with the wish of the Directors of the Exhibition; but a previous and imperative public duty will call me away from home on Wednesday. I regret this the more as I feel, in common with others, much in debt to the success of the Exhibition.

Convey to the Directors my acknowledgments for the compliment they have paid me. Yours, respectfully, ORO. PUTTS.

To P. T. BARNUM, Esq., President, &c.

FROM HENRY SCHLEIFARTH.

NEW-HAVEN, Tuesday, May 2, 1854.

GENTLEMEN: I feel honored by your kind invitation to be present on Thursday at the reopening of the Crystal Palace. I should have been very happy to accept it had not a public duty been assigned to that day, interposed an insuperable obstacle.

I am much gratified that his grand enterprise has now been ushered to die out, and trust that the rude buffeting it has met with in its infancy will prove a permanent source of honor and benefit to our country. I remain, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obliged servant, H. SCHLEIFARTH, Esq.

MR. GREELEY'S SPEECH.

HORACE GREELEY prefaced his address by observing that it had been asked why the workingmen were not present as speakers. It was the desire of the Committee that speakers of that class should take part in the day's proceedings; but they were not for thcoming at the Committee's desire. He would be glad to see the workingmen naming an evening, and appointing a speaker, of their own class, or not, and the platform would be gladly assigned to them. He then spoke as follows:

The dignity of Labor—the elevation of Labor—the inherent worth and desert of Labor—these are topics on which there has been some rhetoric expended ere now. There are said to be efforts from time to time put forth, termed Fourth-of-July Orations, in which these points are urged with more fervor and poetry than originality. Far be it from me to question the dignity or the intrinsic worth of Labor; on the contrary, I insist that the laborer is worthy of his hire—that he ought to receive that which he has honestly striven for and fairly earned, whether it be a wreath of laurel, a country's plaudit, or a silver dollar. But this I do maintain, here and everywhere, that so long as the Laboring Class chorish no hearty devotion to not genuine pride in their several callings, but pursue them only because they must work or starve, and because they can find no easier way of gaining a livelihood, all that is said in laudation of Labor, its dignity and its eminent worth, will be cut of place and fulsome on any other day than the Fourth-of-July succeeds. For there is nothing in Toil of any kind that ennobles and dignifies its votary, unless it be the motive which impels him to pursue it. He who digs ditches for a dollar a day may deserve all praise for devoting the money thus earned to the relief of distress or even the thorough education of his own children; but for the work itself he deserves just the dollar a day, and generally takes good care not to merit more.

Yet the elevation of Labor is no fanatical nor fantastic idea, if sought through the elevation of the laborer's impulses and aims. In spite of the most indisputable Arithmetic, proving War a scourge and the soldier's trade a relic of barbarism, the world has always honored, and does to-day honor, the volunteer fighting for his native soil more than the digger who cultivates and beautifies it. It does so, not because it believes fighting a better business than spading, for it does not; but because there is a chance, if not a strong presumption, that the soldier chose his vocation from a nobler impulse than the plowman's. Burns touched the key-note of true and noble aspiration when he avowed that it had long been his secretly cherished, inspiring hope that he might at length be able to write some song that would do honor to his dear native land. Work done in this spirit, though on a tailor's board, is ennobled and elevating; while that which is impelled by selfishness is base and ignoble, though performed in some Imperial Kremlin or Presidential chair.

What the Crystal Palace has to do for Labor, then, is to dignify it by enlarging its conceptions and elevating its aims. To-day the apprentice or workman in our City looks forward to the end of his day's work as the beginning of its enjoyment. He throws down the implements of his labor the moment the clock strikes six, and makes haste to prepare for and indulge in the evening's recreations. And, in order that these may be recreations, it is essential that they remind him of anything else rather than his work. The raree-show, the theater, the negro melodists—too often the grogshop, and perhaps the gaming-house also—secure his nightly attention; while hardly one in a hundred devotes the evening habitually to such observations or studies as would fit him to discharge more admirably the duties of the day. In short, the great majority of our Laboring Population endure existence through the hours of Labor only that they may really live after those hours shall have passed.

We are bound to change all this. It is high time the artisan's talk through the day shall relate no longer to the tragedian's death-scene, the comedian's jokes or the dancer's pirouettes of last night, but to the newest invention or discovery in his own or some kindred pursuit, or in the science which underlies them both. It is high time the apprentice should cogitate through the day, not on the possibility of borrowing money wherewith to spend the evening at the Hippodrome, but rather on the practicability of his effecting an improvement in some implement or process incident to his vocation which shall diminish labor, increase production, and cause him to be recognized as a benefactor of his kind. And this, though not the work of a day, shall yet be accomplished.

