ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

WORCESTER FIRE SOCIETY.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE F. HOAR.

POEM BY JOHN D. WASHBURN.

Worcester, Mass.
PRESS OF CHARLES HAMILTON,
311 Main Street.
1893.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Worcester Fire Society, held at the house of the Worcester Club on Jan. 4, 1892, on motion of Joseph Mason, the senior member, it was

Voted, That the Moderator appoint before the next meeting, a committee of five, to make arrangements for our Centennial Celebration, and also to appoint an Orator and Poet for that occasion; the committee to have full powers.

The Moderator of that evening,—the Hon. John D. Washburn,—subsequently appointed the following named gentlemen as the Committee:—Charles A. Chase, Waldo Lincoln, A. George Bullock, Lincoln N. Kinnicutt and Samuel B. Woodward.

At the Quarterly Meeting in July, the Committee reported that they had appointed as Orator, the Hon. George F. Hoar, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, and as Poet, the Hon. John D. Washburn, U. S. Minister to Switzerland,—both gentlemen being members of the Society. The Committee continued their labors, and at the October meeting reported a plan for the celebration, which was unanimously adopted. It provided that the quarterly meeting in January should be held as usual, that all routine business should be disposed of at that time, and that the meeting should adjourn to the 21st of the month at such place as the Committee should select; that all ex-members should be given an opportunity to attend; that each gentleman should have the privilege of bringing one lady; and that Article XX. of the By-Laws should be suspended for the evening.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 21, 1893, the Society assembled at the beautiful Colonial Hall, No. 34 Front street. Twenty-one ladies were present on this, the first assembly of the Society at which the other sex had been represented. A table, six feet wide and forty-four feet in length, was set for the occasion with silver candelabra and baskets of flowers, and the cloth strewn with small flowers and green sprays from Mr. Salisbury's greenhouses. The daughters of Samuel M. Burnside, a member from

1817 until his death in 1850,—sent their father's two fire-buckets filled with rare flowers, a quaint and elegant ornament.

The Hon. STEPHEN SALISBURY,—son of Stephen Salisbury who was for sixty years a member of the Society, and grandson of Stephen Salisbury who was an original member,—served as Moderator for the evening.

The company were seated at the table in the following order:—

Mrs. JOSEPH MASON,
GEORGE F. HOAR,
Mrs. JOHN D. WASHBURN,
JOSEPH MASON,
Mrs. W. W. RICE,
EDWARD L. DAVIS,
Miss FRANCES LINCOLN,
Dr. JOHN G. PARK,
Dr. THOMAS H. GAGE,
Mrs. H. M. QUINBY,
WILLIAM W. RICE,
Mrs. WALDO LINCOLN,
G. STANLEY HALL,
JAMES P. HAMILTON,
Mrs. W. S. B. HOPKINS,
CHARLES H. DOE,
JOSEPH E. DAVIS,
Mrs. JAMES P. HAMILTON,
Dr. HOSEA M. QUINBY,
A. GEORGE BULLOCK,
Mrs. HALLECK BARTLETT,
LINCOLN N. KINNICUTT,
Miss ALICE CHASE,
Dr. SAMUEL B. WOODWARD,

STEPHEN SALISBURY,
Miss AMY L. STODDARD,
JOHN D. WASHBURN,
Rev. EDWARD H. HALL,
Mrs. A. GEORGE BULLOCK,
ELIJAH B. STODDARD,
Mrs. JOSIAH H. CLARKE,
NATHANIEL PAINE,
Mrs. THOMAS H. GAGE,
JOSIAH H. CLARKE,
Mrs. JOSEPH E. DAVIS,
WM. S. B. HOPKINS,
JOHN M. BARKER,
Mrs. CHARLES G. WASHBURN,
EDWIN BROWN,
Miss MARY HOAR,
FRANCIS H. DEWEY,
Mrs. W. W. CHAMBERLIN,
CHARLES G. WASHBURN,
Mrs. SAMUEL B. WOODWARD,
WALDO LINCOLN,
Mrs. EDWIN BROWN,
CHARLES A. CHASE,
Miss MARY T. RICE.

