THE NEW-ENGLAND DINNER.

SOME OF THE SPEECHES DELIVERED THERE.

DR. PATTON, GENERAL HOWARD, WILLIAM EVERETT, A. B. CUMMINS, WILLIAM A. STILES AND EX-JUDGE DAVIS.

Following are some of the addresses delivered at the annual dinner of the New-England Society last evening. Owing to the great amount of space required to give every address in full and the pressure of other news matter upon other pages, it was necessary to give some of the most able and important speeches in these columns. The reports are verbatim.

DR. PATTON'S WORDS.

"How It seems to an Outsider" was the toast assigned to the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton. Dr. Patton spoke as follows:

Mr. President and gentlemen of the New-England Society. It is a pity that the responsibilities which honor proposes should so often detract from the pleasure which honor confers. It is, I assure you, no ordinary pleasure that I experience in being a guest of the New-England Society, but I am conscious of more than ordinary responsibility when I remember that an invitation to speak at this table has come to be regarded as in itself the blue ribbon of post-prandial discourse. I have called myself an outsider in the toast to which I am expected to respond, partly because any honesty protested against any tacit appropriation of the honor of being a New-England man; and partly, also, because I wanted plenty of room. (Applause.)

As I may refer to topics in regard to which I cannot claim the authority of a specialist, it is not unlikely that the title will be the most felicitous part of my speech. With the abundant sea-room that I have allowed myself, however, I confess that my course is not as clear as it usually is at the alumni dinners that I am in the habit of attending, for then I am expected to assist at the apotheosis of athleticism, and my duties are defined by the solemnities of the occasion. (Laughter.) I may remark parenthetically, though, in reference to the coming banquet in this city, under the auspices of the college over which I have the honor to preside, that it has been decided to vary the exercises for the present year. (Laughter.)

It would be in keeping with the character of my audience, perhaps, and certainly with my topic, if I should say a few words on business. I should like to know as an outsider why, with the railroads having more business than they can do, the stocks are depressed and the bond market in a condition of sympathy. Is it because investors are timid or finance has lost its bearings, or is it the Silver bill? (Applause.) It is pleasant, however, to think that the disturbance is only local after all, for while the Signal service reports a depression in Wall Street and the area contiguous thereto, the colleges have been enjoying a reasonable degree of prosperity. I had intended to say "fair weather" (laughter), but it seems to me that a man who has made such good use of his fortune might be spared such a bad use of his name. (Applause.)

A WORD FOR STANLEY AND M'ALLISTER.

Turning now from business to pleasure, I notice that two great books of adventure have recently appeared: In the one we follow Mr. Stanley through "Darkest Africa," and in the other we are told how Mr. McAllister "found" society. I regard the latter as the more important of the two (laughter), for while there was a general and I might say a universal agreement among us regarding the whereabouts of Africa, there has been great diversity of sentiment regarding the boundary lines of society. (Laughter.) It has been spoken of in terms of scepticism by some as though it did not exist, while others have indulged in a view of pessimistic agnosticism which stamps any one of them as an envious outsider. To be in it, they said, is to have position without any necessary magnitude, and to be of it is to be in possession of certain subjective certitudes respecting one's own importance which few will credit with objective validity.

I confess that I do not sympathize with this cynical style of speech. Society is one of the phenomena of civilization, to be reckoned with, accounted for, and, as the phrase goes, treated in the historical spirit. From Heraclitus to Hegel, and from Hegel to Herbert Spencer the idea of evolution has held its own among thinkers. We never bathe twice in the same stream. All things are in constant flux. We never are, but always in process of becoming. The philosopher must view all events genetically and in relation to their antecedents. When, therefore, I think of the tact, sagacity, wise adaptation of means to ends, and the generalship that foresees the end from the beginning that are necessary in organizing a Newport picnic my mind reverts to the Pilgrim Fathers, who building better than they knew, laid the foundation of "Society as I have found it." Here, indeed, is development and growth. Who will despise the day of small things? The little one has not yet become a thousand, but we have good authority for saying that the figures have touched four hundred. (Applause.)

NOT ALL THE GOOD IN ONE DENOMINATION.

Seriously, however, this is only an illustration of the fact that every man moves in his own world. The outsider passes his neighbor's door, looks in at his window, and generally succeeds in misjudging him. The gift of seeing others as they are is quite as much to be coveted as that of seeing ourselves as others see us. Vanity is no worse than consciousness. It is a mistake to geometrize with self as a centre. This is another lesson. The religionist makes this mistake when he thinks that all the good is in his denomination. The Bostonian makes it when he forgets that the centre of gravity has shifted and declines to read the New-York papers. The man of business makes it when he underrates the scholar, and the scholar makes it when he supposes that he can construct a tariff bill out of theoretical economics.