We Americans are a great people—in our own conceit. In our blind confidence in our ability to do everything better than any body else, we forget to ask why it is, if our artisans are so intelligent and skillful, that we receive, not our fashions merely, but our delicate and tasteful fabrics also, in good part from Paris—nor why it is that, while we beat the world in steamboats, we had no edifices until the building of this Palace, that a European critic would not regard as either servile plagiarisms or beneath contempt. And even of this Palace, the names of the architects were evidently not fashioned for or molded by Yankee mouths. Jefferson pronounced our architecture the acme of bad taste and wretched execution, and it holds its own very well to this day. Subjugated, trampled, impoverished Italy would not endure it. Across the Arno, as it rushes from the girdling Apennines, through the city of Florence, is thrown a bridge which has already withstood the floods and storms of four centuries, and is safe to outlast any bridge yet built in America by at least a hundred years. Where are our future architects now learning to build such bridges as this? Nay, where are the five thousand masons and carpenters of our City proffered opportunity and instruction which shall qualify them for erecting better houses than those nightly crumbling and crashing about our ears?

The Crystal Palace, should it fulfill the expectations of its friends, is to the Industry and Art of our City and its vicinity what the People's College is designed to be to the Agriculture and general Industry of our State. I trust the day is not distant when five thousand mechanics shall nightly assemble here to listen to elucidations of Architecture, Mechanics and Manufacturing Industry, and of the principles and facts of Science which underlie them all. I trust that Chemistry, Geology, Metallurgy, and the kindred sciences, are here to be so illustrated, by the help of the treasures which this edifice contains, or will gradually collect, that even the frivolous and the pleasure-seeking will be gradually weaned from his unedifying haunts and habits, and drawn hither to understand and acquire and enjoy. It was but recently that Brown University awoke to the consciousness that she owed duties, by virtue of her endowments and position, to others than the fortunate few who were able to devote years wholly to her inculcations; and since then a course of Lectures under her auspices to the journeymen jewelers of Providence (the emporium of the manufacture of Jewelry in America) have been heard by large audiences of those intelligent artisans with equal profit and gratification. So it may be here, not for one class only but for all—nay it *shall*, it *must* be. If this Exhibition be but sustained and cherished through its infancy as it deserves to be, the day can not be distant when the geologist, the chemist, the lecturer in almost any natural science or art, may find here facilities for elucidating the truths of Nature, which can nowhere in America be paralleled. In that day refining, spiritualizing Music shall vie with Painting, Sculpture, and every other form of appeal to man's sense of the Beautiful, in rendering the evening reunions of the Laboring Class of our City under this glorious dome, such seasons of blended instruction and enjoyment as the world has not yet known. And thus shall this grand enterprise move on, new fields of effort, new possibilities of achievement, presenting themselves to its managers, as the steady and generous patronage of the public shall enable them to provide more liberally for the satisfaction of every intellectual want, until thousands shall come hither from distant States and Cities, not merely to see but to study, listen and acquire, and until this noble edifice, vast as it is, shall be too small for the million trophies of inventive or artistic triumph which, notwithstanding the opening of Exhibitions like ours in other cities, shall here be treasured and displayed. Aid us, friends of Industry and Progress! to render this no flight of fancy but an assured and beneficent realization!

MR. O'GORMAN'S SPEECH.

After the applause subsided which followed Mr. GREELEY'S speech, RICHARD O'GORMAN was introduced and said:

