

Middlesex regiment, the Fifth Massachusetts militia, commanded by a graduate of Harvard College, who after their three months of duty had expired by voluntary election chose to remain to fight out the battle of Bull Run. And I know not that the history of the war records an instance of a single man who ever retired to the rear while the battle was going on, and he capable of service.

But not merely at the beginning and through the major part of the conflict, but down to its very close, your brethren remained, and two of your young brethren, Sumner Paine and Cabot Russell, who would have graduated in the class of the present year, laid down their lives in separate battles, one of them falling at Gettysburg and the other by the side of Colonel Shaw at Fort Wagner.

Nor did they win their honors in Massachusetts or New England regiments alone. Colonel Porter from New York fell at Cold Harbor; Colonel Peabody from Missouri fell at Pittsburg Landing; and not to delay you with the list of less conspicuous names, I beg your scrutiny of the catalogue laid before you,—to this record and roll of your honored sons,—as a testimony of the wide diffusiveness of the patriotism and military heroism exhibited by the sons of your honored university. I allude to it because it illustrates the wide range of influence which belongs to this ancient and revered seminary of learning.

Nor is any particular class of the people of New England or of the other States, who in their own persons or in the persons of their sons have resorted here for the purposes of learning, been found alone in these works of war more than in the other ways of patriotic duty; but from every class and employment and interest of human society they have rushed to the service of their country. The sacred profession as

well as the other learned professions has been amply represented; and I count it to be one of the crowning glories of the intellectual culture and intelligence in which properly you may take pride, that throughout the whole army of the Union the medical staff of Massachusetts stands pre-eminently and confessedly by universal consent the first. The first chaplain who laid down his life in the war was Arthur Fuller, your own brother of the Sixteenth Massachusetts, who, musket in hand, fell in front of Fredericksburg. All ages, too,—all ages of your alumni have been represented. It might easily have been true, were you to compare the ages without reference to the relationship of the men in the volunteer service or the regular service, on land or sea, that son and father and grandfather had been fighting at the same time on the same field and in defence of the same flag.

All the old historic names, or nearly all, which in former times have illustrated the fame of New England and the memories of the college, have been found upon the rosters of our volunteer regiments. I hardly know whether I ought to trust myself from mere recollection, to speak of half a dozen of them, since there are so many dozens who with equal honor ought to be remembered. But five names represented each by two brothers, whose lives consecrated to their country were at last laid a forfeit upon its altar need not be omitted. The family of Revere offered two brothers who gave their lives upon the field of battle; the name of Lowell two more,—two brothers slain in the conflict; the name of Abbott two more,—two brothers who from the field of battle ascended to immortality; the family of Dwight two more,—two brothers; the family of Stevens two more,—two brothers; and I speak no more than the simplicity of truth when I declare to you that if you will but look over the catalogue of

your college and compare the list of names with the more honorable names in all that has distinguished the public service, the science, the patriotism, the literary culture of New England, you will find them all represented in this sternest duty of modern patriotism.

There have been no nobler acts of specific personal heroism than those which have been performed by your own alumni. I see the name of one upon that immortal role of fame,—one not widely known, not destined by military rank to illustrious homage in the great hereafter, but one nobler than whom neither Lacedæmonian nor American patriotism ever knew. I mean Sergeant Brown of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, who after he was smitten with death on the field of Antietam refused to give up the colors of which he was the bearer, but with one desperate, determined rush in front of his lines, with the volcanic energy of his patriotic nature, just as his heart struggled with the throes of death, he stuck the staff of the flag deep into the earth, and falling lay there and died by its side, its ample folds waving aloft. I know no instance of more perfect, of more heroic gentility bespeaking a noble nature than the act performed by one captain of the Second Massachusetts, whose name I would not dare, in this connection, before this company and in his presence to speak; who, standing by the side of Lieutenant-Colonel Savage, one of the noblest of the sons of Massachusetts, of the boys of Harvard, fatally wounded, not believed by the enemy to be worth the saving, refused to surrender to the enemy until he had wrung from them the pledge that they would, in capturing him, save also his comrade and bear him back to the nearest hospital; declaring that if they did not, single-handed and alone, he would fight it out and sell his life at the dearest cost.

Your graduates, your fellow students, associated in their

family histories, not only with the patriotism of Massachusetts and of New England, but of the whole country, were associated not only at the beginning of the war, but at an early period with the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth. It occurs to me that there was one who bore a name not less honored than any other in western Massachusetts,—I mean Major William Sedgwick,—who was himself a lineal descendant of that Captain Robert Sedgwick who was the first commander of the ancient and honorable artillery of Massachusetts.