Frank P. Goulding and Dr. Leonard Wheeler came in to attend the literary exercises at the close of the feast. The absentees were John A. Dana, Joseph Sargent, Elias H. Russell, and Leonard P. Kinnicutt. Dr. Thomas H. Gage, the Rev. Edward H. Hall, and Dr. John G. Park represented the past members. During the evening a toast was drunk to the health of Dr. George Chandler, a past member, the oldest on the rolls, and another to the Miss Burnsides in recognition of the compliment received from them.

The supper was furnished by Steward Johnson of the Worcester Club. The *Menu* cards bore the clever device invented a few

years previously by Mr. John M. Barker;—showing two fire-buckets, the bags, bed-key and screw-driver; the card at each man's plate giving his name in the proper place upon the bucket, and the year in which he joined the Society. The ladies' cards gave their names and the date, 1893. The bill of fare was as follows:—

1793. CENTENNIAL DINNER, 1893.

WORCESTER FIRE SOCIETY,

Colonial Hall, January 21, 1893.

MENU.

Blue Point Oysters.
Mock Turtle Soup, à la Delmonico.
Crême de Halibut, à la Suprême.
Leg of Kentucky Mutton—Caper Sauce.
Vol au Vent of Capon, with Mushrooms.
Frozen Roman Punch.
Filets of Partridge, with Dressed Celery.
Frozen Pudding. Water Ices. Grape Jelly.
Coffee. Crackers and Cheese. Candies.
Fruit.
Nuts. Raisins.

During the evening some sherry was served, said to be over a hundred years old, contributed for the occasion by Moses B. I. Goddard, Esq., of Providence, through Joseph E. Davis. A toast was given to Mr. Goddard, and Senator Hoar expressed the wish that the donor might live as long as his sherry.

Near the close of the feast, Mr. Chase, for himself and his associates, presented to the Society a Loving Cup of solid silver, in shape like a fire-bucket and suitably engraved. He drank the health of the Moderator, who in turn drank the health of the lady upon his right, and so the cup made the complete circuit of the table. The presentation was preceded by the reading of the following letter:—

The undersigned, members of the Worcester Fire Society, take the opportunity offered by its one hundredth anniversary to offer for its acceptance a LOVING CUP.

We believe that its possession and use will help to keep alive and perpetuate the feeling of mutual respect, esteem and good fellowship which has prevailed among us during the past one hundred years; and

it is for this reason and because we are individually imbued with this feeling that we tender this gift.

For our membership we would offer the prayer which constitutes the motto of the chief city of this Commonwealth:—*Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis!* and for the Society, *Semper perpetua!*

With respect and love,

CHARLES A. CHASE, A. GEORGE BULLOCK,
WALDO LINCOLN, LINCOLN N. KINNICUTT,
SAMUEL B. WOODWARD.

The following letters were read by the Clerk:—

From CHARLES W. HARTSHORN.

TAUNTON, Jan. 13, 1893.

DEAR SIR:

I much regret that the state of my health will not permit me to be present at the meeting of the Worcester Fire Society, to which you kindly invite me, and enclose the formal answer on card as requested.

Wishing a most pleasant reunion to all the members, both those that remain of my old contemporaries and those that have succeeded the others since my day,

I remain, yours respectfully,

CHAS. W. HARTSHORN.

Samuel B. Woodward, *Clerk.*

THE CITY'S CONGRATULATIONS.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 21, 1893.

DR. SAMUEL B. WOODWARD, *Clerk of the Worcester Fire Society.*

DEAR SIR:

The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of your Society is an event of such significance and rare occurrence that an interest in its observance is felt beyond the limited membership of your ancient guild.

The high representative character and great attainments of many of those who have been identified with your Society during the long period of its existence may well excite your deep interest and pride in the organization.

Worcester has been glad to honor many of your members with the highest offices in her gift, and they, in turn, have honored her by conspicuous public service at home and abroad. Their names she will always cherish. It is therefore fitting that I extend to your Society, on the occasion of this celebration, the congratulations and best wishes of the citizens, with the sincere hope that your future record may be as honorable as that of the past.

I am with great respect yours most truly,

HENRY A. MARSH, *Mayor.*

The literary exercises of the occasion were opened by the Moderator, who spoke as follows:—

REMARKS BY THE MODERATOR.

Members of the Worcester Fire Society, Past Members of the Society, and Ladies, our Invited Guests.

