rather sentiment of our own time suggest, it is in the idea of a nation's progress, which these venerable men and women entertained, contrasted with that which a new school of philosophers is now endeavoring to inculcate among us. Sir, what was the Pilgrim idea of a nation's progress and a nation's glory? He was content to labor and to suffer to build better than they knew, looking forward to no reward, but that which comes from the approving smile of the Great Task-master himself. He was content to do his duty and leave events with God. He was content, aye, and those noble women—God bless their memory!—who could stand by the couch of the dying and close the eyes of the dead, while the famishing wolf was at their door, and while their sick and suffering babes were clamoring for the life which they alone could give—they were content, even then, in humble confidence, and trust, to leave the destiny of their nation to [Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations and of men. They asked for no manifestations. They did not pride themselves on the idea that it was the manifest destiny of the colonists of New Plymouth here to plant an empire which would grow till its branches overshadowed the continent. (Applause.) But, sir, the manifest destiny doctrine of our day—is it, Mr. President, and sons and daughters of the Old Colony—is it of the true Pilgrim stamp, and would it bear the test of their Christian character? Why, sir, I believe the most recent and most authoritative exposition of it is—forgetting almost that there is a God who reigneth among the nations of the earth—that it is the manifest destiny of this country of ours—one of the inexorable conditions of its existence—that it is to march, march, march in the path of pagan Rome, through fields of blood and battle, till it has accomplished its mission like that of the wandering Jew, which is taken for its emblem. (Applause.) Mr. President, who relishes this foredoomed and predestined tramping for a nation like this? (Laughter.) Who is not rather content to cultivate the glorious arts of peace, and reverence for God, and respect for law, and to observe that great mark of justice in a civilized people which the late John Quincy Adams declared was the highest honor of our Pilgrim fathers—"they (he says) were the first European colony which observed that natural right of the Indian occupant to the soil on which he lived, and added all the territory which was obtained by them, whether, sir, by the barter trade of the two jack knives and piece of wampum, or whatever else. Every inch of territory they obtained was by a fair compact with those who held the soil," and the most eminent writer on public law of modern times—the celebrated Vattel—has done merited honor to the Pilgrim fathers of New Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, that they were the first to establish this preceptive rule of natural justice and national right. Sir, are we content to abide by the example of our fathers in this respect, or do we desire to go on and make it one of the conditions of our national existence that we should march, march, march? (Laughter.) No, sir, the Pilgrims had a better motto and watchword than that; they saw with an undimmed vision in the clear sky above them as clearly as the fabled cross of Constantine to his eye, the admonition, "pray, pray, pray, work, work, work." Industry and piety, frugality and a reverend faith in God, they were content to follow as their watch words to future prosperity and honor. (Applause.) My fellow-citizens, sons and daughters of New England, which do you choose? Which will you carry from here as your guide in the coming days? Shall the country where you live, and in which your children are to live, be symbolized by a wandering Jew or a Christian pilgrim? (Applause.) I anticipate the response; here and everywhere where there is a spark of the Pilgrim blood still warming the heart and suffusing the countenance of a son or daughter of the Pilgrim stock; and I ask you and them sir, to unite with me in the wish which I shall utter in the form of a sentiment for this day and hour:—

The Sons and Daughters of New England—May their contributions to the true glory of the republic be ever exhibited in an unwavering fidelity to those principles of their Pilgrim fathers, which were founded on a rock.

The Governor sat down amid the most enthusiastic applause, when the President read the following toast:—

The Cape Cod Association, Plymouth, in 1644 gave one Prince to Cape Cod. Cape Cod has to-day seat us many Princes in return.

Mr. Scudder, as President of the Cape Cod Association, returned thanks for the honor conferred, and expressed his diffidence at expressing his ideas in comparison with the feeling latent in his heart. He eloquently reviewed the progress of civilization since the landing of the Pilgrims, and indulged in some very interesting speculations as to the effects that would be produced upon their minds could they be empowered to witness the mighty changes which had been produced by their humble but soul inspiring energies. He concluded by proposing:—

The Children of the old Colony of Plymouth. Like old Antæus, they always gain new strength in contact with their mother earth.

The President proposed the next toast:—

The Embarkation of 1620 and its results. Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

Hon. Edward Everett was then introduced to the company by the President, and after the tremendous cheering with which he was received had subsided, he spoke as follows:—

MR. EVERETT'S SPEECH.

You, Mr. President, have been good enough to intimate that among our numerous honored guests to which your complimentary remarks might have applied with as much justice as to myself, with possibly a single exception. I am the individual to whom you look to respond to the toast that has just been announced. I rise to obey your call. It is true that there is a single circumstance by which it is possible that the allusion may have been more exclusively applied to me than to any other gentleman present, for it is most true that on one pleasant occasion on which I had been at this delightful and beloved Plymouth, I had suggested that it might be expedient, not always, but occasionally, to transfer the celebration of the great day from the winter to the summer season. Supposing that to be the allusion which you had in your mind, I feel that I may without impropriety obey your call in rising to respond to the toast that has just been given.

