

as the American enchanter, whose triumphs have never been approached before since Bucephalus trembled and stood still at the voice of Alexander.

It is time for the men of the old world to find out that they have to do with a people which, if we may borrow an expression from one of its earliest and greatest friends, "tramples upon impossibilities."

Let me give you proofs from one department of applied science. In the book before me (London, 1852) Mr. Ross, the great English optician, says that 135 degrees is the largest angular pencil of light that can be passed through a microscopic object-glass. On the cover of the object-glass before me, a glass made by Charles A. Spencer, then of Canastota, in the "backwoods" of New York, as they got it in London, is marked 146 degrees, which impossible angle he has since opened, as all the microscopic world knows, to the thrice impossible extent of 170 degrees and upward.

I mention this exceptionally to illustrate the audacity of democratic ingenuity in a department remote from the wants of common life. But it is to supply these common wants that the American brain has been chiefly taxed. Here it has known no equal. One other example is enough. It took a locksmith trained among the guessing Americans to pick the lock of the world's artificers and defy them all to push back the bolts of his own. So much, then, we have made thoroughly and triumphantly ours; the breast of the earth to feed us, the back of the ocean to bear us, the strength of the horse to toil for us, and the lock of the cunning artisan to protect the fruits of our labor from the rogues the old world sends us! We have had first to make life possible, then tolerable, then comfortable, and at last beautiful, with all that intellect can lend it.

And when the old world gets impatient that we will not do everything in the best way at once, when it is not contented with our material triumphs and that greatest of all triumphs—the self-government of thirty empires—not contented that we should move on as the great tide wave moves—one broad-breasted billow, and not a host of special narrow currents; when the old world, filled with those experts, who have often gained their skill for want of nobler objects, like the prisoners who carve cunning devices in their cells, becomes impatient, we must send over sometimes a man and sometimes a boy to try conclusions with its people in some peaceful contest of intelligence. And this young gentleman at my right, looking as tranquil and breathing as calmly as if he were not half smothered in his laurels, is one of the boys we sent. No! I am wrong. The thoughtful mothers of America would have cried out against us with one voice if we had sent this immature youth, his frame not yet knit together in perfect manhood, to task his growing brain in those tremendous conflicts which made the huge Père Morel, the veteran of the Café de la Régence, strike his broad forehead and beg to be released from the very thought of following the frightful complexity of their bewildering combinations. No! the men, with their ambition and proud confidence in his strength, might have been willing to send him, but the women with their tender love as mothers and sisters and—well-wishers, would have said, "He shall not go!"

He went. It was not we that sent him—it was honor! And when we meet to welcome his triumphant return we know what his victories mean. We have had one more squeeze at the great dynamometer which measures the strength of the strongest of the race. There it lies in the central capital of Europe. The boy has squeezed it and it is not

now the index that moves, but the very springs that are broken!

The test is as true a one of cerebral powers as if a hundred thousand men lay dead upon the field where the question was decided,—as if a score of line-of-battle ships were swinging, blackened wrecks, upon the water after a game between two mighty admirals. Where there is a given maximum there is always a corresponding average, and there is not one of us who does not think better of the head he carries on his own shoulders since he finds what a battery it is that lies beneath the smooth forehead of this young brother American.

As I stretch my hand above this youthful brow it seems to me that I bear in it the welcome, not of a town or a province, but of a whole people. One smile, one glow of pride and pleasure runs over all the land, from the shore which the sun first greets to that which looks upon the ocean where he lets fall the blazing clasp of his dissolving girdle,—from the realm of our northern sister who looks down from her throne upon the unmelted snows of Katahdin, to hers of the broad river and the still bayou who sits fanning herself among the full-blown roses and listening to the praises of her child as they come wafted to her on every perfumed breeze.

I propose the health of Paul Morphy, the world's chess champion: His peaceful battles have helped to achieve a new revolution; his youthful triumphs have added a new clause to the Declaration of American Independence!

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

DELIVERED AT AN ALUMNI DINNER, CAMBRIDGE, JULY 16, 1863

**B**ROTHERS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI,—It is your misfortune and mine that you must accept my services as your presiding officer of the day in the place of your retiring president. I shall not be believed if I say how unwillingly it is that for the second time I find myself in this trying position; called upon to fill, as I best may, the place of one whose presence and bearing, whose courtesy, whose dignity, whose scholarship, whose standing among the distinguished children of the university, fit him alike to guide your councils and to grace your festivals. The name of Winthrop has been so long associated with the State and with the college that to sit under his mild empire is like resting beneath one of these wide-branching elms the breadth of whose shade is only a measure of the hold its roots have taken in the soil.

