrive if separated from the South, and the East if divided from the West; and have affixed a market price upon institutions and laws, and resolved the glorious memories of the past into coin and merchandise. Already men have talked of "letting the Union slide." Letting the Union slide!—a base figure of speech!—a *baser* thought! There stands under the shadow of a great mountain in New Hampshire, a lonely, half-ruined cottage, whose inmates, hearing the crash of a thundering avalanche, fled from under the old roof tree which sheltered their birth and childhood, and all the mingled joys and sorrows of life, and rushed into a certain doom. That old house still stands, a monument of their fear and cowardice. Their safety was under the roof builded by their fathers. If they were to perish, better far to die within the old household walls, to be crushed, with all the sad or joyous memories of home, and find there a common tomb or monument. So let it be with us. When this Union *shall slide*, let us be found within it, and not without it. God grant that all the great memorials of the patriotic past, the graves of our sires, the few and feeble monuments of their fame, the greater illustration of the power of their freedom they established—our schools, our seminaries of art, learning and religion—

all we most prize and cherish—all the land has and is, may together slide into a common grave and destiny. Let no marauding bands of politic villains live to thrive upon the ruins of this great Union. May one doom sweep us all into forgetfulness and dark oblivion. This sectional temper has wrought more evil than many wise men can heal. It has exasperated into a furious frenzy quiet citizens, who in their thrift had no especial care for the movements of political power; it has stirred the feeble-minded into a fear of oppression that never existed, and roused the timid into an alarm as causeless as the careless burning of a bonfire. There are among us men who live upon alarm and terror; who fatten upon public tumult, and find no peace in the still movement of ordinary political life. Take away their power of disturbance, and they would die from want of means of a living, or come, as their *proper* destiny is, to inhabit the madhouse or workhouse. There is no meaner animal than the *professed* philanthropist, who, under the pretence of feeling for public and political wrong, gathers to *himself* a *good* living, and always leaves the objects of his charity as they were, and *where* they were, as the sentimental capital of his future harvest. And out of this sectional temper of the time, there has arisen a lusty crowd of such partisan philanthropists, who work like rats in the dark, and coadjutant with the selfish politician above ground, live and move to one end—to blindly, foolishly destroy the united, essential power of these broad States. Perhaps such vermin *must* exist, but let the heel of every honest American be upon their heads.

We have briefly and imperfectly discussed the several dangers which to us seem to threaten the stability of the American Union—the decay of patriotism in the excessive commercial spirit of the people, the disregard of events, of men and principles, the misconception of the office and end of government, and the sectional and partisan spirit of the day.

Yet who can doubt that the union of these States shall

last as long as the Divine purpose that established them? Look at the great movements of time and events that were necessarily anterior to the erection of this government. Centuries had to pass before the great tide of civilization which from the garden eastward in Eden, spreading with seeming ebb and flow, yet with constant progression, reached these shores, bearing on its crested wave the heroic Columbus, the pilot of that greater company which came hither to lay the foundation of a Western Empire. Generations of statesmen had to live and spend the energy of their wisdom upon theories and forms of government. Nations had to grow to greatness and tremble to their fall; dynasties and kingdoms had to contend with every form of human passion and yield to every form of decay incident to human weakness and vice, before this people could be created. For there is a positive relation of human events, one to another. The great moral and political forces of life, act as certainly as the great forces of nature; they are but a higher development of nature, and are obedient to the same authority as that which has set the stars in their places, and given perfume and beauty to the flowers of the field. And thus, from the first patriarchal government to the creation of our own republic, all things conspired, all things wrought, toward it. The greatness of our day rests upon foundations older than the Pyramids, more venerable than the Temple of the Sun. We believe that the labor of our political life and institutions is not yet finished; that we have not reached the full development of the power within us, that we have not yet accomplished the magnificent destiny assigned us. Here where there were no crumbling ruins of old establishments, —no monumental stones or storied arches, the remains of an ancient and extinguished glory—no places consecrated by priestly ceremony or the authority of kings—upon a broad open space that never had been builded upon or occupied by human government, the will of God laid the foundation of these great States, and erected them into One: the proudest, noblest temple of human liberty the world has ever seen or

ever shall see. The wrath of man, the folly of man, may mar its beauty; neglect may dim the lustre of its ornaments; violence may deface its altar, and tumult disturb its worship; but the massive walls and knitted roof of that temple cannot be shaken; its gates shall be thronged and its service shall be ministered so long as the largest freedom of man is necessary to the purposes of God.

Let us then, on this day, lift up our hearts in thanksgiving; let us commemorate the virtues and patriotism of our fathers; let us render our grateful thanks to heaven for the blessings bestowed upon that virtue and the triumph given to that patriotism; let there be enkindled in our hearts a noble emulation of their goodness, that we may worthily inherit and purely transmit their greatness to distant generations. Let us all this day renew the vows of our allegiance to the eternal principle of Truth and Liberty. Let the sun go down upon us better men and better citizens, filled with a deeper, stronger, purer devotion to our great, our common Country.

The exercises were concluded by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and a Benediction by Dr. LOTHROP.

The procession was then reformed, and marched immediately to Faneuil Hall.

CITY DINNER.

Faneuil Hall was decorated in the usual manner for the corporation Independence Day Festival. The name of WASHINGTON shone conspicuously from an arch over the clock, *vis-a-vis* to the large painting of WEBSTER, in the act of expounding the Constitution in the United States Senate, in reply to Mr. HAYNES'S nullification speech. This was well, appropriate, suitable to the events symbolized; but the arrangement of the names of the other Presidents on the panels of the galleries was not so intelligible, whether viewed by the light of chronology or by any other light. The company, a goodly array to look at, were seated at the tables by two o'clock, and a blessing was invoked on the feast by the Rev. Dr. LOTHROP, of the Brattle Street Church. His Honor Mayor LINCOLN presiding, now gave the order to commence the action, and the dinner was thereupon attacked with steady courage, and the onslaught was kept up with unflinching vigor until three o'clock, by which time the tables

were thickly covered with the evidences of the thorough work made by the municipal forces, which included several hundreds of auxiliaries, who promptly came forth to the assistance of the city fathers, upon being duly notified that their services would be needed on the great occasion.

The tables having been somewhat cleared of the fragmentary remains of the fallen, Mayor LINCOLN opened the vials of patriotic congratulation in the following address:—

ADDRESS OF MAYOR LINCOLN.

We have assembled, citizens of Boston, in our own Faneuil Hall, to participate in the celebration of another anniversary of American Independence. We have laid aside the sober cares of our several daily avocations, to join in that general jubilee which is so becoming to a great and united people.

This morning's sun shone upon thirty millions of freemen exulting in the peaceful and full enjoyment of a greater number of blessings than has ever before been vouchsafed to man.

The act we commemorate placed the United States in a proud position as a member of the great family of nations. Its influence has extended further than that, for while it conferred happiness upon a great community, yet it has modified and changed the policy of every civilized people, and is destined to go on until constitutional governments and the rights of man shall be universally acknowledged.

If there is any section of this country that should glory in the day, it is this Commonwealth, and our own beloved Boston. Here the great struggle of the Revolution commenced; our soil first drank the blood of its martyrs; on yonder heights was the first great battle fought; our streets first witnessed the insolence of the foreign foe, and from our wharves his first great mortifying defeat, as begging permission to quietly retire, after a protracted siege within its sheltering walls, his discomfited army, with its craven-hearted retainers, took their hurried departure, and sailed down the waters of our beautiful bay.

Massachusetts men were in every great battle of the

Revolution; the bones of her sons lie mingled with the soil of every field of the conflict, but her enemy never again attempted to make our State the theatre of war, or trusted their armies to the mercy of a people who had driven them so ignominiously from her shores.

The foe gallantly met them in other scenes and in distant parts, but they had already seen enough of the mettle of her Puritan stock not to hazard another effort at subjugation in the midst of the firesides and homes of her patriots.

The men of Massachusetts heard the first gun of the Revolution within her own limits; they struggled then, and through all that eventful war, in every section, for the common cause, and only ceased their efforts when the royal army, at the siege of Yorktown, laid down their arms, and their submission was received by one of her own generals. The valor which Massachusetts displayed in the field was only equalled by the wisdom which distinguished her in the council. The eloquence of her civilians prepared and sustained the hearts of the people for the contest, and nerved their arms and strengthened their sinews for those deeds which astonished the world.

The patriotism which led her into the conflict, and, with the co-operation of her sister colonies, carried her successfully through, has ever continued, and is as strong now as at any period in her history.

The people of Boston, in town meeting assembled, at the conclusion of the war in 1783, resolved that the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence should be constantly celebrated by a public oration; and to-day we have listened to the seventy-sixth, which has been delivered under the auspices of its municipal authorities. I believe it can be said to the credit of Boston, that it is the only municipal organization which has, without a single exception, celebrated in this manner this great national event.

These orations, while necessarily partaking somewhat of the personal feelings and opinions of the different individuals who have officiated, have still, in the main, been a

true index of the spirit of the times in which they were delivered, and have been of incalculable advantage in keeping in remembrance the heroic deeds of the fathers, who achieved the independence of the nation.

Let us, then, fellow citizens, dedicate the day to none but the most fraternal feelings for all sections and parties of our common country. Let party names and sectarian prejudices be banished from our thoughts on this national festival. Let us all swear unfaltering allegiance to the great principle of the Revolution, leaving the particular application of those principles to public measures, to other occasions, and to other days in the national calendar.

In the progress of events we must occasionally differ upon momentous questions affecting the public weal. Controversies will come with free thought and free speech, and are in themselves signs of a healthy political organization; but to-day we recognize each and all as brothers and patriots, peers of the same glorious inheritance, and alike responsible to transmit it unimpaired to posterity. Let us here, in old Faneuil Hall, surrounded by all its interesting associations, solemnly assert our loyalty to that union of the States which makes us one people, and the sacred regard to the Constitution as established by the Fathers, and expounded by its most illustrious defenders.

Let us feel that our duties correspond with our privileges, and remember the old maxim, "that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The occasion is one of congratulation; let us give full play to the emotions of the hour.

The Star Spangled Banner, the emblem of the free, floats this day not only over a vast Republic, but is seen by admiring eyes upon some mast-head in every sea. Every American's heart beats quicker as it is seen aloft, dallying with the breeze. Let us see to it that its ethereal blue shall never be soiled by any stain, or that the brilliancy of its stars shall never be obscured by anarchy or disunion. In behalf of the City of Boston I bid you all, guests and asso-

ciates, a cordial welcome to-day, to the "Cradle of Liberty," and to the festivities of this occasion, and will close with proposing this sentiment:—

The Day we Celebrate—The most memorable Day in the history of the past; each returning anniversary shall add to it a new significance, as it beholds a great and prosperous people enjoying the rich legacy bequeathed by the Fathers, and resolved in their turn to transmit it to their sons.

This address was followed by "Hail Columbia" from the band.

The Mayor now introduced Col. FRENCH, the Chief Marshal of the day, as having been charged with the additional duty of toastmaster, and that gentleman proceeded to announce the regular toasts.

First regular toast:—

The President of the United States—May wisdom direct his counsels, and under the auspices of the Constitution may he exercise his high prerogative with discretion, honor and fidelity.

The Mayor now read the following

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

WASHINGTON, June 19, 1858.

DEAR SIR—I have had the honor to receive your "official invitation to participate with the City Government of Boston in the celebration of the approaching anniversary of American Independence."

I should be much gratified were it in my power to accept this invitation, and therefore deeply regret that public business will confine me to this city for several weeks to come.

Feeling much indebted to you for the kind and courteous terms which you have employed in extending the invitation, I remain yours very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Mayor, &c.

Second regular toast:—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts—May her ancient glory and ancestral fame ever remind her sons that their highest duty rests upon the platform of their broadest patriotism.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR BANKS.

Governor BANKS was now introduced by the Mayor, and, in response, said it would be impossible for him to be insensible to the honor conferred upon him in being called upon to respond to the sentiment which had just been pronounced. He would thank the citizens of Boston who were present,

for the reception which that sentiment had received at their hands. He experienced an inexpressible pleasure in participating, for the first time in his life, in the celebration of this anniversary by the city authorities of Boston, for, though often heretofore invited to join in the municipal celebration, yet never before had it been his privilege to be present. He was proud to say that the occasion was quite equal to the expectations he had formed of it.

There were many reasons, individual as well as official, why he was pleased to join with the citizens of Boston in the commemoration of this day. He begged leave to say that he helped build this city himself. In its darkened shops, upon the printing presses and engines which have contributed so much to its glory, he gave the toil of his youth, and were it necessary he could still return to them. Those localities he never passed without emotion. Although subsequently admitted to the profession of the law, and had since served in various public capacities with more or less success, his memory still reverted with pleasure to the days which he passed in those workshops, for there, with those who were associated with him, were passed many of the happiest hours of his life.

The Commonwealth has many reasons for cherishing the reputation of this metropolis. It was this city which was foremost in creating that merchant marine that has done so much for the wealth of the State; and Massachusetts can never forget the unswerving patriotism with which the Boston boys sustained her rights and her liberties during the long and desperate struggle of the Revolution. The Commonwealth cherishes the renown of the great and successful efforts of the merchant princes of Boston to harmonize the conflicting interests of commerce and manufactures, which together have accomplished so much for the prosperity of the whole country. And worthy the incidents in the brilliant history of the city of Boston, was the establishment of an official and formal commemoration of the anniversary of our National Independence. In less than

eighteen years fifty millions of people will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the nation under a republican form of government.

Remarks had been made to-day which inclined him to a consideration of those political views to which patriotic and national sentiments and thoughts would lead us upon an occasion like this; but the Mayor, treating him as a guest, had forborne alluding to those topics, and in so doing had acted rightly. This day belongs not to the City or to the State. It is consecrated to the Union of the States, and is the property of all men throughout the world. We may cherish the recollection of the historic glories of Boston and Bunker Hill, but we may never forget that Georgia, Carolina and Virginia stood side by side with New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. After referring to James Otis, he said we must remember that Lee and Jefferson, as well as Hancock and Adams, ai to-day citizens of no State, but "bright, particular stars" i that galaxy of statesmen who fashioned for us the glorious heritage of the American Union, which to-day numbers thirty-two independent States. We must regard these as great, distinguishing facts, and when in the light of these facts we look back to the past, and the labors of those who are gone before us, remember that there is a God who still lives and holds us to the performance of the duties of the future and to the maintenance of the principles of liberty, as exemplified in the lives of our fathers.

The American Revolution did much more than give to an intelligent people a chance for the establishment of well-regulated constitutional liberty. It placed them many centuries in advance of the people of all other States, and of all parts of the world. It cannot be, looking from this high stand-point, and considering the privileges we are enjoying, that the Past is the only light to which we can look, or that the light of the Future is not as open and encouraging as was the Future of those who have gone before us.

Third regular toast:—

The Memory of George Washington.

After a dirge by the band, the company standing, the Mayor remarked that it was fitting that the most illustrious of living orators should reply to a sentiment in honor of the most illustrious of the dead, and introduced the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT.

SPEECH OF MR. EVERETT.

MR. MAYOR:—I feel greatly honored by the manner in which you have called upon me to respond to the toast given to the memory of Washington. I have elsewhere thought it right to say, that to be named in connection with him is an honor so far beyond any desert of mine, that there would be a degree of vanity in thinking it necessary to disclaim it. You will give me credit, if not for the self-knowledge and humility, at least for the good taste, which would lead me to put far aside any such association with that great name, which more than any other name of human renown has drawn to itself incomparably the gratitude and affection of his own countrymen, and the admiration of mankind. But I may, without presumption, return you my thanks for affording me the opportunity of giving utterance, on your behalf and on behalf of the city of Boston, to the emotions with which the mention of that illustrious name, ever honored, ever dear, must warm the bosom of the true patriot, on the anniversary of our National Independence.

I feel, sir, more and more as I advance in life, and watch with mingled confidence, solicitude and hope the development of the momentous drama of our national existence, seeking to penetrate that future, which his excellency has so eloquently foreshadowed, that it is well worth our while, that it is at once one of our highest social duties and important privileges to celebrate with ever increasing solemnity—with annually augmented pomp and circumstance of festal commemoration—the anniversary of the nation's birth, were it only affording a fitting occasion to bring the character and services of Washington, with ever fresh recognition, to the

public notice, as the great central figure of that unparalleled group, that "noble army" of chieftains, sages and patriots, by whom the revolution was accomplished.

This is the occasion, and here is the spot, and this is the day, and we citizens of Boston are the men, if any in the land, to throw wide open the portals of the Temple of Memory and Fame, and there gaze with the eyes of a reverent and grateful imagination on his benignant countenance and majestic form. This is the occasion and the day, for who needs to be told how much the cause of independence owes to the services and character of Washington, to the purity of that stainless purpose, to the firmness of that resolute soul? This is the spot, this immortal hall, from which as from an altar went forth the burning coals, that kindled into a consuming fire at Lexington and Concord, at Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights. We citizens of Boston are the men, for the first great success of Washington in the Revolutionary War was to restore to our fathers their ancient and beloved native town. This is the time, the accepted time, when the voice of the Father of his Country cries aloud to us from the sods of Mount Vernon, and calls upon us, East and West, North and South, as the brethren of one great household, to be faithful to the dear-bought inheritance which he did so much to secure to us.

Nor is the fame of Washington confined to our own country. Bourdaloue, in his eulogy on the military saint of France, exclaims, "The other saints have been given by the church to France; but France, in return, has given St. Louis to the church." Born into the family of nations in these latter days, receiving from foreign countries, inheriting from ancient times the bright and instructive example of all their honored sons, it is the glory of America, in the very dawn of her national existence, to have given back to the world many names of which the lustre will never fade; one name of which the whole family of Christendom is willing to acknowledge the unenvied preëminence; a name of which neither Greece nor Rome, nor Republican Italy, Switzerland

nor Holland, nor constitutional England, can boast the rival. "A character of virtues so happily tempered by one another," (I use the language of Charles James Fox,) "and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, is hardly to be found on the pages of history."

It is delightful to witness the generous recognition of Washington's merit, even in countries where from political reasons some backwardness in that respect might have been anticipated. Notwithstanding his leading agency in wresting a colonial empire from Great Britain, England was not slow to appreciate the grandeur and beauty of his character. Rufus King, writing to General Hamilton in 1797, says: "No one who has not been in England can have a just idea of the admiration expressed among all parties for General Washington. It is a common observation, that he is not only the most illustrious but the most meritorious character which has yet appeared." Nor was France behind England in her admiration of Washington. Notwithstanding the uneasy relations of the two countries at the time of his decease, when the news of his death reached Paris, the youthful and fortunate soldier, who had already reached the summit of power by paths which Washington could never have trod, commanded the highest honors to be paid to him. A solemn funeral service was performed in the "Invalids," in the presence of all that was most eminent in Paris. "A sorrowful cry," said Fontanes, the orator chosen by Napoleon for the occasion, "has reached us from America, which he liberated. It belongs to France to yield the first response to the lamentation which will be echoed by every great soul. These august arches have been well chosen for the apothesis of a hero."

How often, in those wild scenes of her revolution, when the best blood of France was shed by the remorseless and ephemeral tyrants, who chased each other dagger in hand across that dismal stage of crime and wo, during the reign of terror, how often did the thoughts of Lafayette and his companions in arms who had fought the battles of

constitutional liberty in America call up the image of the pure, the just, the humane, the unambitious Washington! How different would have been the fate of France, if her victorious chieftain, when he had reached the giddy heights of power, had imitated the great example which he eulogized! He might have saved his country from being crushed by the leagued hosts of Europe; he might have prevented the names of Moscow and Waterloo from being written in letters of blood on the pages of history; he might have escaped himself from the sad significance of those memorable words of Fontanes, on the occasion to which I have alluded, when, in the presence of Napoleon he spoke of Washington as a man, who, "by a destiny seldom shared by those who change the fate of empires, died in peace as a private citizen, in his native land, where he had held the first rank, and which he had himself made free."