It is now hard upon thirty years since I had the honor, on the 22d December, to address the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims assembled in this place. I deemed it a peculiar privilege and an honor. I deem it, sir, a still greater honor to find myself here on this joyous occasion, and to be permitted to participate in this happy festival where we have an attendance of so many distinguished friends and fellow citizens from distant parts of the Union—from almost every State in the Union, sir, you have already told us—where we are favored with the company of the representatives of the New England Society of New York, one of those institutions which are carrying the name and the principles of the Pilgrims to the farthest end of the Union—where we are gratified with the company of our military friends from the same city, the great commercial emporium of the United States—where we are honored with the presence of so much of the gravity, the dignity, and the character of the community; and where we are favored with the presence of so much of beauty, of grace, and of loveliness. (Applause.)

I do indeed, sir, feel it to be a privilege to be here under these circumstances, and I do deem myself most highly honored in being called upon to respond to the toast which you have just announced in commemoration of the embarkation of the Pilgrims, and its results. The theme is vast; I shrink from it. I know not where to begin or where to end. It seems that you yourself, in the remarks with which you favored the company, struck the key note of this great theme, in alluding to this great continent before the Pilgrims came, and to the situation of its primitive inhabitants. There in the beginning. I saw one or two of them, poor wanderers, as we came into Plymouth, seated by the roadside, wondering spectators of the pageant which was passing before their eyes.

A few days ago, as I saw in the newspapers, two light birch bark canoes appeared in Boston harbor, containing each a solitary Indian. They seemed as they approached, to gaze in silent wonder at the city of the triple hills, rising street above street, and crowned with the dome of the State House, and at the long line of villas stretching far into the back ground, at the numerous tall vessels outward bound, as they dropped down the channel and spread their broad wings to the breeze, and those which were returning weather beaten from the ends of the earth; at the steamers, dashing in every direction across the harbor, breathing volumes of smoke from their fiery lungs. They paddled their frail barks with dexterity and speed through this strange busy, and to them, no doubt, bewildering scene; and having made the circuit of East Boston, the navy yard, the city itself, and South Boston, dropped down with the current, and disappeared among the islands.

There was not a human being of kindred blood to utter a word of welcome to them in all the region, which on the day we now commemorate was occupied by their forefathers in Massachusetts. The race is gone. It would be a mistaken sentimentality to regret the change; to regret that some thousand uncultured barbarians, destitute of all the improvements of social life, and seemingly incapable of adopting them, should have yielded gradually to the civilized millions who have taken their place. But we must, both as men and as Christians, condemn whatever of oppression and wrong has marked the change (as is too apt always to be the case when strong and weak are brought into contact with each other) and without affectation we may indulge a heartfelt sympathy for the feeble and stricken relics of once powerful and formidable tribes of fellow men.

On the 1st of August, 1620, the circumstances of the two races, as far as this part of America is concerned, presented very nearly the reverse of the picture we have just contemplated. On that day the territory now forming the States of New England was occupied by numerous Indian tribes, some of which were strong and warlike. They were far behind the natives of Mexico and Peru; but they had added some simple agriculture to their hunting and fishing—their moccasins, and snow shoes, and stone hatchets, and wampum belts, evinced their aptitude for the humble arts of savage life; they retained unimpaired their native independence, ignorant of the claims to sovereignty which powerful governments three thousand miles off founded upon the right of discovery; and neither the arts, nor the arms, nor the diseases, nor the vices of civilized life, had communed that terrible warfare against them, which has since been pushed to their extermination.

On that day and in this condition of the American races, a handful of care-worn exiles doomed English exiles set sail from Delft-Haven in Holland, with the intention, after being joined by a few brethren of the faith in England, to encounter the then much dreaded perils of the Atlantic, and the still more formidable uncertainties of the projected settlement on the outer edge of the new world. Two centuries and a third have passed—the momentous ages of national infancy, childhood, and youth, have been rapidly lived through, and six prosperous republics, parents of a still increasing family of States in the boundless West, have grown up in the wilderness. In the meantime, in this part of the continent, the native inhabitants have sunk far below the point of comparative weakness down to the verge of annihilation; and we have assembled now and here to celebrate the day, where this all-important change commenced (applause.)

I allude, Mr. President, to this revolution in the condition of this continent, and the races that occupy it, not as introducing a narrative of familiar incidents or a train of commonplace reflections, but as pointing directly to the great problem which first presented itself on the discovery of America, and the agency of the Pilgrim Fathers in its solution; an agency whose first public manifestation might be said to commence with the ever memorable embarkation at Delft Haven, to which I have just referred.