We are all more or less provincial; and the most obvious lesson suggested by a comparison of New-Englanders dining in this cosmopolitan city is that we should not be provincial. Let us be New-Englanders and yet remember that America is the larger word; let us be Americans, and at the same time not forget the bond of common speech and common law that binds us to the land of Shakespeare and Blackstone. The outsider sometimes says that the New-Englander is provincial. Perhaps he is. That is to say, New-England has great men, great universities. She has originated great ideas, and contributed a great chapter to the history of opinions—and to the most casual observer it is apparent that the New-Englander is fully aware of it. Now, sir, the best thing we can do is to universalize the New-Englander. When the New-England merchant goes West, when the New-England capitalist goes South (as he will, for the railroads will make more money on the meridians by and by than on the parallels), when the New-England farmer sells out to the French Canadian, he steps into a larger mission. By the New-Englander I mean the Puritan, and by the Puritan I mean the man who has the spirit of the Pilgrims, no matter where you find him, and Puritanism is the salt of the American earth. (Loud applause.)

Puritanism is individualism, it affirms the rights of personality. It was a protest against centralization in the beginning; and when we are told by the State Socialists to nationalize the telegraphs, and nationalize the railroads, and nationalize the industries, and nationalize the land, Puritanism will protest again. (Applause.) Puritanism emphasizes the responsibility of the individual. The Puritan is often misunderstood. It is said that he is not worldly, because he is so otherworldly; that he gives poverty a free ticket to the banquets of Heaven, and relieves distress by singing the "Sweet By and By." It is said, Mr. Bax says it, that pleasure has no place in the Puritan's vocabulary, and that "Punch" expresses his theory of life when he makes the sister say to her brother, "Go, see what baby is doing, and tell him that he mustn't." But the only truth in this is that the Puritan has a strong sense of responsibility, and that is what we need to-day. You may tell me that the end of life is the well-being of society, and therefore I should be benevolent. But enforced benevolence is taxation, and excessive taxation is tyranny.

TRYING TO RECONSTRUCT SOCIETY.

The evils of accumulation are obvious; the difficulty is to cure them. It is amusing to see how men undertake to reconstruct society. Authors get rich by writing Utopias, in which they would get no copyright (laughter), and where they would be the employes of the Government. Men find fault with the consolidation of capital, but I notice that they buy the bonds of the strong companies. They advocate a legislative limit to private ventures, but always draw the line far in advance of their own respective accumulations. (Laughter.) I have no desire to see wealth evenly distributed. That would only destroy its potential energy. There is enough water-power wasted in the State of Maine to run all the railroads in New-England. There is enough money wasted in New-York, I suppose, to run all the colleges of New-England. But it is better to run the risk of waste and keep the sense of individual responsibility. I am willing that wealth shall be piled up. I am willing to have the rich men say whether its waters shall be a fish pond for their own pleasure and a menace to society, or whether they shall be a reservoir to feed the moral and intellectual life of the nation.

The Puritan believes in the idea. He cannot deal with concrete issues without seeing that his action involves a general principle. Corporations have their bad side, but they have their good side too. The railroad king may say a disagreeable thing about the public, but the public itself is sometimes disagreeable, and forgets what the corporation has done for it. The corporation is civilization's greatest invention, and we owe it to the Roman jurists. There is but one thing needed and it is that since law has made it a person, the gospel should give it a soul. And here again the hope of America lies in universalizing the Puritan, for the Puritan is above all things a man of conscience; and conscience is the best part of man. Conscience was speaking to Paul when he said, "If meat make my brother offend I will not eat meat while the world stands." Conscience was speaking in Peter when he said we ought to obey God rather than man. The voice of conscience has always been heard in human society, though her judgment was so warped by her environment, and her protests made so unavailing by conflicting interests, that at last resolving to abandon the companionship of worliness and vice, she became incarnate in the Puritan!

What the world needs, however, is not the Puritan and society, but the Puritan in society; not the separation of conscience and self-love, but a partnership with conscience as head of the firm. We are great enough. There is no question of that. We have fertile soil and boundless resources. We can feed ourselves with our own wheat and clothe ourselves with our own cotton; we can shelter ourselves with our own lumber, and build our railroads with our own iron. (Applause.) But the question is whether we can be loyal to righteousness and truth. It remains to be seen whether the spirit of the Pilgrims will abide with us; whether it will vote at elections and sit at directors' tables, and whether under its influence we shall speak plainly in the pulpit, act honestly in trade and refuse to hold a brief for fraud. The Puritan spirit is the safeguard of morality. It is the Puritan in us that protests against corruption in the management of municipal affairs; it is the Puritan in us that speaks in righteous indignation when the man who has defiled a home essays to give direction to the moral sense of the English-speaking world in a crusade against political injustice. (Applause long continued.)

"THE ARMY AND NAVY."

General O. O. Howard, in replying for "The Army and Navy," said this:

After dinner speeches are made the world over, but they appear shambling or exotic in any country but the United States. Here in New-York they are certainly indigenous and except where a guest himself is involved they are delightful. But here and now a guest is involved who approaches his toast with fear and trembling.