One hundred years ago, on January 21st, 1793, at 6 o'clock in the evening the Worcester Fire Society was founded. The "Articles of Agreement" adopted by the members there assembled have remained with slight amendments as the Rules and Regulations of the Society until the present time. The names of the twenty-two associate members of the Society were as follows:—

Joseph Allen, born in Boston, Sept. 24, 1749, died in Worcester, Sept. 1, 1827.

John Nazro, born in Boston, 1743, died in the State of New York, 1806.

Leonard Worcester, born in Hollis, N. H., 1767, died in St. Johnsbury, Vt., May 28, 1846.

Nathaniel Paine, born in Worcester, Jan. 5, 1759, died in Worcester, Oct. 7, 1840.

Samuel Chandler, born in Worcester, Feb. 25, 1757, died in Woodstock, Conn., Oct. 26, 1813.

Ezra Waldo Weld, born in Braintree, died in N. Y., 1818.

John Green, born in Worcester, March 18, 1763, died in Worcester, Aug. 11, 1808.

Samuel Brazer, born in Charlestown, 1755, died in Worcester, Aug. 10, 1835.

Thomas Payson, born in Boston, 1764, died in Peterboro, N. H., April 20, 1844.

Edward Bangs, born in Harwich, Sept. 5, 1756, died in Worcester, June 28, 1818.

Elijah Dix, born in Watertown, Aug. 13, 1747, died in Dixmont, Me., May 28, 1809.

William Sever, born in Kingston, June 23, 1759, died in Worcester, Oct. 27, 1798.

Theophilus Wheeler, born in Harvard, 1764, died in Worcester, Aug. 14, 1840.

Oliver Fiske, born in Brookfield, Sept. 2, 1762, died in Boston, Jan. 25, 1837.

John Paine, born in Worcester, July 25, 1762, died in Worcester, Dec. 23, 1832.
Samuel Allen, born in Boston, 1757, died in Worcester, Dec. 26, 1830.
Stephen Salisbury, born in Boston, Sept. 25, 1746, died in Worcester, May 11, 1829.
Charles Chandler, born in Worcester, Jan. 22, 1755, died in Worcester, April 9, 1798.
John Stanton, born in Boston, June 7, 1755, died in Worcester, Nov. 9, 1796.
Abraham Lincoln, born in Hingham, 1762, died in Boston, July 2, 1824.
Daniel Waldo, Jr., born in Boston, June 12, 1763, died in Worcester, July 9, 1845.
Isaiah Thomas, born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1749, died in Worcester, April 4, 1831.

The number of members, originally fixed at thirty, has not been changed. The preamble engrossed upon the records still stands, and reads as follows:—

"We, the subscribers, influenced by a sense of social duty, do, for the more effectual assistance of each other and of our townsmen in times of danger from fire, form ourselves into a society, by the name of the Worcester Fire Society, and for the government thereof, promise a strict observance of the following Articles, viz:"

Then follow fifteen articles of agreement substantially preserved in succeeding years, and only increased to twenty in the long passage of a century, during which, without interruption, quarterly meetings have been observed.

The apparatus, "kept together in the dwelling house to be taken for use in case of fire and also for inspection by the Clerk at all times, two Leather Buckets, each containing at least eight quarts; two Bags, each one yard and one-half long and one yard and one-half round, with strings at the mouths so that they may be drawn up with the greatest despatch; an iron Bed Key, with a screw driver at one end, and a common screw driver, the Buckets and Bags marked and numbered, with the first letter of the owner's Christian name and his surname at length," still remain as at first, the insignia of service of the present Associ-

ation, though their constant and prescribed employment at conflagrations has long since passed into disuse.

In 1793 Worcester was a small town of scarcely two thousand inhabitants, entirely destitute of fire apparatus or organization for protection against the devouring element, other than that afforded by this society. The members were required to turn out at each alarm of fire, were fined for neglect of duty, and were obliged under specified penalties to bring with them their equipment and to do service in battling the conflagration. It was only after several years' experiment that a sufficient equipment of ladders at various specified points was added to their outfit. A few years later a fire engine was purchased by the town, and in process of time the necessity of this pioneer fire brigade became less and less important; but the social organization has been continued, and most of its early characteristics have been preserved.