MR. PRESIDENT: I esteem myself much honored by your invitation to take part in the ceremonies of this day. I was not born in this City, nor educated here. The best part of my life has been spent far away. Yet, New-York has been a very happy home to me for some years past. I can say, in all sincerity, that I love it, and regard, with fond and grateful interest, any enterprise by which its welfare and its honor can be promoted. The relations of cities to the countries in which they are placed should be, in all respects, those of sympathy and mutual support. There should be between them a commerce of intelligence, a constant interchange of modes and habits of thought, by means of which both may be strengthened and enriched. In the country is found, more frequently perhaps, that stern patriotism, that uncompromising love of fatherland, by which, in times of peril, great evils are averted or great principles sustained. The bustle and turmoil of city life too often engross the mind in petty objects, and corrupt it to merely selfish ends; while, in the quiet homes of simple men, a noble enthusiasm often dwells—an angel visitor, unrecognized an unvalued, until, in some great hour the celestial presence manifests itself, and guides and inspires the aroused nation. This treasure of purer impulse and more generous purpose does the country keep in store. A great city, on the other hand, should be the importer and distributor of all that genius can create, or quickened intellect discover, or skill execute. It should be a storehouse of information; and, as the sun collects moisture from the sea, and distills it in the clouds and scatters it far inland in fertilizing showers, so should a city gather knowledge from abroad, and condense it and diffuse it throughout the land. Such trade should there be, in every healthy community, between the cities and the fields. To facilitate, increase and enrich it, this edifice has arisen, itself a miracle of art, to be the repository of what wonders of labor and skill men's hands have wrought in these days. It is not now, I am well aware, that New-York begins to fulfill its duties by the State and this Nation. It has provided schools for the young—well stocked libraries for all—books in plenty; books for the theologian—books for the lawyer—books from whose pages the poet may draw inspiration, or the statesman learn the story of other lands, and compare the dead past to speak to him and give him counsel of the future. For all these men, books are teachers. They are to them the tokens of the ancient teachers. Real brotherhood—the communion of an simple and unreserved interchange of thoughts, by which they teach and learn of one another. But for the artisan—the worker in metal, or stone, or wood—books will not suffice. What his fellow-workers did long ago or what they are doing, in distant lands to-day, no wordy descriptions ever make clear to him. He must see the work—the thing done, before his eyes, and study it and compare the excelling performance with his own; or else his craft remains still a mystery and a secret to him. Thus must the craftsmen learn. Thus, in this great school can he learn. He need not travel beyond those walls in quest of knowledge of his craft. Here, assembled under this roof, is the wonders wrought by their skillful hands, the master workers of all times and from all places, speak to him—point to what they have done and what he may do, arouse in him a noble ambition and teach him how labor, guided by taste, can arise to the dignity of art. I know, Sir, that this nineteenth century is a highly popular century, and I mean in no way to detract from the credit due to it, when I venture to suggest that in some respects it may have still to learn. It is no doubt a progressive century, a fast century. Men live fast and die fast, and work fast and think fast, and learn fast and move fast. We have fast horses, and fast ships, and fast men. I am even informed, fast women too. Speed seems to be the prime object. To convey men quickly to their work and then to get the work quickly done, are feats on which this age especially plumes itself—and with justice too. All this is very good. To have conquered distance and broken down its checks and obstacles—to have enabled the worker to set himself with ease and rapidity by the side of his work, is surely great gain. Yet this is not all. There is still something more, and I often question whether, after all, other and more modest centuries have not had better objects and done better things. Slow centuries, old fogy centuries one might call them, yet very sure for all that; when men labored not so fast, but well—when the work done was well done, and nothing left their hands that was not perfect of its kind—a true expression of a soul of symmetry and beauty. In such days they built the Parthenon, and set it high on a rock, to be forever a sign and a trophy of Athens in the eyes of an admiring world. In the shadow of that temple's presiding beauty grew up a city of fair women and brave men. Rich in freedom—rich in every treasure of genius, of science and of art; its soldiers were heroes, its statesmen philosophers, and its orators sages, from whose lips fell, in a language of unrivaled melody, the great thoughts that have since then agitated and inspired mankind. It was summer time with human intelligence, and it bloomed in the genial atmosphere of freedom. Patriotism was with the Athenian no occasional impulse, but a confirmed habit of soul. The glad earth repaid with smiles the care of the husbandman, and, from end to end, the little Republic blossomed like the rose. The land of Attica was lovely and beloved. So was it with Athens, while Athens still lived. At last her destiny was accomplished; the flower of civilization began to droop and wither. An hour came when hearts grew cold and hands grew weak. A Roman fleet was in her harbor, and Roman standards overtopped her walls. Even then, in that last hour of the nation's life, when Athenian swords could not save Athenian liberties, Athens, the city of temples and palaces, stood still unconquered and unharmed. The victors, awed and softened in the presence of that unimagined excellence of art which on all sides met their eyes, stayed their hands, forgot their fury in admiration, and spared to Greece and to the world those stately monuments of symmetry and grace on which men still gaze with reverence and delight. It is known to most of you how art, led captive in the train of Roman conquest, toiled for new masters and taught them to raise edifices, whose massive splendor fully represented the majestic power of the undisputed lords of the earth. Rome fell before the storm of northern invasion, and art sickened and lay long as if dead—a spell-bound Ariel, mute, motionless and forgotten. Christianity was the Prospero, that untied the spell and bade the delicate spirit again go forth in life and freedom. Since then, art has been a wanderer, traveling always westward—visiting city after city—beautifying each and leaving some fair memorial of her stay. Once again, a fearful future lowers over Europe. Once again, we hear the distant surging of that fierce torrent that desolated her cities and fair fields long ago. Again, the banks of the Don and the Vistula resound to the clang of arms and the tramp of squadrons hurrying to the South. Again, the gentle spirit takes wing, now for a longer flight, and crosses the ocean and alights on your shores. With kindly hand bid her welcome; in this fairy structure let her find a temple and a home. Let this institution be permanent in your City; erect in it a school of native art; collect under this roof, the worthiest work of painting and sculpture within your reach; learn architecture of Greece and Rome. Let Pompeii teach your citizens how the simplest articles of household use can be beautified by a garb of elegance and grace. The eyes of your citizens, accustomed to forms of artistic beauty, will grow critical; and a correct taste will from this center radiate and be diffused. Some may think all this of small importance. The tastes and habits of a people are all important. You seek to reform the drunkard, to check a base and degrading appetite, to civilize by law. You will fail unless you supply the public with pure and refined luxuries in place of the fatal pleasures you snatch from their lips. Create in your citizens a new appetite, an instinct for the beautiful; teach them in the quick appreciation of artistic excellence to find a new treasure, an unfailing delight. All the world is ahead of you in this effort and beckons you to follow. Paris has its Louvre, London has its National Gallery. Scarce a petty duchy or little province on the shores of the Mediterranean but can show its treasures of art. My own native city, Dublin, has its School of Art, in which many an aspirant has found the road to excellence. And shall kings and dukes and petty potentates be more munificent than this people? Shall they do all this for their subjects, and this Republic, "heir of all the ages, foremost in the files of Time," be less generous in the education of its citizens? No, Sir. I do not believe it. This enterprise shall go on and prosper. This City as it grows in wealth, will grow too in beauty and civilization; and here, on this continent, of whose existence Athenian mariner never dreamt, another and a statelier Athens will arise. There is nothing permanent under the sun. The new is ever built out of the ruins of the old, and change overmasters us all. A time will come when this great Republic, in whose growing might we now rejoice, will have passed like a dream away. When its projects and its achievements will be remembered only in history, and afford subject for a winter's tale. Commerce will then have chosen some other home, and this island, whereon now we stand, be again lonely and desolate, as it was long ago, when the red Indian paddled across its encircling waters in his light canoe. Then, should some stranger come hither to muse among ruins, or trace the outlines of what was once the capital city and the pride of the Western World, let him find durable monuments—majestic even in their decay—to testify to your power. Monuments of symmetry and strength, such as become a race fit to govern and instruct mankind; and let him take away with him this lesson, which all the past has taught to us, that art wants no king for a patron, no palace for a dwelling, but that it thrives best and accomplishes most, when welcomed by the kindly hand of honest labor, and cherished in the hearts and homes of a free people.