How different would have been the fate of Spain, of Naples, of Greece, of Germany, of Mexico and the South American Republics had their recent revolutions been conducted by men like Washington and his patriotic associates, whose prudence, patriotism, probity and disinterestedness conducted our revolution to an auspicious and honorable result.

But it is of course at home that we must look for an adequate appreciation of our Washington's name and worth. He is the friend of other countries; he is the father of his own. I own, Mr. Mayor, that it has been to me a source of inexpressible satisfaction to find, amidst all the bitter dissensions of the day, that this one grand sentiment—veneration for the name of Washington—is planted down in the very depths of the American heart. It has been my privilege, within the last two years, to hold it up to the reverend contemplation of my countrymen, from the banks of the Penobscot to the banks of the Savannah, from New York to St. Louis, from Chesapeake Bay to Lake Michigan, and the same sentiments, expressed in the same words, have every-

where touched the same sympathetic chord in the American heart.

To that central attraction, I have been delighted to find the thoughts, the affections, the memories of the people, in whatever part of the country, from the ocean to the prairies of the West; from the land of granite and ice to the land of the palmetto and the magnolia—instinctively turn. They have their sectional loves and hatreds, but before the dear name of Washington, they are absorbed and forgotten. In whatever region of the country, the heart of patriotism warms to him; as in the starry heavens, with the circling of the seasons, the pointers go round the sphere, but their direction is ever toward the pole. "They may point *from* the East, they may point *from* the West, but they will point *to* the Northern star." It is not the brightest star in the heavens, as men account brightness, but it is always in its place. The meteor, kindled into momentary blaze from the rank vapors of the lower sky, is brighter. The comet is brighter that streams across the firmament,

> "And from his horrid hair,
> Shakes pestilence and war."

But the meteor explodes; the comet rushes back to the depths of the heavens; while the load-star shines steady at the pole, alike in summer and in winter, in seed time and in harvest, at the equinox and the solstice. It shone for Columbus at the discovery of America; it shone for the pioneers of settlement, the pilgrims of faith and hope at Jamestown and Plymouth; it will shine for the mariner who shall enter your harbor to-night; it will shine for the navies which shall bear the sleeping thunders of your power while the flag of the Union shall brave the battle and the brezee. So, too, the character, the counsels, the example of our Washington, of which you bid me speak; he guided our fathers through the storms of the Revolution; he will guide us through the doubts and difficulties that beset us;

he will guide our children and our children's children in the paths of prosperity and peace, while America shall hold her place in the family of nations.

The fourth regular toast:—

The Judiciary—The sheet-anchor of the Ship of State; may it ever take firm hold in the hearts of the people.

SPEECH OF JUDGE SANGER.

JUDGE SANGER, of the Court of Common Pleas, having been called to respond in behalf of the Judiciary, said:—

Both for the subject matter of the sentiment and for those who have been, with myself, attentive and delighted listeners to the eloquent speech just delivered, it is to be regretted that it has not fallen to the lot of some member of that Supreme Court whose learning and whose weight of personal character have established that tribunal in the hearts of the people of this Commonwealth, and have added lustre to the Commonwealth itself, to answer to this sentiment. And now that those eloquent lips have just been closed—lips whose feeblest accents always thrill to the heart—I feel it almost impossible to say a word. But I have been called upon, and must respond to the sentiment.

I do not propose to eulogize the Judiciary of Massachusetts. The occasion neither permits nor requires it. But I would speak of the aid which the Judiciary lends to the administration of the law. In this respect, perhaps, more honor has been awarded to it than it can justly claim.

While we speak of the Judiciary as the directing and controlling power, we often attribute to it the undivided honor and responsibility. But it must be remembered that it has not an undivided honor and responsibility; that there are others who share the honors that cluster around the responsibility that attaches to its decisions. We all know that when the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court gives a decision upon an abstract question, the annunciation of the decision falls unheeded, unless by the application of the law

to facts, the popular pulse is struck and feeling is excited. It seems to me that when the law is applied to the facts, it is then that the honor is due and the responsibility attaches. Now while the judges do this but rarely, there is a body of men who do it every day—the jury—who under our constitution and laws apply the law to the facts; and it is the jury who should share the honor and divide the responsibility.

He concluded with the following sentiment:—

The Jury List—In theory composed of men of the best intellect, intelligence, and integrity in the various walks of life, who well and truly try the issue according to the evidence. Let the people see to it that the fact corresponds to the theory.

Fifth regular toast:—

The Union of the States—Around it cluster the most glorious associations of our history; in it the hopes of humanity are involved; for it, religious liberty and conscience plead; and beyond all, upon it, in its riper years as in its infancy, the protection of God rests, a sheltering cloud for its fiercer day and a pillar of fire in its darker night.

SPEECH OF THE HON. AMOS A. LAWRENCE.

Hon. AMOS A. LAWRENCE being called upon to respond, said the call was unexpected, but he held to the doctrine that any Massachusetts man who cannot respond to a sentiment in honor of the union of the States, and at the moment, is no *American* at all. In looking over some old papers the other day to ascertain what had been done in times past in this hall on the occasion of this anniversary, he found that after the President of the United States, "their majesties the King and Queen of France" were toasted. What a toast, he said, was this for an American celebration. That unpatriotic order was introduced because party politics had been introduced into the celebration of the day, and at a time when politics ran high.

These celebrations have improved since then; but he was sorry to hear that to-day that improvement has been checked by an effort to make a party celebration, and which for the honor of this city he trusted would never be made again.

On the way to the hall he was told by a friend whom he loved and revered, that this was to be a Black Republican celebration. Now if it be a Black Republican celebration, and the sentiments to which we have listened are Black Republican, then, he would say, let us have more of them. He saw here National Whigs and National Americans. The city of Boston is national, and always will be. He saw present those who call themselves "American Republicans," and he thought they would say she is national, and that they rejoice at it. In conclusion, he gave as a sentiment:—

The City of Boston—May she continue to be as she always has been—the bright North Star of National Liberty, from which the people of the country may always take a safe reckoning.

Sixth regular toast:—

The Orator of the Day—Whose eloquence has given an additional lustre to his words of wisdom; may his broad and patriotic sentiments cause us to prize our country with the pride of true Americans.

JOHN S. HOLMES, Esq., the Orator of the Day, responded, saying that he did not claim to be an eloquent man, and that no man could be eloquent in the presence of Edward Everett. He concluded by giving—

The Constitution of the United States—The Magna Charta of American Liberty; to be preserved in reverence, and to be sustained by the obedience of the people of the land.

Seventh regular toast:—

The Queen of Great Britain—Her virtues have gained her more hearts than her throne has subjects.

The Mayor here introduced the Hon. JOSEPH HOWE, of Halifax, and requested him to respond to the toast.

SPEECH OF HON. JOSEPH HOWE, OF HALIFAX.

Mr. HOWE said, that to be called on to respond to such a sentiment, was an honor he never before received in his life. He had been in Boston before and had partaken of her unbounded hospitality, and had fraternized with the people. He had been surprised as well as gratified to see that ancient prejudices had been toned down; to observe that the feelings excited by two wars had become entirely subdued; that

the angry feelings belonging to the past had subsided, and that he should hear the health of the Queen drank in these States with all the honors with which it would be drank at home. He thanked the audience most sincerely, in the name of three millions of North Americans, who would thank them again when they heard of the incident. He wished that he had Queen Victoria to present to the admiring gaze of the citizens of Boston. As republicans they might not be fond of queens, but as individuals they are fond of beautful and cultivated women.

We honor the sovereign, because we love liberty. We maintain his throne because our liberties surround it. We uphold and maintain him as the apex of the great pillar of state. We honor the sovereign when he is of our own sex; but when a gifted and beautifulwoman sits upon our throne, we love her. And Queen Victoria, to all her subjects, at home and abroad, sets the example of a good wife, a devoted mother, and of a woman of taste and education, and therefore we thank God that we have not only got a monarch, but an exemplar for our wives and daughters.

The speaker said he never came to Boston without feeling at home, for his father was born in Boston, he learned here the trade of a printer, and when the revolution broke out he was just twenty-one, and engaged to a pretty girl. He became compromised, and was driven away; but that pretty girl followed him to the Provinces and married him. Those who left Boston for the Provinces were not so good republicans, perhaps, as those who were left behind, but they were lovers of liberty, all! His father retained fond recollections of Boston, and whenever he took sick they sent him here to look at the Old State House, and he came back uncommonly well.

Alluding to the eloquent remarks of Mr. Everett, whom he said all North America could not match, the speaker remarked that the Indian draws from the maple his bow and the sap to sweeten his repast. Mr. Everett, the orator of this State and Nation, seems like him to draw from one

source the high logical argument with which to appeal to the understanding and the grace which charms all who listen to him.

He alluded to the difficulties that had recently existed between the United States and England, but now happily removed, and said he did not hestitate to express the opinion of a North American, and of all North Americans, that no nation has the right to stop the vessels of another nation upon the high seas.

He complimented the character of the celebration, and remarked, that in listening to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, he regarded it as an indictment against England in the olden time. At that time the rights of Englishmen at home were not much better defined than the rights of Englishmen in the Colonies. England, under Lord North, was no more an England to be proud of than New Amsterdam under Peter Stuyvesant. Judge not the English empire by what she was then, but by what she is now—the centre of a vast commerce, and what is more, founding new colonies and provinces every day, training them in the way of freedom, and when they are prepared for self-government, not forcing them into declarations of independence, but making over to them the powers they need. The North American Provinces are as you are. When you get a bad administration you have to keep it three or four years, but we can vote out a bad government in five minutes, by a vote of want of confidence.

He extended a hearty invitation to those present to visit the Provinces on some of their great days, and he would assure them of the warmest reception, and concluded with some remarks concerning the ladies of Boston and Halifax, conceding to the American ladies pre-eminence in the dimensions of their crinolines, or the amount of canvas they sail under.

In response to Mr. HOWE's sentiment, the band played "God save the Queen."

Eighth regular toast:—

The Clergy of the Revolution—Not inferior to their fellow citizens in their devotion to the cause of liberty.

After some remarks in relation to the revolutionary reminiscences connected with Brattle Street Church, the Mayor introduced the Rev. S. K. LOTHROP, the pastor of that church, and Chaplain of the Day.

SPEECH OF REV. MR. LOTHROP.

The Rev. S. K. LOTHROP responded by expressing his deep regret that, inasmuch as this was the anniversary of the separation of the colonies from Great Britain, that the announcement could not have been made to-day that the Atlantic telegraph cable had been laid, in order that the same anniversary might have commemorated the completion of this mighty pledge of peace and friendship between the two countries. He then remarked, how shall I dare venture to speak for the clergy of the Revolution? Fortunately, they need no man to speak for them; their deeds and characters are matters of history, and speak for themselves. He next alluded to the church (in Brattle Square) of which he was pastor, and said he could venture to declare that during the Revolution there was gathered under no roof in this country a body of men more faithful to the interests of the country than those who gathered in that church; and no man did more, by his influence and speech, than Dr. Cooper, then pastor of the church.

The clergy have ever been true to the liberty of the nation. Where has all the civil liberty in the world originated? Has not the martyr always preceded the patriot, and was not the struggle for civil liberty preceded by that for religious liberty? And is any civil liberty durable that does not rest upon religious freedom? The liberty of this country depends upon the religious belief of the people of the country. The strain is to be upon the moral principle of the people, and if there is no religious belief, there can be no moral principle. If the people of this country are able to retain

their religious faith and moral principle, then this government will not fail. The reverend gentlemen concluded with the sentiment:—

Patriotism—Which has its foundation in piety, and the moral principle that rests upon faith in the gospel of Christ. Let those two sentiments prevail in the hearts of this people, and their glory and prosperity, as well as their liberty, will be perpetual.

Ninth regular toast:—

The Army and Navy of the United States.

The Mayor here read the following

LETTER FROM LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT.

WEST POINT, N. Y., June 10, 1858.

To His Honor F. W. Lincoln, Mayor of Boston.

DEAR SIR—My obligations to Boston, and, indeed, to the whole State of Massachusetts, are numerous and abiding. I never recur to them without pride and pleasure. Your handsome invitation to join in celebrating the approaching National Anniversary in Faneuil Hall, adds a new one. But, although there is nowhere a place I should visit with equal pleasure, I find it necessary to decline the honor. I am much worn in the public service, and, for the future, must avoid all public entertainments and high excitements.

With high respect and esteem, I remain

Your obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

At the request of the Mayor, Col. E. G. PARKER, senior aid to the Governor, responded to the toast to the Army and Navy.

Tenth regular toast:—

The Declaration of Independence—Let us not, in adoration of the sentiments it contains, forget that those sentiments are the representatives of the most sacred list of names in the history of the American people.

Mr. DANIEL K. FORD, who read the Declaration, responded, closing his remarks with the following sentiment:—

The Present Government of the City of Boston—A perfect chain which needs no better *Linc*-oln (His Honor the Mayor).

Eleventh regular toast:—

The Legislature of the Province of Massachusetts—Early, active, and unwavering friends of American Independence. May their spirit ever animate their successors.

Dr. CHARLES A. PHELPS responded, closing with the following:—

The Citizens of Boston—Arch rebels in 1776. They were among the earliest, may they also be among the latest, defenders of American Independence.

Twelfth regular toast:—

The Veterans of the Army of 1812.

Col. THOMAS ASPINWALL responded, and gave:—

Boston—The Cradle of Liberty. May she always be the stronghold of the full grown giant.

Thirteenth regular toast:—

Our System of Free Schools—The nursery of intelligence and morality, the fountain of social prosperity, and the safeguard of republican liberty; may it never cease to be the pride and glory of Boston, where education was first provided by the means of all for the benefit of all.

To this sentiment Mr. PHILBRICK, Superintendent of the public schools, was expected to respond, but was prevented by the lateness of the hour.

By this time the balloon ascensions had carried off nearly all the company, and on motion of Alderman WIGHTMAN, the remaining few adjourned.

LETTERS.

The following letters, in addition to those given above, were received by the Committee of Arrangements:—

I. S. B. THACHER, of Mississippi, has the honor to acknowledge the polite invitation of the City Council of Boston to dine on the 4th instant.

He regrets that the recent death of one of his family deprives him of the pleasure of sending an acceptance.

He desires to assure the Council of his joy and pride in the rapid and substantial progress of his native city; and, he begs leave to add, since we are taught in the Holy Scripture, "*A city set upon an hill cannot be hid*," that BOSTON, upon her *three* hills, having thus a threefold responsibility, yet challenges the admiration of the world!

Chestnut Street, July 2, 1858.

To his Honor Frederick W. Lincoln, Mayor, &c., &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, June 16, 1858.

DEAR SIR—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 7th inst., enclosing to me an invitation from the Committee of Arrangements to attend the celebration, by the City Council of Boston, of the approaching anniversary of American Independence.

Such an invitation is an honor to be proudly remembered. To participate in a Boston celebration of the 4th of July, in sight of Bunker Hill, and to dine in Faneuil Hall, is like being in the visible presence of the Revolution, and feasting on its glorious memories and the fruits of victories.

It would be most gratifying to me to be present at the celebration, and it is with much regret that I find it out of my power. Circumstances oblige me to return home as soon as my public duties here will permit, and I must, therefore, decline the invitation with which I have been honored, and which you have so kindly urged me to accept.

I request that you will communicate this to the Committee of Arrangements, and to you and to them, sir, I offer my sincere acknowledgments.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully yours, &c.
J. J. CRITTENDEN.

Frederick W. Lincoln, Mayor of the city of Boston.

NAHANT, 3d July, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR:—By some accident, which is entirely unimportant except as an apology for the lateness of my own reply, your obliging card for the Municipal Celebration of our national birthday only reached me a day or two since. I thank you for the privilege it offers me of dining in Faneuil Hall on the 5th inst. Were I to be in town on that day, I should certainly not omit the opportunity of spending at least a part of the afternoon in that hall of ancient renown and glorious association.

May I be pardoned, however, for availing myself of this note of acknowledgment and apology, (and in place of the speech which you so kindly requested me to make,) to suggest a hope that when, in the course of coming years, the anniversary of the great Declaration shall happen again on Sunday, the idea may be entertained of holding the celebration on the day before rather than the day after it?

I will not dwell on the obvious expediency of bringing such celebrations into the end of a week instead of into the beginning; and of thus removing the temptation of turning the Sunday into a mere day of preparation. There are other circumstances of an historical character, which can hardly fail to commend such a change to the favorable considerations of the community.

The memorable and momentous Debate of Independence at Philadelphia ran through the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th days of July. The resolution which embraced the whole decision of the question was adopted on the 2d, and it was accordingly of the 2d day of July, 1776, that John Adams wrote so emphatically to his wife, that "it ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; that it ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

The formal declaration of what had been thus resolved was debated on the 3d, and finally adopted on the evening of the 4th of July. Our great Revolution was thus, in some sort, and so far as the Continental Congress was concerned, "a *Four Days' Revolution;*" and either of the four days might fairly be taken for an anniversary celebration of the event. It would seem as if one of these four ought certainly to be taken for this purpose; and when the Sabbath comes in to arrest all festivities on the last of the four, there would be a peculiar historical propriety in falling back upon one of the other three.

By substituting the 2d in such cases, we should give literal fulfilment to the prophetic anticipations of John Adams, and no one would be sorry to

see this occasionally done. But there is another association with the 3d of July, which would add still more to the interest of such a celebration. You are aware that Washington, having arrived at Cambridge on the 2d, assumed command of the American army for the first time on the 3d of July, 1775. Would it not be a most agreeable and worthy coincidence, if when the intervention of a Sunday shall cut off the customary routine of these celebrations, we could combine the commemoration of those two great events—*Washington taking command of the Army in* 1775, *and Congress declaring our Independence in* 1776?

Pardon me, my dear Mr. Mayor, for making a note of ceremony the vehicle of so practical and prosaic a suggestion. Whatever day may be taken, now or hereafter, I doubt not that as long as Faneuil Hall shall stand, it will be celebrated in a spirit of national brotherhood and comprehensive patriotism. The day is nothing; the spirit is every thing. Let me hasten to a conclusion by thanking you and the Committee of Arrangements once more for your kind invitation, and by offering as a sentiment for the occasion—

"*Our Country and its Glorious Past*—Let us resolve that it shall be no fault of ours if it shall not enjoy a like glorious future."

Believe me, dear Mr. Mayor, very sincerely,

Your friend and servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

His Honor F. W. Lincoln, Jr., Mayor.

DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION.

At an early hour in the morning, the members of the Democratic Club assembled at their head-quarters, Mercantile Buildings, and at half-past ten o'clock, the military escort—the Independent Boston Fusileers, Capt. SNOW—arrived. The procession was at once formed under the direction of the Chief Marshal, Colonel HEARD, and marched, to the stirring music of the Bridgewater Band, through Chauncy, Essex, Washington, Court, and Tremont Streets—reaching the Tremont Temple at eleven o'clock. The large hall was soon thronged; the galleries being completely filled by ladies and the main floor by gentlemen only. Mr. EVERETT, Mr. LORD, of Salem, the elder HANCOCK, Rev. Dr. PUTNAM and many other distinguished gentlemen occupied the prominent seats.

After a Voluntary on the Organ, the following prayer was delivered by the Chaplain of the Day, Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS:—

O God of infinite glory, and majesty, and mercy! let a rejoicing nation worship thee. Let a favored people praise thee; yea, let all the people praise thee.

