THE LESSON OF '76 TO THE MEN OF '56.

AN

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES

OF THE

CITY OF BOSTON,

AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE

Eightieth Anniversary of American Independence,

JULY 4, 1856.

By EDW. GRIFFIN PARKER.

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CITY OF BOSTON.

Ordered, That the thanks of the City Council be and they are hereby tendered to EDWARD GRIFFIN PARKER, Esq., for the *truly patriotic* Oration delivered by him before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the celebration of the EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, and that a copy thereof be requested for publication.

In Board of Aldermen, July 7, 1856.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

PELHAM BONNEY, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 10, 1856.

Passed in concurrence.

OLIVER STEVENS, *President.*

Approved July 12, 1856.

ALEXANDER H. RICE, *Mayor.*

ORATION.

THE LESSON OF 'SEVENTY-SIX TO THE MEN OF 'FIFTY-SIX.

On this our eightieth national birth-day, fellow citizens, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that we are fallen on times which try men's devotion to their country, their principles and their age. The republic is trembling in the shocks of a moral earthquake. Events have transpired within a twelvemonth, which, if they could be only blotted out, our golden state itself would be a cheap payment to obliterate. Upon the borders of the republic ruin hangs imminent; a virgin territory, broad enough and bright enough to tempt another Cortes with an iron crew, has been despoiled of the purity of its electoral franchise. In the capitol of the republic an awful blow has been struck — a blow upon the forehead of a sovereign state; that blow was not loud, but it resounded through

sixteen free states, and if the spirits of dead patriots do indeed sympathize even yet with their unforgotten country, I know that from one sacred spot in a state not free, there was an echo of that deep reverberation — for there must have been, as that sad blow came down, not solely upon the brows of a senator, but upon the young heart of the republic — a groan from the tomb of Washington. Well may we ask as we watch the blood from that blow, trickling down the steps of the senate-house, "Will all great Neptune's ocean *ever* wash out that scarlet-legend of our capitol?"

And now, while the garments of the genius of the republic are trailing along draggled and bespattered, and her eyes are so full of tears that she can hardly see that road of empire on which she has been travelling for seventy-three years with such stately impetuosity, men are every where asking "What shall we do?" This question I think the thoughts of to-day may well be asked to answer. Every pure-minded lover of his country may well seek inspiration from the fountain head of the life of the republic — her first, her hero-age.

It was the habit of the statesmen of Spain, (a country which the genius of Boston, in the person of her two

historians, Prescott and Motley, has just made familiar to us all,) long after the great Philip was with the dust of other tyrants, to say in every hour of Spanish emergency, "Let us consult the genius of Philip the Second." This republic is equally august with that empire-realm which rested on both the Indies, for it reposes on both the oceans, and in every sense is canopied by stars. And we too have our oracle to approach, for Americans should say when the steppings of the republic are curtained with clouds, "Let *us* consult the genius of the Fourth of July." Yes, go back to the birth of our nation. Summon up the scenery of its cradle, look in the face the men who stood sponsers to it, breathe the atmosphere in which it began to heave its little-giant lungs; contemplate the true conscript fathers in their austere devotion to principle, to true freedom, and in their wholly disinterested sacrifices for their principles — those men, "as pure as if they were not great, and as great as if they were not pure" — and although it may be true that they fought in a moral panoply, the mere weight of which would crush us, yet by drinking of the true hero-tonic — the sentiments of the Revolution — we may brace up for one day to something of their heroic proportions and at least aspire unto the grandeur of their moral stature.

This, then, is what I call consulting the genius of the Fourth of July; to get ourselves, as the spiritualists say, "into communication" with the creators of the Fourth of July, to feel the same as to the republic, and then our own minds and impulses will announce to us the line of action which the fathers would have followed in whatever *shall turn out to be the present* emergency; and thus in all our conjunctures the sentiment of the Revolution should be brought to bear upon the crisis of the republic.