The discovery itself of the American continent may, I think, fairly be considered the most extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and often as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation. That a continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united—spread out on both sides of the equator—lying between the western shores of Europe and Africa and the eastern shore of Asia—with groups of islands in either ocean, as it were stepping places on the march of discovery; a continent not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of rational man—that this great hemisphere, I say, should have laid undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep—a mystery so vast—within so short a distance—and yet not found out, is indeed a marvel. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise in the west. Dark wooded trees had drifted over the sea, and told of the tropical forests where they grew. Stupendous ocean currents, driven westward by the ever-breathing trade winds, had wheeled their mighty flexures along the American coast, and returned to Europe with tidings of the everlasting breakwaters which had stopped their way. (Tremendous applause.) But the fulness of time had not yet come. Egypt and Assyria, and Tyre and Carthage, and Greece and Rome must flourish and fall, before the seals are broken. The ancient civilization must be weighed in a balance and found wanting. Yes, and more. Nature must unlock her rarest mysteries; the quivering steel must learn to tremble to the pole; the Astrolabe must climb the arch of heaven, science must demonstrate the sphericity of the earth, which the ancients suspected but could not prove; the press must scatter the flying rear of mediæval darkness; the creative instincts of a new political, intellectual, and social life must begin to kindle into action; and then the great discoverer may go forth. (Renewed applause.)

He does go forth. The discovery is made—the balance of the globe is redressed. A continent nearly equal in extent to one-half the ancient hemisphere is brought to light. What momentous questions present themselves! Another world! Is it a twin sister of the ancient world? It has mountains, and rivers, and lakes, and forests, but does it contain the homes of man—of cultivated races, who have pursued independently of their Eastern brethren, separate, perhaps higher, paths of civilization? In a word, has the great cause of humanity made an immediate gain by the wonderful event which has added so much to the geography of the world as before known?

The first contact answered these questions in the negative. The native races, apparently incapable of assimilation, seemed doomed by a mysterious Providence to pass away. The Spaniard came upon them, borne on winged monsters, as they thought, from beyond the sea; careering on strange quadrupeds—horse and rider, as they supposed, forming but one animal; and he advanced under cover of that fearful ordnance which they confounded with the bolted artillery of the skies; he came in all these terrors, and he brought them death.

These that escaped have borrowed little from us but the poisoned cup, the loathsome malady, the murderous weapon. The skies are mild, the soil is fertile—there is every variety of climate—a boundless theatre for human enjoyment and action—but the appointed agent was not there. Over the greater part of the new found continent, society, broken down by eternal wars between neighboring tribes—at once in its decrepitude and infancy, had not yet risen even to the pastoral stage. Nature, in fact, had not bestowed upon man the mute but faithful partners of his toil—the horse, the ox the sheep, and other still humbler associates, whose aid (did we but know it) lies at the basis of his civilization; who furnish so much of his food and clothing—meat, milk, eggs, and wool and skins, and relieve his weary muscles of their heaviest burdens. There is no civilized population to stand up and enter into equal comparison, and generous rivalry with Europe. The discoverer has come, but the settler, the colonist, the conqueror—alas! that I must add, too often the oppressor and destroyer—are to follow in his train. By these various agencies—joyous and sorrowful—through these paths of triumph and woe, the culture of the old world, in the lapse of successive generations, reformed of its abuses, enriched with new arts, animated by a broader spirit of humanity, transferred from the privileged few to the mass of the community, is to be reproduced and perfected in the West. (Applause.)

I need not say to this company, assembled on the shores of the haven for which so many noble hearts on that terrible voyage throbbed with sickening expectancy—that quiet haven where the Mayflower furled her tattered walls—that a greater, a nobler work was never performed by man. (Applause.) Truly the *opus magnum* the great work of humanity. You bid me speak of that portion of it which devolved on the Pilgrims. Would to Heaven I could find words to do justice even to my own poor conceptions, and still more that I could find conceptions not far below the august reality. A mighty work of improvement, in which (not to speak of what has been done in other portions of the continent) the poor solitary Mayflower, so to say, has multiplied herself into the thousand vessels that bear the flag of the Union to every sea; has scattered her progeny through the land, to the number of nearly a quarter of a million, for every individual in that drooping company of one hundred; and in place of the simple compact which was signed in her cabin has exhibited to the admiration of mankind a constitution of republican government for all this growing family of prosperous States. (Great applause.) But the work is in its infancy. It must extend throughout the length and breadth of the land; and what is not done directly by ourselves must be done by other governments and other races, by the light of our example. The work—the work must go on. (Renewed applause.) It must reach at the North to the enchanted cave of the magnet within never melting barriers of Arctic ice; it must bow to the lord of day on the altar peak of Chimborazo; it must look up and worship the Southern cross. From the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic that blushes in the kindling dawn, to the last promontory on the Pacific, which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun, it must make the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice in the gladsome light of morals, and letters, and arts. (Applause.) Emperors, and kings, and parliaments—the oldest and the strongest governments in Europe—must engage in this work, in some part or other of the continent; but no part of it shall be so faithfully and successfully performed as that which was undertaken on the spot where we are now gathered, by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. (Applause.)

