crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." Such is the motto of statesmen, of States and of their senators.

Mr. Choate said of Virginia that she was "the mother of great men and was not unmindful of her children." The remark is eminently true. But I am apt to think that Massachusetts, the leader in the Revolution, mother of great men, is sometimes unmindful of her children. The truth is that in the birthright of every son of Massachusetts he inherits the duty which is a privilege, or the privilege which is a duty, that first of all he must live to the glory of God. A Massachusetts boy or a Massachusetts man, a Massachusetts girl or a Massachusetts woman, must not live for himself alone — no, nor for herself alone. First of all we live for the common good and for the public service. I say this is ingrain in our make-up; it is a part of our birthright privilege. And so it is that you shall have a man like Robert Treat Paine, a Massachusetts lawyer, who is taken from his daily duty to go to Philadelphia and engage in the direct work of treason. He is sent there, and he goes there; openly and before the world he "devises war against the king." This is the definition of treason.

It is a pity if we forget such men; if we do not, on these great occasions of history or of ceremony, repeat their names and commemorate their service. Here is your type, then, of the Massachusetts lawyer. In that remarkable case in which these people, hot with rebellion, decided the right and wrong of the Boston massacre by the calm methods of a civic trial, Paine appears on the one side and his friend Quincy on the other. He signs the Declaration of Independence; he is the first attorney-general of Massachusetts; he is a judge in the superior court.

I do not wonder, and I do not complain, if, after a century, this honored name brings up, first, the memory of another honored Robert Treat Paine, of our own fellow citizens, who is drawn by the determination to serve mankind into the homes of the poorest, in his relief of those most unfortunate. And further back, such is the magic of song that a thousand men will sing:

"Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,"

and shall remember the Paine who wrote those words, for one who remembers his father, the stern jurist whose name I spoke just now. But there are justly honors enough for all.

For a generation after the Declaration no one could have said or sung a word with regard to the great struggle without speaking of Joseph Warren, another of these younger men whom Samuel Adams loved. It does not seem to me that in our time he receives the tribute which is his due. Whoever else was second, the people of Massachusetts in 1775 counted Warren first. It was because they had given him the rank of a major-general in their militia that he thought it his duty to appear at the redoubt at Charlestown, where he waived the command, which was in the hands of a more experienced soldier, and where he fell. He died too soon for his own fame. In the work of those critical years, which needed courage and decision as perhaps no other years in history ever needed them, Warren had shown already that he was a leader of men. But in our time he has shown this only to those who study old archives, who disinter old letters from their graves, and then sadly ask themselves what might have been.

To the country, his loss seemed at the time almost irreparable. The language used by those who knew him, and by

those who only knew about him, is the language of the most profound regret, as if the national cause in his death had sustained a great disaster. We know to-day, what they did not know, that the battle fought on St. Botolph's day, on our own hill yonder, was not only the first pitched battle of the American Revolution, but that in a certain sense it was the last. For that battle really decided the contest, as I think all military men would say. From that time till the surrender at Yorktown, no English general had the temerity to order troops to attack any military work fitly manned by Americans. From that time till the end, the war on the part of England was generally, with a few distinguished exceptions, a series of Fabian campaigns — campaigns of endurance and waiting, of hoping for a collapse which never came.

It is of such campaigns that, at the end of six years, poor Cowper sang that the English troops

> "With opium drugged,
> Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave."

Such is the lesson which was taught by the "embattled farmers" who surrounded Warren when he died. But the men of their time did not understand that lesson. In that time men spoke of Bunker Hill with tears of rage. They spoke of it as I remember six and thirty years ago we spoke here of the first Bull Run. In the midst of that rage there was this pathetic sorrow, that Warren, the first man in Massachusetts, most beloved and most trusted, had lost his life. His children were adopted by the State, a monument to his memory was ordered, which the piety of other generations built. And to-day, after four generations have passed, you and I must not forget the service which had won such sorrow. His monument, thank God and our fathers, is secure!

Listen to what Daniel Webster said of him — who knew hundreds of men who had known Warren well. Daniel Webster was not used to exaggerate. And he knew what he was saying:

> "But, ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit. Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom, falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to the level of the sea, but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit."

When Washington arrived in Cambridge, at the beginning of July, 1775, he found the English army blockaded in Boston. The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. Strong works on Prospect Hill and the other hills in Somerville made any advance of the English troops over Charlestown Neck impossible. Efficient works on Charles river blocked the passage against any boats sent from the squadron up that river. The strong fortification had been begun which, under the auspices of my friend here, has just now been restored, on the heights of Roxbury, and blocked the way for any such "military promenade" as Percy had made in April of that year. These works had been designed by Henry Knox, another of our Latin School boys.

He kept the leading bookstore in Boston, at the head of

King street, a place where English officers looked in for the latest books. He kept himself well supplied with the books on tactics and all military art; he studied these books himself while he sold them to the enemies of his country.