Thou art our King, our only King. Before thee would we bow down and kneel and pay our homage and offer our supplications and thanksgivings. O that our hearts may be filled with gratitude and our mouths with thy praise and honor all the day long.

Accept, gracious Lord, the joy which is this day circulating in the hearts and shining on the faces of a happy people, as a feeble token that we do not wholly undervalue and despise thy precious benefits.

We devoutly acknowledge and adore thy providential hand in all our nation's history. Verily, thou wast the God of our fathers. Thou broughtest them out of bondage. Thou leddest them over the sea. Thou plantedst them on a new continent. Thou didst watch over them in their feeble-

ness. Thou didst save them out of the hands of their enemies. Thou didst succor them in their straits. Thou didst fight with them in their struggle for freedom, and thy right hand gave them the victory. Thou didst raise up for them men wise in council, strong in action, and brave in arms; and, especially in the hour of extreme peril, *one*, wisest, discreetest, best to lead, to inspire, to harmonize, to control. Thou didst establish their liberties; thou didst bind the beautiful bond of their union; thou didst spread the boundaries of their habitation; thou didst increase their greatness; thou gavest them a name and an exalted place amongst the nations of the earth. Not unto them, O God, not unto them, but unto thy name give glory!

And now, O God, that we have come into this goodly inheritence; that we have entered into their labors; that we are reaping the rich harvest which we did not sow, let our hearts not forget the Rock of our salvation; let them not be lifted up with pride and vain glory; let us not boast ourselves of our own strength; let us not wickedly fall away from thee. Lest thou should'st withdraw from us the light of thy countenance and all our glory become dim. Lest thou shouldst take away from beneath us thy mighty arm, and our mountain crumble and come to naught.

O Lord God of our fathers, be thou still our God and the God of our children. Mercifully continue to us thy favors and further us with thy most needful help. Over all our nation's glory may there be a defence. Wide as its borders extend, may the wings of thy protection stretch over it. Fast as its material prosperity increases, may the knowledge and love and fear of thee increase in the hearts of the people.

Rule thou, we beseech thee, our rulers. Replenish them with heavenly gifts. Guide all their counsels. May they be just men, fearing thee and exacting righteousness. May all their measures, devised in wisdom and the spirit of a pure patriotism, be promotive of the public welfare, and conduce to the peace, prosperity and harmony of these United States.

Bless our whole country, North, South, East and West; all its States and Territories; all orders and conditions of its inhabitants; all branches of useful industry; all institutions of good learning, of wise philanthropy, and of a pure religion.

Bless, defend, perpetuate our national Union. Save us from civil dissension and strife. Save us from hasty, partial, passionate legislation. Save us from border warfare and from foreign war. Save us from the springing up of roots of bitterness. Save us from the growth of public wrongs. Save us from the dangers which are incident to prosperity and power. Save us from all the evils, known and unknown, from within and from without, which threaten our Republic.

Spare us, good Lord! For thy name's sake, for the sake of thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, for freedom's sake, for humanity's sake, we pray thee to spare us and to be merciful unto us. Make us watchful and wise; make us grateful, peaceable and righteous; make us loyal to thyself, that our Nation may accomplish, without wrong and without blood, the sublime destiny which is opened to Christian freemen.

And now, O God, we invoke thy blessing upon the festivities of this day and upon the services of this occasion. May words of truth and wisdom and power be spoken. May new emotions of gratitude swell in our hearts. May every sentiment which shall be expressed or awakened be consistent with and conducive to the love of our country, our fellow men, and our God.

In the name of the great Mediator we humbly offer these our prayers and thanksgivings, with all the heavenly host, giving glory to God in the highest, and ascribing blessing and dominion to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever.

An original Ode by Mr. B. P. SHILLABER followed, and was sung with such effect as to elicit marked applause. The Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. D. H. MASON. Mr. WILLIAMSON now came forth and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure to introduce to

you, the orator of the day, RUFUS CHOATE." An indescribable outburst of applause hailed this announcement. Indeed, the entire audience rose and saluted the orator in a series of cheers, which for a time drowned his voice. At length he was heard, and spoke as follows:—

MR. CHOATE'S ORATION.

It is well that in our year, so busy, so secular, so discordant, there comes one day when the word is, and when the emotion is, "our country, our whole country and nothing but our country." It is well that law—our only sovereign on earth—duty, not less the daughter of God, not less within her sphere supreme—custom not old alone, but honored and useful—memories, our hearts, have set a time in which—scythe, loom and anvil stilled, shops shut, wharves silent, the flag—our flag unrent—the flag of our glory and commemoration waving on mast-head, steeple and highland, we may come together and walk hand in hand, thoughtful, admiring, through these galleries of civil greatness; when we may own together the spell of one hour of our history upon us all; when faults may be forgotten, kindnesses revived, virtues remembered and sketched unblamed; when the arrogance of reform, the excesses of reform, the strifes of parties, the rivalries of regions, shall give place to a wider, warmer and juster sentiment; when turning from the corners and dark places of offensiveness, if such the candle lighted by malignity or envy, or censoriousness, or truth has revealed anywhere; when, turning from these, we may go up together to the serene and secret mountain top and there pause, and there unite in the reverent exclamation, and in the exultant prayer, "How beautiful at last are thy tabernacles! What people at last is like unto thee! Peace be within thy palaces and joy within thy gates! The high places are thine, and there shalt thou stand proudly, and innocently, and securely."

Happy if such a day shall not be desecrated by our service! Happy if for us that descending sun shall look out on a more loving, more elevated, more united America!

These, no less, no narrower, be the aims of our celebration. These always were the true aims of this celebration. In its origin, a recital or defence of the grounds and principles of the Revolution, now demanding and permitting no defence,—all taken for granted, and all had by heart; then sometimes wasted in a parade of vain glory, cheap and vulgar; sometimes profaned by the attack and repulse of partisan and local rhetoricians; its great work, its distinctive character, and its chief lessons remain and vindicate themselves, and will do so while the eye of the fighting or the dying shall yet read on the stainless ample folds, the superscription blazing still in light, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

I have wished, therefore, as it was my duty, in doing myself the honor to join you in this act, to give some direction to your thoughts and feelings, suited at once to the nation's holiday, and seasonable and useful in itself. How difficult this may be, I know. To try, however, to try to do any thing, is easy, and it is American also. Your candor will make it doubly easy, and to your candor I commit myself.

The birthday of a nation, old or young, and certainly if young, is a time to think of the means of keeping alive the nation. I do not mean to say, however, because I do not believe, that there is but one way to this, the direct and the didactic. For at last it is the spirit of the day which we would cherish. It is our great annual national love feast which we keep; and if we rise from it with hearts larger, beating fuller, with feeling purer and warmer for America, what signifies it how frugally, or how richly, or how it was spread; or whether it was a strain on the organ, the trumpet tones of the Declaration, the prayer of the good man, the sympathy of the hour, or what it was which wrought to that end?

I do not, therefore, say that such an anniversary is not a time for thanksgiving to God, for gratitude to men, the living and the dead, for tears and thoughts too deep for

tears, for eulogy, for exultation, for all the memories and for all the contrasts which soften and lift up the general mind. I do not say, for example, that to dwell on that one image of Progress which is our history; that image so grand, so dazzling, so constant; that stream now flowing so far and swelling into so immense a flood, but which burst out a small, choked, uncertain spring from the ground at first; that transition from the Rock at Plymouth, from the unfortified peninsula at Jamestown to this America which lays a hand on both the oceans; from that heroic yet feeble folk whose allowance to a man by the day was five kernels of corn, for three months no corn, or a piece of fish, or a moulded remainder biscuit, or a limb of a wild bird—to whom a drought in spring was a fear and a judgment, and a call for humiliation before God—who held their breath when a flight of arrows or a war-cry broke the innocent sleep or startled the brave watching,—from that handful, and that want, to these millions, whose area is a continent, whose harvests might load the board of famishing nations, for whom a world in arms has no terror;—to trace the long series of causes which connected these two contrasted conditions, the Providences which ordained and guided a growth so stupendous—the dominant race, sober, earnest, constructive—changed, but not degenerate here—the influx of other races, assimilating, eloquent and brave; the fusion of all into a new one; the sweet stimulations of liberty; the removal by the whole width of oceans from the establishments of Europe, shaken, tyrannical or burthened; the healthful virgin world; the universal progress of reason and art—universal as civilization—the aspect of revolutions on the human mind; the expansion of discovery and trade; the developing sentiment of independence; the needful baptism of wars; the brave men, the wise men; the Constitution, the Union; the national life and the feeling of union which have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, —I do not say that meditations such as these might not teach or deepen the lesson of the day. All these things, so

holy and beautiful, all things American, may afford certainly the means to keep America alive. That vast panorama unrolled by our general history, or unrolling; that eulogy, so just, so fervent, so splendid, so approved; that electric, seasonable memory of Washington; that purchase and that dedication of the dwelling and the tomb, the work of woman and of the Orator of the age; that record of his generals; that visit to battle fields; that reverent wiping away of dust from great urns; that speculation, that dream of her past, present, and future; every ship builded on lake or ocean; every treaty concluded; every acre of territory annexed; every cannon cast; every machine invented; every mile of new railroad and telegraph undertaken; every dollar added to the aggregate of national or individual wealth:—these all as subjects of thought, as motives to pride and care, as teachers of wisdom, as agencies for probable good, may work, may insure, that earthly immortality of love and glory for which this celebration was ordained.

My way, however, shall be less ambitious and less indirect. Think, then, for a moment, on American nationality itself; the outward national life, and the inward national sentiment; think on this; its nature, and some of its conditions and some of its ethics—I would say, too, some of its dangers—but there shall be no expression of evil omen in this stage of the discourse, and to-day, at least, the word is safety, or hope.

To know the nature of American nationality, examine it first by contrast and then examine it in itself.

In some of the elemental characteristics of political opinion, the American people are one. These they can no more renounce for substance than the highest summit of the highest of the White Hills, than the peak of the Alleghanies, than the Rocky Mountains can bow and cast themselves into the sea. Through all their history, from the dawn of the colonial life to this brightness of this rising, they have spoken them, they have written them, they have acted them, they have run over with them. In all stages,

in all agonies, through all report, good and evil—some learning from the golden times of ancient and mediæval freedom, Greece and Italy and Geneva, from Aristotle, from Cicero and Bodinus, and Machiavel and Calvin; or later, from Harrington, and Sidney and Rousseau; some learning, all reinforcing it directly from nature, and nature's God—all have held and felt that every man was equal to every other man; that every man had a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and a conscience unfettered; that the people were the source of power, and the good of the people was the political object of society itself. This creed, so grand, so broad—in its general and duly qualified, so true—planted the colonies, led them through the desert and the sea of ante-revolutionary life, rallied them all together to resist the attacks of a king and a minister, sharpened and pointed the bayonets of all their battles, burst forth from a million lips, beamed in a million eyes, burned in a million bosoms, sounded out in their revolutionary eloquence of fire and in the Declaration, awoke the thunders, and gleamed in the lightning of the deathless words of OTIS, HENRY and ADAMS, was graved forever on the general mind by the pen of JEFFERSON and PAINE, as by a steel point on a great rock, sun-lighted, survived the excitements of war and the necessities of order, penetrated and tinged all our constitutional composition and policy, and all our party organizations and nomenclature, and stands to-day radiant, defiant, jocund, tip-toe, on the summits of our greatness, one authoritative and louder proclamation to humanity by Freedom, the guardian and the avenger.

But in some traits of our politics we are not one. In some traits we differ from one another, and we change from ourselves. You may say these are subordinate, executory, instrumental traits. Let us not cavil about names, but find the essences of things. Our object is to know the nature of American nationality, and we are attempting to do so, first, by contrasting it with its antagonisms.

There are two great existences, then, in our civil life

which have this in common, though they have nothing else in common, that they may come in conflict with the nationality which I describe; one of them constant in its operation, constitutional, healthful, auxiliary, even; the other rarer, illegitimate, abnormal, terrible; one of them a force under law; the other a violence and a phenomenon above law and against law.

It is first the capital peculiarity of our system, now a commonplace in our politics, that the affections which we give to country we give to a divided object, the States in which we live and the Union by which we are enfolded. We serve two masters. Our hearts own two loves. We live in two countries at once, and are commanded to be capacious of both. How easy it is to reconcile these duties in theory; how reciprocally, more than compatible, how helpful and independent they are in theory; how in this respect our system's difference makes our system's peace, and from these blended colors, and this action and counteraction, how marvellous a beauty, and how grand a harmony we draw out, you all know. Practically you know, too, the adjustment has not been quite so simple. How the Constitution attempts it is plain enough. There it is: *litera scripta manet*, and heaven and earth shall pass before one jot or one tittle of that Scripture shall fail of fulfilment. So we all say, and yet how men have divided on it. How they divided in the great Convention itself, and in the very presence of WASHINGTON. How the people divided on it. How it has created parties, lost and given power, bestowed great reputations, and taken them away, and colored and shaken the universal course of our public life! But have you ever considered that in the nature of things this must be so? Have you ever considered that it was a federative system we had to adopt, and that in such a system a conflict of head and members is in some form and to some extent a result of course? There the States were when we became a nation. There they had been for one hundred and fifty years—for one hundred and seventy years. Some

power, it was agreed on all hands, we must delegate to the new government. Of some thunder, some insignia, some beams, some means of kindling pride, winning gratitude, attracting honor, love, obedience, friends,—all men knew they must be bereaved, and they were so. But when this was done, there were the States still. In the scheme of every statesman they remained a component part, unannihilated, indestructible. In the scheme of the Constitution of compromise itself, they remained a component part, indestructible. In the theories of all publicists and all speculators they were retained, and they were valued for it, to hinder and to disarm that centralization which had been found to be the danger and the weakness of federal liberty. And then when you bear in mind that they are sovereignties, *quasi*, but sovereignties still; that one of the most dread and transcendent prerogatives of sovereignties, the prerogative to take life and liberty for crime, is theirs without dispute; that in the theories of some schools they may claim to be parties to the great compact, and as such may, and that any of them may, secede from that compact when by their corporate judgment they deem it to be broken fundamentally by the others, and that from such a judgment there is no appeal to a common peaceful umpire; that in the theories of some schools they may call out their young men and their old men under the pains of death to defy the sword point of the federal arm; that they can pour around even the gallows and the tomb of him who died for treason to the Union, honor, opinion, tears, and thus sustain the last untimely hour, and soothe the disembodied, complaining shade; that every one, by name, by line of boundary, by jurisdiction, is distinct from every other, and every one from the nation; that within their inviolate borders lie our farms, our homes, our meeting-houses, our graves; that their laws, their courts, their militia, their police, to so vast an extent protect our persons from violence, and our houses from plunder; that their heaven ripens our harvests; their schools form our chil-

dren's mental and moral nature; their charities or their taxes feed our poor; their hospitals cure or shelter our insane; that their image, their opinions, their literature, their morality are around us ever, a presence, a monument, an atmosphere — when you consider this you feel how practical and how inevitable is that antagonism to a single national life, and how true it is that we "buy all our blessings at a price."

But there is another antagonism to such a national life, less constant, less legitimate, less compensated, more terrible, to which I must refer,—not for reprobation, not for warning, not even for grief, but that we may know by contrast, nationality itself,—and that is, the element of sections. This, too, is old, older than the States, old as the Colonies, old as the Churches that planted them, old as Jamestown, old as Plymouth. A thousand forms disguise and express it, and in all of them it is hideous. *Candidum seu nigrum hoc tu Romane caveto.* Black or white, as you are Americans, dread it, shun it! Springing from many causes and fed by many stimulations; springing from that diversity of climate, business, institutions, accomplishment and morality, which comes of our greatness, and compels and should constitute our order and our agreement, but which only makes their difficulty and their merit; from that self-love and self-preference which are their own standard, exclusive, intolerant, and censorious of what is wise and holy; from the fear of ignorance, the jealousy of ignorance, the narrowness of ignorance; from incapacity to abstract, combine, and grasp a complex and various object, and thus rise to the dignity of concession and forbearance and compromise; from the frame of our civil polity, the necessities of our public life and the nature of our ambition, which forces all men not great men, —the minister in his parish, the politician on the stump on election day, the editor of the party newspaper—to take his rise or his patronage from an intense local opinion, and therefore to do his best to create or reinforce it; from our federative government; from our good traits, bad traits, and

foolish traits; from that vain and vulgar hankering for European reputation and respect for European opinion, which forgets that one may know Aristophanes, and Geography, and the Cosmical Unity and Telluric influences, and the smaller morals of life and all the sounding pretensions of philanthropy, and yet not know America; from that philosophy, falsely so called, which boasts emptily of progress, renounces traditions, denies God and worships itself; from an arrogant and flashy literature which mistakes a new phrase for a new thought, and old nonsense for new truth, and is glad to exchange for the fame of drawing-rooms and parlor windows, and the side-lights of a car in motion, the approval of time and the world; from philanthropy which is short-sighted, impatient and spasmodic, and cannot be made to appreciate that its grandest and surest agent, in His eye whose lifetime is Eternity, and whose periods are ages, is a nation and a sober public opinion and a safe and silent advancement, reforming by time; from that spirit which would rule or ruin, and would reign in hell rather than serve in heaven; springing from these causes and stimulated thus, there is an element of regions antagonistic to nationality. Always I have said, there was one; always there will be. It lifted its shriek sometimes even above the silver clarion tone that called millions to unite for independence. It resisted the nomination of Washington to command our armies; made his new levies hate one another; assisted the caballings of Gates and Conway; mocked his retreats, and threw its damp passing cloud for a moment over his exceeding glory; opposed the adoption of any Constitution; and perverted by construction and denounced as a covenant with hell the actual Constitution when it was adopted; brought into our vocabulary and discussions the hateful and ill-omened words North and South, Atlantic and Western, which the grave warnings of the Farewell Address expose and rebuke; transformed the floor of Congress into a battlefield of contending local policy; convened its conventions at Abbeville and Hartford;

rent asunder conferences and synods; turned stated assemblies of grave clergymen and grave laymen into shows of gladiators or of the beasts of gladiators; checked the holy effort of missions, and set back the shadow on the dial-plate of a certain amelioration and ultimate probable emancipation, many degrees. Some might say it culminated later in an enterprise even more daring still; but others might deny it. The ashes upon that fire are not yet cold, and we will not tread upon them. But all will unite in prayer to Almighty God that we may never see, nor our children, nor their children to the thousandth generation may ever see it culminate in a geographical party, banded to elect a geographical President, and inaugurate a geographical policy.

"Take any shape but that, and thou art welcome!"

But now, by the side of this and all antagonisms, higher than they, stronger than they, there rises colossal the fine sweet spirit of nationality, the nationality of America! See there the pillar of fire which God has kindled and lifted and moved for our hosts and our ages. Gaze on that, worship that, worship the highest in that. Between that light and our eyes, a cloud for a time may seem to gather; chariots, armed men on foot, the troops of kings may march on us, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us, and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatries may alienate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the taste and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling; but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward; those waters shall part, and stand on either hand in heaps; that idolatry shall repent; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweetened; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot dry shod, in harvest time; and from that promised land of flocks, fields, tents, mountains, coasts and ships, from North

and South, and East and West, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace and thanksgiving!