And now, as the particular means for freshening up in our minds and hearts the elder memories and the elder virtues of our history, we are giving one day expressly to laud and *magnify* our golden age, and to read over the golden bead-roll of our really great men. And in doing this we are following an example as ancient as the pyramids, and yet as recent as the four year old dynasty encamped in France, which far from being ancient is as bright and brassy as a new stamped cent. For it has been the habit of all the first class nations since the tower of Babel was tipped over, to try to raise the character of the people to their best standard and to quicken the sentiment on which the government rested by something significant to the senses of that

people's heroism and their government's glory; sometimes a monument, sometimes a celebration, — the one embodying a memory and a sentiment in architecture, the other embodying a memory and a sentiment in dramatic action. Thus in the region of the eldest time the traditions, recently corroborated by Layard, the great rummager of Nineveh, tell us that the people of that original mistress of the East assembled at intervals in a sort of mass meeting around the monumental mausoleum of Ninus, the founder of Nineveh, and from the contemplation of his glories gained new energies to invigorate the Assyrian empire.

Thus in the most absolute democracy of the world, Athens, the great Panathenaic festival played exactly the same part for the Athenians that the Fourth of July celebration acts for the Americans, and there is even an identity in its very details. Unlike ours, it occurred but once in five years, but just like ours it consisted of speeches, sports, and a grand procession. The Hellenic rhapsodists recited to the multitude the lines in which the first poet of the world had married to immortal words the immortal memories of Athenian bravery, just as the American speakers to-day try to invent eulogiums fit to be made about those Americans

whose moral heroism baffles words; choral music as sweet as that which to-day has rolled its harmonies along the arches of this temple, lifted the hearts of the Grecian people; athletic games and open air sports and races for prizes carried out the perfect parallel with us still farther; and though the men of Athens, perhaps, were quite unconscious of balloons, a foot-race with lighted torches, in which the prize was won by him who got to the goal first with his torch still lighted, made up in *some* degree for their profound ignorance of these ærial gas-bags; while as to fire-works, instead of having a work-of-fire, as we do, flashing out upon the face of evening the ramparts of Sebastopol, the figure-head of Washington and '76, they had a wonderfully rich curtain spread like a sail upon a ship, and dragged throughout the city, and upon this curtain the Athenians saw, worked there in embroidery, by the delicate fingers of the fairest daughters of Athens, the story all spread out, not of "the Father of his country," but of the Mother of *their* country, Minerva. And finally, to make the parallel with us complete, a great procession swept along their streets too, in which every body participated, full as many dignitaries as figure in the *newspaper* programme of our procession, the old men carrying olive branches, the young men carrying arms,

the young women carrying baskets on their heads, and the heralds at the head of the column prayed for the good of the citizens, and the first artists caught the image of this procession as it went by, and fixed it in marble, so that you can see to-day that first Fourth of July procession just as Herodotus and Pericles saw it; for it is kept in the bas-reliefs of Phidias, in the British Museum among the Elgin marbles.

And coming down to modern times, England has *her* monumental things, by which she has sustained the spirit of her earlier great deeds, her Agincourt and her Magna Charta deeds, in which we have a common heritage. When her soldiery saw the French eagles flying on the Malakoff, as they fled from the Redan tower of Sebastopol, the national heart did not droop, for she turned to her trophies of the past — to the grandest commemorative temple on this earth, Westminster Abbey — where the effigies and the epitaphs of the greatest men who have made our common race upon the whole the first in the world, are all kept in stone, where the bodies of the heroes lie firm in death's marble, and the recorded honors of our Saxon ancestry are as thick as the captured flags in Henry the Seventh's chapel, which fan the air above them like so many wings of victory. Thus the solemn temple is an

ever-flowing fountain head of national sentiment. For Westminster Abbey is an "everlasting celebration" hardened into stone; it is as if their most splendid national fete-day, with all its shifting scenery of deeds and tombs, with all its pomp of blazon and banner, had been suddenly and forever petrified into permanency.

And speaking of the Redan naturally leads me to France. The dynasty there, triple-headed with its three heads of the great Napoleon, the lesser Napoleon, and the little Napoleon, must have *its* celebration also to stabilitate its rickety throne; and that commemoration was upon the day when the bronzed warriors, returning from the most glittering of modern wars, marched in the greatest pomp of modern triumphs along the Boulevards of Paris. As column after column of men of war marched on, with the terrors of the trenches yet seeming to hang over them, as rank after rank of the wounded and torn were borne along with the yellings of Crimean surgery yet seeming to echo round them, and Paris, — gay and glittering with the splendors of a monarch munificent as Louis the Fourteenth — Paris clapped her proud hands and showered down flowers and benedictions on the returning braves, the *soldier-sentiment* upon which the throne rests grew stronger

and stronger as the pageant moved on, and at every step of that laurelled soldiery France was *Napoleonized.*

They forgot as they gazed on the conquering brigades of Bonaparte's nephew, that the last immense rush of the French conscripts right up the horrid steep of the Malakoff was made to a very different music from "long live the Emperor;" that it was to the hymn of French liberty, the *Marseillaise Hymn,* and that alone, that the living tide of valor surged upward and over that invincible crest; they forgot that the money of France, which was stamped with the effigy of "Liberty," was forbidden to be a legal tender; they remembered only that under the Emperor's auspices, amid those *infernal* fires, France had for the second time wrung from reluctant Europe her diploma as the first power on the continent, and that night Louis Napoleon slept more soundly on his palace bed than on any since he crossed the palace threshold.

