

two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

## ROBERT C. WINTHROP



ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP, American statesman and orator, and a descendant of Governor John Winthrop, was born at Boston, Mass., May 12, 1809, and died there Nov. 16, 1894. After graduating from Harvard University he studied law with Daniel Webster, and in 1831 was admitted to the Bar. For several years he was a member and speaker of the Massachusetts State legislature, and from 1841 to 1850, with a brief intermission, represented his State in Congress, and was speaker of the House during the years 1847-49. When Webster became Secretary of State, in 1850, Winthrop was appointed to fill his unexpired term in the Senate. In 1851, he was Whig candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated and thereafter declined all political nominations. In Congress, he proved himself to be an able and effective speaker, but he will be longest remembered by his historical addresses, which are as eloquent as they are scholarly, and display his culture as well as his learning. Among the best of his many orations are those on the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument, in 1848, and on the dedication of the monument in 1885. Admirable also are his eulogy on Edward Everett, here given; his oration at the Boston Centennial, 1876; and that, in 1881, at the Yorktown Centennial. His published writings comprise "Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions" (1853-67); "Memoir of Nathan Appleton" (1861); "Life and Letters of John Winthrop" (1867); "Washington, Bowdoin, and Franklin" (1876); and "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel" (1894). He also contributed to the "North American Review," and was for many years president of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

### EULOGY OF EDWARD EVERETT

DELIVERED IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, JANUARY 19, 1865

I HARDLY know, fellow citizens and friends, I hardly know either how to speak or how to be silent here to-day. I dare not trust myself to any off-hand, impulsive utterance on such a theme. And yet I cannot but feel how poor and how inadequate to the occasion is the best preparation which I am capable of making. I am sincerely and deeply sensible how unfitted I am by emotions which I should in vain attempt to restrain for meeting the expectations and the demands of such an hour or for doing justice to an event which has hardly left a heart unmoved or an eye unmoistened in our whole community. Most gladly would I

still be permitted to remain a listener only and to indulge a silent but heartfelt sorrow for the loss of so illustrious a fellow citizen and so dear a friend.

I have so often been privileged to follow him on these public occasions of every sort that I almost feel at a loss how to proceed without the encouragement of his friendly countenance and the inspiration of his matchless tones. I seem to myself to be still waiting for his ever welcome, over brilliant lead. I find it all but impossible to realize the fact that we are assembled here in Faneuil Hall at a meeting at which whatever is most eloquent, whatever is most impressive, whatever is most felicitous and most finished, ought justly to be heard, and that Edward Everett is not here with us to say the first, the best, the all-sufficient word. I feel myself impelled to exclaim—and you will all unite with me in the exclamation,

“Oh, for the sound of a voice that is hushed,  
And the touch of a vanished hand.”

Certainly, my friends, I can find no other words to begin with than those which he himself employed when rising to speak in this hall on the death of that great statesman whose birthday, by a strange but touching coincidence, we are so sadly commemorating to-day by this public tribute to his life-long friend and chosen biographer. “There is but one voice,” said Mr. Everett of Daniel Webster, and certainly I may repeat it of himself to-day, “There is but one voice that ever fell upon my ear which could do justice to such an occasion. That voice, alas, we shall hear no more forever.”

Yes, fellow citizens, as a celebrated Roman historian said of the consummate orator of his own land and age, that to praise him worthily required the eloquence of Cicero himself, so we cannot fail to feel that full justice to the career

and character of our American Cicero could only be rendered by the best effort of his own unequalled powers. It is hardly an exaggeration to say of him that he has left behind him no one sufficient to pronounce his eulogy as it should be pronounced; no one who can do for him all that he has done for so many others who have gone before him.

But, indeed, my friends, the event which has called us together has occurred too suddenly, too unexpectedly, for any of us to be quite prepared either for attempting or for hearing any formal account of our departed friend's career or any cold analysis of his public or private character. There must be time for us to recover from the first shock of so overwhelming a loss before his eulogy can be fitly undertaken or calmly listened to. His honored remains are still awaiting those funeral rites in which our whole community will so eagerly and so feelingly unite to-morrow. The very air we are breathing at this moment is still vocal and vibrating with his last public appeal. It seems but an instant since he was with us on this platform pleading the cause of humanity and Christian benevolence in as noble strains as ever fell from human lips. And no one, I think, who had the privilege of hearing that appeal can fail to remember a passage which did not find its way into any of the printed reports, but which made a deep impression on my own heart as I stood on yonder floor a delighted listener to one whom I could never hear too often. It was the passage in which in terms quite unusual for him, and which seemed as if the shadow of coming events were passing over his mind, he spoke of himself as “an old man who had nothing but his lips left for contributing to the public good.” Nothing but his lips left! Ah, my friends, what lips those were! If ever since the days of the infant Plato, of whom the story is told, if ever since that

age of cunning fable and of deep philosophy with which he was so familiar, the Attic bees have lighted upon any human lips and left their persuasive honey there without a particle of their sting, it must have been on those of our lamented friend. What lips they were! And what have they not accomplished since they were first opened in mature, articulate speech? What worthy topic have they not illustrated? What good and noble cause have they not advocated and adorned? On what occasion of honor to the living or to the dead—at what commemoration of the glorious past—in what exigency of the momentous present—have those lips ever been mute? From what call of duty or of friendship, of charity or of patriotism, have they ever been withheld?