But we were seeking the nature of the spirit of nationality, and we pass in this inquiry from contrast to analysis. You may call it, subjectively regarded, as a mode of contemplating the nation in its essence, and so far it is an intellectual conception, and you may call it a feeling, towards the nation thus contemplated, and so far it is an emotion. In the intellectual exercise it contemplates the nation as it is one, and as it is distinguished from all other nations, and in the emotional exercise it loves it, and is proud of it as thus it is contemplated. This you may call its ultimate analysis. But how much more is included in it! How much flows from it! How cold and inadequate is such a description, if we leave it there! Think of it first as a state of consciousness, as a spring of feeling, as a motive to exertion, as blessing your country, and as reacting on you. Think of it as it fills your mind and quickens your heart, and as it fills the mind and quickens the heart of millions around you, born, unborn, dead, living, although dead. Instantly, under such an influence, you ascend above the smoke and stir of this small local strife; you tread upon the high places of the earth and of history; you think and feel as an American for America; her power, her eminence, her consideration, her honor, are yours; your competitors, like hers, are kings; your home, like hers, is the world; your path, like hers, is on the highway of empires; our charge, her charge, is of generations and ages; your record, her record, is of treaties, battles, voyages, beneath all the constellations; her image, one, immortal, golden, rises on your eye as our western star at evening rises on the traveller from this home; no lowering cloud, no angry river, no lingering spring, no broken crevasse, no inundated city or plantation, no tracts of sand, arid and burning, on that surface, but all blended and softened into one beam of kindred rays, the image, harbinger, and promise of love, hope, and a brighter day!

Think of it next, as an active virtue. Is not all history a recital of the achievements of nationality, and an exponent of its historical and imperial nature? Even under systems far less perfect, and influences far less auspicious than ours, has it not lifted itself up for a time above all things meaner, vindicating itself by action, by the sublimity of a brave daring, successful or unsuccessful, by the sublimity of a working hope? How loose, for example, and how perfidious, was that union of the States of Greece in all times! How distinct were the nations of Attica, of Laconia, of Thessaly, of Bœtia, and how utterly insufficient the oracle, the Amphyctionic Assembly, the games, the great first epic, to restrain Athens and Sparta and Thebes from contending, by diplomacy, by fraud, by battle, for the mastery! And yet even in the historical age, when the storm of Eastern invasion swept that blue sea, and those laughing islands, and iron-bound coast, over, above, grander and more useful than the fear and policy which counselled temporary union,—were there not some, were there not many, on whose perturbed and towering motives came the thought of that great, common, Greek name; that race, kindred at last, though policy, though mines of marble, though ages had parted them,—that golden, ancient, polished speech, that inherited ancestral glory, that national Olympus, that inviolated, sterile and separate earth, that fame of camps, that fire of camps which put out the ancient life of the Troy of Asia; and was it not such memories as these that burn and revel in the pages of Herodotus? Did not Sparta and Athens hate one another and fight one another habitually, and yet when those Lacedæmonian levies gazed so steadfastly on the faces of the fallen at Marathon did they not give Greek tears to Athens and Greek curses to Persia, and in the hour of Platæa did they not stand together against the barbarian? What else formed the secret of the brief spell of Rienzi's power, and burned and sparkled in the poetry and rhetoric of his friend Petrach, and soothed the dark hour of the grander soul of Machiavel, loathing that Italy, and recalling that other

day when "800,000 men sprang to arms at the rumor of a Gallic invasion"? Is not Prussia afraid of Austria, and Saxony of Bavaria, and Frankfort jealous of Dresden, and so through the twenty-seven or eight or thirty States, great and small; and yet the dear, common fatherland, the old German tongue, the legend of Hermann, the native and titular Rhine flowing rapid, deep, and majestic, like the life of a hero of antiquity—do not these spectacles and these traditions sometimes wake the nationality of Germany to action, as well as to life and hope?

But if you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day and all which it stands for,—did it not give us these? This glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this wide one sheet of flame which wrapped tyrant and tyranny and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever; the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work—were not all these imparted as inspired by this imperial sentiment? Has it not here begun the master work of man, the creation of a national life? Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the Constitution? Has it not, in the general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since? Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest. It has involved us in no entangling alliances. It has kept our neutrality dignified and just. The victories of peace have been our prized victories. But the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created and for which they must one day, before some tribunal give account, what a measure of these it has enabled us already to fulfil! It has lifted us to the throne and has set on our brow the name of the great Republic. It has taught us to demand

nothing wrong; and to submit to nothing wrong; it has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, and accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountain, and planted our ensign on the great, tranquil sea; it has made the desert to bud and blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring, new and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty; it has kept us at rest within all our borders; it has repressed without blood the intemperance of local insubordination; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a deck, though it seeks not war, makes not war, and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag all unstained; it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of the people!

We have done with the nature of American nationality, with its contrasts, analysis and fruits. I have less pleasure to remind you that it has conditions also, and ethics. And what are some of these? This is our next consideration.

And the first of these is that this national existence is, to an extraordinary degree, not a growth, but a production; that it has origin in the will and the reason, and that the will and the reason must keep it alive, or it can bear no life. I do not forget that a power above man's power, a wisdom above man's wisdom, a reason above man's reason, may be traced without the presumptuousness of fanaticism in the fortunes of America. I do not forget that God has been in our history. Beyond that dazzling progress of art, society, thought, which is of His ordaining, although it may seem to a false philosophy a fatal and inevitable flow under law—beyond this I do not forget that there have been, and there may be again interpositions, providential, exceptional, and direct, of that Supreme Agency without which no sparrow falleth. That condition of mind and of opinion in Europe, and more than anywhere else, in England, which marked

the period of emigration, and bore flower, fruit and seed after its kind in the new world; that conflict and upheaval and fermenting in the age of Charles the First, and the long Parliament, and Cromwell, and Milton—violated nature asserting herself; that disappearance of the old races here, wasting so mysteriously and so seasonably—that drear death giving place as in nature to a better life; that long colonial growth in shade and storm and neglect, sheltered imperfectly by our relations to the mother country, and not yet exposed to the tempest and lightning of the high places of political independence; burthened and poor, but yet evolving, germinant, prophetic; that insane common attack of one tyranny on so many charters; that succession of incompetent English commanders and English tactics against us in the war; that one soul breathed in a moment into a continent; the Declaration so timely, and so full of tone; the name, the services, the influence of Washington—these are "parts of his ways," and we may understand and adore them.

I do not forget either that in the great first step we had to take—that difficulty so stupendous, of beginning to mould the colonies into a nation, to overcome the prejudices of habit and ignorance, the petty cavils of the petty, the envy, the jealousy, the ambition, the fears of great men and little men; to take away partition walls, roll away provincial flags and hush provincial drums, and give to the young republic *E Pluribus Unum*, to set out onward and upward on her Zodiac path,—I do not forget that in this, too, there were helps of circumstances for which no philosophy and no pride can make us unthankful.

Take one. Have you ever considered, speculating on the mysteries of our national being, how providentially the colonial life itself, in one respect, qualified for Union, and how providentially it came to pass that independence and nationality were born in one day? Suppose that from the times when they were planted respectively, these colonies had been independent of one another, and of every one—suppose this

had been so for one hundred and fifty years, for one hundred and seventy years; that in the eye of public law they had through all that time ranked with England, with France, that through all that time they had made war, concluded peace, negotiated treaties of commerce and of alliance, received and sent ministers, coined money, superintended trade, "done all other things which independent states of right may do;" and then that a single foreign power had sought to reduce them. I do not say that that power would have reduced them. I do not say that necessity, that prudence, which is civil necessity, would not have taught them to assist one another, and that in one sense, and that a just one, they would have fought and triumphed together. But when that victory was won and the cloud rolled off seaward, would these victors have flown quite so easily into a common embrace and become a single people? This long antecedent several independence; this long antecedent national life—would it not have indurated them and separated them? These old high actions and high passions flowing diverse; these opposed banners of old fields; this music of hostile marches; these memories of an unshared past; this history of a glory in which one only had part,—do you think they could have been melted, softened, and beaten quite so easily into the unity of a common life? Might not the world have seen here, instead, another Attica, and Achaia and Lacedæmonia, and Messina, and Naples and Florence and Saxony? Did not that colonial life, in its nature—that long winter and lingering spring discipline and prepare men for the future of their civil life, as an April snow enriches the earth it seems to bury? Did it not keep back the growths which might otherwise have shot up into impracticable ranknesses and diversities? Did it not divert men from themselves to one another—from Massachusetts and Virginia and New York, to the forming or the possible America? Instead of stunting and enfeebling, did it not enlarge and strengthen? And when all that host flocked together, to taste together the first waters of independent life, and one high, common,

proud feeling pervaded their ranks, lifted up all hearts, softened all hearts at once—and a Rhode Island General was seen to fight at the Eutaws; and a New Yorker or one well beloved of Massachusetts at Saratoga; and a Virginian to guide the common war, and a united army to win the victory for all—was not the transition in a moment so sublime, more natural, less violent, more easy to the transcendent conception of nationality itself?

I do not deny, too, that some things subordinate and executory are a little easier than at first; that the friction of the machine is less somewhat; that mere administration has grown simpler; that organizations have been effected which may move of themselves; that departments have been created and set going, which can go alone; that the Constitution has been construed authoritatively; that a course, a routine has been established in which things—some things—may go on as now, without your thought or mind. Bold he is, moreover, I admit, not wise, who would undertake to determine what chance, or what Providence may do, and what man may do in the sustentation of national life. But remember, that is a false philosophy and that is no religion which absolves from duty. That is impiety which boasts of a will of God, and forgets the business of man. Will and reason created, will and reason must keep. Every day,, still, we are in committee of the whole on the question of the Constitution or no Constitution. Eternal vigilance is the condition of union, as they say it is of liberty. I have heard that if the same Omnipotence which formed the universe at first should suspend its care for a day, primeval chaos were come again. Dare we risk such a speculation in politics and act on it? Consider how new is this America of yours! Some there are yet alive who saw this infant rocked in the cradle. Some there are yet alive who beheld the first inauguration of Washington; many that felt how the tidings of his death smote on the general heart. Some now alive. saw the deep broad trench first excavated, the stone drawn from the mountain-side, the mortar mingled,

the Cyclopean foundation laid, the tears, the anthems, the thanksgiving of the dedication day. That unknown, therefore magnified, therefore magnificent original; that august tradition of a mixed human and Divine; that hidden fountain; the long half hidden flow glancing uncertain and infrequent through the opening of the old forest, spreading out, at last, after leagues, after centuries, into the clear daylight of history; the authoritative prescription; the "awful hoar of immumerable ages," the legend, the fable, the tones of uncertain harps, the acquiescence of generations, rising in a long line to life as to a gift,—where for us are they? On all this architecture of utility and reason, where has Time laid a finger? What angularity has it rounded; what stone has it covered with moss; on what salient or what pendant coigne of vantage has it built its nest; on what deformity has its moonlight and twilight fallen? What enables us then to withhold for a moment the sustaining hand? The counsel of philosophy and history, of Cicero, of Machiavel, of Montesquieu, to turn to the first principles, to reproduce and reconstruct the ancient freedom, the masculine virtues, the plain wisdom of the original—is it not seasonable counsel eminently for you? Remember, your reason, your will, may keep, must keep what reason and will builded. Yours is the responsibility, yours, to country, to man, unshared, unconcealed.

I do not know that I need to say next that such a spirit of nationality reposing on will and reason, or, however, produced, not spontaneous, and therefore to some extent artificial, demands a specific culture to develop it and to make it intense, sure and constant. I need not say this, because it is so plain; but it is important as well as plain. There is a love of country which comes uncalled for, one knows not how. It comes in with the very air, the eye, the ear; the instincts, the first taste of the mother's milk, the first beatings of the heart. The faces of brothers and sisters, and the loved father and mother,—the laugh of playmates, the old willow-tree, and well, and school-house, the bees at work in

the spring, the note of the robin at evening, the lullaby, the cows coming home, the singing-book, the catechism, the visits of neighbors, the general training,—all things which make childhood happy, begin it; and then as the age of the passions and the age of the reason draw on, and love and the sense of home and security and of property under law, come to life;—and as the story goes round, and as the book or the newspaper relates the less favored lots of other lands, and the public and the private sense of a man is forming and formed, there is a type of patriotism already. Thus they had imbibed it who stood that charge at Concord, and they who hung deadly on the retreat, and they who threw up the hasty and imperfect redoubt on Bunker Hill by night, set on it the blood-red provincial flag, and passed so calmly with Prescott and Putnam and Warren through the experiences of the first fire.

But now to direct this spontaneous sentiment of hearts to the Union, to raise it high, to make it broad and deep, to instruct it, to educate it, is in some things harder, some things easier; but it may be done; it must be done. She, too, has her spectacles; she, too, has her great names; she, too, has her food for patriotism, for childhood, for man. "Americans," said an orator of France, "begin with the infant in the cradle. Let the first word he lisps be Washington." Hang on his neck on that birthday, and that day of his death at Mount Vernon, the Medal of Congress, by its dark ribbon; tell him the story of the flag, as it passes glittering along the road; bid him listen to that plain, old-fashioned, stirring music of the Union; lead him when school is out at evening to the grave of his great-grandfather, the old soldier of the war; bid him, like Hannibal, at nine years old, lay the little hand on that Constitution and swear reverently to observe it; lift him up and lift yourselves up to the height of American feeling; open to him, and think for yourselves, on the relation of America to the States; show him upon the map the area to which she has extended herself; the climates that come into the num-

ber of her months; the silver paths of her trade, wide as the world; tell him of her contributions to humanity, and her protests for free government; keep with him the glad and solemn feasts of her appointment; bury her great names in his heart, and into your hearts; contemplate habitually, lovingly, intelligently, this grand abstraction, this vast reality of good; and such an institution may do somewhat to transform this surpassing beauty into a national life, which shall last while sun and moon endure.

But there is another condition of our nationality of which I must say something, and that is that it rests on compromise. America, the Constitution, practicable policy, all of it, are a compromise. Our public is possible—it can draw its breath for a day—only by compromise.

There is a cant of shallowness and fanaticism which misunderstands and denies this. There is a distempered and ambitious morality which says civil prudence is no virtue. There is a philanthropy,—so it calls itself,—pedantry, arrogance, folly, cruelty, impiousness, I call it, fit enough for a pulpit, totally unfit for a people; fit enough for a preacher, totally unfit for a statesman;—which, confounding large things with little things, ends with means, subordinate ends with chief ends, one man's sphere of responsibility with another man's sphere of responsibility, seed-time with harvest, one science with another science, one truth with another truth, one jurisdiction with another jurisdiction, the span long day or life with the duration of States, generals with universals, the principle with the practice, the Anglo-Celtic-Saxon of America with the pavers of Paris, cutting down the half-grown tree to snatch the unripe fruit—there is a philanthropy which scolds at this even, and calls it names.

To such a spirit I have nothing to say, but I have something to say to you. It is remarked by a very leading writer of our times, Lord Macaulay—ennobled less by title than by genius and fame,—"that compromise is the essence of politics." That which every man of sense admits to be so true, as to have become a common-place of all politics, is peculiarly

true of our national politics. Our history is a record of compromises; and this freedom and this glory attest their wisdom and bear their fruits. But can these compromises stand the higher test of morality? Concessions for the sake of the nation; concessions for what the general opinion of America has pronounced concessions for America; concessions in measures; concessions in spirit for such an end;—are they a virtue?

I hope it is worth something, in the first place, that the judgment of civilization, collected from all its expression and all its exponents, has ranked concession for the keeping and weil-being of the nation, among the whiter virtues. Starting with the grand central sentiment that patriotism is the noblest practical limitation of universal philanthropy; and reserving its enthusiasm, its tears, for the martyred patriot, and deeming his death the most glorious of deaths—it has given ever the first place to him whose firmness, wisdom and moderation has built the State, and whose firmness, wisdom and moderation keep the State. These traits it has stamped as virtues. These traits it has stamped as great virtues. Poetry, art, history, biography, the funeral discourse, the utterance of that judgment, how universally have they so stamped them! He whose harp, they said, attracted and fused savage natures; he who gave to his people, not the best government, but the best that they would bear; he who by timely adaptations elevated an inferior class to equality with a superior class, and made two nations into one; he whose tolerance and comprehension put out the fires of persecution, and placed all opinions and religions on one plane before the law; he whose healing counsels composed the distractions of a various empire; he is the great good man of civilization. Ambition might have been his aim to some extent, but the result is a country, a power, a law. On that single title, it raised his statue, hung on it the garland that cannot die, kept his birthday by the firing of cannons, and ringing of bells, and processions, and thanks to God Almighty. He may not have been fortunate in war; he

may not have been foremost among men of genius, but what Luxembourg, what Eugene, what Marlborough heaped on his ashes such a monument, as the wise, just, cold Dutch deliverer of England? What Gates, what Lee, what Alexander, what Napoleon, won such honor, such love, such sacred and warm-felt approval as our civil father, Washington? Does that judgment, the judgment of civilization, condemn Demosthenes, who would have invited Persia to help against Macedon; or Cicero, who praised and soothed the young Octavius, to win him from Anthony; or the Calvinist William, who invited the papal Austria to fight with him against Louis XIV.? Does it dream of branding such an act as hypocrisy, or apostacy? Does it not recognize it rather as wisdom, patriotism, and virtue, masculine and intelligent? Does it not rather give him all honor and thanks, who could forego the sweets of revenge, rise above the cowardice of selfishness and the narrow memory of personal inapplicable antecedents, and for the love of Athens, of Rome, of England, of liberty, could magnanimously grasp the solid glory of great souls?

But this judgment of civilization, I maintain next, is a sound moral judgment. It is founded on a theory of duty which makes the highest utility to man the grandest achievement of man. It thinks that it discerns that the national life is the true useful human life. It thinks that it discerns that the greater includes the less; that beneath that order, that government, that law, that power, reform is easy and reform is safe—reform of the man, reform of the nation. It ventures to hold that a nation is the grandest of the instrumentalities of morals and religion. It holds that under that wing, beneath that lightning, there is room, there is capacity for humbly imitating His plan who sits in the circle of eternity, and with whom a thousand years are as one day; room, motive capacity, for labor, for culture, for preparation, for the preaching of the gospel of peace to all, for elevating by slow, sure and quiet gradations down to

its depths, down to its chains, society itself. Concession to keep such an agent is concession to promote such ends.

Do you remember what a great moralist and a great man, Archbishop Whately, said on this subject in the House of Lords? He was advocating concession to Catholics, and see how much stronger was truth than the hatred of theologians. The biographer of Peel calls the speech a splendid piece of reasoning, and it decided the vote.

"So great is the outcry which it has been the fashion among some persons for several years past to raise against *expediency*, that the very word has become almost an ill-omened sound. It seems to be thought by many a sufficient ground of condemnation of any legislator to say that he is guided by views of expediency. And some seem even to be ashamed of acknowledging that they are, in any degree, so guided. I, for one, however, am content to submit to the imputation of being a votary of expediency. And what is more, I do not see what right any one who is not so has to sit in Parliament, or to take any part in public affairs. Any one who may choose to acknowledge that the measures he opposes are expedient, or that those he recommends are inexpedient, ought manifestly to have no seat in a deliberative assembly, which is constituted for the express and sole purpose of considering what measures are *conducive to the public good*;—in other words, 'expedient.' I say, the '*public* good,' because, of course, by 'expediency' we mean, not that which may benefit some individual, or some party or class of men, at the expense of the public, but what conduces to the good of the nation. Now this, it is evident, is the very object for which deliberative assemblies are constituted. And so far is this from being regarded, by our church at least, as something at variance with religious duty, that we have a prayer specially appointed to be offered up during the sitting of the houses of Parliament, that their consultations may be 'directed and prospered for the *safety*, *honor*, and *welfare* of our sovereign and her dominions.'

Now, if this be not the very definition of political expediency, let any one say what is."