Providence from the beginning strewed their path with salutary hardships. Formidable difficulties beset them from the first. Three years of weary negotiation had failed to procure these noble adventurers the express sanction of the British government; they had scarcely obtained its reluctant and tacit permission to banish themselves to the ends of the earth; and their shattered private fortunes allowed but the meanest outfit; but on the 1st of August, 1620, under these poor auspices, they embarked, a handful of Pilgrims, to lay upon this spot, the foundation not only of this our beloved New England, but of all that portion of United America which traces its descent to this venerated stock.

When we contrast the heart-stricken company which on that day knelt and wept on the quay at Delft Haven, till the impassive spectators—ignorant of the language in which their prayers were offered, and the deep fountains of grief from which their sorrows flowed, were yet fain to melt in sympathetic tears—when we compare them with the busy, prosperous millions of our present New England, we seem to miss that due proportion between results and their causes, which history delights to trace. But a deeper and a more appreciative study reveals the secret.

There are two master ideas, greatest of the spiritual images enthroned in the mind of man, the only ones, comparatively speaking, which deserve a name among men—springs of all the grand beneficent movements of modern times, by whose influence the settlement of New England may be rationally explained. You have anticipated me, descendants of the Pilgrims; these great ideas are God and Liberty. It was these that inspired our fathers, by these that their weakness was clothed with power, that their simplicity was transmuted to wisdom; by these that the great miracle of their enterprise was wrought. (Applause.)

I am aware that to ascribe such a result, even in part, to the influence of religion, will sound like weakness and superstition in this material age—an age at once supremely skeptical and supremely credulous, which is ready to believe in everything spiritual rather than God, and admits all marvels but the interposition of his providence—an age which supposes it a thing of every day's occurrence to evoke from their awful rest the spirits of the great and good, and believes that master intellects, which, while they lived—obstructed with these organs of sense—(applause) ravished the ears with "the tongues of men," and have now cast off "this muddy vesture of decay," and gone where they speak with "the tongues of angels," can yet find no medium of communication from the eternal world but wretched inarticulate rappings and slatterings, which pothouse clowns would be ashamed to use in their intercourse with each other. (Applause.) As if our matchless Choate, for instance, who has just electrified the land with a burst of eloquence not easily paralleled in the line of time, if sent with a message from a higher state of being, would come skulking and rapping behind the wainscot, instead of coming in robes of light, with a voice like the music of the spheres. (Applause.) As age, I say, that believes all this, and yet doubts and sneers at the wonder working fervors of earnest men, swayed by the all-powerful influence of sincere faith.

It believes—yes, in the middle of the nineteenth century—it believes that you can have the attraction of gravitation, which holds the universe together, suspended by a snowman for a dollar, who will make a table dance round the room by an act of volition, (applause,) forgetful of the fact that if the law of gravitation were suspended for the twinkling of an eye, by any other power than that which ordained it, every planet that walks the firmament, yea all the starry suns, centres of the countless systems, unseen of mortal eyes, which fill the unfathomed depths of the heavens, would crumble back to chaos; (applause,) but it can see in the Pilgrims nothing but a handful of narrow minded bigots, driven by discontent from the old world to the new; and can find nothing in the majestic process by which United America has been established as a grand temple of religious and civil liberty—a general refuge of humanity—but a chapter in political history, which neither requires nor admits explanation.

Mr. President, this may sound like philosophy, but it is the philosophy of the Sadducee. It quenches the brightest glory of our nature. The Pilgrims were actuated by that principal, which (as I have just said) has given the first impulse to all the great movements of the modern world—I mean profound religious faith. They had the frailties of humanity. This exalted principal itself was combined with human weaknesses. It was mingled with the prejudices and errors of age, and country, and sect; it was habitually gloomy; it was sometimes intolerant; but it was reverent, sincere, all controlling. It did not influence, it possessed the soul. It steeled the heart to the delights of life; it raised the frame above bodily weakness; it enabled the humble to brave the frowns of power; it triumphed over cold, and hunger, the prison and the scaffold; it taught uneducated men to speak with persuasive fervor; it gave manly strength and courage to tender and delicate women. In the admirable letter of Robinson and Brewster—whom I shall call great men, Mr. President—written to Sir Edwyn Sandys in 1617—whom, they pathetically say, "under God above all persons and things in the world we rely upon"—among the suggestions which they make to encourage him to further their undertaking is this:—

"We do really believe and trust that the Lord is with us, unto whom and whose service we have given ourselves in many trials, and that he will graciously prosper our endeavors, according to the simplicity of our hearts."