When Paddock, famous for the elms, left Boston for England, he recommended Knox as his successor in command of the artillery company. With such training, Knox joined Ward at Cambridge, as soon as Ward took command of the army. He recommended himself at once to Washington. By Washington's appointment, probably at Knox's own suggestion, he was sent to Ticonderoga to bring across the mountains the artillery which Ethan Allen captured there. With the arrival of that artillery, the works which he had built could be properly armed. It would have been hot shot from his cannon which would have destroyed the wooden town of Boston had it been determined, in John Adams's phrase, to "smoke the rats out of their hole."

From the first, Washington saw the ability and merits of this great man. Then, at Washington's suggestion, he was made a brigadier in the Continental army. At Washington's request, after Knox's distinguished service at Yorktown, he was made a major-general. Washington made him secretary of war and of the navy, when the nation became a nation. It is hard to say what would have become of the infant cause of independence had it not been for Henry Knox. The finest line in Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," gives Knox his epitaph:

"And Knox created all the stores of war."

One is glad to say that the vigor of such a man is preserved generation after generation among his descendants. More than one of them has done essential service to the State.

It was a grandson of Knox who led the way in the naval attacks of the nation in the capture of Fort Fisher and of Mobile.

I must leave to some other orator, better equipped for his task than I am, to give the whole of this sacred hour on some future Fourth of July to the memory of Samuel Adams, the father of American independence. He, too, like Hancock, was so eager in later life that Massachusetts should not lose one leaf from her laurel crown that he was coy and doubtful when the constitution of the nation was brought to him for his approval. Yet here, too, it is to be said that, when the moment came for the great decision, Adams was willing to sacrifice his own pride for the welfare of the whole. His decision saved the constitution. He was too great a man to sacrifice Massachusetts on the altar of "separate sovereignty."

Later generations have remembered fondly, what in commencement week is worth repeating, the subject of his master's address at Cambridge thirty years before the Revolution: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved."

I am fond of thinking that from that moment forward Adams must have called together around him the younger men of Boston, perhaps in some social club of which we have forgotten the name, in which they were indoctrinated with the eternal principles of home rule, in which they learned the catechism of independence. Samuel Adams saw, I should say, before any other public man saw, that the colonies were in fact independent. It is a pity that in our anniversary orations we do not always recollect this. The Declaration which we celebrate to-day was a declaration of past history and present truth. "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

It is not the declaration of a future which one hopes for, as the people of Crete to-day might declare that they will be independent to-morrow and in the future. It is the declaration of what has been for generations, of what is on this Fourth of July, 1776, of what shall be till time shall end. The State of Massachusetts was independent under its old charter. It coined its own money, it made its own wars, it signed its own treaties of peace. When King Philip, who could call more men into the field than the colony of Massachusetts could, attacked her, Massachusetts fought with him and conquered him. And when some friends in England asked why Massachusetts had not sent to England for assistance, Massachusetts proudly replied that England had no business in the affair. In fact, England did not send an ounce of powder or lead for that death struggle. Even after William III, who knew what power was, and who meant to hold it in his hands — after he sent us the second charter, the colony taught every successive governor that he was dependent upon Massachusetts. Every judge and every governor must receive his salary from the Massachusetts treasury.

And when she chose, Massachusetts erected monuments to her friends in Westminster Abbey. There were the vestiges of a certain royal dignity; the lion and the unicorn were on the town house; the crown and the mitre were in King's chapel. But the crown could not search a house unless the colony granted the writ of assistance.

That is what the Declaration of Independence expresses in those central words: "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."

John Adams himself has left to us the history of his time, in which he filled a place so large. Impetuous even to audacity, a magnificent hater, he made enemies with the greatest ease. It was once said of the Adams family that "they never turn their backs on any but their friends." It has followed with John Adams that he, also, has not had the honor that he deserved. He was not in the ranks of battle, but in debate and in diplomacy he showed that fight was in him, to the very sole of his foot, if he were sure that he was in the right.

When the English commissioner, Oswald, sent the treaty of peace home from Paris, he said: "If we had not given way in the article of the fishery, we should have had no treaty at all. Mr. Adams . . . declared that he would never put his hand to any treaty if the restraints proposed were not dispensed with."

They asked Adams what he would do if they insisted on these restraints. "Fight twenty years more," he said. Seventy-eight years after, his illustrious grandson had to write in much the same strain to the minister of the same nation. And yet there have been men called statesmen in America who have offered to cede these rights of free fishing in the ocean as they might give away a cigar stub!

John Adams was no such man as that. Unfortunately for him, and for his country, therefore, he was jealous of other men; he suspected other men. He suspected Franklin; he suspected Jay, both as pure patriots as ever lived. But no man ever suspected him of swerving from his country's cause, in his own interest or in that of any other man. The country first — the country second — the country always! Such men as that do not need statues for their memorial! But all the more they deserve them.