Hon. Joseph Allen, the father of Hon. Charles Allen, our late distinguished statesman and jurist, was the first Moderator, and Hon. Daniel Waldo, Jr., was the Clerk; and in examining the records of the first meeting one is struck with the beautiful chirography, resembling copper-plate, of this fine old merchant and elegant, public-spirited gentleman, whom some of us remember as a genial benefactor of his day and generation, who died in 1845.

In the membership of the Society but one family has been represented from the date of organization in unbroken lineal descent,—that of your Moderator,—while the colonial families of Lincoln and Paine have had representation upon the roll during the whole century of our existence, but not always in unbroken lineal succession. The quarterly meetings have always been held at some public house. The first gathering, when the organization was perfected on Monday evening, Jan. 21, 1793, took place at "The United States Arms Tavern."

This building now remains, devoted to the same purposes as one hundred years ago. It now bears the name of the Exchange Hotel, and is No. 93 on Main Street, having successively borne the names of the house of Col. Reuben Sikes, and the Samuel B. Thomas Coffee House. It stands almost opposite the first Unitarian Church, and has nearly the same appearance as when General Washington breakfasted there on his visit to Worcester in 1789.

Tradition tells us that the early meetings of the Society were social and convivial, especially the quarterly meetings in January, when officers were elected; and gradually the practice crept in of adding formal addresses and poems to the proceedings of the quarterly gathering in January.

From lack of time your Moderator has not been able to examine the archives of the Society sufficiently to give a detailed account of the contents of its numerous volumes of records, but suggests that it would be profitable and interesting that a digest should be made from them, as they are preserved in a trunk, now placed for safe-keeping in the hall of the American Antiquarian Society.

The Reminiscences of the Original Associates were prepared and delivered before the Society in April, 1862, by Hon. Levi Lincoln, and remain to us in permanent printed form, containing brief and judicious biographies of the first twenty-two members. Hon. Isaac Davis prepared and delivered before the Society in January, 1870, "Reminiscences of the fifteen members next admitted after the organization of the Society," and these biographies, so graphically drawn, remain to us in printed form. Hon. Benjamin F. Thomas, in January, 1872, presented biographies of other fifteen associates, and Hon. Isaac Davis read sketches of fifteen more members in January, 1874. Biographical notices of the next eighteen members of the Society were presented in January, 1887, by Hon. John D.

Washburn, Nathaniel Paine, Esq., and Charles A. Chase, Esq., each of these gentlemen having prepared notices of six of the deceased members. Separate pamphlets containing the above reminiscences were published, and have been distributed among the members of the Society, and copies may be consulted at the various public libraries in the State.

Among the more prominent orators of the anniversary gatherings of the Society, the older members remember the able and scholarly addresses of governors Levi Lincoln, Emory Washburn and Alexander H. Bullock, and the graceful and instructive essays of Judges Pliny Merrick and Benjamin F. Thomas; nor do they forget the pointed and elegant periods of our late lamented associate, General Charles Devens.

We have been fortunate in securing for this centennial occasion our distinguished associate member, a Statesman and the Senator from Massachusetts, and easily the equal of any of our nation's counsellors, who possesses

> "Eloquence that charms and burns,
> Startles, soothes and wins by turns,"

and who has consented to prepare the commemorative oration. I will now call upon the Hon. George F. Hoar.

ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE Society will commit to competent hands the task of continuing to the present day the lives of its members, from the time where they were left by Governor Lincoln, Colonel Davis, Judge Thomas, and our living associates who have succeeded them. It is a curious fact that such personal memorials have a value beyond all literature, except the very best. We would gladly give everything that our Puritan forefathers left in print for a few more details of their lives. I am not sure that we would not be content to go without one of Shakespeare's best plays could we but know a little more of the man who wrote them. So, be assured, I deem myself performing much the humbler part of the duties of this occasion, when I turn aside from the tempting theme of the history of our Society and ask your attention to a brief essay on Old Age.

I hope I do not seem to be thrusting on this youthful company a theme with which I alone am just at present concerned, and which they can by no possibility care for for a long time to come. We always contemplate these things more comfortably from a distance. Charles Lamb thinks Milton's "Hymn to Morning" was written at midnight. "I would indite something concerning the solar system," he exclaims: "Betty, bring the candles."

It will not be expected that much can be said on this topic which has not been said or thought many times

before, or that any one man's treatment of the theme can be other than partial and fragmentary. I suppose that, seen from the highest point, old age is wholly a matter of temperament and not at all of length of days.