Unfortunately the audience, many of whom had been standing for three hours, began to be uneasy, and the foot-falls of thousands of feet, though many of them were of the Chinese pattern, tended to drown the speaker's voice to such a degree that he could be heard by only a mere tithe of the throng. Fortunately, not only those who were present and could not hear but millions of others can read to-day what was said yesterday in the Crystal Palace. Yet these lost much, for though we can print the words, by the aid of the phonographer's skill, as they fell from the speakers' mouths, yet types cannot give the effect of the spoken words. Some of the beautiful sentiments of Mr. O'GORMAN'S speech gave the audience great pleasure.

MR. J. B. BACON'S SPEECH.

The next speaker presented to the audience was J. B. BACON, who said:

At this auspicious reunion of those who represent the labor of the brain and the labor of the sinew, I am requested briefly to speak for that calling which unites both of these great forces—for the *Engineer*—for that profession which is the embodiment of all progress—that profession which conveys the true idea of the nineteenth century—that profession which has stamped its broad arrow upon this age, and will brand its iron humanity upon the years to come. The queen of this festival is the Genius of America, and the engineer claims his position as her true and trusty Iron Duke—her right-hand supporter. It is peculiarly fitting that at this Reinauguration of the American Crystal Palace—the pride of the continent and the Palace of the people—that the profession which so eminently combines labor, science and art, should have its due position. On all other public occasions that I remember, the artist, the author, the architect, the army, the navy, and the so-called learned professions have had their places, their due places of honor. But the engineer was forgotten, or else politely received the "cut direct." This is all contrary to the spirit of the age. The name of this age is Progress, The engineer is the embodiment of Progress. In peace, as in war, the engineer precedes. He is first in the field. He reconnoiters, he maps, he plans, he proves with compass and with square. He seizes the standard, mounts the breach, and when he has given the first cheer of victory, the reserve of the schoolmen, the artist, the author, the architect, and the heroes of the closet and the office, safely follow, and comfortably enjoy the fruits of his daring. Former centuries were the ages of the schoolmen—the age of laborious thought and cultivated talent. To-day is the day of fact and action—the day of the engineer. Former centuries were the days of horses, post-coaches and lazy sails. To-day claims as her motors, steam, caloric, railroads and steamships. The engineer is the true representative of Progress. Again, to remember him, is due to the spirit of Young America. The schools delve among the ruins of the past. They are the old fogies of intellect. They copy from the old masters. They live and breathe among old forms, old orders, and old thoughts. The architect cannot venture beyond the Corinthian. The artist must still go to Rome for inspiration. The student must cling to the skirts of his master, and his do, re, fa—and the author must stick to his scissors. They are all still slaves to old masters. Engineers alone have found out a new path. They are free, untethered, have dared the elements in their course. Earth, air and water are their field of action. The slender wire arch that spans the abyss—the raging, roaring iron horse and the swift steamer are the trophies of their triumph. They are the true representatives of Young America. Young America is original, fresh and new as the spring grass, "bound to swear in the words of no master," free, bold, and all-conquering. Young America seeks no copy; she sets her type *directly* from her own fair thought; she draws her inspiration from her own pictures of "flood and field." Her own humanity is her Eton-school. The American continent is enough for her and enough for the engineer. Is he not the man of Young America? ay, and the man of the Crystal Palace? [Applause.] The true feature of this exhibition should be originality—freshness—freedom from old. It must close its eyes to London, and Dublin, and Paris. It must be American, the Palace of the nineteenth century. Let others have the nineteenth. [Applause.] This must stride ahead and be "a new thing under the sun." It has already be-*artisted*, be-*author*ed, and be-*architect*ed. It is now, we hope, to be engineered. Whence did the engineer arise? What is his history? Is he one of the O. F. M.