Therefore, when you trace yourselves back in the persons of your comrades through the public service of the country, either in peace or in war,—whether you trace yourselves back through the military service in time of war, but through that of the militia in time of peace, preparing for war,—whether you seek for illustrations of fidelity in camp or whether you seek for more striking and brilliant illustrations of bravery on the field, you find men who may be safely counted among the most conspicuous. All over the country in all parts of the great field,—not only in the Army of the Potomac, not only in the Army of Virginia, not only in the Army of North Carolina, but in all the Western armies, under whatever commander, whether Fremont, or Halleck, or Sherman, or Banks, or Grant,—you have found the sons of your own institution. As I sat down this morning I wrote off from the catalogue a few names, most of them the least conspicuous, because the least conspicuous would be the most truly illustrative just to show how far you have extended, and how wisely your soldier-boys have spread themselves over this vast theatre of war. Surgeon Wheelwright fell on the lower Mississippi; Lieutenant Ripley in Arkansas; Private Goodrich at Vicksburg; Lieutenant Leavitt at White

Stone Hill, Dacotah; Paymaster Bowman at New Orleans; Lieutenant Burrage at Lookout Mountain; Lieutenant Haven at Baton Rouge; and Private Tucker at Port Hudson.

But time would fail me were I to venture upon these illusions or illustrations personal to any men. The work of the war is almost over. The hardships of these many campaigns have been nobly borne. The record of your heroism and valor upon the field has been made complete. God grant the present generation of men may not be called on to repeat the struggle! But the work of manhood and of duty is not complete; and I hold it a higher praise to this great and venerable institution of thought and of learning, that while she has been through the war among the foremost in the front ranks of patriotism in carrying forward the flag of our country upon the field, she is to-day the foremost in the front ranks of liberal thought, of progressive politics, of scientific and honest philosophy in America. And when I heard commencement day, the repeated testimonies of the coming prophets of the Harvard of 1865, I knew so rapidly has history been made within the last twenty years that the fulfilment of the prophecies will not be later than 1875. I am not one of those who are impatient for the visible progress of events; for well I know that wherever there is the prophet, and the truth behind him, there must follow as a part of the necessary providence of God in the order of human events, the historic fulfilment. You may build your monumental walls,—I applaud the loving purpose that would pile high in the air magnificent structures of eternal granite, piercing the sky and standing upon the solid base of earth immortal as the Pyramids, to preserve in indestructible, visible form the history of your patriotic brethren who now sleep beneath the dust; but there is a monument more enduring than brass;

there is a record more lasting and immortal than the page of history or the songs of poets—the grateful memory of mankind. The memory of mankind shall preserve their names when all monumental structures shall have sunk beneath the dust that covers us. You can make a monument that shall keep in remembrance not only your brethren, but yourselves, by making mankind your debtors by the fidelity with which you adhere to the truth and the doctrines for which they died. From ten thousand homes all over this broad, fair land, proud hearts, grateful hearts and tearful eyes remember them. For ten thousand ages, if you are faithful to their work, they and you shall be remembered, and the graves they fill shall be the door through which you and they shall enter immortality.

But I must not detain you upon this theme. They sleep well, and you remember fondly,

“So sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest.
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
It there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

ON THE RETURN OF THE BATTLE FLAGS

[Major-General Couch, upon delivering the flags of the hundred Massachusetts regiments and batteries, December 22, 1865, addressed the governor in the following words:

“May it please your Excellency: We have come here to-day as the representatives of the army of volunteers furnished by Massachusetts for the suppression of the rebellion, bringing these colors in order to return them to the State which intrusted them to our keeping. You must, however, pardon us if we give them up with profound regret—for these tat-

tered shreds forcibly remind us of long and fatiguing marches, cold bivouacs, and many hard-fought battles. The rents in their folds, the battle-stains on their escutcheons, the blood of our comrades that has sanctified the soil of a hundred fields, attest the sacrifices that have been made, the courage and constancy shown, that the nation might live. It is, sir, a peculiar satisfaction and pleasure to us that you, who have been an honor to the State and nation, from your marked patriotism and fidelity throughout the war, and have been identified with every organization before you, are now here to receive back, as the State custodian of her precious relics, these emblems of the devotion of her sons. May it please your Excellency, the colors of the Massachusetts volunteers are returned to the State."

The governor replied:]

GENERAL,—This pageant, so full of pathos and of glory, forms the concluding scene in the long series of visible actions and events in which Massachusetts has borne a part for the overthrow of rebellion and the vindication of the Union.