This world-wide example of commemoration, then, we follow; but we have not thought that a *common* monument or arch of triumph, or one single triumphal procession, sufficiently commemorated our most bloody and most brilliant age, but we have devoted a day annually to its commemoration, and thus we have

actually carved *one of the days of the year* into an everlasting monument.

And now on this our monumental day we consult the genius of the republic by every act, from the least unto the greatest, which tends to deepen the revolutionary sentiment on which the government stands and by which it must go on. Every fire-cracker touched off to-day by young America is an embryo sentiment of patriotic piety; every regimental flag borne up against the breeze by a column of soldiers to-day through these Sahara-like heats is one fluttering leaf more for the tree of liberty whose roots grope among the bones of the fathers; every ring of salutation musketry or peal of cannon is one note more in the coronation anthem of republicanism, whose key-note caught the pitch in the first volley on Bunker Hill; and every formal oration to-day spoken in any and every part of the land ought to tremble through all its threads of thought, as if they were so many alarm-wires leading from one common centre — the tomb of Washington.

For we gather to-day in the ranks of no parties to remember the spring-time of the republic. I stand here as one of the humblest mouth-pieces of the feelings of to-day, invited to this platform by no party but the universal party of free America. For the Revo-

lution belongs to no party; no party owns that record. No party can say "that's my thunder." No, it is the thunder of America. The question has been tauntingly asked in the Senate within a few days, "how many battles did Massachusetts fight in the Revolution?" She fought *all* the battles, every where. When her arm wasn't there, her nerve and spirit were — the electricity of Bunker Hill sparkled through every man and every action of the Revolution, from John Hancock in Beacon street to George Washington at Yorktown; but no grass was green any where with the nourishment of battle that did not freshen over some mouldering hand and broken heart from New England. No, all the battles belong to all the states, just as all the stars on the flag belong to every state that holds up the flag. In this spirit I trust we may be ever able to keep the Fourth of July; let other places and other days unfurl their local and party standards tattered with the war-storms of their bloodless victories, but to-day let no banner flout the sky, but the one great flag of the Revolution-Congress, still gorgeous with *all* its arms and trophies, and streaming out over the heads of thirty millions of Americans — an emblem of union and beauty and power.

And as we gather to-day in all our towns, beneath

that Revolutionary flag, the whole spirit of the Revolutionary day will insensibly come back and take possession of us, not so much by cheap words as by intuitive sympathies; we shall feel that the spirit of the fathers still "rules us from their urns," and that tried by the Revolutionary standard, however the politicians may be, the *people* are "all right;" that there still glows high in the heart of the million the inextinguishable, unappeasable spirit of our first days — the love of free speech and free action, the love of law, the fear of God.

And now how providential it appears, when we so much need the earlier wisdom of the land, there is an auspicious concurrence of all the arts which illuminate the past upon this very revolutionary time, the sunrise of the republic, the age of Washington! For just at this time the universal Yankee genius, tired of astonishing the old world by its marvellous patterns of clipper-ships and reaping machines, has taken to instructing the new world in history, oratory, and the fine arts, and every one of these activities seems just now crystalizing with involuntary determination around the name of George Washington. For Bancroft, first in the historic choir, hast just brought down the greatest of our histories to the period in which Washington steps into the foreground of the national scene; Irving,

called at his birth Washington Irving — as if by prophetic anticipation of the day when he should consummate his own celebrity by recording that of the man he was named for, Irving is retouching with the magic of his pen the revered lineaments of the first President, fading a little with the erasive touch of Time; the twenty-second of February, the birth-day of Washington, is beginning to be one of the people's holidays; Leutze, the painter of history, German by name, but native American by birth, unrolls before Americans the broad canvas of General Washington's passage of the Delaware; Crawford, our sculptor, with emulous patriotism, in his sister art fashions the clay into the same standard pattern, the clay which Munich shall cast in its enduring bronze, and the Danube is even now floating down its current on a raft to a pedestal with us, where it will stand above a clustering-star of statues of great men who supported him in his life; and even the Titan pulse of the imperial city of our trade, New York, pauses for a moment in its giant play as the Babylonic city this day places *her* new statue of the Chief upon his war-horse in that park of hers which then with a new propriety will claim its title, *Union* Square; while to crown all, the sweet tongue of oratory