The man who can utter these words with sincerity, on who are embarked in a just cause, have already succeeded. They may not gather the fruit, but they have planted the seed; others may build, but they have laid the foundation. This is the spirit which in all ages has wrought the moral miracles of humanity; which rebuked and overturned the elegant corruption of the classical polytheism, as it did the darker and fiercer rites of Thor and Woden—which drove back the false and licentious sword-cent into Asia and held Europe together through the night of the middle ages; which limited neither to country, communion or sex, despite of human weaknesses and errors, in the missions of Paraguay, and the missions of the Sandwich Islands, in Winthrop, in Penn and in Wesley; in Eliza Seton and Mary Ware, has accomplished the beneficent wonders of Christian faith and love. (Applause.)

But, sir, our fathers embraced that second grand idea of civic liberty, with not less fervor than the first. It was a kindred fruit of the same stock. They cherished it with a zeal not less intense and resolute. This is a topic for a volume, rather than for the closing sentence of a speech at the dinner table. I will only say that the highest authorities in English history—Hume, Hallam, Macaulay—neither of them influenced by sympathy with the Puritans, concur in the opinion that England was indebted to them for the preservation of her liberties in that most critical period of her national existence, when the question between prerogative and law, absolute authority and constitutional government, was decided forever.

In coming to this country our fathers most certainly contemplated not merely a safe retreat beyond the sea, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, but a local government founded on popular choice. That their foresight stretched onward through the successive stages of colonial and provincial government, which resulted in the establishment of a great republican confederacy, it would be extravagant to pretend; but from that primitive and venerable compact, signed on board the Mayflower, while she yet nestled in the embrace of Provincetown harbor after her desolate voyage, like a weary child at evening in its mother's arms, through every document and manifesto which bears on the question, there is a distinct indication of a purpose to establish civil government on the basis of republican equality and popular choice.

In a word, Mr. President, their political code united religion and liberty, morals and law, and it differed from the wild license which breaks away from these restraints, as the well-guided railway engine, instinct with its mechanic life, conducted by a bold but skilful and prudent hand, and propelled in safety towards its destination, with glowing axle along its iron grooves, differs from the same engine when its speed is rashly urged beyond the point of safety, or when driven by criminal recklessness or murderous neglect, it leaps madly from the track, and plunges with its shrieking train into the jaws of destruction.

Loud and long protracted cheering followed Mr Everett's eloquent speech.

The President gave the next toast.

Our late distinguished fellow citizen and neighbor, the Orator of 1820—Daniel Webster.

This toast was received by the company standing, the band playing a dirge.

The following ode, written for the occasion by Rev. Wm. P. Lunt, of Quincy, Mass. The first verse only was sung:—

Ye men of Christian England,
That stand for Truth and Right;
Whose faith has nerved a thousand hearts,
In exile and in fight!
Your dauntless virtue trust again!
In God confide once more!
And flee o'er the sea
Where the stormy waters roar,
Where the wrath of man is faintly heard,
And the stormy waters roar.

The following toast was announced by the President:—

"The Senate of the United States—The concentrated light of the stars of the Union."

Mr. Charles Sumner responded as follows:—

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. President, you bid me speak for the Senate. But I cannot forget that there is another voice here, of classical eloquence, which might more fitly render this service. As one of the humblest members of that body, and associated with the public councils for a brief period only, I should prefer that my distinguished colleague, whose fame is linked with a long political life, should speak for it. And there is yet another here, (Mr. Hale,) who, taught not at this moment a member of the Senate, has throughout an active and brilliant career, marked by a rare combination of ability, eloquence, and good humor, so identified himself with it in the public mind that he might well speak for it always; and when he speaks all are pleased to listen. (Applause.) But, sir, you have ordered it otherwise.

From the departure at Delft Haven, from the deck of the Mayflower, from the landing at Plymouth Rock to the Senate of the United States is a mighty contrast, covering whole spaces of history—hardly less than from the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, to that Roman Senate, which, on curule chairs, swayed Italy and the world—from these obscure beginnings of poverty and weakness, which you now piously commemorate, and on which all our minds naturally rest to-day, you bid us leap to that marble capitol, where thirty one powerful States, bound in indissoluble union—a plural unit—are gathered together in legislative body, constituting a part of one government, which, stretching from ocean to ocean, and counting millions of people beneath its majestic rule, surpasses far in wealth and might any government of the Old World when the little band of Pilgrims left it, and which now promises to be a clasp between Europe and Asia, bringing the most distant places near together, so that there shall be no more Orient or Occident. It were interesting to dwell on the stages of this grand procession, but it is enough on this occasion simply to glance at them and pass on.