> Spring still makes spring in the mind,
> When sixty years are told.
> Love wakes anew the throbbing heart,
> And we are never old.

We all know persons to whom the quality we commonly ascribe to old age seems to be congenital, who are well described in Lowell's line :—

> From the womb he marched gravely, a little old man.

We have known men who were born mouldy, to whom a hundred springs would bring no sweetness, and a hundred summers no juice. So we have all known men whose life for fourscore years and ten was a perpetual morning, whose thoughts were of to-morrow, and who were as ready at ninety as at thirty to lead any hope, which, so long as it were a hope with freedom or justice in it, never could be forlorn.

John Quincy Adams breasting the stormy waves of the House of Representatives at eighty-three, Josiah Quincy's attack on the Know-Nothings at eighty-five ; you remember his fiery utterance—"The doom of the Republic is sealed when the bats take the lead of the eagles," are familiar examples.

When old Josiah Quincy broke his hip on the ice at ninety-two, Dr. Ellis called to see him one day at his house in Park Street, Boston. He sent Miss Quincy out for a walk, and sat with the patient alone for an hour. It was the darkest time of the war. But the President was so full

of cheerful and hopeful talk that the visitor ended his call and got down stairs before he remembered to ask Mr. Quincy how he did. He went back to the chamber and said, "I forgot to ask how your leg is." "Damn the leg," said the old fellow, giving it an angry slap, "I want to see this business settled."

English history will contain few finer chapters than Gladstone's campaign of this last year. It was the power of a great personal presence. With the burden of his eighty-three years on his shoulders he had against him a hostile government, a hostile House of Lords, a hostile press, a hostile aristocracy, hostile universities, and, it is rumored, a hostile Queen. How he brushed them all aside! "I am not going to discuss detail with you. I represent the youth and hope of England, and her advancement along ideal paths. The solution of these questions of the future belongs of right to us who are of the future, and not to you who are of the past."

But these are instances of a vigorous youth prolonged to fourscore, as Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and Pitt's sublime battle with a hostile House of Commons are instances of ripeness of intellect in early youth. Indeed, Gladstone, and Pitt, and John Quincy Adams seem at no time in their lives to have had so little of the boy in them as at twenty-one.

Physical pain and sickness, moral cowardice, the temperament that doubts, the temperament that sneers, are the enemies of all times of life alike. But most persons, when they speak or think of old age, speak or think of the diseases which are incident to it, and not, as in the case of youth or manhood, of its natural and healthful conditions. Let us consider it as a part of life, belonging to it as

autumn does to the year, with its own occupations, hopes, memories, duties and enjoyments.

There are certain occupations and public functions which are conceded in all free States to be specially adapted to age. They are those which are supposed to contain no element of strife in them, where the magistrate is expected to pass upon the case or the proposed measure after the controversy has been heard and is over. These functions are exercised in jurisprudence by the judges of courts of final jurisdiction, and in legislation by the *Gerousia*—the Spartan body of old men, the Patricians or *Patres*, the Seigneurs or Senators,—the seniors,—and in the Church the Presbytery or Elders. The framers of the constitution of the United States, when they established their permanent legislative chamber, whose assent should be necessary to all laws and treaties and to all important executive appointments, and which should be a court for the trial of all impeachments, undoubtedly had this in mind. They did not by express provision secure a body of old men for the Senate Chamber, although, by requiring the Senator to be at least thirty years of age, they excluded youth. The States in their practice have observed the principle far more strictly than is required by the letter of the constitution. The average age of the members of the Senate has usually exceeded sixty years. It is now, in spite of the recent accession of so many newly settled States, only slightly under fifty-nine.

The hope that the Senate Chamber would be a temple, into which the heats of party strife would not enter, has proved to be but a dream. It was, indeed, in the early days of the Senate, deemed a breach of decorum to allude

to party distinctions in debate there, as it now would be in the Supreme Court. But that day has long gone by. The later and final appeal to the great tribunal of the people renders it impossible that questions which excite the people should be discussed anywhere without zeal and heat.

