



GEORGE F. HOAR

SENATOR HOAR

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, LL. D., American statesman and jurist, was born at Concord, Mass., Aug. 29, 1826. He was educated at Concord Academy and at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1846. He studied law, and on graduating from the Harvard Law School began to practice in Worcester, Mass. During twenty years at the Bar he won high position in the legal profession. Senator Hoar's first appearance in the political field was as chairman, in 1849, of the committee of the Free-Soil party. In 1852, he became a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in 1857 of the State Senate. Early in his career he was an advocate of woman suffrage, making his first address on that subject in 1868. His service in the legislature of his native State was followed by his election, as a Republican, to four successive Congresses, serving from March, 1869, to March, 1877. In 1877 he became a United States Senator. He is still (1902) a member of that body, being the senior member from Massachusetts. Senator Hoar was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1876, 1880, and 1884, and was chairman of the convention which nominated James A. Garfield for the Presidency. He was one of the managers, on the part of the House of Representatives, of the Belknap impeachment trial in 1876, and in the same year was a member of the Electoral Commission. In the administration of President Hayes he was offered the post of Ambassador to Great Britain, but declined it. From 1874 to 1880, Senator Hoar was an overseer of Harvard University, and in 1880 he became a regent of the Smithsonian Institution. In 1887, he was elected president of the American Antiquarian Society. He was one of the corporation of Clark University, is a trustee of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology, and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He has received the degree of LL. D. from William and Mary, Harvard, Yale, and Amherst. Senator Hoar is a humanitarian, as well as a statesman and a scholar. In 1897, he wrote and placed on file at the Massachusetts State House a petition against the use of birds and feathers as ornaments for hats, which purported to be signed by "thirty-five undomesticated song birds." The Senator is an advocate of bimetallism and an anti-expansionist. In his long career he has frequently been in opposition to public sentiment, and the South was particularly indignant at his action in the matter of the Force Bill. While Senator Hoar is independent in thought and act, the honesty of his motives has never been doubted. He is an extremely ready speaker, and in the Senate is always listened to with attention. His long and conspicuous career has been marked by patriotism as well as by high principle and great ability.

ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET OF THE NEW ENGLAND
SOCIETY

DELIVERED DECEMBER 22, 1898, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The words Switzerland, France, England, Rome, Athens, Massachusetts, South Carolina, Virginia, America, convey to your mind a distinct and individual meaning and suggest an image of distinct moral quality and moral being as clearly as do the words Washington, Wellington, or Napoleon. I believe it is, and I thank God that I believe it is, something much higher than the average of the qualities of the men who make it up. We think of Switzerland as something better than the individual Swiss, and of France as something better than the individual Frenchman, and of America as something better than the individual American. In great and heroic individual actions we often seem to feel that it is the country, of which the man is but the instrument that gives expression to its quality in doing the deed.

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

The citizen on great occasions knows and obeys the voice of his country as he knows and obeys an individual voice, whether it appeal to a base or ignoble or to a generous or noble

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

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

The title of our American States to their equality under this admirable arrangement depends not on area or upon numbers but upon character and upon personality. Fancy a league or a confederacy in which Athens or Sparta were united with Persia or Babylon or Nineveh and their political power were to be reckoned in proportion to their numbers or their size.

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

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

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

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

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

"Mr. Calhoun," said Mr. Webster, "had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations they were high and honorable and noble. There was nothing grovelling or low or meanly selfish that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I was sure he was, in the principles he espoused and in the measures he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or a selfish feeling. However he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those opinions and those principles will now descend to posterity and under the sanction of a great name. He

has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of the country. He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here will find that he has left upon our minds, and upon our hearts, a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And when the time shall come that we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."

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

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

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

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

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

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

They would have found much, these two sisters, to talk about of a later time. South Carolina would have talked of her boy Christopher Gadsden, who George Bancroft said was like a mountain torrent dashing on an overshot wheel. And Massachusetts would try to trump the trick with James Otis, that flame of fire, who said he seemed to hear the prophetic song of the Sybil chanting the springtime of the new empire.

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

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

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

Certainly these two States liked each other pretty well when Josiah Quincy came down here in 1773 to see Rutledge

and Pinckney and Gadsden to concert plans for the coming rebellion. King George never interfered very much with you. But you could not stand the Boston port bill any more than we could.

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

If this company had gathered on this spot one hundred and twenty years ago to-night the toast would have been that which no gathering at Charleston in those days failed to drink — “The Unanimous Twenty-six, who would not rescind the Massachusetts circular.”

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

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

Mr. Calhoun was educated at Yale College, in New England, where President Dwight predicted his future greatness in his boyhood. It is one of the pleasant traditions of my own family that he was a constant and favorite guest in the house of my grandmother, in my mother’s childhood, and formed a friendship with her family which he never forgot.

It is delightful also to remember on this occasion that Mr. Lamar, that most Southern man of Southern men, whose tribute to Mr. Calhoun in this city is among the masterpieces of historical literature, paid a discriminating and most affectionate tribute also to Charles Sumner at the time of his death.

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

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

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

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

For myself I believe that whatever estrangements may have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, are born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge. I believe that of our forty-five States there are no two who,