Turn to those three noble volumes of his works and follow him in that splendid series of orations which they contain—from the earliest at Cambridge, in which he pronounced that thrilling welcome to Lafayette a little more than forty years ago, down to that on the 4th of July, 1858, which he concluded by saying that in the course of nature he should go to his grave before long and he wished no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through evil report and through good report he loved his whole country." Follow him, I say, in his whole career as unfolded in those noble volumes—the best manual of American eloquence—and then take up the record of those other orations and addresses which are still to be included in his collected works, the record of the last few years as it is impressed upon the minds and hearts of every patriot in our land—with all its grand appeals for Mount Vernon and the memory of Washington, for the sufferers of East Tennessee, for the preservation of the Union, for the defence of the country against rebellion and treason, for the support of the national administration agree-

ably to his own honest convictions of duty. Follow him, I say again, along the radiant pathway of that whole career, illuminated as it is from his earliest manhood to the last week of his life by the sparkling productions of his own genius, and then tell me, you who can, what cause of education or literature, what cause of art or industry, what cause of science or history, what cause of religion or charity, what cause of philanthropy or patriotism, has not been a debtor—a debtor beyond the power of payment—and now, alas! beyond the power of acknowledgment—to his voice or to his pen! Who has ever more fairly won the title of "the golden-mouthed," since the sainted Chrysostom of old, than he who by the music of his voice and the magic of his tongue has so often coined his thoughts into eagles and turned his words into ingots, at one moment for the redemption of the consecrated home and grave of the Father of his Country and at another for the relief of an oppressed and suffering people?

And who, my friends, as he reviews this marvellous career can fail to remember how singularly applicable to him, in view of his earliest as well as of his later callings, are those words in which the immortal dramatist has described the curious felicity and facility of speech, and the extraordinary versatility of powers, of one of the great princes and sovereigns of England:

"Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,  
You would desire the king were made a prelate;  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You'd say, it hath been all-in-all his study;  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear,  
A fearful battle rendered you in music;  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose  
Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,  
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

It is hardly too much to say of him that he established a new standard of American eloquence, that he was the founder of a new school of occasional oratory, of which he was at once the acknowledged master and the best pupil and in which we were all proud to sit at his feet as disciples. Would that we had been better scholars! Would that, now that he has been snatched so suddenly from our sight, and as we follow him to the skies with our parting acclamations of admiration and affection we could feel that there were some shoulders not wholly unworthy to wear, not altogether incapable of sustaining, his falling mantle!

I need not dwell for a moment, my friends, upon the details of his official life. We all remember his earlier and his later relations to the university to which he was so ardently attached and which has ever counted him among its proudest ornaments. We all remember how long and how faithfully he served the State and the nation in their highest departments at home and abroad. But public office was not necessary to his fame, and he never held his title to consideration at the precarious tenure of public favor or popular suffrage. Office gave no distinction to the man; but the man gave a new distinction and a new dignity to every office which he held. Everywhere he was the consummate scholar, the brilliant orator, the Christian gentleman—greater even as a private citizen than in the highest station to which he ever was, or ever could have been called.

I need not dwell for a moment, either, my friends, upon the purity and beauty of his daily life, upon his devotion to his family, his fidelity to his friends, his integrity as a man, his untiring willingness and eagerness to do kind and obliging things for all who, reasonably or unreasonably, asked them at his hands, at any cost of time or trouble to himself.

I can never fail, certainly, to remember his countless acts of kindness to myself during a friendship of thirty years. I do not forget that at least once in my life I have differed from him on important questions, and that recently; but I can honestly say that there was no living man from whom I differed with a deeper regret, or with a greater distrust of my own judgment. Nor can I fail to remember with inexpressible joy at this hour that within a week, I had almost said within a day, after that difference was avowed and acted upon, he reciprocated most kindly and most cordially an assurance that our old relations of friendship and affection should suffer no estrangement or interruption and that we would never distrust each other's sincerity or each other's mutual regard. "I am not afraid [he wrote me] that we shall give each other cause of offence and we will not let others put us at variance."

Fellow citizens, I knew not how to commence these imperfect and desultory remarks and I know not how to close them. There is, I am sensible, much to console us in our bereavement, severe and sudden as it is. We may well rejoice and be grateful to God that our illustrious and beloved friend was the subject of no lingering illness or infirmity, that he was permitted to die while in the full possession of his powers, while at the very zenith of his fame, and while he had a hold on the hearts of his countrymen such as even he had never before enjoyed. We may well rejoice, too, that his voice was last heard in advocating a measure of signal humanity which appealed to every heart throughout the land, and that he lived to see of the fruit of his lips and to be satisfied. I hold in my hand one of his last notes—written on Thursday evening to our munificent and excellent fellow citizen, Mr. William Gray, and which, in his own neces-

sary and regretted absence, he has kindly permitted me to read:

"Summer St., Jan. 12, 1865.