I have no doubt, however, that this judgment of civilization rests in part on the difficulty and the rarity of the virtue which it praises. We prize the difficult and the rare because they are difficult and rare; and when you consider how easy and how tempting it is to fall in with and float with the stream on which so many swim; how easy is that broad road and how sweet that approved strain; how easy and how tempting it is to please an assenting congregation, or circle of readers, or local public; how easy and how tempting to compound for sins, which an influential man "is not inclined to by damning those he has no mind to;" how easy to please those w e, and forget those out of sight; what courage, what love of truth are demanded to dissent; how hard it is to rise to the vast and varied conception, and to the one idea which grasps and adjusts all the ideas; how easy it is for the little man to become great, the shallow man to become profound; the coward out of danger to be brave; the free state man to be an anti-slavery man, and to write tracts which his friends alone read; when you think that even the laughter of fools and children and madmen, little ministers, little editors, and little politicians, can inflict the mosquito bite, not deep, but stinging;—who wonders that the serener and the calmer judgment allots "to patient continuance in well doing," to resistance of the parts, to contention for the whole, to counsels of moderation and concession, "glory, honor and immortality."

> What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
> The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

But this judgment of civilization is the judgment of religion too. You believe with the Bible, with Cicero, with the teachings of history, that God wills the national life. He wills civilization, therefore society, therefore law, therefore government, therefore nations. How do we know this? Always from the birth of the historical time, civil-

ized man led the national life. Therein always the nature God has given him has swelled to all its perfection, and has rendered the worthiest praise to the giver of the gift. He who wills the end wills the indispensable means; he wills the means which his teachers, nature and experience, have ascertained to be indispensable. Then he wills these means, concession, compromise, love, forbearance, help, because his teachers, nature and experience, have revealed them to be indispensable. Then he wills our national life. Then he wills the spirit which made it and which keeps it. Do you dare to say, with President Davies, that you believe that Providence raised up that young man, Washington, for some great public service,—with the spectator of that first inauguration, that you believe the Supreme Being looked down with complacency on that act,—with that Senate which thanked God that he had conducted to the tomb a fame whiter than it was brilliant; and yet dare to say that the spirit of Washington ought not to be your spirit, his counsels your guide, his Farewell Address your scripture of political religion? But what does he say? I need not repeat it, for you have it by heart; but what said a greater than he? "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and thus, to that extent, you "render unto God the things which are God's." Be these words our answer and our defence. When they press us with the common-places of anti-slavery, be these words of wisdom our answer. Say to them, "Yes, I thank God I keep no slaves. I am sorry there is one on earth; I am sorry even that there is need of law, of subordination, of order, of government, of the discipline of the schools, of prisons, of the gallows; I wonder at such a system of things; piously I would reform it; but beneath that same system I am an American citizen; beneath that system, this country it is my post to keep; while I keep her there is hope for all men, for the evil man, for the intemperate man, for slaves, for free, for all; that hope your rash and hasty hand would prostrate; that hope

my patience would advance." Have they done? Are they answered?

There are other conditions and other laws of our nationality on which there needs to be said something if there were time. That it is not and that it cannot come to good, that it cannot achieve its destiny, that it cannot live even unless it rests on the understanding of the State, you know. How gloriously this is anticipated by our own Constitution, you remember. How well said Washington—who said all things as he did all things well—"that in proportion as governments rest on public opinion, that opinion must be enlightened." There must then be intelligence at the foundation. But what intelligence? Not that which puffeth up, I fancy, not flippancy, not smartness, not sciolism, whose fruits, whose expression are vanity, restlessness, insubordination, hate, irreverence, unbelief, incapacity to combine ideas, and great capacity to overwork a single one. Not quite this. This is that little intelligence and little learning which are dangerous. These are the characteristics, I have read, which pave the way for the downfall of States; not those on which a long glory and a long strength have towered. These, more than the General of Macedon, gave the poison to Demosthenes in the Island Temple. These, not the triumvirate alone, closed the eloquent lips of Cicero. These, before the populous North had done it, spread beneath Gibralter to the Lybian sands in the downward age; these, not Christianity, not Goth, not Lombard, nor Norman, rent that fair one Italy assunder, and turned the garden and the mistress of the earth into a school, into a hiding place of assassins—of spies from Austria, of spies from France, with gold to buy and ears to catch and punish the dreams of liberty whispered in sleep, and shamed the memories and hopes of Machiavel and Mazzini, and gave for that joy and that beauty, mourning and heaviness. This is not the intelligence our Constitution means, Washington meant and our country needs. It is intelligence which, however it begins, ends with belief, with humility, with obedience, with veneration, with admiration, with truth;

which recognizes and then learns and then teaches the duties of a comprehensive citizenship; which hopes for a future on earth and beyond earth, but turns habitually, reverently, thoughtfully to the old paths, the great men, the hallowed graves of the fathers; which binds in one bundle of love the kindred and mighty legend of revolution and liberty, the life of Christ in the Evangelists, and the Constitution in its plain text; which can read with Lord Chatham, Thucydides and the stories of master states of antiquity; yet holds with him that the papers of the Congress of 1776 were better; whose patriotism grows warm at Marathon, but warmer at Monmouth, at Yorktown, at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga; which reforms by preserving, serves by standing and waiting, fears God and honors America.

I had something to say more directly still on the ethics of nationality, on the duty of instructing the conscience; on the crimes of treason and slander, and fraud, that are committed around us in its name; on the shallowness and stupidity of the doctrine that the mere moral sentiments, trained by a mere moral discipline, may safely guide the complex civil life; of the teachers and studies which they need to fit them for so precious, difficult and delicate a dominion; of the high place in the scale of duties, which, thus fitted, they assign to nationality; of the judgment which, thus fitted they would apply to one or two of the common-places and practices of the time. But I pass it all to say only that these ethics teach the true subordination, and the true reconciliation of apparently incompatible duties. These only are the casuists, or the safest casuists for us. Learn from them how to adjust this conflict between patriotism and philanthropy. To us, indeed, there seems to be no such conflict, for we are philanthropists in proportion as we are unionists. Our philanthropy, we venture to say, is a just philanthropy. That is all. It loves all men, it helps all men, it respects all rights, keeps all compacts, recognizes all dangers, pities all suffering, ignores no fact, master and slave it enfolds alike. It happens thus that it contracts the sphere of our duty somewhat, and

changes not the nature but the time, the place, the mode of performing them. It does not make our love cold, but it makes it safe; it naturalizes it, it baptizes it into our life; it circumscribes it within our capacities and our necessities; it sets on it the great national public seal. If you say that thus our patriotism limits our philanthropy, I answer that ours is American philanthropy. Be this the virtue we boast, and this the name by which we know it. In this name, in this quality, find the standard and the utterance of the virtue itself. By this, not by broad phylacteries and chief seats; the keener hate, the gloomier fanaticism, the louder cry, judge, compare, subordinate. Do they think that nobody is a philanthropist but themselves? We, too, look up the long vista and gaze wrapt at the dazzling ascent; we, too, see towers rising, crowned, imperial, and the tribes coming to bend in the opening of a latter day. But we see peace, order, reconciliation of rights along that brightening future. We trace all along that succession of reform, the presiding instrumentalities of national life. We see our morality working itself clearer and clearer; one historical and conventional right or wrong, after another, falling peacefully and still; we hear the chain breaking, but there is no blood on it, none of his whom it bound, none of his who put it on him; we hear the swelling chorus of the free, but master and slave unite in that chorus and there is no discordant shriek above the harmony; we see and we hail the blending of our own glory with the eternal light of God, but we see, too, shapes of love and beauty ascending and descending there as in the old vision!

Hold fast this hope; distrust the philanthropy, distrust the ethics which would, which must, turn it into shame. Do no evil that evil may come. Perform your share, for you have a share, in the abolition of slavery; perform your share, for you have a share, in the noble and generous strife of the sections—but perform it by keeping, by transmitting, a united, loving and Christian America.

But why, at last, do I exhort, and why do I seem to fear, on such a day as this? Is it not the nation's birthday? Is it not this country of our love and hopes, which celebrates it? This music of the glad march, these banners of pride and beauty, these memories so fragrant, these resolutions of patriotism, so thoughtful, these hands pressed, these congratulations and huzzaings and tears, this great heart throbbing audibly,—are they not hers, and do they not assure us? These forests of masts, these singing workshops of labor, these fields and plantations whitening for the harvest, this peace and plenty, this sleeping thunder, these bolts in the closed, strong talon, do not they tell us of her health, her strength, and her future? This shadow that flits across our grasses and is gone, this shallow ripple that darkens the surface of our broad and widening stream, and passes away, this little perturbation which our telescopes cannot find, and which our science can hardly find, but which we know cannot change the course or hasten the doom of one star; have these any terror for us? And He who slumbers not, nor sleeps, who keeps watchfully the city of his love, on whose will the life of nations is suspended, and to whom all the shields of the earth belong, our father's God, is he not our God, and of whom, then, and of what shall we be afraid?

The Ode of Dr. J. S. JONES was now sung, and the Chaplain pronounced the benediction. Thus closed the ceremonies at the Tremont Temple.

THE BANQUET AT THE REVERE HOUSE.

In the afternoon the Young Men's Democratic Club gave a grand banquet at the Revere House. The club, guests, and purchasers of tickets were seated shortly after four o'clock, and the tables, set for three hundred and fifty persons, were full. The elegant Ladies' Ordinary of the House was very profusely decorated for the occasion, the American flag being the principal article used for that purpose. Behind the seat of the President of the Day was a canopy, consisting of the stars and stripes, surmounted by a stuffed eagle holding in its talons a scroll with the words

"*E Pluribus Unum*," thereon; the name "BUCHANAN," and a silver-gilt star representing "Pennsylvania," being immediately beneath. Upon the pillars about the room were shields, inscribed with the names of the fourteen Presidents. The tables were loaded with every luxury which the season and the great resources of the establishment could supply; and the rich table furniture and ornaments, with the bouquets—one to every plate—gave the board a very inviting and exhilarating aspect. Mr. WILLIAM C. WILLIAMSON, President of the Club, presided, and among the invited guests seated about him were EDWARD EVERETT, RUFUS CHOATE, ISAAC DAVIS, WILLIAM APPLETON, ARTHUR W. AUSTIN, BENJAMIN F. HALLETT, CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY, Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS, and Rev. Dr. BURROUGHS. After the invocation of the Divine blessing, by Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS, the dinner was discussed for the space of nearly an hour. While the company was eating dinner Mr. Mayor LINCOLN came in and took a seat near the President, and was greeted with a round of cheers; and just before the speaking commenced, Mr. CHOATE, too ill to remain longer, left the room, the whole assembly rising, and giving him cheer after cheer as he departed.

The dinner being done, Mr. WILLIAMSON rose and said:—

SPEECH OF MR. WILLIAMSON.

You are aware, gentlemen, that our pious Puritan ancestors were in the habit of spending the morning of the Sabbath with a gravity becoming that sacred occasion; but when the sun went down upon the day, a light dawned upon their countenances, and the harmonies of music, the sweets of conversation, a subdued merriment, and a sly courtship or two, were held to be no sin. And we, having spent the morning of this Sabbath day of the Nation in the discharge of a pious duty, having gone up to the Temple, and there, with reverent heads, invoked the favor of the divine Ruler of Nations, having been filled with the inspirations of an eloquence, not to be surpassed on any occasion nor in all time, we have met again at this social table, to indulge in somewhat lighter measures. We have met—fellow citizens of the United States—without distinction of party, forgetful of Mason and Dixon's line, to do honor to those emotions which make us to be all of one kindred, and while our hearts beat the faster with glorious memories and joyous hopes, which are the common inheritance of us

all, and the imperishable bond of union between the North and the South, the East and the West—

"We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

We could not celebrate this anniversary in a spot more appropriate. If it was in South Carolina that the sword of the war of the Revolution was sheathed after the last blow for liberty was struck home, yet it was in Boston that the first sacrifice fell in the streets. The Hills that are encamped about us, the Harbor, Long Wharf, King Street, have each their histories renewed this day. Almost within the sound of our voices is the Cradle of Liberty, and the very roof under which we sit emblazons the name of one who helped to rock that cradle while ADAMS and OTIS made the music; I refer to that fiery-hearted, strong-handed old mechanic, whose engraver's pen was mightier than many a sword—PAUL REVERE.

It is the worthy celebration of this day that recalls us to our duties as citizens, and keeps bright the love of country, and sanctions her laws. He spends the day ill who devotes its precious hours to the accomplishment of merely a selfish pleasure. He spends the day ill who does not profit by the suggestions which it must naturally inspire. And he spends the day ill who, when

——"The kettle to the trumpet speaks,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens,——"

Does not hear within his own heart a voice more significant than drum, or trumpet, or cannon, calling upon him to cherish and support those principles upon which this government was inaugurated, eighty-two years ago this day, and upon which, thank heaven! it stands unshaken still.

But it is not for me, in this presence, to detain you from the gratification of that thirst which, notwithstanding the

delicious furniture of these tables, still remains to be indulged.

"The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine."

Welcome, then, to this banquet, fellow citizens of Boston! Welcome, fellow citizens of every State! Welcome Republicans, welcome Democrats, welcome Americans, welcome old Whigs! And if there be one here, not comprehended within these terms, but who reveres the name of liberty and loves his country—welcome, welcome! Let us sit under the shade of the wide-spreading federal tree, and give ourselves up to the pleasant reveries of the hour. Let us follow the train of the departing day with rejoicing, with acclamation, until the shadow of yonder monument, falling farther and farther to the east, points the close of another well-spent anniversary, and night hoists our blue flag in the heavens, and sets within it the stars of a higher glory.

Col. JOHN T. HEARD, the Marshal of the day, acting as toast-master, announced the first regular toast:—

"*The Day we Celebrate.*"

Hon. EDWARD EVERETT was invited to respond, and as he rose to do so, nine cheers were given for him. Upon the restoration of stillness, he proceeded to say:—

SPEECH OF MR. EVERETT.

SIR,—I am greatly indebted to you and the company for this most flattering reception. My attendance of late years has seldom been given on occasions of this kind, and could not with consistency have been given at this banquet, had not your obliging invitation contained the assurance that you proposed to celebrate the Fourth of July "in a national spirit, excluding every thing of a political or partisan character." As long as I was in public life, I was a member, as you know, sir, of that old Whig party to which you have

referred—the national Whig party, a political association, sir, I am sure you will grant, of which no one need be ashamed. The prostration of my health compelled me, four years ago, to resign the honorable post which I then filled in the public service. Since that period new parties have been formed; old ones have either retired for a while, at least, from the field, or have been forced in some degree on new issues; and if I felt the slightest inclination, (which I do not,) with the partial restoration of my health, to return to public life, I should be deterred from it by the fact, that between the extremes of opinion which distract and threaten to convulse the country, I find no middle path of practical usefulness which a friend of moderate counsels is permitted to pursue. Statesmanship, as it was understood in my younger days—that is, the study of the foreign relations of the country, its defences, naval and military, its currency and finances, its internal improvements, its great industrial interests, and the relations of the government to the Indian tribes, has almost become an obsolete idea, and our political life has assumed almost exclusively the form of sectional agitation. Into that dreary and profitless agitation I have no heart to enter.

Justified by the character of your celebration, I have yielded without scruple to the wish—rather I have found myself as little able as desirous to resist the all-powerful temptation of listening to the great living master of American oratory, (I am glad on one account he has retired from the table, as I can speak with greater freedom what I think and feel,) on an occasion and upon a theme not unworthy the energies of his intellect nor below the flight of his eloquence. And, sir, I will say, if the pure and exalted principles of nationality which he has this day unfolded and illustrated, under your auspices, are a faithful exposition of democratic doctrine, then I must be permitted to share the satisfaction of the worthy gentleman in Moliere's play, at finding, greatly to his astonishment and delight, that he had been speaking prose all his life. The great founder of

the democratic party, Mr. Jefferson, in his inaugural address on the 4th of March, 1801, said, "We have called by different names brethren of one principle; we are all federalists, we are all republicans." If the orator of the day, to whom we have all listened with such admiration, has truly expounded the principles of your association and your party, I think we must say, with still stronger emphasis, "We have called by different names brethren of the same principle; we are all whigs, we are all democrats."

For myself, sir, standing aloof from public life and from all the existing party organizations, I can truly say that I have never listened to an exposition of political principle with higher satisfaction. I heard the late Mr. Samuel Rogers, the venerable banker poet of London, more than once relate that he was present on the 10th of December, 1790, when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered the last of his discourses before the Royal Academy of Art. Edmund Burke was also one of the audience; and at the close of the lecture, Mr. Rogers saw him go up to Sir Joshua, and heard him say, in the fullness of his delight, in the words of Milton:—

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

When our friend concluded his superb oration this morning, I was ready, like Mr. Cruger, (who stood with Burke for the representation of Bristol,) "to say ditto to Mr. Burke." I was unwilling to believe that the noble strain, by turns persuasive, melting, and sublime, had ended. The music of the voice still dwelt upon my ear; the lofty train of thought elevated and braced my understanding; the generous sentiments filled my bosom with delight, as the peal of a magnificent organ, touched by the master's hand, thrills the nerves with rapture and causes even the vaulted roof to vibrate in unison. The charmed silence seemed for a while to prolong the charming strain, and it was some

moments before I was willing to admit that the stops were closed and the keys hushed.

You have done, sir, a real service to the community—to the whole country—in this day's work, in the measures taken by you to celebrate the day "in a national spirit, excluding every thing of a political or partisan tendency." Would to heaven that we could all carry this spirit, not merely to the patriotic celebration of this day, but to the discharge of all our civil and public duties, and especially of the duties which pertain to the organization of the government and the political life and action of the State. Would that the spirit of a pure nationality, such as this day has been described to us, embracing the whole country in the arms of a living and loving patriotism, might take the place of the intense local feelings which so extensively prevail, and lead the citizens of the different sections of the country to regard each other with distrust, jealousy, and hatred!

These are the feelings against which we are so emphatically warned in the Farewell Address of Washington. No topic is more warmly pressed in that immortal State paper. Its author, reluctantly admitting that parties may perform a useful office, at least under monarchical governments, as checks upon the administration, and in keeping up the spirit of liberty, yet declares that, under elective and representative governments, this spirit is not to be encouraged. "From the natural tendency of such governments, there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effect ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting out into a flame, lest instead of warming it should destroy."

With this opinion of party spirit in general, of all the forms which it can assume, of all the directions which it can take, that against which Washington most especially warns us is the sectional. "In contemplating the causes which

may disturb our Union," says he, "it occurs as matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western—whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.

"The *North* in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South* in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated, and while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength to which itself is unequally adapted."

For these and other considerations, urged with a warmth and energy proportionate to his deep conviction of their importance, the Father of his Country says to his fellow-citizens, that "it is of infinite moment 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 to 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."

Sir, I linger, but you I am sure will not think too long, on these solemn and affectionate appeals, which seem, after a lapse of two generations, to come sounding to us like an oracle of wisdom and love from the sacred shades of Mount Vernon. It has ceased to be a popular strain; but I willingly accept the unpopularity. I know that "Union saving," as it is derisively called, is treated in some quarters with real or affected contempt. I am content to share in the ridicule which attaches to an anxiety for the preservation of the Union, which prompted one-sixth part of Washington's Farewell Address. Would to heaven that his sadly earnest counsels on this subject might spread peace and brotherly love throughout the land, as if the sainted hero himself could burst his cerements, and proclaim them in visible presence before his fellow citizens. They would be worth to us, merely in reference to national strength, more than armies or navies, or "walls along the steep." I speak literally, sir, it were better for the safety of the country against the foreign foe that the union of the States should be preserved, than that we should wield the army of Napoleon and the navy of England, while hovering on the verge of separation. It would be less dangerous that the combined fleets of Europe should thunder in our seaports than that one-half of the country should be arrayed against the other.