Perhaps it is appropriate to have "fear and trembling" in the presence of an armed force, as did one Fourth of July Confederate Pemberton's people in the presence of Grant's on the bluffs of Vicksburg. But my trouble is not so much at the character as at the antiquity of my toast. (Laughter.) Every body has tried his hand at the Army and Navy. However, we have a recollection of Daniel Webster's proverb for lawyers, that "there is room enough in the upper story," yet there is not in this case an upper story at all to flee to. (Laughter.)

A consoling remark of a distinguished admiral the other day made to me after a labored military address of mine, in which I had neglected to speak for the Navy, has helped me to a new thought, which it is hoped will in a measure relieve the present afflictive situation.

The admiral said: "General, I want to make a bargain with you that hereafter, for after-dinner speeches, Army officers account themselves to speak for the Navy, and leave Navy officers to speak for the Army." (Laughter and applause.)

Now comes the suggestion in view of our ancient toast of "Army and Navy," to wit: Reverse the order and make it read "The Navy and the Army." Never mind the want of euphony or the proper procession of the letters N and A. Who has not known in heart issues the "nay" to come before the "aye"? (Laughter.) And surely in all close fighting, under sea operations, against foreign powers the Navy must precede the Army.

It is indeed the universal opinion, judging by the all-powerful press, that our land forces have become so numerous, so brave, so unconquerable, that nothing roaming from Canada on the one hand or South America on the other need be feared. The only wars to be dreaded are from across the ocean; that Germany or Portugal may come with an ironclad navy, beat our marine forces, approach our large cities on the Atlantic Coast, bombard our sub-treasuries, and capture all the broad sites of them, including the suburbs, while China and Japan, preceded by the King of the Sandwich Islands, are making a combined movement which shall swallow up our Pacific Naval Squadron, seize and hold the ports and railroad approaches and connections of San Francisco.

NEGLECTED FORTIFICATIONS.

You perceive in all this dire sea-struggle the Army could play but a small part; certainly none at all unless the people enable us to rebuild and rearm our permanent works with "ten or twelve-mile" guns, not neglecting to use the discriminating telescopic sights. There are sundry long-neglected "permanent fortifications"; and, should the forts be rebuilt and armed, and the mouths of rivers and harbors be properly planted with enormous guns, suggestive torpedoes and square-rigged mortars, still all these prepared defences would be of no use until our gallant little Navy had been thoroughly whipped, which Heaven forbid, and forced to retire under the cover of the Army's solid protection.

So it is plain that in our case it is altogether meet and proper that the Navy should have the advance in toasts, as she must in reality, and be sustained in the thoughts and provisions of our statesmen, many of whom have sprung from the New-England society, to fight for her glory on the oceans of the world. (Applause.)

Now, Mr. President, I ween, we have succeeded in putting the Navy in its proper place, let us glance at some fragments of it, historically, for a few minutes. (Laughter.)

On the 8th of March, 1862, during the evening, Lieutenant John L. Worden, now a Rear Admiral, retired, appeared on the scene in Hampton Roads, and he scene he beheld was a peculiar one indeed. The day had passing into night had been filled with discouragement and disaster. On the National side in the Naval Squadron had been the Minnesota, fifty guns; the Congress, fifty guns; the Roanoke, fifty guns; the St. Lawrence, twenty-guns; the Cumberland, twenty-four guns. With plenty of armament and ammunition, and superbly manned and most ably commanded, they had waited the approach of three Confederate steamers—one the long dreaded Merrimac, that notorious ironclad just completed. The others were but common gunboats.

How the huge giant closed in with our large wooden ships, sinking or disabling them one by one, we need not attempt to describe. Shot and shell pierced their sides as if they had been partition walls, and death and disaster followed in their wake. The tide had time and again followed in their wake. The bravest and best of naval commanders, as their ships were broken, disabled or sunk, were at their wit's end. Almost without hope they had again and again repeated their fire, only to see their missiles explode with no effect, or be repelled, like bullstones against a slate roof, from the impervious iron sides of the monster. Night alone had saved but a remnant, including the proud Minnesota.

HOW THE RESCUE CAME.

It takes us back to the times of extreme anxiety, like the first evening of Chancellorsville, the night of the withdrawal from Fredericksburg, or the close of the first day of Gettysburg, to enable us to comprehend the gloom which rested upon the officers and men in Hampton Roads that dark night of March. One whole course was imperilled. Certainly a reaction would set in should anything like an ironclad appear for us on the scene.

Lieutenant Worden, with his homely, queer little craft, seemed in no way an equivalent to the great and victorious Merrimac. Still there was a measure of hope for a tiny kingfisher has always chased and defeated the hawk ten times its size. What may not Providence permit!