—"our first men?" What are his antecedents—his family—his genealogy? Why "he refer was born." He came like the electric spark—at the call of the years that were ripe for him. But what word of cheer and welcome did he have? That which the man of progress ever hath—ARKWRIGHT, and FITCH, and FULTON! What cheer and welcome had ye, bold engineers? Off sinking, yet ye rose, and the round world rejoices in the heaven of your triumph. And so too shall EDISSONS arise and be immortal. Finally, what is the engineer? What manner of man is he? The engineer is a complex animal. Like other men he hath an outer life and an inner life. In his outward and physical manifestations he breathes the free, fresh air, and bares his bosom to the glowing sun and beating storm on land and sea. Some of his frequent peculiarities are (unpoetically speaking) muddy boots and a red face, of most un-Broadway hue, caught from the summer sun, or the boiler fire. Politically he belongs to that great and popular association to whose use we have this day dedicated this Palace as a Lodge Room—the Order of "Fully-off Your Coat and Roll-up Your Sleeves." [Great applause.] In his inner life, his spiritual manifestations, he is a man of triangles, polygons, tangents, secants and sines, and sometimes of very eccentric ellipses. He dislikes crooked lines, save and except that he has a most delicate appreciation of the line of beauty. [Applause.] If it be the province of the artist to evolve forms of beauty, so is it the occupation of the engineer. If the author be conversant with the graces of rhetoric—"with thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—the engineer claims "that breathe and words that burn"—the engineer claims equal responsibilities. If the architect hath reared the stately column and the noble arch, to these, too, the engineer can point as his own. And he can say, "These men are of science, with their algebraic signs and logarithmic mysteries, the alchemists of this age, why they are not my fathers, they are but my brothers." Montgomerie, Latrobe, Jervis, Ericsson, Mifflin, Trautwine, Haupt!—these are names that are known wherever a tripod has pierced the earth or a square root been extracted. [Applause.] The true engineer must think all, know all, and do all. His creations must combine strength, spirituality, stability, beauty, utility. He must represent labor and art. He must be the mechanic and the artist. In short, he must be the admirable Crichton of our day. Around me I see many who have done good service under the excelsior flag of the American Engineer. These are the appropriate guests of this Palace of the strong arm and the flashing intellect. On this day, and in this place, at least the engineer has not been forgotten—he has not received the "cut direct." No! for he who now engineers the destinies of this Crystal Palace Association knows that Mr. President BARNUM might as well have *cut himself*.

It will be understood from the reading of this excellent speech that it come from the mouth of a civil engineer.

After a piece by DODWORTH'S Band,

MR. CHARLES BUTLER read the following letter from the Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS:

FROM ERASTUS BROOKS.

NEW-YORK, Wednesday, May 3, 1854.

GENTLEMEN: It would give me great pleasure to fulfill the part of the day's engagement set against my name in the ceremonies attendant for the reinauguration of the Crystal Palace, but for an indisposition which makes it necessary that I should leave the City for a few days to recruit my health.

I rejoice at the brightest auspices of the Crystal Palace, and trust that better days await its future exhibitions. It is not alone as a citizen of New-York, but I am happy at the new life which the management have breathed upon a living enterprise, but my gratification springs rather from the pride which I feel as an American in those exhibitions of Nature and Art, which speak so powerfully for the climate, resources and industry of our country. We have passed from a period of time when claim was felt in England, that an American colony should be able to manufacture a hat and fur hats at, to a season when our countrymen are able to win prizes upon English soil, and in a World's Crystal Palace, for the most useful inventions known either to the terrors of war, or the benign influences of peace. All is promising in the retrospect, and as it is not the nature of our people to look backward in despair, or forward without hope, so the future reveals only the prospects of still greater advancement in science, art and labor.

As there should be harmony in a perfect piece of music, and symmetry in a perfect piece of Architecture, so in a country like ours, where genius is unrestrained, and freedom only regulated by reason, there ought to be no fall anticipated on until our country is alike perfect in the literature of its people, and in all its creations of mind. Labor and capital should be associated without envy or pride on the part of those who enjoy the one or perform the other. Between commerce, manufactures and agriculture there should be a generous rivalry, but no jealousy. The interior as the producing, the town as the commercial, and the seaboard as the shipping interest, should,

"Like kindred drops be mingled into one."

I would have been glad of an opportunity to have shown that, however diverse and diversified the course of all these great objects and pursuits of life, in the end, like the meeting of the waters, from the far off mountain, hill side and valley, they show an just harmonious whole, and they reach the common end designed by a wise and good Providence.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for your kind invitation to be present at the ceremonies of the day, and regretting my inability to attend, I am, very respectfully, your ob't serv't, ERASTUS BROOKS.