comes in aid of history, and canvas and bronze, for the most dulcet-tongued of our living speakers is seen going about the country like another Peter the Hermit, preaching a bloodless crusade for the rescue of another holy sepulchre from the grasp of an infidel's hand. Amid this firm consent of all the instrumentalities by which men fasten fame forever to a name, amid this chorus of all the historic arts, all vocal and visible with one beloved name, literally earth, air and sky alive with Washington, does it not seem as if the Revolution might burst through the thin film of years which curtains it, and take its place to-day as the central sun of our national system?

And now in turning our eyes directly upon the Revolution, glaring upon us with these broad lights, one or two of its most impressive thoughts seem to rumble and mutter forth from that thunder-cloud period a challenge to our notice; and these relate to, first, the lesson of the Revolution itself; second, what it has done for us and the world. And first, I think if we roll out before our eyes the whole panoramic picture of the Revolutionary action as it displayed itself under the tongue of debate as well as the trumpet of battle, we shall be forced to admit that the capital sentiment of our fathers, underlying and ever-living,

was the love of liberty protected by law; legal liberty, constitutional liberty. They worshipped liberty with a measureless love; free speech and free action were what our English ancestors spread their flag for at Runnymede when they wrenched magna charta from King John. Free speech and free action were what our American ancestors spread the flag of the thirteen fighting colonies for, on the first Fourth of July. But in the long struggle of the people with the throne, by which the emigrants to this country were educated for freedom, especially in the struggles with the Stuarts and under William the Deliverer, which Macaulay has so gaily painted, they had learned that liberty and law were the mutual props of each other — that the love of liberty and respect for law ought to go hand in hand, in short that liberty and law were Siamese twins. Therefore they were always careful that their liberty should appear in the shape of well-considered law. So when they came to rebel against the Georges, they didn't break out into a devastating fillibustering uprising of an outraged people, but all was done decently, and deliberately and legally. First they set forth that stately manifesto to mankind which has been read to-day to America; then they made a confederated nationality by a Continental Congress, and in every

negotiation with the enemy they insisted that the legal titles of their respective officers should be recognized. Washington would never open an official letter which was not directed to him by the title Congress had given him — *General* Washington. And finally, in our own state, the Massachusetts fathers took our ideas of liberty, framed in the grand old phrases of magna charta, the English petition of rights and Lord Somers's bill of rights, and cast them into our own constitution and bill of rights; a great foundation state-paper whose features the world has already looked at, and will yet have to study; and they summed up its whole essence in its last consummate sentence, wherein they said, in the words of the republican Harrington, which he got from Aristotle, we do this "to the end that this may be a government of laws and not of men."

Therefore the leading sentiment of the Revolution is liberty and law, one and inseparable. And whenever we find that the laws which we have, inevitably shut us off from the liberties we ought to have, we must change the law-making machine, or in the last extremity break the law-making machine. Massachusetts men must love liberty, and by the same ancestral instinct will love law. And happily our governmental system is so contrived that the people can generally,

by a little patience, self-denial and resolution, force their laws into harmony with their liberties, and make them square with each other. Every year's elections offer us some chance, but once in four years there comes a chance to put a new face on our laws and a new heart in the body politic. Once in four years those who may think that the government of independence is crumbling away from its eternal principles, can muster at the polls, and in no factious spirit, but in a national spirit, their motto indeed "union for the sake of the Union," all hands together can right the republic. Once in four years the millions can rush to the fortress box, which is justly called the mightiest of the three boxes which command the world — the cartridge-box, the band-box and the *ballot*-box; and there in a perfect snow storm of ballots can cleanse the soiled seats of the nation, — a snow storm of those little papers

> " Which fall as snow flakes fall upon the sod,
> But execute the people's will, as lightning does the voice of God."