The conflict which followed on the succeeding day needs no repetition. The Merrimac was after a close and well-contested fight, disabled and made to withdraw from the field of action. (Applause.) One excellent historic account presents this graphic picture: "The last shell fired by the Merrimac exploded exactly in the eye-hole in the pilot house where Lieutenant Worden was at the moment looking out. His eyes were severely injured, his face filled with powder, and there was also a slight concussion of the brain. The moment this brave officer recovered his consciousness he inquired eagerly: 'Have we saved the Minnesota?' When told she was safe, he answered: 'I am satisfied.' (Applause.) He was taken at once to Washington, and an incident connected with him there illustrates the character of Abraham Lincoln. A Cabinet meeting was being held, when it was told the President that the wounded commander of the Monitor was in the city; he instantly rose and took his hat, saying: "Excuse me, gentlemen, I must see this fellow," and went immediately to his room. Worden was on the sofa, his eyes bandaged, his face swollen and bloody. The President was announced, and took his hand in silence. "Mr. President," said the wounded man, "you do me great honor by this visit."

"Sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I am the one who is honored in this interview." (Applause.)

A TYPICAL NAVAL HERO.

A few months since I was invited by the Naval officers in New-York, many of whom were witnesses of that conflict which occurred between Fortress Monroe and Norfolk, to accompany the remains of John Ericsson (the inventor of the battered but successful Monitor), taking them from their temporary resting place in this city to the Baltimore, to be transported to Ericsson's native land, there to receive their final obsequies and honors. Near the gate, in an open carriage, sat an elderly, dignified man, with a scarred face and drooping eyelids. A moment after I had noticed him I had the pleasure of an introduction. It was Rear Admiral Worden, and I felt it to be an unexampled honor to be introduced to him and take his fatherly hand. True, he is on the retired list of the Navy; yet he is still a living representative of Navy men, an example of the ability and heroism which, in any time of need, will be developed and brought to the surface. (Applause.) Such men have always come forth at the country's call. So I salute the American Navy. (Applause.)

Now, Mr. President, when an Army officer speaks of "The Army of the United States," he uniformly dwells upon its needs. Our Army needs fortifications, new cannon, new carriages, new rifles and carbines, new quarters to live in, new horses and mules and better pack saddles, but the chief need is more men.

"But," said a visiting friend to Governor's Island, "an Indian war must be a godsend, to give these idle people something to do."

A scythe must cut grain and hay; but the scythe is not idle in any process of its construction or specific preparation. A locomotive must draw the train; but its noisy activity while in the shop of making or refitting dins our ears. So a company of soldiers has a final duty against hostile Indians or other enemy; but the drill, the discipline, the detail of instruction require time and unremitting labor. (Applause.)

Again, the duties of men and officers, as of sailors aboard ship, belong not only to the storms and rough seven of war, but to smoother seas of a peace establishment. For the necessary artillery to guard the coast we have not now a reasonable nucleus.

Senator has introduced a bill of increase to 30,000, and he recommends that 2,000 be Indians, one officer of experience objects. He says: "They will be hard to discipline; they will take umbrage at long service; in a fight they are apt to rush too far ahead, and on a march get weary with monotony and lag behind; on a scout become regardless of orders; cannot be controlled and kept in hand as civilized men, though good trailers, they would be of little use against a white enemy; after Indian wars have ceased their usefulness would cease."

THEY MAKE GOOD SOLDIERS.

The answer to these objections is found completely in a wider experience. For example, several companies of scouts have been subjected to discipline with the best results. The paid police at the different agencies do not take umbrage or weary with the monotony of their service when they regularly receive their pay. The control always comes with the drill and the discipline; so that they go as they are sent and obey their orders. Their language should be understood by the officers, or the Indian soldiers should be made to know the officers' commands.

In the history of the French, English and American wars, we have plenty of examples where Indians have been most effective auxiliaries, even against white enemies. In the Nez Perce war the Indians showed themselves better skirmishers than we had ever seen in the Army.

Certainly the experiment is worth trying. As the various bands of Indian police and Indian scouts have been brought out of the old blanket condition to a comparative state of civilization, where they are self-supporting, so the Indians enlisted and put under the best of Army officers will be raised up into far better condition than at present. They will be a strong hostage against any renewal of hostilities by any uncivilized tribe. The objection that it will cultivate and keep up the spirit of war I think is a mistake. It will, I believe, tend to curb and diminish the desire for savage ways and bring them more and more to our ways of thinking and acting. So, friends, give us the Indian soldiers. We will train them against civilized or uncivilized criminals, who have an uncontrollable desire to murder, steal and riot. (Applause.)

There are many discontented spirits abroad who are hostile to all that is orderly, all that is good, all personal possessions and every sweet, happy home. However we manage it, these malcontents, increasing with the increase of the inhabitants of our country, particularly in the larger cities, "must," as Mr. Lincoln said about Lee's Army when north of the Potomac, "be properly attended to." (Applause.) Batteries of artillery, whether manned by our citizens or by other disciplined dwellers upon the soil, are ever offering their solemn pleas for continued peace. Last week one of our best men, General Alfred H. Terry (applause), a man to the Army what Rear-Admiral Worden is to the Navy, after a painful illness long continued, has passed to the other shore. A gallant soldier, a representative volunteer, a refined gentleman, a high-toned, noble general, has advanced to his reward. (Applause.) Peace be to his remains! (Continued applause.)