To Messrs. WHITE and HILTON, Com. of Invitation.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SPEECH.

Mr. BARNUM now introduced the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who said:

As the President of the Association has restricted me to a ten minutes' speech, I thought it necessary to measure it first, and so I have put it down. For if a man is to speak without notes, and upon the impulse of an occasion, and especially such an occasion as this, you might as well in the midst of a fire ask an engineer to throw just one quart of water upon the building as to ask the speaker to confine himself to just ten minutes; for in the inspiration of the moment he cannot tell exactly when he will stop, any more than a lad, when a horse runs away with him as he undertakes to ride him to water can tell when he will hold up. If there were nothing in the Crystal Palace but a show for curiosity, and a commercial operation by which stockholders seek a dividend, and business men seek to draw to New-York the largest possible number of buyers, I should not take the trouble to say a word on this occasion. But I regard this institution (for such I trust it now is) as having very important relations to the welfare of our country, *morally and politically*. A nation's wealth consists in its citizens—their *quality* and their *power*. It is not how wise and how strong a few are, but how wise and how strong the whole bulk of citizenship is. We have in America but one single distinctive thing as compared with old and refined nations. *We have a people*. Our theory of Government assumes that political power resides in the people—in the separate individuals of the whole of society. This is not the theory alone of Government—it is *the fact*. Our people are strong by intelligence, by industry, by virtues social and political, and by morality and religion. They are the sources of power. They are not a usable mass, like dough for the molding-board, clay for the plastic pattern. They are a people instinct with self-life. They have power over nature to subdue it to their uses. They have power over themselves, to coerce an education, and to control themselves, and to fashion their own public policy and Government. This is the peculiarity of the American body politic. It is not our wealth, it is not our simple political freedom, it is not our educated classes, and our stray public men—it is the strength that resides in our whole people that constitutes that difference between American society and European. Unless they are strong and sound, unless there is endless recreative life among the people, there is no hope for us. An educated class, a controlling class at the top, will never make a strong nation. If the base of the pyramid is clay, it is to but little purpose that you build the apex of precious stones. But if the foundation be adamantine, and all the basilar strata be granitic, then the top may bear up what polished stones you please, and *beauty* has *strength* under it forever! In all our exertions for the public weal, we must look out for the foundation. We must see to it that the Power lies among the masses. They are the soil. Mere great men are a very exhausting crop when they are separated from the mass, and suck up the influence that can be safe only when distributed among many, into a few hands. It becomes a matter of deep import to know the sources of power for the multitude.

1. It is not, simply, in giving them control of a vast political machinery. If a man-of-war had a thousand children for a crew all her machinery and armament would not make *them* strong. They would be children still.

2. It is not in augmenting their comforts—in multiplying first, their wants and then the supply; and thus giving them physical conditions of wealth. It is not the material wealth that enriches, *but the capacity to produce wealth*. It is the cause of wealth that is true popular riches—industry, skill, intelligence and religious virtue.

3. That, then, which the workman, agricultural and artizan, need for a perfect and perpetual power, is that they become *producers of ideas*. That they *think*, and are capable of thinking; that their mechanics, their products of every sort, be, not alone samples of what their hands have done, but of what their heads have done, and can do.

4. It is in vain to speak of any such equality as shall put an uneducated mechanic upon a level with a thoroughly educated professional man. They are not on a level. You might as well put a bar of pig-metal by the side of an exquisite piece of cutlery, or a load of hog-ore by the side of a steam-engine. You can put them *side by side*, but that does not make them equal nor on the same level. If laboring men will be on a level with what are called influential classes they must like them be *producers of ideas*.

5. For there is nothing in the fact of being educated and trained to a vocation that requires chiefly the exertion of thought, that gives any superiority to an educated class over a class of artisans, if those artisans have an equal power of producing and applying *thought* to the purposes of life.

God has made matter and he has made man to rule over it. Men can ally themselves to the one or the other element. Those who are in sympathy with mere brute labor must be inferior to those who are in sympathy with intelligence. But the road up is open to all. No man need be a bond-slave in Egypt. The Red Sea has become divided. The promised land awaits. Whoever has courage to go forth and the patience to journey thither may enter in and take possession.

6. It is not because I think that there is antagonism between the educated and the laboring classes that I say these things. There is none. I belong myself to what is called the literary class, or the intelligent class. I know its advantages. They are not exaggerated. It is the very place for a man to stand in if he wishes to enjoy life. And this is the very reason that I wish that every laboring man in the country could belong to that class. I do not speak in the language of an exclusive circle—nor as one who was willing, of gracious charity, to confer the prerogative of intelligence upon an inferior class. Intelligence is your birth-right. I ask you not to despise it. I do not say come up to us; but I say come up to your own right. Come up to that which God gave you, and which you cannot refuse without shame. In every laboring man are the buds of those blossoms and those fruits which hang from the boughs of the strong and great. And I only ask you to let those buds blossom forth, for your own sake and for the sake of our country! Our land is rich in its citizens. If they are mean, it is poor; if they are noble, it is great. I hope to see the day when a man will require a collegiate education for the farm, for the foundery, for the shop, the ship, as much as for medicine or law. If a man's trade does not require such education, then all the more the man himself requires it. His trade will not educate him, and he must seek it elsewhere.