It will be said that the opportunity for such employment is exceptional, and that it cannot be very much considered in forming our plans for our evening occupation. But I am speaking to a society composed, in theory, and very largely, in fact, of the thirty foremost citizens of a great and powerful city. You have had, and you will hereafter have, your large and honorable representation in the high places of national and State authority. Akin to those I have named, and on the same level of dignity and usefulness, is the great and noble opportunity open to all of us by our municipal citizenship. It is our good fortune that our lives are cast in a city which combines the rapid growth, the pliancy, the flexibility, the ambition, the hope, the young life of a new community, with the culture, the solidity, the deep roots, the great traditions, the stimulant history of an old one. I can conceive of nothing more delightful and satisfactory than to live in a city like Worcester—to see it grow, to help it grow, to build up and manage its libraries, schools, churches, banks, insurance companies, hospitals, its university.

Hæ tibi erunt artes, fortunate senex. These are tasks in which the vigor and enterprise of youth demand the alliance of the counsel, responsibility, trustworthiness, matured experience of age. If the artist who fashions a great statue, or who paints a great picture, leave behind him an enviable fame and a fragrant memory, surely

the men who have helped fashion and adorn a great city, who have laid its foundations and builded its walls, who have given it its character and guided the currents of its history, who have made Boston Boston and Worcester Worcester, have a far better title to grateful remembrance.

The bed-rock of all our institutions—political, moneyed, or charitable—is personal character. The late Waldo Lincoln added an appreciable per cent. to the value of the invested property of Worcester through the security furnished by his steadfast integrity, his prudence, his willingness to undertake even the most laborious drudgeries of public service.

One of the incidents most commonly attributed to old age is the substitution of retrospect for hope, or the habit of living in the past rather than in the present or the future. I do not think this is as true as is generally believed, certainly not of sound and unselfish natures. So far as my observation goes, men with whom there is nothing the matter but the natural and healthy advance of life are as full of patriotic expectation for their country, have the windows of their souls quite as wide open to the morning, see quite as much

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,

at seventy as at twenty-five. This is specially true of women, who live in the lives of children and grandchildren, and in whom the ingenuous boy or youth finds a sympathy in all his dreams and aspirations which he never gets from his mates.

But, undoubtedly, we old men must submit, not only to economize our forces, but to give up the hopes and dreams which have seemed solid realities, or, at least, soberest ex-

pectations, in the days of youth and middle life. Ah, me! when shall I commit Homer to memory? When shall I read Virgil and Horace and Cicero again? When shall I spend a year in Athens? When shall I learn Italian, and know as friends the shining four, whose laurelled heads shed their awful halo over the darkness of the middle ages? When shall I write the story of the stirring drama of the last forty years, the denouement of whose mighty plot has been the freedom of a race; the achievement of the intellectual and of the manufacturing independence of America; the transformation of a second-rate nation of number two Englishmen into a mighty empire—things which I have seen and part of which I have been? When shall I walk down the hundred delightful paths, shaded by noble forests and watered by pleasant streams, and strewn with amaranth and asphodel, into which I have been gazing all these sixty years as I plodded along the sandy and dusty high road ot life? Alas! The gates are shutting, one by one, only to be opened again in that other world where Charles Lamb was to leave off tobacco—the desire to do which, implanted in his breast by a beneficent Creator, but never to be realized in this life, was to his mind the chief and sufficient argument for immortality.

On the other hand, we must confess that if our years were to be a thousand instead of threescore and ten, not threescore and ten men out of a thousand would ever make these dreams realities. I suspect Methuselah's life was as dull and prosy as the days were long. The leisure of a healthy age permits us, in Emerson's phrase, in fault of novel germs, to mature the unfallen fruit, and to use the creations or accumulations we have not found use for in the

business of life. How many of our best poets and wisest thinkers have laid up in their storehouses in midsummer an ample stock of wine and fruit which needed only to be ripened a little in a genial autumn sun.

But the greater penalty of growing old is the loss of the friends of youth. Dying, to a brave man, certainly to a brave old man, is in the death of others, not in his own. It is this which alike gives age its terror, and is the chief reconciler and consoler as the end of life comes on. When the voices that were its music are silent it is well that the ear grow numb. When the faces which were their delight have vanished it is well that the eyes grow dim. In some rare examples of old men, too, this is largely compensated by that which, except health of body and mind, is the best gift of God to man, a large capacity for friendship, which takes in and welcomes the new generations as they come.