A SCHOOLMASTER'S SPEECH.

"New-England—always in the van of education; her scholars and her teachers have always been included among her patriots, and her schools have been the institutes of her citizenship," was the toast to which William Everett responded. This is what he said:

Mr. Chairman: I suppose at this dinner on the Forefathers' Day the first thing is for every one to substantiate his pedigree from the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and I beg to claim descent from John Howland, the young man who during the voyage, fell over the side and with difficulty managed to swing himself up by the stern chains, but who lived to be the last survivor in the town of Plymouth of that sainted company. His daughter, Desire Howland, married Captain John Gorham, of Barnstable, who died of fever contracted in the swamp fight with King Philip; and from him descended Nathaniel Gorham, president of the Continental Congress and signer of the Constitution of the United States, and whose great grandson I have the honor to be. (Applause.) It is necessary to allude to this, Mr. President, because some people have had the presumption to make fun of the Mayflower. (Cries of "No! No!") They actually doubt the existence of the miraculous furniture which she brought over, which may be multiplied at will to any extent. (Laughter.) It is necessary to begin with the clear understanding that the one hundred Pilgrims of the Mayflower and their descendants beat any Four Hundred that ever lived. (Great applause.) My father, for instance, who tried to do what he could in his day and generation to extend the fame and preserve the spirit of the Pilgrims, always admitted his inferiority to those who sprang from that sacred band, and treated his children with proper respect as better born than himself. (Laughter.)

The sentiment to which you have called me to respond, sir, is one which I believe tells a great truth. I believe that if New-England has any claim to the respect and following of the world it is because she has always held in honor the higher education—education something beyond the three R's—beyond what it is supposed everybody ought to know, and what the State ought to teach; education in advanced subjects—in languages spoken in other lands than our own, or not spoken by living men at all and preserved only in literature; in science which deals not only with objects that we can see and touch, but with conceptions depending on abstract thought, or with matter as wrenched from its surroundings by the resistless force of patient experiment; in history and philosophy which pursues man from the present hour back to his origin, and traces the causes and motives of his life. My revered and beloved friend, that true son at once of New-York and of New-England, the late George L. Schuyler (applause), whose absence from your streets makes to me a blank in this city which nothing can ever fill, used to claim, in honor of his Dutch ancestors, that the Pilgrims learned the free-school system, which is the pride of New-England, in Leyden. If that is true, sir, they brought something more from Leyden; something which is a nodder leaf in the crown of that ancient Batavian city than the world-renowned siege; they brought from Leyden the higher education, the university education, the sanction to which the common school is only the first stepping-stone. The institution of which I have the honor to be in charge was founded by President John Adams, to be one of those characteristic seminaries of New-England, the foundation academy in advance of the common school, preparatory to the university, but occupying its own place in that system of which the keynote is that whatever knowledge a man can acquire, that he should be encouraged to acquire, and should have the opportunity to acquire, without raising that narrow and invidious question, whether he may perhaps dispense with its acquirement. (Applause.)

REMEMBERING HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS.

Toward the end of his long and illustrious life, President John Adams, having acquired large landed property, determined to divest himself, not after death, but in his lifetime, of a portion of it for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Accordingly, by deed of gift, he conveyed to his native town of Quincy large tracts of land, from whose income should be built and endowed three colleges. Like a true son of the Pilgrims, his first thought was for the Church, and the first fruit of his gift was the stately stone temple ever since used for public worship, beneath whose floor lie the ashes of himself and his spouse. Illustrious sire, John Quincy Adams, and of that scarcely less celebrated wife, Abigail, the second fruit of his bounty was the stone hall in which every since the town and the city of Quincy have held those meetings which are the hearthstone of New-England liberty. And then, sir, there has been built from that gift a stone school house bearing his name, and the income of the lands ever after to be his deed of gift to support a school of a character of which the master shall be learned in the Latin and other languages. (Applause.) That, sir, is I have the honor to hold. (Applause.) It is a whole-century piece and nothing more; we have no precedents or professors, merely a master and teachers, and our pupils are not students, but only schoolboys. Nor did John Adams set much more the road than an acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages. I believe, if I may speak of myself, that my friends and enemies alike have intimated that that acquirement alone covered my attainments, for that, like Shakespeare in Ben Jonson's phrase, I had "small Latin, less Greek and nothing else." (Laughter.) Of my application I say nothing. But we have not remained by John Adams's limitation. We do not teach exclusively the venerable languages. We have added to them some of the requirements of our colleges—mathematics, history, some modern languages, and especially the correct text of English, and something of physical science. I should, if I dare, be merry in my position as head of a school if I did not say that we are sadly in want of funds, that the income of John Adams's lands is still strictly inadequate to support his school, and that I shall be disappointed if I leave New-York without some generous hand being moved to supply the deficiency. Let me say, however, that our graduates are well received in the institutions whose curricula they are fitted to pursue, and that they do well there, and when asked to show what they do with their money, (laughter and applause) can point to the Latin and Greek languages. And, sir, but when all has been said and done, has been found better for training young men to thoughtfulness and accuracy of speech? What the disciplines of our country gains through every one from the Lyceum and the Academy that teaches the Queen's English and teaches that method of speaking and writing which prevents young men from using words which can be expected if we study only our own or other modern languages, shifting and changing from day to day, as they are certainly used to under the changing of modern thought and life. (Applause.) Accurate and sound language requires to be injected to the hard models of an elder day as much as the sciences of construction and calculation need to be reduced to the fixed axioms and of pure mathematics, which never shift be even in the eye, but are actually true to the thought. All the advanced study and natural history in the world, bound but fascinating, useful as it is, will fill the study of those who can replace the light of man, man as he has lived, man as he has thought, man as he has spoken, and that in the very highest type of the earth, which made the little Mediterranean peninsula, in the course of a few centuries, to be the mistress of the world than whole dark continents through which she never crossed. (Great applause.) When medicine and astronomy and philosophy cease to trace their nobler history back to Greece and the land of thought, the study of law and government and martial science to find their models in the Roman Republic, when Socrates instructing Critobulus in the Agora, Hippias, when Socrates and Cicero cease to be the ideal types of the highest moral sense and the highest practical energy, then we may cease to teach our future American citizens Greek and Latin, but not till then. (Applause.)