7. From considerations of this kind it is that I regard all such institutions as the Crystal Palace as worthy of earnest support by every good citizen. First, because they will powerfully stimulate, not industry, but the *intelligence* of industry. The Crystal Palace, as *a mechanic's exchange*, a place where they shall show such literature as men work out on an anvil, in letters of iron and brass. These vast treasures are all of them *thoughts*. Men did not go to sleep and dream these things; awake they executed them. All this is hard thinking, and it is provocative of thought. Young workmen, young machinists, young artists, coming hither find themselves spoken to in their own language; they look, they ponder, they strive with thoughts of their own, the MIND is developed. It is the head that makes their hands strong. But, secondly, I hope that such institutions as these will gradually associate in the popular mind the ideas of *honor*, of *greatness*, of *true glory*—not with the destructive deeds of war, nor with the pretentious patriotism of all-consuming politicians—the spiders of life, that spin webs, and continually obscure public windows with webs of mischief—but with the arts of industry, with intelligence and virtue nobly applied for the elevation of society. In time, I do not despair of hearing it said—a noble carpenter—a genius of a blacksmith—an honorable hatter. War and public peculation shall always arrogate the terms which declare superiority; but intelligence and religion must pluck them from undeserving hands, and confer them upon inventive labor. In conclusion, I cannot but perceive in the multiplied objects around me, the evidences of the connection of labor historically. If you select any of these most intricate and useful machines, you shall find the whole world and all time epitomized in it. The successive inventions, the continuous discoveries of centuries are incorporated in single objects here. Before a ship could be built, some hundred trades must exist, and each sends down its glass, its nails, its copper, its plank, its various tools, its paint, its flexile fabric. Each trade is itself dependent upon others that precede and prepare for it. Each and all of these has had a growth; it has been a growth that came along in connection with the development of human society. One of these mute articles upon exhibition is a historical memorial; it is a chronicler of the past. That plow, could it speak, and were it learned in its own pedigree, what history would it not reveal of its slow progress, from the day when the oriental scratched the earth with a crooked stick and called it plowing! These life-boats—what a change in human ideas, since those days when men crept as trespassers upon the deep, and, easily wrecked, became the property of the inhospitable people on whose shores they fell, down through the commercial history of the earth, and its mighty relations to morals, government and knowledge, to this day, when our sharp-prowed fleets taste the winds of every latitude, encircle the earth by their speed, and when along our shores are spread, not hands to rob the wreck, but beats and contrivances to save him and his imperiled property! A loom would tell you more of human conditions, in the range of life where the heart has mostly lived, could you trace its history from the women weaving with pegs in the ground, down to our day, than you can find in any chronicle. Those mills call up the two women grinding at the mill in Palestine, which mill was but two stones upon the ground, the one revolving a convex surface upon the other's concavity, and let them bear witness to the growth of thought since that day. In this crystal room (that itself could not have been built fifty years ago) there are the mute memorials of human thought since the world began. If one sat upon the prostrate columns of Persepolis, or mused along the gates of Thebes, or in the dry audience of mummies, he could not help saying to himself, "What were the "thoughts and imaginations of the men that lived here four "thousand years ago?" Here beheld embodied some of their thoughts. These are the perfect sentences of which they invented the alphabetic letters. And from such a place may we not prophesy? If these are the records of the past, and time, like a yet young and growing tree, is lengthening her boughs and sending forth new growths, what shall that day be when art and intelligence shall stand in the full summer of the earth, bearing blossoms and fruit without pause, like orange groves in the tropics? We have received from the past such treasures, and with a just usury are adding the interest to its capital, and rolling it over to the future, what shall that day be one hundred years hence, when our posterity shall stand in a more magnificent palace than this, and look back, as much farther advanced in art and science as we are beyond those who lived a hundred years ago? Who that has a prophet's eye can foretell what shall be when we, faithful to our trust, hand over that which we have received, improved and augmented, to the days that are coming?

To the many thousands of our readers who have either heard Mr. Beecher, or read his speeches, we need not say that this speech was the very crown of the dome which the previous speakers had so gloriously erected. Not only his words but his great power of voice and earnest manner, always fascinate his hearers, and to-day eminently so.

We have never before seen an audience, even an audience of Henry Ward Beecher, more deeply interested than the crowd that surrounded him this day. We earnestly hope that every sentiment of this beautiful speech will be treasured up in the heads and hearts of every one of our readers. It was now a quarter past three, yet the crowd was still immense and earnest in their attention. True, a large number of those in the front part of the galleries had given way, but their places were filled with others who could not before get near enough to have a view of the various speakers. As to hearing all that was said that was out of the question. But it was a satisfaction to see them and feel that what they said was glorious.