Sir, about fifteen minutes before I left my door to go to the Tremont Temple, I received from a friend in Virginia an extract from the public records of that State, which, if I mistake not, you will deem well worthy of your notice. It is in the following terms:—

At a treaty held at Lancaster, Pa., July, 1774, between the Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, the Commissioners of Virginia and Maryland, on the one part, and the Indians

of the Six Nations on the other, Conestoga, the head Chief, spoke as follows to the Colonial representatives:—

"We have one thing further to say, and that is, we heartily recommend *union* and a good *agreement* between you and your brethren. Never disagree, but preserve strict friendship for one another, and thereby both you as well as we will become the stronger.

"Our wise forefathers established union and amity between the Five Nations. This has made us formidable; this has given us great weight and authority with our neighboring nations. We are a powerful confederacy, and by your observing the same methods as our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire great strength and power. Therefore, whatever befall you, never fall out with one another."*

My friend adds: "What makes this wise and excellent admonition more impressive, is the fact that it was given on the 4th of July."

As I showed this paper a few moments ago to your President and the Orator of the Day (who has just left the table,) Mr. Choate remarked, "and the moral of that piece of advice, the circumstances which have caused the annihilation of the Six Nations within eighty-four years, are, if possible, more significant than the counsel itself." Mr. Choate had not time before he left the table to unfold the significance of this remark, but I think I understand it. The Six Nations were indeed a powerful confederacy. They occupied the central portion of the North American continent, on this side the Ohio and the Mississippi. Their influence extended from Lake Ontario to Chesapeake Bay, from the Mohawk to the James River, perhaps farther. At one time they transacted business with the colonial government at Albany; at another at Lancaster; at another at Williamsburg or Annapolis; and at another at the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monongahela. But their confederacy never extended beyond the Six Nations; they were successively at war with the

* Extract from Record of Indian Treaties, in the Virginia State Library.

Algonquins of the North and East; the Cherokees and Creeks of the South and West; and the powerful tribes of various names beyond the Ohio. The red man has ever been the red man's deadliest foe. Had all the native tribes of the North American continent been bound together in a grand confederacy, such as was projected by Pontiac in the last century, and by Tecumseh in our day, I do not say that they would have eventually stood their ground against the swelling numbers of the white race crowding upon them with the arts and weapons of civilization, but most assuredly they would have long wielded a power eminently formidable to the rising States, and would have greatly postponed their own disappearance from the face of the earth. What the United States would be, if, instead of this Imperial Union, which concentrates into one irresistible power the resources of thirty-two States, and covers with its ægis the vast territory which extends from Texas to Maine, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they were broken up into as many minor confederacies and separate independent tribes as our red brethren, let the disappearance not merely of the Five Nations, but of so many other warlike confederacies and tribes partly teach us.

I must not however forget, sir, that you bid me speak of "the day we celebrate;" but how can I do so in worthy terms, unless indeed I could borrow the breathing thoughts, the burning words to which we have already listened with delight. Surely a day without a parallel in the history of nations—for where, in the annals of mankind, in ancient or modern times, can we find a day like this, on which, after centuries of conscious and unconscious preparation—upon the illustrious theatre of a vast continent, hidden for thousands of years from the rest of mankind, a group of feeble colonial dependencies, by one authentic and solemn act, proclaimed themselves to the world an independent confederacy of sovereign States?

I repeat, sir, that on the 4th of July, eighty-two years ago, a deed, which not France, nor England, nor Rome, nor

Greece, can match in all their annals, was done in Philadelphia, in Independence Hall. Let Philadelphia guard that hall as the apple of her eye. Let time respect and violence spare it. Let every stone and every brick and every plank and every bolt, from the foundation to the pinnacle, be sacred. Let the rains of heaven fall softly on the roof, and the winds of winter beat gently at the door. Let it stand to the end of time, second only to Mount Vernon, as the sanctuary of American patriotism. Let generation on generation of those who taste the blessings of that great declaration pay their homage at the shrine, and deem it no irreverence, as they kneel in gratitude to the Providence which guided and inspired the men who assembled therein, to call its walls salvation and its gates praise!

Yes, sir, the men by whom the deed was performed, and to go no further than the Committee who drafted the Declaration, (for time would fail me to run down the long and honored roll of the entire body,) what names, what memories! Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston. Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania. Three of them natives of Massachusetts; two of them Presidents of the United States. Franklin, the most illustrious philosopher and skilful negotiator of the last century; Sherman, who raised himself from the humblest walks of manual labor to be the guide of Senates; Livingston, the head of the tribunals of his great State,—joint negotiator of the treaty which added half the North American Continent, under the name of Louisiana, to the Union; the confidential friend and partner of Fulton in the creation of steam navigation.

And then the grandeur of the event itself; the stupendous magnitude of the political system then inaugurated. Oh, that with a comprehensive grasp of the plan of Providence, with a patient foresight of the impending future, we could reverently ascend the Mount of Vision, and behold in the kindling promise of the dawn, the brightness of the coming glories. The meridian splendors of that coming day I

attempt not to sketch; but let us endeavor at least to form some conception of the country, to which this morning's sun proclaimed a patriotic holiday; so vast, so widely though so recently settled—East, West, North, and South; the differences of local position,—maritime and inland, alluvial plain, hills propped with eternal buttresses of iron and granite, central prairie with its inexhaustible depths of vegetable mould, lakes that rival oceans, rivers that stretch from the polar circle to the tropics, every growth that clothes the soil, every metal concealed in its bosom,—the endless variety of occupation and pursuit clustering round so many centres of local power, recognized and organized by the curious adjustments of our political system; but throughout this vast extent and above the attractions and repulsions, the affinities and antagonisms of the land, this morning's sun proclaimed a holiday of peace and love. And as the local memories this day revive throughout the Union, let the all-absorbing interest of the great Declaration mould them into patriotic unity; so that all the cherished traditions of every part of the country may be woven and twisted into a bright cord of mutual good will, to which every honored name, and every sacred spot, and every memorable deed shall add its golden and silver thread; and Jamestown and Plymouth, and Bunker Hill and King's Mountain, and Warren and Washington, with all the other precious memories of ancient and modern times, and all of either sex who have meekly suffered or bravely dared, in whatever part of our Common Country, shall this day be gratefully enshrined in the American heart of hearts.

Sir, I have lately seen much of this noble country, and I have learned, as I have seen it more, to love it better; the enterprising, ingenious, and indomitable North; the substantial and magnificent Central States, the great balance-wheel of the system; the youthful, rapidly expanding, and almost boundless West; the ardent, genial, and hospitable South—I have traversed them all. I leave to others, at home or abroad, to villify them in whole or in part; I shall

not follow the example. They have all their faults, for they are inhabited not by angels, but by human beings; but it would be well, in the language of President KIRKLAND, for those "who rebuke their brethren for the faults of men, not to display themselves the passions of demons." For myself, I have found in every part of the country generous traits of character, vast and well understood capacities of progress, and hopeful auguries of good; and, taken in the aggregate, they are the abode of a population as intelligent, as prosperous, as moral and religious as any to be found on the surface of the globe. There is one little corner of each which I should like to annihilate; if I could wield a magician's wand I would sink it to the centre. Its name is Buncombe. Not the respectable county of that name in North Carolina, against which I have nothing to say, but a pestilent little political electioneering Buncombe, in every State and every district, which is the prolific source of most of our troubles. If we could get rid, sir, of Buncombe, and if we could bring back the harmony which reigned on the day which we celebrate, and the days which preceded and followed it—when Massachusetts summoned WASHINGTON to lead the armies to New England; when Virginia and Carolina sent their supplies of corn and of rice to feed their famished brethren in Boston; when JEFFERSON and ADAMS joined hands to draft the great Declaration—if I could live to see that happy day, I would, upon my honor, sir, go to my grave as cheerfully as the tired and contented laborer goes to his nightly rest. I shall, in the course of nature, go to it before long, at any rate, and I wish no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through evil report and through good report, he loved his whole country."

At the end of almost every sentence of his remarks, the applause and cheers of the company interrupted Mr. EVERETT, and at the close another round of nine cheers was heartily given.

The second toast was then announced:—

"*The President of the United States.*"

Mr. ARTHUR W. AUSTIN, Collector of the Port of Boston, was called to respond, and his name was received with three cheers.

In response Mr. Collector AUSTIN said: Mr. President, I rise with pleasure to acknowledge the very cordial reception of the sentiment just offered in honor of our patriotic Chief Magistrate, in this patriotic assembly. After the eloquent address of the gentleman on your left, I shall content myself with adopting the old Democratic fashion, and reply by offering the following sentiment:—

"*The Political Union, throughout the country, of all those who are loyal to the Constitution of our Fathers.*"

The third regular toast was:—

The Orator of the Day—In the course of a long and splendid professional experience, he has often had occasion to put himself upon his country; but he has shown that in time of danger his country may safely put herself upon him."

Mr. WILLIAMSON said: Gentlemen, the Orator of the Day hoped, until a late moment, to be able to remain with us and respond, if called upon, to a sentiment which might be offered complimentary to himself, but his increasing illness rendered it necessary for him to leave the table; but as he was leaving the hall he handed to Mr. EVERETT a sentiment to be read at this table, which, if agreeable, will now be read to you. (Applause.)

Mr. EVERETT said: Mr. President, there is no person for whom it is so difficult to speak as for our friend who has just left us, but inasmuch as I am obliged to speak in his own words, I can do so with perfect safety. The sentiment is this:—

The Three Epochs of our Historical Life—The Planting of Colonies; Independence; Nationality. First, the blade; then the ear; then the full corn in the ear. May the harvest be worthy of the seed time, the reaper of the planter; the consummation of the antecedents. And then our children for the thousandth generation will own and love a greater North American Republic—honest, strong; one and free.

Being interrupted when half way through his reading, by the firing of crackers outside, Mr. EVERETT apologized by saying "there was a 'crack-er' speaker outside which entirely drowned his voice." [Laughter.] Nine cheers were given for Mr. CHOATE, and as Mr. EVERETT left the hall a few moments later, six cheers were given for him.

The fourth regular toast:—

"*The Constitution and the Union.*"

Mr. BENJAMIN F. HALLETT was called upon to respond, and was applauded as he rose.

SPEECH OF MR. HALLETT.

Mr. HALLETT said that to be called on to speak after the great orator, was like beating a kettle drum in ears that had just listened to the harp of Orpheus and the lute of Apollo. And yet, sir, useless as it is for any one who has a tongue—aye, if he had the fiery tongues that fell in the days of Pentecost—to attempt to compete with that orator in addressing an audience, I would be willing to beat the old platform drum of the Constitution and the Union from year's end to year's end, if I could but rally the young men of Massachusetts around that banner of "nationality" which has been so gloriously borne aloft this day.

It was to sustain that standard, and in that sense only, that the democratic young men of Boston, tired of listening to sectional and treasonable harangues on the 4th of July, were to-day celebrating a national independence in its true spirit of "nationality." He could not agree that we were here as no party—we were here as the party of the Constitution and the party of the Union. Such a national party now was as necessary to the life of the Republic as the party of the Revolution was to the birth of Independence. Just so long as the Constitution was denounced by any party, just so long as the equal rights of States were denied, just so long as men talked of the dissolution of this Union, and just so long as there was sectionalism in the land, just so long there must be a party of "nationality" to meet, oppose and suppress them. To that the young men of Boston have consecrated the celebration of this day; and in that sense we are all Whigs, we are all Americans, we are all Democrats to-day, because we are all Democrats.

And we are so, because on this great sentiment of "nationality" we are all democratic in the principles and the purposes which from the beginning have sustained, and which now and henceforward only can sustain and perpetuate Liberty and Independence with Nationality and Union.

And, therefore, it is that, in response to a sentiment for the Union, I must be permitted to say that I see not how we can keep this Union together without a party to uphold it as it is; and that, in the entire history of the Democratic party, from Jefferson to Buchanan, it is identified with the expansion and the preservation of the Union. But while I say this I do not forget, and the Democratic party will never forget, that strong hands and true hearts of other political names, but of like national principles, have in many a crisis upheld and carried forward the standard of our nationality.

Seventy years ago John Adams said that "the existence of thirteen governments, founded upon the natural authority and will of the people alone, without pretence of miracle or mystery, was a great point gained in favor of the rights of mankind."

That was our nationality then with thirteen feeble States. Our nationality now covers thirty-two States, and out of that on this day we have gained another acknowledgment of Independence—the first concession ever made by Great Britain—that by the law of nations the American flag is inviolate against all pretext of search or of visitation!

These are grand results, and there must be a comprehensive policy somewhere to account for it all. It is found first in our Union, but especially in the expansion of that Union from a few to many States. And the fundamental principle of that expansion which has so long struggled with narrow sectionalism, is the right of the people of every Territory, when coming into this Union as a new State, to regulate their own domestic institutions in their own way. I think we have got that settled as a fixed element of nationality, and with that we can have just as many of those governments which John Adams rejoiced in, as we have got space on this Continent to hold them, until our system shall embrace a government with the nationality of a hundred States, and at the same time with the individuality of each particular State. That is the great secret of American nationality.

There was a passage in the Declaration of Independence read to-day, which said that our fathers had appealed to the native justice and magnanimity of their British brethren for redress, but they too had been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity.

Now mark the pleasing contrast, and its progress step by step, with the expansion of our nationality in this Democratic Union. In 1812 and 1813, the British Government claimed the right to search our vessels and impress from them every man whom a petty officer chose to claim as a British born subject. They denied the freedom of the seas and the right of expatriation. We went to war upon that, for the Prince Regent then told us, through his Ministers, that His Royal Highness could never consent to surrender the right of reclaiming British subjects wherever found on board American vessels, and that the similarity of language made it still more necessary that England should insist on this right. The treaty of peace of 1815, did not settle it in terms, but it did in effect, until it was revived under another pretext, the suppression of the slave trade; and this was its most imposing form, because it cannot be doubted that the former British ministry, taking the American sentiment rather from those of our sectional public men who love the eulogiums of Exeter Hall more than the approval of their whole country, believed that they could rely on the anti-slavery sentiment of the North to compel the American Government to lower its flag to British visitation. Hence the recent revival of the practice in the Gulf and on our own coast. But in this, as in every calculation which has yet been made upon the anti-slavery sentiment of the North to break up the Union, the British diplomatists failed, and they were surprised to find these "sympathizers," as they called them on this side of the water, the most vehement in Congress in denouncing the claim of search, and avowing their readiness to fight.

Mr. HALLETT said he meant this in no invidious sense, but he might be allowed to say that the lessons of "nationality"

taught to all minority parties by the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, had been so well learnt, that no party in this country would ever again dare to stand against the national spirit of the people, when they demand what is right, and resolve to submit to nothing that is wrong, from any nation!

Be that as it may, we now had the full benefit and enjoyment of the noble and magnanimous sentiment of the British people and the British press toward this country. With one voice they had disclaimed the right of search, and taken the American side of that question as zealously as any of us. That was the fruit of our glorious "nationality." Let every man in this Union reflect on that, and look over this broad country, with its prosperity at home, and its power and respect abroad as a nation, as a whole nation, and then ask himself what policy and what party have made all this, and preserved it all from a miserable sectionalism? Mr. HALLETT closed with the sentiment:—

The Achievements of Democratic Nationality, in International Law—The Right of Expatriation, the Freedom of the Seas, and the Inviolability of the American Flag.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hallett's remarks, Mr. Jos. G. BERRETT rose, and asked leave to propose:—

"*The Memory of the Immortal Webster.*" (Drank standing and in silence.)

Mr. FLETCHER WEBSTER was called up, and was received with cheers. He said:—

As the only living representative of the person whose memory you have thus kindly honored, it is my duty, as well as my privilege, to reply to your kindness. I thank you, sir, for the manner in which his name has been mentioned, and I thank you, gentlemen, for the manner in which his memory has been received by you. It is not unnatural, I may be allowed to say, that on an occasion like the present, when we are met without distinction of party, to renew our vows of devotion to the Constitution and the Union, his name should be remembered. It is not singular, —nor was I unprepared for it, though not expecting to

speak,—that you should remember one whose capacious heart could contain no lesser idea than that of nationality—the whole country, and nothing but the country. There is little that I can say, however, in such a connection, but to thank you for the manner in which you have alluded to my father. In the address of the Orator of the Day, there was one consideration which struck me with considerable force. Shakspeare tells us that this world is six thousand years old —[A voice, "Where?"—Mr. Webster, "Rosalind,"]—and we have a pretty distinct idea of the doings of that period. We can trace back all the forms of government from our own, which commenced eighty-two years ago, to the first theocracies. We find, at different periods, monarchical or patriarchal governments prevailing; we find despotisms; and sometimes no government existing, scarcely; but it was reserved for our forefathers in 1776, for the first time in that period of six thousand years, to strike out a new system of social and political government. There never has been any thing to compare with it; there was no precedent for it. They formed our system of a federal government from no antecedents whatever. There never has been any thing like it, and never will be any thing like it again. Our government has carried us along at a rate of progress unparalleled in the history of the world. We have had party dissensions, and, alas! sectional dissensions, under this general system; but I believe, before you all, and I am ready to say and swear it, that we now have inaugurated a new era in the history of parties and government in America. We have formed a new union of all national men, discarding all sectional issues, letting bygones be bygones, asking no questions, and we are coming and laying our common vows upon the broad altar of our common country. (Applause.) I will not further occupy your time, Mr. President, but will give you a sentiment in which I am sure you will all join:—

The Constitution and the Union—May they last while human institutions endure.

The fifth toast was then read by Mr. SIDNEY WEBSTER, one of the Assistant Marshals, in the absence of Col. HEARD :—

The Judiciary.

Mr. CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY was introduced to respond.

SPEECH OF MR. WOODBURY.

Unequal as I am, and unequal as the opportunity here would be, to speak to that toast with the feelings and the propriety which it demands, it is enough for me to stand up and say that the Judiciary of this country stands pre-eminent among all in the world, protected by the constitution of the United States from all interference by executive power, protected from congressional interference, as pure, as lofty, as undefiled as the summits of the snow clad mountains which adorn the topmost heights of our continent. (Applause.) By the constitution, the most extraordinary task is committed to the Judiciary of the United States that ever was committed to one body of men, and that is to interpret and preserve pure the constitution of our country. Thank God, gentlemen, so far, they have preserved that constitution unhurt amidst the storms of party warfare, and uninjured amidst all the execrable howls which the enemies of our country have raised against them. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, it has not been alone in Democratic hands that the judiciary of our country has been thus honorably preserved in its functions; but prudent Whig hands and Democratic alike have helped elevate the pure ermine of justice, alike have preserved the constitution spotless and unimpaired. (Great applause.) The distinguished gentleman who opened the speech-making this evening (Mr. EVERETT) said that the storms of party warfare had grown too strong for his health. But, gentlemen, I recollect the time when the storms of party warfare were not too strong for his health. (Good.) There was a time when a man—next to the immortal Jackson most dear in the affections of this people, a Whig President—administered this government

and protected it with his army. I allude to the glorious old Taylor. He died, and the nation mourned. Another administration came in amidst the mourning of a great, proud and brave people. The strong hands of the father of my friend who has just spoken, left the helm of state, and there succeeded him the eloquent gentleman who first addressed this meeting. That which had commenced in mourning, went out in glory.

I remember when that eloquent statesman came forward with his letter to the English government upon the Cuban question, and the "manifest destiny" of this nation with regard to the North American Continent. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I think I have something of party feeling and party attachments, but I say that when I read that letter, I felt that if I had not been *born* a Democrat I would learn to be a Whig. I want to receive no better doctrines from the hands of James Buchanan. I want no better results from James Buchanan's administration than that which my learned and eloquent friend, Mr. Everett, so ably shadowed forth in that letter. (Applause.)