OTHER DUTIES TO PERFORM.

But, sir, we have other duties to perform. We were not founded, as some colleges and universities and academies have been, by men whose sole distinction was that they did found those universities, and whose names would else have died. Our foundation was one of the last public acts of a life as already crowded with action and honor, as illustrious and honored, as any in the history of our country. (Applause.) Many men are now engaged in rewriting the history of our early days, much as Mommsen or Burgsch rewrites the history of Rome or Egypt, and are doing their best to show that our fathers were entirely different men from what their contemporaries and descendants have always supposed them to be. In these investigations John Adams has received comparatively little alteration, perhaps because the perfect simplicity and frankness of his whole life made it impossible to tell his story in more than one way. The calumnies that hunted him when he retired from office passed away before his death and left him admired and loved by all his countrymen, from Jefferson down; and no one henceforth will dare to write the history of our first century twice without recognizing him as equal to any of our founders in energy, in industry, in foresight, in eloquence, in integrity, in devoted patriotism. (Applause.) He began his public service as a school-master. (Applause.) He closed it by founding the academy over which I have the honor to preside, and woe to the man who in such a position does not train his pupils to look to the likeness of John Adams (applause) as their great inspiration, and to imitate, as far as may be, those qualities that made him the blessing and glory of his country. (Applause.) Energy and industry perhaps American boys will be taught anywhere; the air of America is full of such lessons. Not, indeed, that most advisers of youth with us would think of using such very antiquated words as energy and industry, but they are very particular to impress on all young men the need of "hustling" (laughter), in order to be sure that no spark of nobility shall linger in the flame of their ardor and make it visionary and impractical. The fiery and persuasive eloquence of Adams, which forced the timid ones at Philadelphia into the adoption of the great Declaration, cannot perhaps be taught indeed, the germs are in the boy's nature, but we still keep up, sir, and we are not ashamed of it, the old-fashioned even outlandish practice of declamation—speaking pieces, storing our pupils' memories with the standard classic masterpieces of our language and having them deliver them with very little reference to the rules of elocution, and every encouragement to speak as John Adams did, with the heart behind every word. (Applause.) By this means, sir, we trust that when our boys shall have to think and write for themselves, great thoughts in great words shall come instinctively to their tongues, and base thoughts in base words find that there is no room for them when they would insinuate an entrance. (Applause.) We cannot impart John Adams's almost prophetic foresight, which saw his country's duty and destiny long before many of his doubting contemporaries, but we can teach our boys that the right and noble course is always at hand, always waiting for the lips of the righteous and noble man to speak the word; and that that word when calls to right and noble actions may be spoken too soon for any selfish aims of the speaker, but never can be too soon for his country—not for our God. (Great applause.) But at least we can teach the spotless integrity and unbounded patriotism of John Adams; we can make them feel the spirit of him whose excitable frame was thrilled to the depths by every call of honorable ambition, who plunged into the fray of noble renown like the charger that carried Sheridan to Winchester, and yet who would not have concealed his true sentiments or stooped to a base act if the Presidency of the United States had been the crown of the world (applause); and we can teach them his patriotism. (Applause.)

A SCHOOL OF AMERICANS.