Sir, it is the Pilgrims that we commemorate to day; not the Senate. For this moment, at least let us tread under foot all pride of empire, all exultation in our manifold triumphs of industry, of science, of literature, that we may reverently bow before the forefathers. The day is theirs. In the contemplation of their virtue we shall derive a lesson, which, like truth, may judge us sternly; but, if we can really follow it, like truth, it shall make us free. For myself, I accept the admonitions of the day. It may teach us all never by word or act, although we may be few in numbers or alone, to swerve from these primal principles of duty, which, from the landing at Plymouth Rock, have been the life of Massachusetts. Let me briefly unfold the lesson.

Few persons in history have suffered more from contemporary misrepresentation, abuse and persecution, than the English Puritans. At first a small body, they were regarded with indifference or contempt. But by degrees they grew in numbers and drew into their company men of education, intelligence, and even of rank. Reformers in all ages have had little of blessing from the world which they sought to serve; but the Puritans were not disheartened. Still they persevered. The obnoxious laws of conformity they vowed to withstand till, in the fervid language of the time, "they be cast back to the darkness from whence they came." Through them the spirit of modern freedom made itself potently felt, in its great warfare with authority, in church, in literature, and in the State; in other words, for religious, intellectual, and political emancipation. The Puritans primarily aimed at religious freedom; for this they contended in Parliament, under Elizabeth and James; for this they suffered; but so connected are all these great and glorious interests, that the struggles for one have always helped the other. Such service did they do, that Hume, whose cold nature could not sympathize with their burning souls, is obliged to confess that to them alone "the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution."

As among all reformers, so among them there were differences of degree. Some continued within the pale of the national church, and there pressed their ineffectual attempts in behalf of the good cause. Some at length, driven by conscientious convictions, and unwilling to be partakers longer in its enormities, stung also by the cruel excesses of magisterial power, openly disclaimed the National establishment and became a separate sect, first under the name of Brownists, from the person who had led in this new organization, and then under the better name of Separatists. After long struggles in Parliament and out of it, in Church and State, continued through successive reigns, the Puritans finally triumphed, and the despised sect of Separatists, swollen in number, and now under the denomination of Independents, with Oliver Cromwell as their head and John Milton as his secretary, ruled England. Thus is prefigured the final triumph of all, however few in numbers, who sincerely devote themselves to truth. (Applause.)

The Pilgrims of Plymouth were among the earliest of the Separatists. As such they knew, by bitter experience, all the sharpness of persecution. Against them the men in power raged like the heathen. Against them the whole fury of the law was directed. Some were imprisoned; all were impoverished, while their name became a bye-word of reproach. For safety and freedom the little band first sought shelter in Holland, where they continued, in indigence and obscurity, for more than ten years when they were impelled to seek a home in this unknown western world. Such, in brief, is their history. I could not say more of it without intruding upon your time; I could not say less without injustice to them.

Rarely have austere principles been expressed with more gentleness than from their lips. By a covenant with the Lord, they had vowed to walk in all his ways, according to their best endeavors, whatever it should cost them—and also to receive whatever truth should be made known from the written word of God. Repentance and prayers, patience and tears were their weapons. "It is not with us," said they, "as with other men, whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." And yet these men, with their sublime endurance, and with their lofty faith, are among those who were sometimes called "Puritan knaves" and "Knaves Puritan," and were branded by King James as the "very pests in the Church and Commonwealth." This small company of our forefathers was expressly termed the "pinched fanatics of Leyden;" and, at Whitehall, in 1863, a mask, by Carew, an elegant and careful poet of the reign of Charles I., was performed by the King and his courtiers, wherein the whole plantation of New England was turned to royal sport. It was said to have "purged more virulent humors from the politic bodies than guaiacum and all the West Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of the kingdom." (Sensation.)

And these outcasts, despised in their own day by the proud and powerful, are the men whom we have met in this goodly number to celebrate—not for any victory of war—not for any triumph of discovery, science or learning—not for worldly success of any kind. How poor are all these things by the side of that divine virtue which led them, amidst the reproach, the obloquy and the hardness of the world, to hold fast to the truth! Sir, if the honors of this day are not a mockery—if they do not expend themselves in mere selfish gratulation—if they are a sincere homage to the character of the Pilgrims—and I cannot suppose otherwise—then is it well for us to be here. Standing on Plymouth Rock, at their great anniversary, we cannot fail to be inspired by their example. We see clearly what it has done for the world, and what it has done for their fame. No man here to day will think their self sacrifice, their deviation from received opinions, their unquenchable thirst for liberty, an error or delusion. Conformity might, perhaps, have purchased for them a profitable peace, but not peace of mind; it might have secured peace and power, but not repose; it might have opened a present shelter, but not a home in history and in man's hearts till time shall be no more. All will confess the true grandeur of their example, while, in vindication of a hallowed principle, they stood alone against the madness of men, against the law of their land, against their king. Better be the despised Pilgrim, a fugitive for freedom, than the halting politician, forgetful of principle, "with a Senate at his heels." (Enthusiastic applause.)

Such, sir, is the voice from Plymouth Rock, as it salutes my ears. Others may not hear it. But to me it comes in tones which I cannot mistake. I catch its words of noble cheer:—

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.