And yet again I remember—and the gentleman to-night has shown that he has something of strength yet, that the old man's hand, and voice, and energies are yet cunning in the war of party—I remember that when there came forward disorganizing documents to the senate of the United States, he alone—"solitary and alone"—of all the embattled senators of New England, rose and rebuked the act. (Enthusiastic applause.) The old Venetian, when eighty years of age, won a battle for his country against the Turks; and when I see, by the speeches of this day, how the powers of the last remaining statesmen of the heroic age of New England are devoted to the war against fanaticism and treachery to the Union, I feel they have won a battle this day. When, too, I remember how that gentleman whose memory has been referred to here, arose on the 7th of March and battled for the Union, I think there is some bond of union between *old* Whigs and *old* Democrats. I think,

on national questions, we have never been divided; or, if so, still think that on national questions we are never to be divided again. I think that every man who reveres the country for which Webster devoted his whole life, for which Taylor lived and died, for which Fillmore supported the constitution, for which Jackson and Polk labored, will unite still with all or any of his countrymen to serve his country.

But, gentlemen, I must stop: better men are to follow me. I give you, in reply to your toast to the judiciary, the memory of the great dead light of the Whig judiciary and the great living light of the Democratic judiciary. I give you:—

Chief Justice Marshall and Chief Justice Taney—Two purer men never knelt before the threshold of their God.

Three cheers were given for Mr. Woodbury.

The seventh regular toast was to "*The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*"

The President said: We are happy to have among our guests one from the very heart of the old Commonwealth, the Hon. ISAAC DAVIS, and I hope he has laid his hand upon that heart and will tell us how it beats to-day. (Applause.)

Mr. DAVIS rose and said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: I do not know upon what principle I am called upon to respond to a sentiment given to the State of Massachusetts. I am but an humble citizen of the State of Massachusetts. Yet I love old Massachusetts, with all her faults. I love her, because more than two centuries ago she established her three great institutions—her meeting-houses, her school-houses and her training-fields; her meeting-houses, to lay deep religious and moral principles in the hearts of her citizens; her school-houses, to disseminate universal education; her training-fields, to give our citizen soldiery that training needful to fit them to carry the laws into execution, and protect us against foreign invasion or domestic insurrection. She was thus preparing herself for a noble future; and when we came up to the great crisis, when this State was to be an independent State, to be one of the great galaxy of this Union, we found Massachusetts men standing

in the front ranks of the battle; we found her doing her part in the battles of the Revolution; we found her doing her part when the Declaration of Independence was made in that sanctuary so beautifully described by the eloquent gentleman who has addressed us this evening. We found her ready when the Federal Constitution was made—Massachusetts men were ready to establish the Constitution—by which we have all this great and glorious Republic and all its glories. When I look back by the light of history, and see those men, I honor old Massachusetts. But without detaining you, knowing there are many men here better able to speak than I, I give you, gentlemen, this sentiment:

Our Revolutionary Fathers—Guided by a patriotism that recognized the Republic, the whole Republic, and nothing but the Republic, who ignored every ism except patriotism. (Great cheering.)

Eighth regular toast:—

The South and the North as Co-laborers—May the work of their hands endure forever.

The PRESIDENT. Gentlemen, I see among us a veteran soldier who served under old Andrew Jackson. I refer to Gen. HENRY T. PALFREY, Commander of the Legion of Honor in New Orleans.

Gen. PALFREY was greeted with three cheers, and said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: I have been called upon rather unexpectedly to respond to a sentiment, "The South and the North;" a sentiment which, of all others, is most agreeable not only to myself but to all my fellow citizens of Louisiana, so far as I am acquainted with their views—a sentiment which is particularly agreeable to me, as I belong both to Massachusetts and to Louisiana. (Good, and cheers.) I was born in Boston, within a few blocks of this building, and spent five years of my infancy here, at a school within eight miles of Boston. Now, I happened to be in Boston, on my way to Europe, and I received a polite invitation to attend your meeting and assist on this occasion. I feel proud that Massachusetts, that did so much for our Independence and the prosperity of our country, can still be depended upon for the perpetuity of our Union, as is manifest by all the sentiments I have heard proclaimed to-day at

Tremont Temple, and by the celebration of our Independence as I have witnessed it to-day. Gentlemen, I am not prepared to make an address; it is not my vocation. I will give you a sentiment, if you will allow me. I give you—

The Glories of Bunker Hill and Chalmette's Plain—The undying heritage of the North and the South. May they continue to strengthen the bonds of our Union. (Great applause.)

Ninth regular toast:—

The Great West.

Governor ISAAC I. STEVENS, of Washington Territory, was called on to respond to this sentiment. He spoke particularly of the relation which the West bears to the North and South, being a child of both, and embracing representatives from all the States of the Union, whose hearts beat responsive to every national idea and every national sentiment. The most enduring cement of our Union would be furnished by the West. The work of our times, he thought, is to bind together the two great oceans by good communications; and in closing, he gave as a sentiment:—

The three great American Communications—The wagon-road, the telegraph, and the railroad. (Cheers.)

Tenth regular toast:—

The Chaplain of the Day.

Rev. Dr. ROBBINS having retired, the following sentiment, which he had prepared, was read:—

The Declaration of Independence proclaims the inalienable rights; the Gospel of Christ proclaims the indispensable duties of man. The two proclamations should go side by side, in order to the best welfare of America. We cannot enjoy the privileges of freemen without practising the virtues of Christians.

Eleventh regular toast:—

The City of Boston.

His Honor Mayor LINCOLN was called on to respond to this sentiment. He said:—

MR. PRESIDENT: My official position renders it my duty, as well as my privilege, to respond to the sentiment just offered to the city of Boston. I regret that a city of such renown, so far as its historical associations with this day are concerned, should have so poor a representative to speak in her behalf. She, however, speaks for herself. Every

student of history, wherever upon the globe he is situated, knows the part the old town of Boston had in the American Revolution, and knows, also, if he is conversant with its present state, that she is still true to its principles, and will never desert them until her walls shall be crumbled in the dust and her name be forgotten upon the earth. Her aspect upon this festival day, the monosyllable tones of her cannon, the shouts of her children, the merry ringing of her bells, the exalting glow upon every countenance in her thronged streets, the procession, her oration and her city dinner, which she has kept up since the Declaration of Independence, as well as this brilliant assembly—bear ample testimony that she is still true to the country, and ever will be.

The beneficial results of the American Revolution have never been more clearly seen than in our own favored city; and believe me, sir, her people appreciate, in common with the whole country, the rich blessings bequeathed by our ancestors, and are resolved to transmit them to posterity.

Eloquent lips have spoken to you upon these themes, and I forbear to trespass upon your time; but I can assure you that Boston is now where she was in the great struggle of Independence. She is true to the constitution and the laws, filial in her obligations to the Union, and ready to sacrifice even her blood in its defence.

With your permission, I will close with a sentiment:—

The Spirit of Independence restrained by Law—Liberty without licentiousness; the true happiness of the people secured by a just regard to the rights of all.

Twelfth regular toast:—

Our Mother Country—

"With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
With hills and threaded streams between;
Our little mother isle—God bless her."

Hon. JOSEPH HOWE, of Halifax, responded at length. His remarks were exceedingly pungent and humorous, and upon questions of national relations were much like those made by him at Faneuil Hall. He was warmly applauded throughout.

Mayor LINCOLN left the hall at this time, and was honored with three cheers as he retired.

The next regular toast was:—

The Army and Navy.

Mr. WEBSTER stated that the gallant soldier and true Democrat, Gen. BENJ. F. BUTLER, had been expected to respond; but as he was absent, Mr. J. D. HOOVER, of Washington city, would respond.

Mr. HOOVER said he did not know that he could properly respond to that toast, being in neither of the branches of the government mentioned, and especially as he was totally unprepared to say any thing, having arrived in the city within a few hours; and yet he felt that he could always say something in a Democratic assembly. He proceeded to speak in very complimentary terms of the efficiency and patriotism of the army and navy, and closed with this sentiment:—

"*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*"

The last regular toast:—

The Declaration of Independence.

The President said the gentleman, who was expected to respond, Mr. D. H. MASON, had been obliged to retire, and had left this sentiment:—

"*The Declaration of Independence*—Though the hand that penned it is dead, the spirit that inspired it still lives."

The President gave:—

"*The State of Maine*—The Star in the East."

Mr. SHEPHERD CAREY, of Maine, briefly responded, and gave:—

Popular Sovereignty for the Territories of the United States and the Freedom of the Seas—The former yielded by Giddings and the latter by Great Britain. Congressional interference in the Territories and the right of search, now repose only on the Republican statutes of Maine and Massachusetts, and other kindred States.

Mr. J. B. RICHARDSON gave another toast complimentary to Maine, to which Col. A. W. JOHNSON responded.

Mr. OLIVER STEVENS then made a few remarks, congratulating the company on the success of the day's celebration by the Democratic Club. At his proposal three cheers were given for the "Fourth of July generally," with which the proceedings were closed.

The following letters were received from various sources:—

WASHINGTON, 10th June, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I have received the very kind invitation of the Young Men's Democratic Club, of Boston, to be present at their celebration of the approaching anniversary of our National Independence. You may rest

assured that I should esteem it both a pleasure and a privilege to be able to accept that invitation; and I sincerely regret that the state of our public affairs will render it impossible for me, without a dereliction of duty, to leave Washington in the beginning of July.

With my cordial thanks for the very friendly terms which you have employed in tendering me this invitation, I remain

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Oliver Stevens, Thomas Pember and Joseph Smith, Esqrs., &c., &c., &c.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 14, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I am much obliged to you for the invitation to attend the proposed celebration at Boston of the approaching anniversary of American Independence, and regret that my official duties will deprive me of the pleasure of joining you upon that interesting occasion. I am, gentlemen, Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

LEWIS CASS.

WASHINGTON, June 28, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I regret to say that I cannot be with you in your proposed celebration of the Fourth of July.

The condition of the public business will not admit of my absence at that time. Under other circumstances, I should be much gratified in accepting your invitation. The occasion is one well calculated to revive those national sentiments which have given unity and strength to the Democratic party, and permanency and prosperity to the Union; and it would give me pleasure to unite with the members of your association in doing honor to the memories of the past, and preparing for the duties of the future. Not being able to do so, I can only express my cordial appreciation of the kind terms in which you have communicated your invitation, and repeat the regret I feel in being unable to accept it.

Very truly yours,

HOWELL COBB.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th May, inviting me to attend the celebration of the approaching Fourth of July, by the Young Men's Democratic Club, of Boston, and regret to inform you that I shall be unable to be present on that occasion. I am, very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

ISAAC TOUCEY.

WASHINGTON, June 21, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge your note. To join you in celebrating our approaching National Anniversary would be highly gratifying to me: but, as I said a few days ago, to His Honor, the Mayor of Boston, in reply to a similar invitation, I find it necessary to decline being present at public entertainments and other occasions of high excitement. I have the honor to remain, Gentlemen,

Your most ob't serv't,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

RICHMOND, VA., June 18, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: My official engagements and the state of my health will not permit me to accept your invitation to attend the Young Men's Democratic Club Celebration of the approaching Fourth of July. I honor the spirit in which you propose to celebrate the day of National Independence. Let it be as national as that day itself, excluding every sectional, selfish, partisan or political sentiment, and embracing the whole country in a loving devotion to the whole, and to the blessed *Union* of all forever.

Yours, truly,

HENRY A. WISE.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., July 2, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I had the honor to receive your note of the 29th ult., and was about to reply thereto, when I was apprised that a Commandant had reported for installation in the navy yard at Philadelphia to relieve Commander Lee from those duties. This circumstance of duty will deprive me of the honor of uniting with the "Young Men's Democratic Club" of Boston, in participating with the Club on the occasion of their celebration of the day of Independence on the 5th inst.

I pray you, my dear sir, to express my regrets to the Club for my necessary absence on that occasion, as I could not reach Boston in time without travelling on the Sabbath. And I further beg of you all to receive my very sincere thanks for the kind courtesies which the Club has done me the honor to confer on me.

Accept, my dear sir, the assurances of my high respect and esteem with which I have the honor to remain

Your obedient servant,

CHS. STEWART.

SPRINGFIELD, July 2, 1858.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 1st inst., has this moment reached me. I should greatly rejoice to participate in the festivities of the 5th, and especially to listen to the noble orator you have selected for the occasion, had I not already made a different disposition of myself for that day. Though I may not enjoy the pleasure of hearing Mr. Choate's Oration, I trust I soon shall of reading it.

I honor the Young Men's Democratic Club in getting up a celebration in Boston on the Anniversary of American Independence, in a truly national spirit, where patriotism is not confined by geographical lines, or statesmanship, charity, love and good will are monopolized and worshipped as the product and exclusive property of New England.

With many thanks for your kind invitation and the cordial spirit in which it is communicated, I remain

Truly your friend and ob't servant,

E. D. BEACH.

TREMONT HOUSE, July 3, 1858.

SIR: Very reluctantly I am compelled to ask your permission to withdraw my acceptance of the invitation to be present at the banquet of the Young Men's Democratic Club, on the approaching anniversary. It would give me sincere pleasure to meet, on such an occasion, those whose objects are not local, but national—not sectional, but American.

Please accept my thanks for your request that I should speak to a sentiment, and allow me, instead, to offer a toast, the substance of such remarks as I should have been happy of the honor to address the assembly orally, had it been in my power to be present.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

GEORGE LUNT.

The Newspaper Press—The most active and efficient of all instruments in the formation of daily public opinion. By guiding or influencing the people, it controls events, and in its intelligence and integrity the welfare of the country is deeply concerned. As the chief channel by which mind confers with mind, it has the power, as it is either venal and corrupt, or honorable and independent, to be the perverter of our liberties, or the sure safeguard of popular institutions.

NAHANT, July 3, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: Agreeably to your kind permission, I have deferred until this late day any formal reply to your obliging communication of the 22d of May, inviting me to unite with the Young Men's Democratic Club of Boston in their proposed celebration of our great National Anniversary. I am deeply sensible to the friendly and flattering terms in which that invitation was conveyed, and I pray you to express to the members of the Club, and to accept for yourselves, my most grateful acknowledgment of the honor of being included in the distinguished list of your invited guests.

Let me assure you, gentlemen, that the spirit in which you have proposed to celebrate the Declaration of Independence meets my most hearty concurrence and sympathy. You have announced that "nothing of a political character will be allowed on the occasion," and that your festivities will be exclusively national in sentiment." You would seem thus to have designed to enter something like a practical protest against the too frequent abuse of our National Birthday to purposes of mere party politics and sectional appeal. In such a protest I thank you for affording me the privilege of being counted. I do not pretend to have been always wholly blameless myself in this respect. Much less do I desire to cast imputations upon any one else. But the result of such experience as I have enjoyed has led me to deprecate, sincerely and earnestly, the introduction of any thing like local or party or personal politics, into at least two varieties of public discourse;—one of them, the weekly discourses of the pulpit; and the other, the annual orations of the Fourth of July.

One day in the week devoted to our God, and at least one day in the year devoted to our county,—free from the disturbance of mere secular or sectional controversies,—are as little as are consistent with the maintenance either of true piety or of sound patriotism.

The celebration of the Fourth of July, especially, should be a commemoration of the virtues and valor of our fathers, and of the great principles of Union and Liberty which led them to that stern conflict for independence. These may, indeed, be old stories to old men; but each succeeding year brings forward upon the stage of action a generation of young men, to whom they are all new and fresh, and full of interest and of instruction. And it is due to the young men of the Union that they should be allowed to inhale the wholesome inspiration of such an anniversary, unmingled with the poisonous gas or pestilential vapors of personal or of sectional strife.

I have no reason to doubt, gentlemen, that under the auspices of our worthy Mayor,—(a lineal descendant, as you know, of the patriot mechanic whose name has been given to the very edifice in which you are to assemble,)—Faneuil Hall will be the scene, on Monday next, of a similar celebration to that which you have proposed for yourselves. The more of them the better. And if I were able to attend two celebrations, I should certainly be found at them both,—in full confidence that nothing less comprehensive than *our whole country* would be the order of the day at either of them. But I cherish the privileged exemption of private life too deeply to throw myself on the responsibilities of even one Fourth of July dinner, much less of two; and being quietly established by the sea-side for the summer, I pray to be excused from adding another to the ample array of honored guests by whom your tables will be surrounded.

Accept my renewed and cordial thanks for your kind and complimentary invitation, and believe me, gentlemen, with great respect,

Very faithfully,

Your obliged and ob't servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Let me offer as a sentiment:—

Our whole Country, and the prosperity and welfare of all who dwell within its boundaries.

LYNN, June 18, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I am much obliged to the members of the Young Men's Democratic Club for inviting me to be present at their celebration on the Fourth of July. But I regret that my absence from town must prevent my accepting it.

Believe me, gentlemen, with great regard,

Your obedient servant,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

BOSTON, July 1, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I shall not be in town on Monday next, and on that account it will not be in my power to accept your kind and flattering invitation to share in the celebration of the Fourth of July by the "Young Men's Democratic Club," and to hear the discourse of Mr. Choate, who, known as he is to the general public as one of the most brilliant of orators, is equally worthy of admiration as one of the most compact of reasoners, and one of the soundest of political thinkers. A celebration such as you propose to have, purged of all partisan and sectional character, and appealing only to that broad and comprehensive patriotism in which the whole country has a right to share, commends itself to every American heart. On the Fourth of July we want no local emotions and no accidental topics. We have a common heritage of glorious recollections in which every speaker may find at once theme and inspiration. He who should put strife between brethren on that day would act as ungracious a part as he who should allude to a family quarrel, at a Thanksgiving dinner. Shoulder to shoulder our fathers fought through the Revolution; hand in hand to-day, let their children gather round their graves, and feel one electric thrill run through their hearts from Maine to Texas—from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the hope that the success of your celebration may equal the highest anticipations of those interested in it,

I remain your friend and obedient servant,

G. S. HILLARD.

NEW BEDFORD, June 20, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to unite with the "Young Men's Democratic Club of the City of Boston," in their proposed celebration of the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence.

While I am obliged by another engagement to forego the great pleasure it would afford me to be present with you upon that occasion, I desire to express my cordial sympathy with the spirit which has prompted this celebration. Certainly, the narrowest and most bigoted partisanship should be content to vouchsafe this one day, out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, to an enlarged and generous recognition of our duties to our whole country, and the cultivation of a just and fraternal feeling towards our brethren in every section of it.

My distinguished and eloquent friend who is to address you will not fail, I am sure, to set those "apples of gold," the great events, and the greater characters of our Revolutionary epoch, in such "pictures of silver," by his masterly oratory, as to brighten once more the chain of our national sympathies, and refresh and invigorate the patriotism of the people.