Our school, founded by John Adams's fellow-citizens, has from its opening been attended by pupils from every part of the Union—side by side on our benches sit year after year boys from every State of New-England, from New-York and Pennsylvania, from Albany and Tennessee, from Ohio and Texas, from Illinois and California. Out of every text-book from the first year to the last, from the History of England to the Orations of Cicero, we find a chance to draw the lesson that the name United States takes a verb in the singular (great applause), and that we are, as long as the Mississippi runs to the sea, many and yet one. (Applause.) That was the patriotism of John Adams; that was the patriotism of the New-England scholars, her schoolmasters and her university men. If ever it has seemed otherwise, if ever our sister States have fancied that Massachusetts was sectional and not national, that we were so in love with the Hub of the Universe that we fancied our national wheel had no radiating spokes, and no binding felloe; it has all been a momentary cloud, a passing error. (Applause.) Whenever the thought of New-England can make itself felt she will speak out. She has spoken out with the broadest, the most sympathetic nationality. (Great applause.) Her scholars know what were the senseless local discussions that ruined Greece, they know what was the over-centralized imperialism that crushed Rome. They have followed the divisions and the consolidations of modern Europe. They see the truth which New-England's great statesman taught, that devotion to the Union is a moral duty; they do not think Massachusetts is really Massachusetts without California, or Vermont entirely Vermont without South Carolina, or Connecticut all of Connecticut without Texas. (Loud applause.) And they would rather the Mayflower had never sailed than that the children of her company, spread as they are all over the Union, should have a love of country less wide than its limits.

There still springs in the woods of Plymouth that lovely ground plant which so early received the name of the vessel that bore the Pilgrims to America. Every year those woods are visited by tasteless Philistines, who, not content with picking all the flowers they can carry, wrench up yards of the plant from the soil and throw it away in their wantonness. Every lover of nature and beauty cries out at the outrage. But it is nothing to the outrage of him who, carrying away as his own possession what little portion his breast can contain of the Pilgrim spirit, would wrench up from their roots, planted in every State of the Union, the tender, fragrant, clinging plants of national brotherhood, which links us in one from the Arm of Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, and from the ice gorge of the Niagara River to the ripples that sound among the orange groves of Florida. (Enthusiastic applause.) Our fathers left England because of its distractions and differences; let the hand of their creation have no sentiment of patriotism unhallowed by union. (Long and continued applause.)

"A MESSAGE FROM THE GRANGERS."

Coming with "A Message from the Grangers," A. B. Cummins delivered it to his hearers in these eloquent words:

You must allow me to dispel, with my first sentence, an illusion that the subject suggested by your worthy president may have created. I am not a delegate from the Farmers' Alliance, so recently organized under the Florida palms. I know too well the limits of my own capacity to undertake to deliver a message from a body which proposes reforms so vast and comprehensive in the social, economic, moral and political sciences, and whose resolutions are a palpable infringement upon Mr. Bellamy's copyright. (Laughter.) Indeed, when I come to examine the source of my authority, I am somewhat embarrassed lest my self-imposed commission may be repudiated before I have entered upon its execution. (Laughter.) I have read somewhere that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and I hasten to invite your confidence by the candid admission that in my own state I have not always been recognized as the fittest exponent of my friends, the Grangers. (Laughter and applause.) But I am now far from home, and, as you have observed, distance is an element not only of enchantment, but of safety, and in this remote and secluded spot I can with impunity usurp privileges which a local prejudice has hitherto denied me. (Laughter and applause.)

When, however, I bear in mind what I am about to do, my position reminds me of the two brothers who, contrary to the most stringent injunctions, robbed their father's pear tree of its choicest fruit, for which one of them shortly after fell heir to a most terrific trouncing. He could not imagine how his father found it out, and was wondering to his brother about it, when the latter, a saintly little fellow very promptly said, "My conscience troubled me, and I confessed it all to father." Well, said the other, "How did it happen that you didn't get a licking too?" "Oh, that's easy, I only confessed on you." (Great laughter.)

But upon second thought, no such complaint shall be made of my mission, for if one hand be found laden with confessions, the other will be full of just demands yet unacknowledged, and in this great clearing house of respect and confidence, I shall see the place of the honest people for whom I speak still higher advanced in your esteem.

REMEMBERING THE PILGRIMS.