It may happen sometimes that the people may be, under our wise constitutional system, temporarily crippled and cut off in their rights and desires, but when the day of reform comes the retribution is only the more decisive and tremendous. *Then* when the great lazy people are goaded at length

into majestic unanimity, when all considerations are thrown aside but the salvation of their native land, when they crowd together,

"*Roused like lions out of slumber,*
In unvanquishable number,"

what wrong or what wrong-doer can stand up before them? If under the constitutional guard of office anybody, great or small, has used his power to decree a short-lived divorce between the laws and liberties of the people, the omnipotent people will not therefore tear down their own image — they will not weaken the arm of the law, but they will look on to their constitutional day of judgment; *then*, thrice armed by their own long submission, they can hurl upon the head of the great wrong-doer the malediction of the poet, with a terrible practical force,

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king;
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,"

Now

"They mock the air with idle state."

But if the time should come upon us, which God avert and which I pray may never open on my sight, when our liberties and our laws cannot be made one and alike at the electoral urns, *then* let Massachusetts do as the fathers did, — let her declare a second Revolutionary war; let her meet the law openly and like a

free commonwealth, not secretly nullify it like a slave commonwealth. Let her march out and encamp on Bunker Hill, and let her announce with the solemn gravity befitting so awful a transaction, that Massachusetts has taken her Bunker Hill in her arms and gone out by herself, and she appeals to God and man for the justice of her cause. But even as our fathers suffered long and forbore ere they struck the remediless blow, so should we struggle long with ourselves ere we dash in pieces the golden bowl of our national life, and cut the silver cord which ties us into one magnificent nation. And surely to-day from thirty millions of Americans should go up thirty millions of prayers to save to us, to save to the world, this harbor of republicanism, this citadel of man's last hope. Whoever would pray otherwise must be in a conspiracy against mankind.

But another thing which forces itself upon the attention of the student of the Revolution is the immense heroism of our fathers, the signers of the Declaration. There they stood, the representatives of thirteen infant colonies, which hadn't cut their mother's apron strings, and defied that unnatural but mighty mother, whose armaments they heard roaring round the world. And the awful alternative was not victory

or death, — oh no ! that would have been easy — it was victory or the gibbet of the rebel. And it ought always to be remembered, that they fought not alone against the red-coat army which confronted them, but against the whole red-coat nation behind the army, and supplying the army and lending the immense moral prestige of one of the very first powers of the earth to those red-coat regiments — and against this they fought with the gibbet in their faces !

Talk about back-bone ! — Why, old John Adams in those "sink or swim" days when he drove the Declaration of Independence through Congress to a victorious vote, had more back-bone in him than would suffice in these days for the vertebral column of a whole army of professed politicians.

Another thing which I can never overlook in our Continental Captains and Congressmen, was their absolute disinterestedness in following their principles of freedom. They had no offices in their eye, nor fat jobs, nor fame-giving posts; every one of them lost something or suffered something in consequence of the Declaration of Independence. They never dreamed of the creed of the professed politician who feathers his own nest in the sacred name of his country. They lived, they contended and they died in the day of *small*

things to them personally; but they were men of that grand type, the largest mould in which men are ever made, the men who live for posterity, for others' welfare, and the future of a thousand years. Most men live in the immediate scene around them, and in their sensations; but some there are who live above sensations and above sorrows, in their sentiments and thoughts, and for the "all hail hereafter!" of those who shall be blessed through them. And these are first of men; for "first of men," says Lord Bacon, "are the *conditores imperii*," the founders of empire. But almost always such men suffer in their lives, and in the end they only stand like Moses on Mount Pisgah, and see afar off their country going by in her coronation robes.

And then what a severe contrast there is between our great Captain and other conquerors! When I read, for example, about Alexander parcelling out between himself and his followers the gorgeous satrapies of the jewelled East, as the recompense of their successful struggle, I cannot help thinking of our Washington's words, when he modestly stood up in his place in Congress and accepted the generalship of our armies. Said that model conqueror, "I take the office, but I shall accept *no pay* for my services; I shall keep a

strict account of my actual expenses; these I *hope* Congress may be able to discharge." There's a platform of patriotic principles for you. O, that the same purity of heart, and self-sacrificing loyalty to principle pervaded all men's hearts now! O, that the same contempt of office, for office' sake were universal now! Then never, never should we have seen that newest specimen of grand larceny, the robbery of a whole territorial legislature; yes, the robbery of a whole territorial law-making machine; nor ever should we have seen with irrepressible indignation the children of men who fell in the Revolution, shot down like hounds on the plains of our territory, almost in the very sight of the infantry of these United States, which the blood of their fathers united and put together.