In the midst of civil strife we, the children of this our common mother, have come together in peace. And surely there never was a time when we more needed a brief respite in some chosen place of refuge, some unviolated sanctuary, from the cares and anxieties of our daily existence than at this very hour. Our life has grown haggard with excitement. The rattle of drums, the march of regiments, the gallop of squadrons, the roar of artillery, seem to have been continually sounding in our ears day and night, sleeping and waking, for two long years and more. How few of us have not trembled and shuddered with fear over and over again for those

whom we love. Alas! how many that hear me have mourned over the lost—lost to earthly sight, but immortal in our love and their country's honor! We need a little breathing space to rest from our anxious thoughts, and, as we look back to the tranquil days we passed in this still retreat, to dream of that future when in God's good time, and after his wise purpose is fulfilled, the fair angel who has so long left us shall lay her hand upon the leaping heart of this embattled nation and whisper, peace! be still!

Here of all places in the world we may best hope to find the peace we seek for. It seems as if nothing were left undisturbed in New England except here and there an old graveyard, and these dear old College buildings, with the trees in which they are embowered. The old State House is filled with those that sell oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money. The Hancock house, the umbilical scar of the cord that held our city to the past, is vanishing like a dimple from the water.

But Massachusetts, venerable old Massachusetts, stands as firm as ever; Hollis, this very year a centenarian, is waiting, with its honest red face in a glow of cordiality, to welcome its hundredth set of inmates; Holden Chapel, with the skulls of its Doric frieze and the unpunishable cherub over its portal, looks serenely to the sunsets; Harvard, within whose ancient walls we are gathered, and whose morning bell has murdered sleep for so many generations of drowsy adolescents, is at its post, ready to startle the new-fledged freshmen from their first uneasy slumbers. All these venerable edifices stand as they did when we were boys,—when our fathers were boys,—when our grandfathers were boys. Let not the rash hand of innovation violate their sanctities, for the cement that knits their walls is no vulgar mortar, but is

tempered with associations and memories which are stronger than the parts they bind together!

We meet on this auspicious morning forgetting all our lesser differences. As we enter these consecrated precincts, the livery of our special tribe in creed and in politics is taken from us at the door, and we put on the court dress of our gracious Queen's own ordering, the academic robe, such as we wore in those bygone years scattered along the seven last decades. We are not forgetful of the honors which our fellow students have won since they received their college "parts,"—their orations, dissertations, disquisitions, colloquies, and Greek dialogues. But to-day we have no rank; we are all first scholars. The hero in his laurels sits next to the divine rustling in the dry garland of his doctorate. The poet, in his crown of bays, the critic, in his wreath of ivy, clasp each other's hands, members of the same happy family. This is the birthday feast for every one of us whose forehead has been sprinkled from the font inscribed "*Christo et Ecclesie*." We have no badges but our diplomas, no distinctions but our years of graduation. This is the republic carried into the university; all of us are born equal into this great fraternity.

Welcome, then, welcome, all of you, dear brothers, to this our joyous meeting! We must, we will call it joyous, though it comes with many saddening thoughts. Our last triennial meeting was a festival in a double sense, for the same day that brought us together at our family gathering gave a new head to our ancient household of the university. As I look to-day in vain for his stately presence and kindly smile, I am reminded of the touching words spoken by an early president of the university in the remembrance of a loss not unlike our own. It was at the commencement exer-

cises of the year 1678 that the Reverend President Urian Oakes thus mourned for his friend Thomas Shepard, the minister of Charlestown, an overseer of the college: "Dici non potest quam me perorantem, in comitiis, conspectus ejus, multo jucundissimus, recrearit et refecerit. At non compareret hodie Shepardus in his comitiis; oculos huc illuc torqueo; quocumque tamen inciderint, Platonem meum intanta virorum illustrium frequentia requirunt; nusquam amicum et per-necessarium meum in hac solenni panegyri, inter hosce Reverendos Theologos, Academiae Curatores, reperire aut oculis vestigare possum."<sup>1</sup> Almost two hundred years have gone by since these words were uttered by the fourth president of the college, which I repeat as no unfitting tribute to the memory of the twentieth, the rare and fully ripened scholar who was suddenly ravished from us as some richly freighted argosy that just reaches her harbor and sinks under a cloudless sky with all her precious treasures.

But the great conflict through which we are passing has made sorrow too frequent a guest for us to linger on an occasion like this over every beloved name which the day recalls to our memory. Many of the children whom our Mother had trained to arts have given the freshness of their youth or the strength of their manhood to arms. How strangely frequent in our recent record is the sign interpreted by the words "*E vivis cesserunt stelligeri!*"<sup>2</sup> It seems as if the red war-planet had replaced the peaceful star, and these pages blushed like a rubric with the long list of the martyr-children

<sup>1</sup> "I cannot express how much comfort and edification his presence, so delightful, gave me when called upon to speak in our meetings. And today our Shepard is not to be seen in our meeting. I turn my eyes hither and thither; wherever they pause, they seek for my Plato in this assemblage of illustrious men. Nowhere can my eyes find him or detect my friend and coadjutor in this solemn throng, among these reverend divines, these guardians of the college."