"My Dear Mr. Gray:—I am greatly obliged to you for sending me word of the success of the Savannah subscription. What a large-hearted, open-handed place we live in! It is on these occasions that I break the tenth commandment and covet the wealth of you millionaires. I have been in bed almost ever since Monday, having narrowly escaped an attack of pneumonia. I had been in the court house all the morning, and had to return to it for three hours in the afternoon to attend to a harassing arbitration case, and left Faneuil Hall with my extremities ice and my lungs on fire. But in such a cause one is willing to suffer.

"Ever sincerely yours,  
"EDWARD EVERETT."

This little note, my friends, in his own unmistakable and inimitable hand written within two days of his death shows clearly what thoughts were uppermost in that noble heart before it so suddenly ceased to beat. In such a cause he was willing to suffer. In such a cause he was not unwilling to die.

But whatever consolation may be found in the circumstances of his death, or in the occupation of his last years or months or days, we cannot still but feel that no heavier public calamity could at this moment if at any moment have befallen our community. We cannot but feel that not Boston only, not Massachusetts only, not New England only, but our whole country is called to deplore the loss of its most accomplished scholar, its most brilliant orator, its most valuable citizen. More and more as the days and the years roll on will that loss be perceived and felt by all who have known, admired, and loved him. The public proceedings of this day, the sad ceremonials to-morrow, will find their place on the page of history. All the customary tributes of respect and gratitude to our lamented friend will at no distant day be completed. We shall hang his portrait on these hallowed walls in fit companionship with the patriot forms which already adorn them.

We shall place a statue of him in due time, I trust, on yonder terrace, not far from that of his illustrious and ever honored friend. But neither portrait nor statue, nor funeral pomp nor public eulogy will have done for his memory what he has done for it himself. The name and the fame of Edward Everett will in no way more surely be perpetuated than by the want which will be experienced, by the aching void which will be felt on all our occasions of commemoration, on all our days of jubilee, on every literary anniversary, at every festive board, in every appeal for education, for charity, for country, in every hour of peril, in every hour of triumph, from the loss of that ever-ready, ever-welcome voice, which has so long been accustomed to say the best, the most appropriate, the most effective word, in the best, the most appropriate, the most effective manner. For nearly half a century no public occasion has ever seemed complete without his presence. By a thousand conspicuous acts of public service, by a thousand nameless labors of love for young and old, for rich and poor, for friends and for strangers, he has rendered himself necessary—so far as any one human being ever can be necessary—to the welfare and the honor of the community in which he lived. I can find no words for the oppression I feel in common I am sure, with all who hear me, at the idea that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more. As I looked on his lifeless form a few hours only after his spirit had returned to God who gave it—as I saw those lips which we had so often hung upon with rapture, motionless and sealed in death—and as I reflected that all those marvellous acquisitions and gifts, that matchless memory, that exquisite diction, that exhaustless illustration, that infinite variety which no age could wither and no custom stale—that all, all, were henceforth lost to us forever, I could only recall the touching lines which I remem-

bered to have seen applied to the sudden death not many years ago of a kindred spirit of old England—one of her greatest statesmen, one of his most valued friends:—

“Could not the grave forget thee and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head?  
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee  
And Freedom's heart grow heavy at thy loss!”

## HANNIBAL HAMLIN



HANNIBAL HAMLIN, an American statesman, was born at Paris, Me., Aug. 27, 1809, and died at Bangor, Me., July 4, 1891. In early youth he learned the printer's trade, then studied law, and was admitted to the Maine Bar in 1833. He practiced his profession at Hampden, Penobscot Co., Me., until 1848, but had meanwhile served in the State legislature, and been Democratic representative in Congress during the years 1842-46. From 1848 to 1851, and for a further period on to 1857, he sat in the United States Senate, but resigned in the latter year to accept the governorship of Maine, to which office he had been elected as a Republican. A month later, having again and for a full period been chosen senator, he resigned the governorship and returned to the Senate. In 1861, he became Vice-president of the United States, having been elected on the Republican ticket with Abraham Lincoln the previous year, and he presided over the Senate during his entire term as Vice-president. He was collector of the port of Boston, 1865-66, and Minister to Spain, 1881-83. Hamlin was originally a Democrat, but being opposed to the extension of slavery he separated from his political allies, and in a speech in the Senate, June 12, 1856, detailed his reasons for his change of party. During his term of office as Vice-president the most cordial relations existed between him and President Lincoln. In both Congress and Senate, he warmly espoused the anti-slavery cause.

### SPEECH ON THE COMPROMISE BILL

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, JULY 22, 1848

I AM admonished, Mr. President, by the whisperings within these walls that we are to be pressed to a decision of this great question at the present sitting. If therefore I would offer any suggestions which will control my vote and command my action, I must embrace the present as the only opportunity.

The question which we are now called upon to decide is of momentous importance. Yet from its decision I have no disposition to shrink. It is indeed startling that in the middle of the nineteenth century—in this model republic, with the sun of liberty shining upon us, and while the governments