But I must hasten to consider briefly what this sentiment of the Revolution, so martyr-like, so disinterested, so freedom-loving, has done for us and for the world. It established this Republic, as its first fruits. It showed that a system could be wrought out, vast in its sweep yet most minute in its provision for individual and local wants; under which, if properly carried out, the largest liberty could be had with the least law, and under which the true dignity of equal human nature could be vindicated by making every native-born

American eligible to every office, from the Moderator of a town meeting to the Presidency of the nation. At this very moment, as if to illustrate what I say, the third office in the government holds in the chair of the Speakership of the House of Representatives a young man whose eloquence caught its first harmonies in the music of a machine shop. And the superb elevation of the curule chair of the first magistracy of America was filled, in the last term of the Presidency, by a man whose youthful industry was passed in the sweat of his brow in a mechanic's factory. This republican system mankind have been gazing upon as it successfully got under way; they have seen America win laurel and credit and crown and prize on many a field of human enterprize and conduct; they have seen her commanders carry her war-messages by the iron mouths of her cannon and the iron hearts of her Decaturs and Jacksons alike to the barbarous Moor and the polished Frank; while the supremacy of the meteor-flag of the sea-girt islanders has been rudely shaken. But better even than these attractive emblems are other stars of nobleness which shine in her insignia. "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war," and on that field America is three times victor, — on the sea, on the land, in the very air.

In the game for the peaceful harvest of the seas she ruffles out the snowy plumage of her clipper ships, and lo! the mercantile marine of the old standard nations, with every rag of canvas set, lumbers heavily along the ocean road of commerce, unable to see any thing of the clipper craft of their rival but the broad name "America," fairly painted on her stern. In the equally great game for the harvests of the land, an American reaping machine, a harvesting engine fit for the prairie-like expanse of her western acres, goes slashing about among the agriculturists of the old world, giving ample proof that whatever monster crops her broad acres get up, her inventive energies can harvest and get in. While, as if to demonstrate finally that no realm of nature should be unvexed with her victorious energy, she first, by the hand of her Franklin, seizes the lightning from the sky, and then, by the brains of her Morse and House, she teaches it to run of errands across her vast territorial spaces, and, to cap the climax, makes it tell its own story in fair print when it gets there. And it was meet and proper that a Revolution which begat a republican empire like ours should also beget gigantic energies to correspond with it. If a new race is born into the world, they must have new tools to work with. And only think

what a realm ours is! It is not measured by miles; it is not measured even by degrees of latitude; it is not *measured even by different climates; no—it is only* to be appropriately measured by one grand standard—the length of the king's arm was the integral standard of linear measurement in England—but we may with strict justice take our standard from the orb of day; and when by one single effort of comparison, we would express the measurement of *our* empire, let us say, (without any exaggeration) the sun takes half of his whole journey round the globe, in getting over our United States.

But measureless as are the physical results of our Revolution, who shall measure its moral results? It revolutionized the sentiment of the world as positively as if the climate of the world had suddenly been changed. It gave scope to thoughts which had for generations been cramped in men's minds. It gave life to hopes that had for generations been strangled in their hearts; in short it ventilated all the pure thought and feeling of the world, and the day after the Declaration of Independence this planet was a better place to live in, than it was the day before.

Look, for instance, at the result of our firmly-fixed policy, to recognize every government, rebel or not, as

soon as it has established itself sufficiently to be, *de facto*, a government! When Hungary was fighting with Austria for *her* Fourth of July, we sent an envoy, to be near them and to encourage them by the assurance that the very moment they could set up a free government, *de facto*, as they should draw their first breath of liberty, we would be on hand to give them aid and comfort; and when Austria growled out her stony-hearted remonstrance to us, the greatest of Americans told her plainly that this republic had so determined, and that her tyrant-empire in comparison with our republican empire was but *a patch* on the earth's surface. And that famous letter you know was followed up by sending a flag-ship, with the star-standard flying over it, for the very man upon whose garments was the dampest mould of an Austrian dungeon. That letter to Austria was powerful, because when Webster wrote it America was standing right behind him; there was n't an army nor a regulation-sword in sight, when the Austrian read it, but it sent a shiver through every joint of the Holy Alliance.