The afternoon ceremonies concluded with a performance by the band and an announcement by Mr. Barnum of the programme of the evening, which was received with plaudits of approbation. We little thought at that time that we should see another crowd like the one which occupied the building in the day time; but in this we were disappointed. We returned to the Palace a little before seven. At that time there was no lack of elbow-room. In less than an hour, however, standing upon the platform and looking north, south, east or west, on the lower floor or gallery, the eye fell upon one dense mass of human beings. The ladies were not so numerous as in the day, yet by no means scarce.

THE EVENING CEREMONIES.

Mr. BARNUM arrived twenty minutes before 8, which was the signal for the commencement of the performances of the Band, the finest portions of which were only heard by those who were fortunate to obtain seats or standing room in the neighborhood of the musicians; but the louder strains filled the monster dome to the echo and gave delight to the many thousands congregated under that vast roof.

In consequence of an accident, Mr. BALDWIN of Connecticut was unable to attend. The following letter was read from him:

LETTER FROM AUSTIN BALDWIN.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Tuesday, May 2, 1854.

DEAR SIR: I sincerely regret that my being obliged to give my personal attention to the repair of damages sustained by our works during the late freshet will prevent me having the pleasure of participating in the exercises of the reopening of the Crystal Palace.

I trust, however, that the omission of the part anticipated of me will create no inconvenience in completing the arrangements for the occasion, and that the important benefits to be derived from the permanent establishment of this great school of industry and art may be made so apparent as to secure that measure of support necessary to insure its complete success. Yours, very truly, AUSTIN BALDWIN.

P. T. BARNUM, President Crystal Palace Association.

MR. HENRY'S SPEECH.

Mr. BARNUM then introduced Mr. HENRY of the Mechanics' Institute of this City. He spoke with a loud, clear voice that could have been heard by all present if the uneasy portion of the audience could have been induced to keep still. Mr. HENRY said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Standing here in some measure a representative of an interest which, if second to any, is second only to one in this City, I feel warranted in assuring you of the deep interest which is felt on the part of that important interest in behalf of this exhibition. We feel, sir, that the mechanic is a man; [Hear, Hear!] We feel that he is endowed with the same powers and with the same faculties as other men; and we feel here, in this free country, if he will make the right use of those powers and faculties with which his Creator endowed him, he can stand up here and feel himself to be indeed what our institutions proclaim him, the equal of his fellow, however mighty that fellow may be. I say, Sir, the Mechanics Institute of the City of New-York looks with unbounded sympathy to the Crystal Palace now open before us. And what is the thought which fills the breasts, the strong hearts, the clear heads of that mighty association? It is this, Sir, that the Crystal Palace may be so administered as to become the mighty point of rational amusement in this first City of the Western World. Rational amusement! An attraction that shall call the people around this institution in such copious measure as to make it indeed a self-sustaining institution. Yes, Sir, from that basis of low admission which has been wisely fixed, I trust in God a concourse is to flow to this building which will make it indeed a self-sustaining institution, as a place of rational amusement! And what more? Why, the multitude—the vast multitude—are welcomed here to be gratified and not corrupted. Hither shall come the silent student in every department of art, and under these glorious naves shall receive ideas that will make him mightier, abler and better so long as he lives. This, Sir, will be, I trust, the issue of the reinauguration of the Crystal Palace; and, Sir, if it is poetry, if there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends," it is also true that the same Divinity has given the administration of this mighty fabric to be entrusted to a man who is already well armed for the task, by the qualities which have procured for him the appellation by which he is generally recognized, "The "Napoleon of Showmen." I say, if the crude material, committed to that gentleman's hands has been, in the short space of less than twenty years, so managed as to extract a magnificent fortune for himself without corrupting his fellow-citizens—if he has so administered the things heretofore given into his charge, and in a short period amassed a splendid fortune, what may not be reasonably expected when such a charge as this is entrusted to the same hands, to be administered for our amusement and instruction? I felt, Sir, and every other man felt, when this gentleman was called on to preside, that there was still life and glory in the Crystal Palace; that there is to be a resurrection, a higher power. I saw from the noble speeches, brief and to the point, made this afternoon, that the same thought possessed others. Make it, as I have said, self-sustaining as a place of rational amusement; and give to the student, the silent thinking man, the innumerable suggestions here conveyed to him; and, to use the words of the great Napoleon on another occasion, "You, too, shall be immortal." [Applause.]

MR. SULLIVAN'S SPEECH.

After he closed, Mr. SULLIVAN, a delegate from the House Painters, addressed the audience for a few minutes. This speech illustrated the advantages which the trades may derive by giving their united support to this greatest of all American Mechanics' Institutes.

Mr. SULLIVAN expressed his pleasure in appearing as one of the delegates from the United Trades of New-York, who had cordially answered the invitation issued to them. He alluded to the beautiful products