Regretting my inability to participate in the pleasure which is in store for all who are fortunate enough to listen to him,

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

THE REGATTA

Was unquestionably the most agreeable and delightful event of the day—apart from the intellectual festivities. It was witnessed with the greatest interest by immense crowds of men and women who thronged the Mill Dam along the course, filled all windows that commanded a view of the proceedings, and covered the house tops everywhere around. Never hereafter should a regatta be omitted from the sports of the Fourth. The races began at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was wonderfully favorable, and the only difficulty of any kind experienced was caused by the rapid tide, which prevented the larger boats from coming promptly into line at the appointed times. The first trial was between wherries, a distance of two miles, for prizes of $25, and $15, in which the Eastern, Thomas Doyle, the Conch-Shell, P. Colbert, the D. E. Poland, James Murry, and the Chittabob, —— Pratt, took part. The following time was made:—

Eastern,.....15.29
Conch-Shell,.....15.45

The D. E. Poland was distanced, and the Chittabob, in rounding the upper stake was upset, and of course delayed beyond recovery. The second race was three miles for four-oared boats, for prizes of $50 and $25, by the Red Michael, rowed by H. Monahan, James Monahan, J. Stevens, J. Fox; and the Pride of Boston, rowed by E. O'Brien, J. Sullivan, T. Murphy, P. Quinn, in which the following time was made:

Red Michael,.....22.09
Pride of Boston,.....23.00

The third and most exciting race was for six-oared boats, a distance of six miles, for prizes of $100 and $50. As the boats drew into line for their final contest, the acclamations and encouraging demonstrations from the shore were redoubled. Each boat was loudly cheered by its special friends—the Harvard, winner of the recent race, naturally receiving the largest degree of attention. The following boats started in the race: Harvard, rowed by B. W. Crowninshield, C. Crowninshield, Elliott, Ellison, Wales, Agassiz; Lexington, rowed by W. Siine, J. Mahony, T. Mahony, D. O'Hearn 1st, D. O'Hearn 2d, T. O'Hearn; Sterling, of Boston, J. Martin, T. Dasey, P. Quinn, M. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, —— Conley; Fort Hill Boy, of Boston, John Murray, James Murray, A. Murray, E. O'Neill, M. Driscoll, C. Shay; James Buchanan, of Boston, M. F. Wells, J. Harrington, M. Harrington, D. Shea, T. Quinn, M. Quinn; Shamrock, of Boston, J. Woods, P. Shanocy, T. O'Hearon, G. Facender, C. O'Brien, J. Lafferty; Exile, of Somerville, M. Quanie, B. C. Nolan, B. Sheridan, M. Scully, J. Quanie, T. Quanie; and Kate Kean, of Boston, D. Murphy, J. Driscoll, C. Sullivan, D. Moriarty, O. Sullivan, D. Bryant; *Cox.*, J. Desney. At the signal the boats started off in the handsomest possible manner, the Harvard immediately taking the lead, and maintaining that position throughout the race. As the boats rounded the stake-boat on the first return, the Harvard was seen many lengths in advance of all the rest, and was tumultuously applauded on all hands. In an unexpectedly short time the boats were seen closing in. They reached the line in the following time:—

	1*st* 3 *miles.*	2*d* 3 *miles.*
Harvard,.....	19 40.....	40 25
Fort Hill Boy,.....	20 35.....	41 44
Lexington,.....	20 43.....	42 30
Stirling,.....	——.....	43 04

The other boats were distanced.

The prizes were duly awarded, the vast assemblage dispersed, and the boats started for home. This was altogether the most complete and satisfactory regatta ever seen on Charles River. May there be many repetitions of the same.

The entertainments of the day, provided by the city government, were concluded by balloon ascensions from the Common, and the usual display of fireworks.

THE BALLOON ASCENSIONS

Received the usual amount of attention.--Three had been contemplated, but the bursting of the Old America, during the inflation, of course rendered it unserviceable. The Ganymede, a fine balloon, capable of containing eleven thousand feet of gas, was sent up soon after four o'clock, in charge of Mr. CHARLES E. WISE. The ascension was all that could be wished for. In half an hour after rising, the Ganymede disappeared from view of the city, and at twenty minutes before six o'clock Mr. WISE descended in Malden Centre, whence he immediately returned to Boston, arriving about seven. At half-past five o'clock, the preparations for the ascent of the Jupiter, under the management of the elder Mr. WISE, with Mr. S. C. BURR and Mr. LYMAN W. BRITTAN as passengers, were completed, and the balloon started upon its airy course, vanishing in space after about ten minutes. Mr. WISE and his companions descended in Melrose at half-past seven o'clock. Both voyages were completely successful, and were witnessed by myriads of eyes.

THE DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS

Was witnessed by probably the largest collected crowd of the day or evening. To many this grand concourse magnificently moving in vast masses, was a far more splendid sight than the burning of powder and the curious involutions of many-colored fires. The exhibition was as good—rather better—than most of its class, and pleasantly closed the bustling events of the day.

REPLY TO THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR AUGUST.

[From the *Boston Courier*, July 20.]

The *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, now ready for August, finishes its formal labors by giving a slang title to a lucubration, which may justly be styled a slang article. This is "THE POCKET CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH." It is not entirely clear what this peculiar appellative means, nor does the far-seeking author see fit to clear the mystery up. It seems to be derived, however, from some involuntary association of ideas with those convenient editions of our favorite poets, and the like, which we choose as the companions of our more thoughtful and better hours, when we converse with nature, ourselves and heaven, in forest-depths, upon the mountain-top, or under the shadows which overhang some running and most musical stream. Characteristically enough, as we become at once convinced upon reading the article in question, of all the associations connected with these pocket editions, the only one which occurred to this stop-watch critic was, that the volumes themselves *were of small size*,—duodecimos in fact, or even less, and thus fitted for popular use, instead of bulky octavo, quarto or ponderous folio, adapted only to the occasional and laborious research of the closet. The grand thought, in whatever narrow compass of external dimensions compressed, the soul-awakening sentiment, the charm of expression, the delicious melody,—all those qualities, which constitute the very title of these pocket-editions to become our familiar friends, seem utterly to have escaped the notice of the ingenious inventor of the term "Pocket Celebration of the Fourth."

For, having thus selected his epithet only by way of stigma and injury, in no other sense than as we have pointed out could it be made applicable to that numerously-attended, brilliant and most successful celebration of our National Anniversary, held under the auspices of the Young Men's Democratic Club. In comparison with the ceremonies which took place in Boston on that occasion, the universal voice of the liberal, that is, not Republican, press, throughout the country has already acknowledged, and often in language of self-mortification, has urged and bewailed the inferiority of public spirit and public demonstration, which marked the passage of the day in other chief cities of the Union. We have heard of the saying, "As dark as a pocket;" but these things were not done in a corner. The glorious day looked down, clear, fresh, and etherially lovely, as of old and now from Olympus along the ancient regions of freedom and renown, as if to smile benignantly upon the reviving spirit of patriotic principle and emotion in this favored land of ours. The throng of myriad multitudes was in our streets. Our best known and most eminent citizens took part with the popular assembly in the proceedings. The civic dignitaries, headed by the Municipal Chief, lent them their benign countenance. Amongst others, who were there to breathe the life of thoughtful and hopeful patriotism into the souls of the willing congregation, was that one, whose words of truthfully-toned eloquence always awaken an interest unsurpassed by the oratory of any other living man; and the oration of the chief speaker of the day,—glittering with the lambent play of his genius, yet sounding the depths of thought and catching inspiration by glances of fire at the unmeasured heights of imagination, and like a gleaming fountain, from whose edges fall the many-colored and sparkling drops, mingling at once together in a stream which the eye and the heart follow eagerly as it flows,—this oration has passed already, as no such oration ever did so soon before, under the sight and into the souls of millions, and to the

utmost boundaries of the country it was intended and is fitted to serve.

In reference to any such use of the term, therefore, as was intended, we might with propriety dismiss here that article of this laboriously sub-witty writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, upon the "Pocket Celebration of the Fourth," as a piece of shallow flippancy, as well as for its flagrant falsification of the notorious record in the case. For he is flippant, untrustworthy, pretentious and vulgar. Incapable of reasoning, he professes to state propositions of logic; with an utterly superficial insight of what most deeply concerns the people of the United States, and of the actual condition, progress and prospects of events, he generalizes and smatters upon principles beyond his reach; and being a small man enough, he commits the impertinence common enough to the small men of the day, "little ministers, little editors, and little politicians," who, when not guilty of direct abuse, (of which they are by no means sparing,) yet are guilty of maligning those who are great men, by pretending to understand and to comment upon their thoughts, addressed to those in the nation who can think and can feel.

What the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* may think or say of a person like Mr. Choate, cannot, to be sure, be of the slightest consequence to him, who enjoys that sort of consideration with the country at large, at which a squib like this may fume and hiss at its will, until it is finally consumed by the exhaustion of its own vivacity. But it is a question for the good sense and good taste of the community to settle, whether good sense and good taste themselves are likely to maintain much of their necessary deference and honor, if it is understood that this sort of small fire, aimed at whatever is most worthy, whenever public occasion makes it more conspicuous than usual, having become quite too fashionably common among us, is to be received and countenanced by the settled public approbation. We say that all this does the permanent reputation of our eminent

men no harm; but it vitiates, for the moment, at least, the public mind.

Evidently the *Atlantic* writer does not understand the signs of the times. He has a notion, equally erroneous and exaggerated, of something which he calls the Republican party, and which he apparently believes is capable of reorganization upon some unknown basis, as it must be, if at all, for some indefinite object; and that thus going forward from glory to glory, it is to be "overwhelmingly triumphant" —when the day of its victory is reached. And yet the Republican party (so called), according to this writer, has a certain platform, which, to do him no injustice, we quote, and to examine briefly the validity of its pretensions. And this platform, in his language, is a "national sentiment, whose idea, always august and venerable, by turns lovely and terrible, shall bind us all in a common nationality, by our loyalty to what is true, our reverence for what is good, our love for what is beautiful, and our sense of security in what is mighty." It will be admitted that this is a little general, as applied to politics, whatever the ultimate effects of such a doctrine might be. But charitably supposing for a moment, that other great party in this nation, of which Mr. Choate is one of the foremost men, and which has justly or unjustly claimed for itself the style of national, in distinction to the alleged sectionalism of the Republicans, to be actuated by the same general purposes above developed,—then the only question which remains is, as to *the means* of securing those beneficent objects. And it is in reference to these means, after all, that the National party, upon principle which no sophistry can countervail, and upon convictions too just and plain to be resisted by reason or rejected by honor, stands separate and must forever stand so, from every pretence of this fair-spoken, yet delusive and treacherous, Republicanism. For it is upon no such fine words as those of this writer, but upon taking the Republican party as it manifests itself in its more definite features, in its component materials, in its leading spirits and in the

inevitably destructive tendencies of its efforts, if not of its hopes, that wise, considerate and patriotic men, like Mr. Choate and his compeers and followers, have justly felt that alarm for the stability of our institutions, which has combined them against it for the common cause—seeing clearly, through all the blandishments of miscalled Republicanism, the weak and corrupt heart, which beats for every narrow and selfish end beneath the painted surface of its meretricious bosom.

For, denying to that promiscuous multitude, which calls itself the Republican party, nothing to which it is fairly entitled—the countenance of many well-meaning persons, who look on slavery with more or less dislike, and of others frightened by the bugbear of a slave-power, which must soon stand only upon the just forbearance of those who respect the rights of others under the constitution and laws of the land,—it cannot be denied that it includes in its ranks the entire mass of the wildest radicals and fiercest fanatics of the day; men who acknowledge no principle but that of dissolute liberty, and own no subjection to laws, except so far as considerations of personal safety counsel them to present obedience. The chief journal, which advocates their cause, is conducted by notorious infidels, whose efforts are constantly devoted to the subversion of the principles of the Christian religion and of organized society. The general convention, held by this party preceding the last Presidential election, invited and secured the co-operation of that hair-splitting, cobweb-brained, waxen-hearted jumble of modern philanthropists and reformers, inefficient for any practical good, self-sufficient for all practical evil—whose opinions and purposes, often presented to the public gaze, if successfully carried out, could only convert the world into a wilderness of desolation and ruin. It would be safe to assert, that every loose speculatist in matters of morals and religion, every advocate of community of property and the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, every man who looks with a jaundiced eye upon the ordinary course

and progress of human society, and who finds it in his heart foolishly to rebel against the providence of his Maker,—whoever may be his political associates, *little ministers*, *little editors*, *little politicians*, professing various shades and degrees of enlightened benevolence—is a fellow-laborer in the cause of the Republican party. And how this party stands, upon imputations of corrupt conduct, pecuniarily and otherwise, only too credibly alleged against its members in the State and National Legislatures, we find it very difficult to reconcile with that definition of its platform with which we are now favored by the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It is in vain to say that the men described are not of that party. They are its life, infusing into it the tone of their sentiment, by which its action is moulded, and without whom it would not be in that condition of apparent yet only partial prosperity, of which the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* altogether too confidently boasts. The gentleman of Beacon Street and the Fifth Avenue, who gives to it his name and his money, does not control it in the least. Those who do so, give it neither name nor money, but the energy of their zeal and that sort of work, which, whatever may be the upper pretences of Republicanism, make its practical action and consequences the ground-swell of a desperate and most unprincipled radicalism. Imagine them for a moment successful, and negrophilism triumphant, if you please, even to the "philanthropic" extent of the utter extinction of slavery—and what is there then in the party, of principle or of men, upon which the country can rely—in the name of statesmanship, in the name of patriotism, in the name of any thing to which a true-minded and true-hearted, rational citizen can cling, who desires nothing but the welfare of his country and the present and future good of all its people? This is the reason, why there is a conservative party, a national party, in opposition to Republicanism, and which must be forever set to resist it. This is the reason why the national principle must and will prevail. This is the reason, why, in Boston, on the late Anniversary, men of various former

political associations united with the Young Men's Democratic Club, for such a celebration in "a national spirit," as was so successfully carried through. They deemed that the proper moment was now upon them, to concentrate and disseminate true national sentiment, to rebuke and check the over-weening self-estimate of a pretentious yet hollow faction, and cheered by the reilluminated blaze of patriotic duty to do open battle, fated to end in victory, for the country and the cause. They were resolved to see that these were not delivered up to factionists and demagogues, false reformers and maudlin philanthropists, restless spirits who could be content with no present or future good, useless disturbers of the public peace, disorganizers forever grubbing at the roots of the tree, under whose branches they have that very shelter and protection which they are forever seeking to destroy.

We have left ourselves little space for comment upon the specific strictures, by which the *Atlantic Monthly* undertakes to express its censure of Mr. Choate's oration. The first exception taken is, that Mr. Choate has had no "special training that has fitted him for the task" of delivering a Fourth of July oration! The reason given is, that he is a lawyer, and "the bar has given few historically-great statesmen to the world,"—so that well-read historian and capital judge in matters of this sort, the writer in the Magazine, alleges. And he quotes, in support of his view, a remark of Mr. Burke, uttered perhaps in a fit of spleen against somebody, to which that great man was sometimes subject; and which, however appropriate to the English bar, in general, whose training is almost purely professional, has no application to our own, the members of which, at least as much as other citizens, are early and constantly led to consider and act upon the principles and practice of our political institutions. Yet it is not much to assert that, from the time of Demosthenes to our own, in no country of Europe has there been a movement of any importance in favor of constitutional liberty, in which great lawyers did not take a

leading, and often the principal, part. We speak only of *great* lawyers like Mr. Choate,—and in America a great lawyer must know, and generally does know, something more than most other men. We have no space for recurrence to other countries; but we can give an imperfect list of eminent statesmen who have been eminent lawyers also in our own country—beginning with James Otis and Josiah Quincy, Jr., of ante-revolutionary times, and coming down through John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Ames, Wirt, and so on, until the names of Clay and Webster add some lustre to the list, in both departments, in our own day. And training like that which these men, and multitudes more or less resembling them, received, among and of the people, may after all, we conceive, be thought, so far as Mr. Choate's has been similar to it, to fit him somewhat for the duty—certainly important and statesmanlike—performed by him upon the late anniversary. We leave this point.

Nor can we delay upon the *Atlantic's* original, if not edifying, *excursus* upon nationality. Differing altogether from it, a great English author, who was always wise with a pen in his hand, thus differing also from some writers read by us not long ago,—that author urges that nations often cling most fondly to the most rugged manifestations of nature—

> So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
> But bind him to his native mountains more.

But patriotism, surely, is a complex thing. It is made up partly, it may be, though not necessarily, of strong associations with nature; but more of moral sympathies and convictions, which make love of country both a principle and a sentiment, and the defence of the land of one's birth and its institutions, often a nobler duty and a higher impulse than the patriot feels or yields even to the home of his affections.

"But," continues this modest critic of a literary magazine, presuming to pass its superficial judgment upon men

and things of state—"But Mr. Choate is nothing if not illogical!" In another place the writer begs to remind Mr. Choate, that "since he has been led out, like Balaam, to prophesy against the tents and armies of the Republican Israel * * * it was an animal in all respects inferior to a prophet, and in some to a politician," which first stood an obstacle to the onward progress of his mission. Surely we do not make the application in the present case. When the heavenly messenger appears, we have no doubt the great orator will bow in ready obedience. At present, judging by the logic produced in opposition to him, he has no reason to anticipate any thing further than the more obstinate than rational remonstrance of the "patient creature" itself. The critic objects to Mr. Choate's "sophistries" upon "the merits of compromise in statesmanship." In statesmanship, as in every thing else, we may remark, a compromise is often little else than the exercise of that Christian charity, which is peculiarly required and due in the case presented by the speaker between the North and the South. But how does this fair and logical critic set it forth? "Mr. Choate's syllogism may be stated thus: Some compromises are necessary in order to carry on a free government; but this is a compromise; therefore it is necessary. Here is the first fallacy." But such is not Mr. Choate's syllogism, or that of any body else but this writer. The true proposition, and that made by the orator, is as follows: Some compromises are necessary in order to carry on a free government; then, since all compromises are not excluded, a compromise like this may be just and defensible on its own merits. So with the other syllogism. "Expediency is essential in politics; so also is compromise; therefore some particular compromise is expedient. Fallacy number two." Neither is this logic; but thus should the proposition run: Expediency is essential in politics; so also is compromise; therefore *a* particular compromise may be expedient. But we have declared before that the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* could not reason. And thus, too, he thinks he has started

an unanswerable dilemma in manner and form following: "Now we offer Mr. Choate a *dilemma;* either God *always* interferes, or *sometimes;* if always, why need Mr. Choate meddle? Why not leave it to Him to avert the dangers of anti-slavery, as well as to remedy the evils of slavery?" It will be perceived here that he assumes, in his alternative proposition, something, in regard to which it is impossible for human knowledge to discriminate. But this we may know, that God, the Governor of the Universe, does his pleasure "in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," and in the mean time requires his intelligent creatures to perform their duty according to their responsibilities and moral sense and intelligence; and each will receive his reward, the high-souled patriot for his good, and the meddling fanatic for his evil.

It would be quite impossible for us, with our limited space, to point out all the "sophistries of the argument," and "ill-advised ebullitions" of the article in the *Atlantic* in detail. We have thus gone over it cursorily and promptly, in order that it should not fail of some due contemporaneous comment. In fact, having the opportunity of seeing this tremendous bombshell, as no doubt it was thought, about to explode, we could not but feel it our duty, at whatever personal risk, for the sake of the public good, to seize it, and give it a gentle toss into the extinguishing stream. If we had no other means of judging, than by the manifesto thus examined, the "Pocket Celebration of the Fourth" has had its well-anticipated effect upon the Republican forces. They are hit hard, and thus they cry out. But blows as hard are yet to come. The people of this country —of the North—have not yet lost their reason—a too charitable concession has hitherto been made to the radical and demoralizing projects of Republicanism—the soberer sense of the people, which seemed for a time almost paralyzed by the swaggering assumptions of that swelling faction, is steadily returning to its functions—the true, and sound, and able men of the country are to play a more conspicuous and

salutary part than latterly, upon the stage of action—and, to quote once more from the *Atlantic Monthly* language, which, in this application, will be saved at least from the ridicule and contempt of utter misappropriation, we have entire confidence in the speedy coming of an irresistible combination of whatever is patriotic and national, against Republicanism,—which "shall bind us all in a common nationality, by our loyalty to what is true, our reverence for what is good, our love for what is beautiful, and our sense of security in what is mighty." We shall then meet no more at the waters of strife, but the majestic image of the Great Republic, as of a beloved and venerated mother, will be impressed indelibly upon the hearts of all her confiding children.

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