There are persons of milk-and-water natures who greet everybody with a certain indiscriminate friendliness. There are persons who hide under a slight and superficial good-will for all mankind the want of any strong and hearty affection for anybody but themselves. I am not speaking of them. I am speaking of old men, the number of whose friends is large, solely because of the largeness of the heart into which they are received; the number of whose new friends is large, solely because of the freshness and sweetness of the great souls which love them. Such a man was the late General Sherman. To be admitted to his friendship was like being invested with the Order of the Garter, or being knighted on the field of battle. His circle of friends in all parts of the country seemed to widen and enlarge as he grew old. Yet there was never a man more

fastidious in the choice of his intimates, or whose ideal of manhood was loftier. There was never a man who spoke out more freely the thought that was in his mind, or who was more prompt to utter his impatience or his hearty scorn, on fit occasion.

The dream and aspiration of the old man is for quiet and leisure and rest. Yet he never escapes the divine law, whose easy yoke rests upon all humanity, that the chief delights of life are those which come from faithful hard work, in which too often he is driven with shrinking and repugnance;

> And he (as all men may find cause
> When life is at a weary pause,
> And they have panted up the hill
> Of duty with reluctant will),
> Is thankful, even though tired and faint,
> For the rich bounties of constraint.

If we may trust the representations of art or those which biography or tradition have handed down to us, our ancestors, when they were old men, avoided a mistake to which old men nowadays are too prone. Instead of growing negligent in person or behavior as they grew old, they covered what was uncomely or distasteful in the decline of life with an increased care and even an increased splendor in dress, and with a more punctilious stateliness in behavior—the *comitate condita gravitas* which Cicero attributes to Fabius. The gentleman of the old school was bred in the best school for old gentlemen. There was little familiarity or handshaking. They stood apart like the stars, each keeping his own atmosphere to himself. The old men of Holbein and Kneller, and the Dutch and Italian masters, and even of our own Copley, are dressed with a

richness of apparel which comports with the ceremony which they observed and exacted in intercourse with their juniors and with each other.

Each generation as it passes from the stage gets from its successor much more of criticism than of sympathy. The heir is seldom on good terms with the king.

> Crabbed age and youth
> Cannot live together.

Visiting Westminster Abbey last summer, Archdeacon Farrar pointed out to us the remarkable fact that there is no tomb or monument over the dust of an English Sovereign, either there or at Windsor, since Queen Elizabeth. The throne has been in the same family, as, indeed, it has been from the time of Alfred. But no English monarch has loved his predecessor well enough to build him a tomb.

Perhaps, after all, it is due to this trait in human nature that life on this planet is even tolerable. It is best that the leaders of the successive generations, the great monarchs of thought, do not love each other too well. What tameness and sameness, what a hideous agelong nightmare of must and mould, would the world have gone through but for this revolt of each age against the ways of its predecessor. Let us thank God with our brilliant preacher that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are dead—that all the Abrahams, Isaacs, and Jacobs are dead—and that so much of their works has followed them. I am, of course, not speaking of the tenderness of the family affections in private life. But I am speaking of the power of one age to impress its manners, opinions, customs upon another and to compress its successor into its own mould. It is the hardest thing for an old man to find out that all his lecturing and reason-

ing, all his lamentation and indignation, will not bring this to pass. If the youth find your example to his taste he will sometimes follow it. But he will not alter his course for your preaching.

We should, I think, expect beforehand that the thoughts of a healthy old man would be busy with the question—what is to come next? that, as he approaches the inevitable goal, he would be taking thought of the future, and at least be speculating what manner of mansion he is to occupy when his present dwelling gets out of repair and uninhabitable and the landlord gives him notice to quit.