<sup>2</sup> "Those marked with a star are no longer among the living."

of our university. I cannot speak their eulogy, for there are no phrases in my vocabulary fit to enshrine the memory of the Christian warrior,—of him—

"Who, doomed to go in company with Pain  
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train,  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain—"

"Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

Yet again, O brothers! this is not the hour for sorrow. Month after month until the months became years we have cried to those who stood upon our walls: "Watchmen, what of the night?" They have answered again and again: "The dawn is breaking,—it will soon be day." But the night has gathered round us darker than before. At last—glory be to God in the highest!—at last we ask no more tidings of the watchmen, for over both horizons east and west bursts forth in one overflowing tide of radiance the ruddy light of victory!

We have no parties here to-day, but is there one breast that does not throb with joy as the banners of the conquering Republic follow her retreating foes to the banks of the angry Potomac? Is there one heart which does not thrill in answer to the drum-beat that rings all over the world as the army of the west, on the morning of the nation's birth, swarms over the silent, sullen earthworks of captured Vicksburg,—to the reveille that calls up our Northern regiments this morning *inside* the fatal abatis of Port Hudson? We are scholars, we are graduates, we are alumni, we are a band of brothers, but beside all, beyond all, above all, we are American citizens. And now that hope dawns upon our land—nay, bursts upon it in a flood of glory,—shall we not feel

its splendors reflected upon our peaceful gathering, peaceful in spite of those disturbances which the strong hand of our citizen-soldiery has already strangled?

Welcome then, thrice welcome, scholarly soldiers who have fought for your and our rights and honor! Welcome, soldierly scholars who are ready to fight whenever your country calls for your services! Welcome, ye who preach courage as well as meekness, remembering that the Prince of Peace came also bringing a sword! Welcome, ye who make and who interpret the statutes which are meant to guard our liberties in peace, but not to aid our foes in war! Welcome, ye whose healing ministry soothes the anguish of the suffering and the dying with every aid of art and the tender accents of compassion! Welcome, ye who are training the generous youths to whom our country looks as its future guardians! Welcome, ye quiet scholars who in your lonely studies are unconsciously shaping the thought which law shall forge into its shield and war shall wield as its thunder-bolt!

And to you, Mr. President, called from one place of trust and honor to rule over the concerns of this our ancient and venerated institution, to you we offer our most cordial welcome with all our hopes and prayers for your long and happy administration.

I give you, brothers, "The association of the Alumni"; the children of our common mother recognize the man of her choice as their new father, and would like to hear him address a few words to his numerous family.

## JULES FAVRE



JULES CLAUDE GABRIEL FAVRE, French statesman and orator, was born at Lyons, France, March 21, 1809, and died at Versailles, Jan. 19, 1880. While a law student in Paris he took part in the revolution of 1830, and subsequently became conspicuous at the Lyons Bar as a defender of political prisoners. In the revolution of 1848 he was especially prominent, and strenuously opposed the acts of Louis Napoleon as president. After the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, he confined his energies for several years entirely to his profession. In 1858, however, his defence of Orsini, the would-be assassin of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, brought him again to the fore and secured his election to the Corps Législatif as member for Paris. In that body he opposed the emperor's policy on leading public measures, his speeches on the Mexican expedition being particularly effective. In the closing months of the empire he vehemently opposed the measures which ultimately led to the Franco-Prussian War, and though opposed to the war when it had begun he patriotically aided his country's cause. After the fall of Sedan, Favre became vice-president of the provisional government and its minister of foreign affairs, subsequently conducting with Bismarck the preliminaries of peace. In 1871, he published his political apology, "Le Gouvernement du 4 Septembre," and soon after for a time withdrew from politics and devoted himself to law and literature. In 1876, he was returned to the Senate for the Department of the Rhône. As an eloquent Liberal and opposition leader, Favre appeared to advantage, but as a diplomatist he was a failure. His published works include "Rome et la République Française" (1871); "Conférences et Discours Littéraires" (1873); "De la Réforme Judiciaire" (1877); "Conférences et Mélanges" (1880); "Discours Parlementaires" (1881); and "Plaidoyers Politiques et Judiciaires" (1882). His writings and oratorical gifts won him a seat in the French Academy.

### SPEECH BEFORE THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF

DELIVERED APRIL 12, 1860, AFTER THE PEACE OF VILLAFRANCA

GENTLEMEN,—The speakers to whom you listened during yesterday's session have apparently forborne to state definitely the questions raised by the debate now before the Chamber. It appears nevertheless that we are not able to evade them, so forcibly do they bear upon the