These banners return to the government of the Commonwealth through welcome hands. Borne, one by one, out of this Capitol during more than four years of civil war as the symbols of the nation and the Commonwealth, under which the battalions of Massachusetts departed to the field,—they come back again, borne hither by surviving representatives of the same heroic regiments and companies to which they were intrusted.

At the hands, General, of yourself, the ranking officer of the volunteers of the Commonwealth (one of the earliest who accepted a regimental command under appointment of the governor of Massachusetts)—and of this grand column of scarred and heroic veterans who guard them home, they are returned with honors becoming relics so venerable, soldiers so brave, and citizens so beloved.

Proud memories of many a field; sweet memories alike of valor and friendship; sad memories of fraternal strife; tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons, whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds; grand memories of

heroic virtues sublimed by grief; exultant memories of the great and final victory of our country, our Union, and the righteous cause; thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievement of arms—immortal memories with immortal honors blended, twine around these splintered staves, weave themselves along the warp and woof of these familiar flags, war-worn, begrimed, and baptized with blood. Let "the brave heart, the trusty heart, the deep, unfathomable heart," in words of more than mortal eloquence, uttered though unexpressed, speak the emotions of grateful veneration for which these lips of mine are alike too feeble and unworthy.

General, I accept these relics in behalf of the people and the government. They will be preserved and cherished amid all the vicissitudes of the future as mementoes of brave men and noble actions.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE TWO BRANCHES OF THE LEGISLATURE ON
RETIRING FROM OFFICE, JANUARY 5, 1866

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,—The people of Massachusetts have vindicated, alike their intelligence, their patriotism, their will, and their power; both in the cultivation of the arts of peace, and in the prosecution of just and unavoidable war. At the end of five years of executive administration I appear before a convention of the two Houses of her general court in the execution of a final duty.

For nearly all that period the Commonwealth as a loyal

State of the American Union has been occupied within her sphere of co-operation in helping to maintain by arms the power of the nation, the liberties of the people, and the rights of human nature.

Having contributed to the army and the navy—including regulars, volunteers, seamen, and marines, men of all arms and officers of all grades and of the various terms of service—an aggregate of 159,165 men; and having expended for the war out of her own treasury \$27,705,109,—besides the expenditures of her cities and towns she has maintained by the unfailing energy and economy of her sons and daughters her industry and thrift even in the waste of war. She has paid promptly, and in gold, all interest on her bonds,—including the old and the new,—guarding her faith and honor with every public creditor, while still fighting the public enemy; and now at last in retiring from her service I confess the satisfaction of having first seen all of her regiments and batteries (save two battalions) returned and mustered out of the army; and of leaving her treasury provided for by the fortunate and profitable negotiation of all the permanent loan needed or foreseen—with her financial credit maintained at home and abroad, her public securities unsurpassed, if even equalled, in value in the money market of the world by those of any State or of the nation.

I have already had the honor to lay before the general court, by special message to the Senate, a statement of all affairs which demand my own official communication. And it only remains for me to transfer at the appropriate moment the cares, the honors, and the responsibilities of office to the hands of that eminent and patriotic citizen on whose public experience and ability the Commonwealth so justly relies.

But perhaps before descending for the last time from this

venerable seat, I may be indulged in some allusion to the broad field of thought and statesmanship to which the war itself has conducted us. As I leave the Temple where, humbled by my unworthiness, I have stood so long like a priest of Israel sprinkling the blood of the holy sacrifice on the altar—I would fain contemplate the solemn and manly duties which remain to us who survive the slain, in honor of their memory and in obedience to God.

The nation having been ousted by armed rebellion of its just possession and the exercise of its constitutional jurisdiction over the territory of the rebel States, has now at last by the suppression of the rebellion (accomplished by the victories of the national arms over those of the rebels) regained possession and restored its own rightful sway.

The rebels had overthrown the loyal State governments. They had made war against the Union. The government of each rebel State had not only withdrawn its allegiance, but had given in its adhesion to another, namely, the Confederate government,—a government not only injurious by its very creation, but hostile to and in arms against the Union, asserting and exercising belligerent rights both on land and sea, and seeking alliances with foreign nations, even demanding the armed intervention of neutral powers.

The pretensions of this "Confederacy" were maintained for some four years in one of the most extensive, persistent, and bloody wars of history. To overcome it and maintain the rights and the very existence of the Union, our national government was compelled to keep on foot one of the most stupendous military establishments the world has ever known. And probably the same amount of force, naval and military, was never organized and involved in any national controversy.