Now I come to Benjamin Franklin. An accomplished scholar, born in Germany, once asked me why in Boston we were so chary of our honors to Benjamin Franklin, seeing Boston is best known by half the world as Franklin's birthplace. I could only say, as I said just now, that we had so many great men to commemorate that we could not say half we would about any of them. But it was a poor apology.

Franklin is the oldest of our signers of the Declaration. At the time of Sam Adams's birth, Franklin is leaving Boston for his Philadelphia home. Fifty-three years after, as a representative of Pennsylvania, he signs the Declaration in what my friend, the old writing-master, Mr. Jonathan Snelling, used to call in one of his writing book copies the "Boston style of writing."

In the same year he crossed the ocean to France, and arrived in Paris just before Christmas. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, at once reported his arrival in England, to be told in reply by his chief, Lord North, that he need not distress himself "about the movements of an old man of seventy." But before the old man of seventy had done with France he had dictated the treaty of independence. He had compelled George III — the Brummagem Louis XIV — to surrender half his empire, and by far the better half, as it has proved.

So majestic was Franklin's diplomacy that when the English ministry compelled the House of Commons to ratify the treaty, it was openly said that America had seven negotiators to make it, while the King of England had none.

So was it that the town of Boston — will the mayor let me say the Latin School? — sent the diplomatist to Europe who crowned the work of independence, as in Samuel Adams she had kept at home the far-seeing statesman who began it. These are our jewels!

Far in advance of all other men in the work of independence are the two greatest men yet born in America — Washington and Franklin. Two men who honored each other, absolutely and without jealousy. One, in America, established independence; one, in Europe, made independence possible. The croakers tell us that in government by democracy the people cannot find their true leaders, and do not trust them when found. Tell me in what oligarchy, in what empire, was ever a people so loyal to a leader, in good report and in evil fortune, as the people of America to Washington? And in what empire or in what oligarchy has any nation ever found a diplomatist who is to be named on the same day with Benjamin Franklin?

Of leaders in lower rank I must not speak even to name them. First, second and last, here is the old Puritan sense of duty — the present service of the present God. It is in the hunger of Valley Forge; it is in the wilderness tramp under Arnold; it is in the injustice of Newburgh, when the war was done. Duty first! To serve where God has placed me!

And when the field of such service is their own field the triumph is simply magnificent.

I must not even attempt to describe the work of Massachusetts at sea in the War of Independence. Enough to say that the treaty of peace was forced on England by seven years of losses at sea. Her enemy was Massachusetts. In the year 1777 King George employed 45,000 men in the English navy, in all oceans of the world. In the same year New England employed against him 80,000 men upon the Atlantic alone. Of these nine tenths were from Massachusetts.

Remember that, through the war, America had more men

on the sea fighting the King than Washington ever commanded on the land. Of these sea kings, nine tenths, at least, were from Massachusetts. From first to last more than 3,000 prizes were taken from the English merchant marine by the American cruisers and privateers, most of them by the men of Massachusetts. And here is the reason why, when the war ended, the merchants of London insisted that it should end — the same men who, when it began, were hounding Lord North and George III to their ruin.

GENERAL GRANT

LYSSES S. GRANT, eminent American soldier and statesman, and eighteenth President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, O., April 27, 1822, and died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N. Y., July 23, 1885. The eldest of six children, he spent his boyhood on his father's farm, attended the village school, and in 1839 was appointed to the United States Military Academy, where he was noted for proficiency in mathematics and horsemanship. He graduated in 1843 and, in 1845, joined the army of occupation under General Taylor in Mexico. He served with distinction during the Mexican War and was twice brevetted. After five years of service at various army posts, he received his commission as captain in 1853, and the following year resigned and settled on a small farm near St. Louis. In 1860, he removed to Galena, Ill., and became clerk in his father's hardware and leather store. At the outbreak of the Civil War he offered his services to the national government, but received, it is said, no answer to his letter. On June 17, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment of infantry. Throughout the war he displayed the highest skill and was promoted to the supreme command of the Union forces. In 1866, General Grant served as Secretary of War under President Johnson during the temporary suspension of Secretary Stanton. He was nominated for the Presidency at Chicago, May 20, 1868, and was elected over the Democratic nominee, Horatio Seymour, of New York. He was nominated for a second term June 5, 1872, and was again elected. His first administration was characterized by the inauguration of many important reforms, while a great impetus was given to the growth and commerce of the nation.

On retiring from the Presidency, in 1877, General Grant made a tour round the world and was everywhere received with honors usually accorded only to royalty. In 1880, his name was again presented at the Republican National Convention, but he did not receive the party's nomination. In 1881, he took up his residence in New York and became a partner in the banking house of Grant & Ward. The failure of this firm in 1884 made him a bankrupt, but on March 4, 1885, Congress created him a general on the retired list, thus restoring him to his former rank. His contributions to literature consist of his "Memoirs" and several articles on the war, written for the "North American Review" and "The Century Magazine." As a man and a soldier he was possessed of the finest traits of character, combining with self-reliance and fertility of resource a moral and physical courage equal to all emergencies.