Doubtful as my right to express the views of the "Granger" upon some questions may be, there is one message which warms every heart and falls from every lip. That, at least, I bring to you with no fear that it will ever find a critic. It is this: That in each recurring December when the winds of winter begin to roar over their plains, they too remember that cheerless day when the first of the Pilgrims was freed upon the New-England shore, and if I could allow candor to overcome courtesy, I should say that they might teach you to celebrate it with a higher, deeper and more earnest appreciation of the virtues of your ancestors. (Applause.) What more striking figure can you summon from the history of the world than this emigrant of Castle Garden lifted up and enrobed by the emigrant of Plymouth Rock, reverently offering his tribute of affection to the memory of his benefactor? The message that I bear to you is, that we of the Granger states, gathered from every nation of the earth, unite in the sentiment that the anchors which have held so fast and secure amid the perils of many a storm are set in the hills of Plymouth Bay. (Loud applause.) Let me be more explicit. We do not venerate the peculiar religion of the Puritan. It was a dark and gloomy fanaticism, of which no better thing can be said than that it builded better than it knew. We cannot admit for New-England a claim of precedence in the love of liberty of country, of ability to counsel or valor in war, nor even of high and accurate skill in the forms of free government, for in all these things the imperial hand must crown alike the Puritan, the Cavalier, the Huguenot and the Huguenot. (Applause.) But there is one influence, the mightiest of all which have contributed to the development of the United States that New-England can justly claim for herself. It is the influence of individuality, of social equality, not always exactly equality, but absolute potential equality. (Applause.) It springs and expands from the idea that a man is what he makes himself; that while there are ranks in society, ranks in business, ranks in politics, rank in everything, they are all open to every comer who has the courage and will to enter them. (Applause.) Your forefathers were great in many things, but surpassingly great in that they first taught the world to appreciate and recognize the worth and dignity of labor. This principle is the cornerstone of the republic. Without it the eloquence and wisdom of court, Congress and convention would have perished like the vagaries of the French assemblies. It is to this sign that you have conquered and held in fused allegiance an empire vaster than every acknowledged the Roman sway. This is the talisman which peopled the hills, valleys, mountains and plains which stretch away from the summit of the Alleghanies to the slopes of the Sierras. (Applause.) It is under the guidance of this master that the lines of commerce flung from your hands fly straight to every harbor of the West, and with a chariot subpoing that of the fabled Apollo, you verify in modern fact the splendor of ancient fables. Without it we would be slaves to unalterable conditions, with it you have taught us to subdue every obstacle which misfortune can create, and yield safe obedience to our rightful sovereigns, industry and intelligence. (Tremendous applause.)

Therefore my message is, that, though we cannot imitate your graceful eulogies, though we cannot share your filial affection, yet after you shall turn reluctantly away from the past to the duties of the present, we shall be found waiting to lay the last though humblest wreath upon the immortal memory of the Pilgrims. (Renewed applause.)

THE WORD HE BRINGS.

I have brought with me another message, which I greatly fear you will not accept as appropriate to an occasion dedicated to affectionate retrospect. If it be so I am a transgressor who deeply intent upon committing the offence, hastens to sue your pardon in advance. My apology is that we of the West have come to look upon this society as one of the great factors in modern opinion, and upon its annual meeting as an assembly in which you not only praise the virtue of the dead, but perpetuate it among the living. I have precedents, too, that entitle me to your forbearance. The "New South," with its awakened energies, brought hither the strange hum of its looms and forges, and, under the inspiration of that chivalric spirit that vanished all too soon, it stilled the echo of that wail of oppression and injustice which had resounded in your ears since you could first remember. Later there came a wizard from the mountains, who unrolled before your pleased fancy a vision of gilded peaks, auriferous canons and stream-blessed valleys; and for the moment there seemed to burst from the rugged mountain sides a shower of gold and silver copious enough to dower us all with princely fortunes. And I trust that you have ever since enjoyed the fabulous stores so lavishly displaced, and that the crest of the continent holds even higher place in your friendly regard than for long centuries it has held among the clouds.

And now I come—a long way after both of them—from a people who do not seek absolution and from a country that hears upon its surface none of the convulsions of nature to either entrance the beholder or grace the periods of the orator. There are times, though, when the eye needs repose, and when these periods come we unveil the fairest scene upon which the sight of man ever fell. There there is every day turned to the sun a road and fertile field, the like of which he blesses nowhere else in all his journey; a whole empire of nodding corn, of shimmering wheat, of waving oats, of browsing herds and sturdy men. (Applause.) Where can you match it? Every year the housewives of these Granger States extract in the simple laboratory of nature a primitive product which rivals in its color and surpasses in its value all the gold that is due from the bowels of the earth between the two seas (applause), and every year their husbandmen so crowd the pathways of commerce and so swell and occupy the markets with the varied fruits of their toil, that you almost forget that there is a country where cotton whitens the fields or a land where the earth, instead of baring its bosom to the dainty raindrop, drinks water from a trough like a thirsty beast.

But what of the people to whose touch the prolific soil of the Middle West responds so generously? And now to be just I must narrow the range of my observations to my own state. They are Puritans—Puritans in their straitened fortunes, for with them Nature keeps the promise to the ear but breaks it to the hope, and overflowing granaries are not the forerunners of plethoric purses. To be sure, a paternal government generously protects them from the severe competition of foreign producers, and they have therefore no fear of the sterile wastes of Canada, the bogs of Ireland, the gardens of England or the hot Desert of Sahara. Nevertheless they have been gradually impelled to the conclusion that a fair price for corn follows either the disaster of a drouth or the calamity of a flood. They are Puritans in their thought, and adhere with rigor to the doctrines of your forefathers, that organized society should regulate and control the manners, habits and conduct of its members. They are a hard-worked, sober-minded, pleasure-stinted people, and they usually enjoy good things—as they have to-night—your good cheer—by proxy. They may not be able to trace their genealogy to the ill