The President announced the following toast:—

"South Carolina—We welcome her sons to the birthplace of New England."

Mr. Richard Yeadon of the Charleston, (S. C.) *Courier*, responded as follows:—

SPEECH OF MR. YEADON.

Descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers—The distinguished and generous compliment just paid to the State of South Carolina, and the enthusiastic manner in which it has been received by this vast and patriotic throng, devolves on me, in the opinion of my fellow South Carolinians here present, the office and the duty of attempting to make a suitable response. In recent memory, however, of the noble and classic strains of eloquence which have rolled from distinguished New England lips, and ravished New England ears and hearts, this day—strains (pointing to Mr. Everett) which are only comparable to the music of the spheres and lips which, like those of the prophets of old, may justly be styled lips of fire—I almost shrink appalled from the task, and dread to mingle the feeble and discordant notes of my peony whistle with the trumpet tones and rich harmonies of illustrious speakers worthy of the Athenian rostrum or the Roman Senate in their palmiest days. (Applause.) But never shall it be said that the Palmetto Fort failed to respond to Bunker Hill either in the interchange of the friendly salute, or in the discharge of rolled thunder and iron hail against the common foes of our common country. Like the gallant and lamented Butler, the commander and the hero of the ever glorious Palmetto regiment, I must not, and will not, shun a place in the picture though it be near the flashing of the guns. (Applause.)

Sons of the Pilgrim Sires,—I feel honored in my association with you this day, in the festive, although temperate, celebration of an event, than which none more important in its bearings on human destiny, is chronicled on the historic page. It is the departure of your pilgrim fathers and pilgrim mothers from Delft Haven on the 1st August, 1620, in that frail and often imperilled bark, the Mayflower, under the guidance of their pastor and of their God, to seek religious and establish civil liberty in the wilderness of America—to found on an eternal rock, the rock of truth, externally symbolled by the Plymouth Rock, near which we now reverentially and joyously stand—a new empire of freedom, destined to solve successfully the problem of popular self government, and to surpass, in extent of territorial domain, in greatness and glory, and in the production of the greatest good to the greatest number, all other empires, ancient or modern, which history records in her instructive annals, or which yet play their parts on the grand theatre of national existence. Descended, as I am maternally, and as numbers of my fellow South Carolinians are, either paternally or maternally, from Huguenot ancestors, who fled from even greater persecutions than did your Puritan fathers, and encountered equal perils and made equal sacrifices with them, for religion and liberty, I can fully sympathize and fraternize in feeling, in principle, and in hope, with this multitudinous concourse of worthy sons assembled to do honor and reverence to worthy sires—decked and crowned as it is with the beaming presence of the lovely daughters of the Pilgrim mothers. Permit me, fellow citizens of Massachusetts, to seize this occasion for the purpose of twining a common garland in honor of the illustrious and now immortal trio, who, after serving their common country with an extent and variety of service that made them and her glorious, have gone successively and at short intervals to the grave to be mourned by their mother States while a domestic and a heartstone grief—a sorrow that refuses to be comforted; by sister States, also, with responsive sympathy, and by the nation at large, as bereft at once of her brightest and most cherished jewels, and her strongest and noblest pillars. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were beyond all comparison, the three men of America; and long, if ever, will it be ere three stars equal in magnitude and lustre will be again seen culminating at the same time on our national meridian. The magnitudes and difficulties in their gifts, history, and career, are numerous and striking. They were not far removed from each other in age, and they came very nearly at the same time on the arena of public and political life. Each, in the very incipiancy of his public career, was recognized as an intellectual Hercules, and sprang, at a single bound, to the loftiest eminence. Each, while living, was the most cherished son of his particular State; and now that all of them are tenants of the grave, neither of their mother States would exchange her dead offspring for any living son in Christendom. Each, in his own section, stood without compeer in greatness and in the popular affections; yet each was regarded as the common property of the republic, rendering her illustrious service in the Senate, in the Cabinet, and in the field of diplomacy, influencing her measures and her destiny by their sage counsels, in peace and in war, identified with her history and her onward march, and, in a large measure, constituting her fame. (Applause.) they all alike towered above the men of their country and of their time, moral and intellectual pyramids in the midst of an intellectual and enlighted generation. Each was a practical farmer, fond of rural elegance and rural pursuits, and skilled in agricultural science. Calhoun at Fort Hill, his elegant and well ordered mountain farm; Clay, amid the shades and rural wealth of his beautiful and romantic Ashland; and Webster at his Marshfield encircled by agricultural abundance, reposing from the labors of State, and dispensing neighborly kindness and elegant hospitality—each aspired to the chief magistracy of the republic, seeking the noble end by noble means, and with motives "that make ambition virtue;" and each alike failed to win the noble and glittering prize, and each alike deserving, although not commanding success. There was, perhaps, too, a similarity in the reasons or causes of their common failure. Clay, when about to make his great anti-abolition speech in the Senate of 1839, was warned by a gifted Senator from South Carolina—the Hon. William C. Preston—that, with his well known opinions on the question of slavery, and in view of his aspirations for the Presidency, it would be as well not unnecessarily to offend the abolitionists; but the prompt and decisive answer of the great Kentuckian and patriotic American was—"I would rather be right than be President;" and the abolitionists became thenceforth his bitterest foes, and in all probability prevented his election to the Presidency in the subsequent contest with Mr. Polk. We learn, from the eloquent and classical eulogy of the accomplished Choate, worthy to take its place in the richest casket and among the brightest gems of English oratory and English literature, that a similar incident adorns the history and illustrates the character of the illustrious Webster. When warned that his patriotic and constitutional course on the compromise of 1850, would endanger his prospects to the chief magistracy of the nation, "with his great eyes glowing, and the very lightning flashing from his face," his answer was—"I would not swerve a hair for the Presidency." So, too, Calhoun, by the stiffness of his unpopular opinions on the subject of State rights, and especially the Roman firmness of his opinions on the great and absorbing question of Southern rights, were the chief barriers to his success as an aspirant for the Presidency. But, although they all stood alike excluded, by their very greatness, from the Presidential chair, every one agrees that they wants nothing earthly to complete their fame; that they would have been more honored than honoring in wearing the Presidential laurel, and text as "Senators in the Senate House," they were as suns in the political firmament, eclipsing in lustre and in glory the lesser stars that have twinkled their feeble radiance from the highest place of the republic. That there were diversities between them in the structure of their minds, in the character of their intellectual endowments, in their mental habitudes, in their range of knowledge, and in their order and style of speaking and of eloquence, cannot be doubted; but wherever they differed, it was as one star differeth from another star in glory. Similar as they were in their lives in death they were not far divided, and they met the final doom of mortality in very similar circumstances—each dying at the post of duty, and in the harness of the republic—two of them at the national capital, and the third, during an intended temporary absence from it, but while yet charged with the cares of the nation. It is recorded in Holy Writ that "The glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial is another;" and these illustrious compeers having so equally participated in the one, may we not piously, in this mundane sphere, indulge the hope that they are now rejoicing and beatified participants in the other one—the heavenly courts—the empyrean realms above?