When Colombia and her sister states had fought their way into republican life, George Canning, the brilliant Prime Minister of England, boasted in his place that he had hastened to recognize their independence, and thus,

said he proudly, "I called a new world into existence to redress the balance of power in the old world." But when he said this he was not true to the spirit of fact, for it was not George Canning bearing in his hand England's tardy and reluctant recognition, who really gave them the breath of independent life; it was another land and a nobler leader; it was our own prince of the orators, Henry Clay, the mighty voices of whose eloquence rang like a silver clarion among his countless followers, exhorting them to send a full accredited ambassador to the South American Congress at Panama. And therefore it was that when they had achieved their independence, in the halls of their national legislatures the portrait of Henry Clay and not George Canning was hung up high on the wall, where still for aught I know that lordly eye looks down on them.

And finally, the other day in Paris, at that notorious Congress where the peace of Europe was made and that "blessed baby was born," you cannot have forgotten that Count Walewski declared that Belgium had too free a tongue in her little head, and that her free press must be padlocked and *her* free speech must be muzzled. No! said Lord Clarendon, I never will consent to it, England never would submit to see free

speech put down. And what think you drove that Peer of Victoria to say this? Was it that gartered peerage, proud as the peerage of Charlemagne, whose broad riband he wore on his shoulder? No! it was the Reformed House of Commons of England, representing the *people* of England, who were looking over his shoulder and defying him to say any thing else. And what gave England that almost democratic House of Commons? Does any one need to be told that it wasn't Henry Brougham nor Charles Earl Gray, loud-mouthed as they were in 1830, for reform? They were only its instruments, not its creators. It was the example of a reformed and revolutionized American Congress which had then for forty-five years been staring in the face the peerage and tax-ridden people of England; it was the earthquake voice of the independence days of America.

No wonder that Louis Napoleon hates us. No wonder our military envoys are repulsed from his dazzling courts, and told to meet at the mouth of cannon. Yes, the time is coming when we shall meet at the cannon's lips, when the genius of Young America shall grapple with the genius of decrepit Europe. Not yet — every thing in time—but as surely as day follows night the

winter of this world's discontent will yet be made glorious summer by this new continent of Columbus.

I do not dream that we shall go with arms to filli-busterize Europe, as Kossuth's earnest but erring zeal demanded, but the silent spectacle of the republic acts upon Europe like an ever-blowing trumpet of sedition. "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane," cried Cromwell when he would play the tyrant, "the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" and so cries every crowned man in Europe, "America, America, the Lord deliver us from that George Washington's America!"

But that hearty prayer is not to be granted. There is a great book in which the accounts of nations are posted. I see the heading on one side of that ledger of empire is "Despotism." Upon the other side are three fatal words, burning like the letters which blazed on Belshazzar's banquet-wall — "Poland, Italy, Hungary." Those pages are yet to be balanced. The armed heel is yet to be lifted from the radiant forehead of Poland, the fond dream of Mazzini must yet be realized in the rescue of the dear land of Italy from the wild-cat grip of the royal ruffian of Naples, and the lion-paw of Austria; and Hungary, cloven down in the dust, shall yet raise her dishonored brow, in time for

Kossuth, if he can do no more, yet to stand upon his mount of promise and see his native land go by in her garments of gladness. And the motive power to all this, is the silent but eloquent example of this American republic. If that example can be maintained till after every stone of that great granite shaft on the immortal hill shall have crumbled, as the monuments of Nineveh have crumbled, long ere then I believe this world will all be more or less republicanized. For I cherish a deep conviction that man will not, cannot go backward, but that a good Providence kept back this continent for ages that Columbus might at last lead it forth from its hiding-place behind the waves, into the presence of the world, robed in the regalia of a republic, to be the school-master of mankind.

At any rate, so long as it can be said, in Byron's winged words,

> "Still one great clime in full and free defiance,
> Yet rears its head unconquered and sublime
> Above the far Atlantic,"

so long the course of mankind heads right, and so long the banner of this republic,

> "Torn, but flying, streams upward
> Like the thunder-cloud against the wind,"

in the very vanguard of humanity.

God grant that the record of the Grecian republics and the Italian republics may not be our record; and that no future Thucidydes or future Sismondi, may ever tell how the states split to pieces, and the black curtain fell, and the glorious vision was snatched away from the yearning hope of man! No, let us rather hope that, in the farthest East and beyond the islands of the sea, the news may *always* fly with the sun; that behind the place of his going down in the West, there the blessing of men is forever rising, for there God keeps a whole Continent consecrated to Freedom.