Before closing my remarks, so inadequate to this great and interesting occasion, I cannot forbear doing reverence to the manes and the shade of the illustrious Webster for his constitutional fidelity to the South. It sprang from principle as well as feelings imbibed from parental instruction; and it is no wonder that the boy who first read and studied the constitution of his country on a cotton handkerchief, should have been unswerving and faithful in giving the full benefit of that constitution to the cotton States of the South and West. It was under this hallowed influence that, at Richmond, in 1840, he made the memorable declaration, that "in the capitol of Virginia, under the light of an October sun, he gave it to the wings of the wind, and wished it borne to every corner of the republic, that Congress had no power whatever, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the several States;" and it was in the same spirit that he took that noble stand in 1850, which saved his country from fraternal strife—the Union from dissolution. (Hisses and applause.) And while thus, as a Southerner, rendering homage to the illustrious dead, let me also do homage to the illustrious living, and return my grateful thanks to the great speaker of the day, the gifted, the glorious Everett, (Webster's worthy successor in the cabinet and in the Senate chamber,) for the declaration and sentiment, uttered by him in Congress, many years ago, but still indelibly impressed on my memory,—"There is no cause in which I would more readily shoulder a musket, than to put down a servile insurrection in the South." (Applause.) Let me here, too, narrate an anecdote, or an incident, connected with the great Carolinian, and his love and admiration for Massachusetts and Boston. It was in my last conversation with him, just before he departed from Charleston, on his last mission to Washington, that he broke out in warm, glowing and loving eulogy of Massachusetts and Boston, referring to the time when Josiah Quincy came as a missionary from Massachusetts to Charleston and South Carolina, to enlist the descendants of the Huguenots with the descendants of the Puritans, in the Boston tea party, in the coming struggle for American independence, which then cast its great shadow before—dwelling, with evident pleasure, on the ancient ties, political and social, which once united the two sister commonwealths and the two sister cities, and discoursing eloquently on the affinities which yet obtained between them, in conservatism, in hospitality, and in social elegance and refinement.

Let such principles and feelings—such as animated the bosoms of the dead Webster and Calhoun, and such as yet animate the bosom of the living Everett, be cherished and imitated, and the Union will be indeed perpetual—realizing the loftiest and happiest destiny for itself, with the two oceans for its longitudinal, and the North Pole and the Isthmus of Darien for its latitudinal boundaries—civilizing, christianizing and peopling the American continent, and by their glorious example and influence regenerating the human race. In the language of the Union anthem of a gifted