But so far as my observation goes it is the young men who deal most courageously with the great doctrine of immortality. I doubt if there be any great and original contribution to the thought of mankind on this great topic of all topics which has come from a man past seventy. Such men are either silent, thinking, with Carlyle, that they do not care to strike their heads against walls; or, perhaps, disliking to be suspected of canting or hypocrisy; or they content themselves with some simple reaffirmation of the creed of their early days. Most men do not care to uncover this domain of the soul to the curious and prying eyes of the multitude. I have, myself, little respect for this fastidiousness. We were not born, and we are not to die, or to be born again, in confidence. Our age, which is bending all its energies to penetrate the future in this world, from the prophet of the weather bureau to the great metropolitan newspaper which so exhausts itself in anticipating what is to happen to-morrow that it becomes incapable of a truthful narration of what took place yesterday, sometimes seems to be giving up the great question of a

future life in despair. But this surely is an unmanly attitude. If we even concede to skepticism or agnosticism that our human philosophy gets no help from the other side, that "the secret of heaven is well kept, that no imprudent, no sociable angel has dropped an early syllable to answer the longings of saints, the fears of mortals," still let us, at least, say with Simmias in the *Phædo*:

"For I dare say that you, Socrates, feel, as I do, how very hard or almost impossible is the attainment of any certainty about questions such as these in the present life; and yet I should deem him a coward who did not prove what is said about them to the uttermost, or whose heart failed him before he had examined them on every side. For he should persevere until he has attained one of two things—either he should discover or learn the truth about them, or, if this is impossible, I would have him take the best and most irrefragable of human notions, and let this be the raft upon which he sails through life, not without risk, as I admit, if he cannot find some word of God which will more surely and safely carry him."—*Simmias in Phædo, 85.*

James Martineau, whom Tyndall, who has more than once broken a lance with him, declares the foremost philosophic thinker since St. Paul, well points out, if there is to be a disappointment in this matter, who it is that will be disappointed. It is the lofty and heroic souls who have lived and died on the heights of unselfish virtue. It is the pure intelligences that have dealt with the things that be of the spirit. It is not the narrow intelligence, or the base aspiration. It is Plato and Socrates and Paul, not Cleon or Thersites or Nero that are cheated. The disappointment is of great souls and not of little ones, and of the soul in its highest and not in its lowest mood.

I hold these truths to be clear. The universe is planned

upon a scheme which cannot be supposed to leave out the immortality of man. The Creator of the universe has made this promise to the soul. Man, the universe, and the power that underlies the universe, are alike degraded and become hateful and despicable if there be no immortality. If anything be conceded as having existence beyond blind and brutal force, anything into which design enters, the concession involves, to my mind, the immortality of the human soul, or it involves conditions degrading alike to the universe and to its author.

Who can believe that the eternal fires of the sun were kindled, that the dawn and the sunset are painted, that the law which keeps the fixed stars in their places, which dismisses the comet on its pathway through the skies, promising that in a thousand years it shall return again, true to its hour, and keeps its word, that the moral law, which shall endure when these things pass away, were ordained and established only to ornament and keep in order a dwelling whose use, after all, is to be in the end nothing but the receptacle of a compost heap of the carcasses of an extinct humanity?

Is there in all history a more savage story than that of the Highland chieftain who shut up his rebellious nephew in a dungeon, fed him on salt meats till he had provoked an insatiate desire for water, and then let down to him a covered cup, from which the victim having eagerly snatched the cover and found it empty, was then left to die the most dreadful of all deaths—death from thirst? But is that a whit more cruel than to plant in us this longing after immortality, "the thirst that in the soul doth rise," demanding "a drink divine," and then to put to our lips

in mockery an empty cup? Is the tigress in her lair capable of a greater affection for her offspring than the Author of the universe for His? Is man capable of a deeper love, a larger bounty, a more scrupulous faith, than his Creator?

This belief has its foundation in the instinct of universal humanity. The latest and most authentic report tells us that there is no savage tribe so low in the scale of being as to be without it. It appears in the oldest literature. It is, directly or indirectly, the inspirer of all patriotism, the stimulant to all heroism, the fountain of all love, and the comfort in all sorrow. Every gift of noblest origin is breathed upon by this hope's perpetual breath. There is no reason why He who has created it should not satisfy it. There is room enough in these millions upon millions of spinning discs; there is room enough in spiritual geometry, in the compass of an egg shell for the promise to be kept to all the generations of mankind.

Old age, as Mr. Webster said of the bed of death, brings every man to his individuality. It is well that this faith in which the age of all human nature finds its solace, rests on the instincts which are common to all humanity. Metaphysicians may question the trustworthiness of the human faculties when they report upon it, as they question the trustworthiness of their report of the existence of the matter or the existence of God. But the faith abides. It does not depend on philosophic speculation for its support. There is no danger that philosophic speculation can overthrow it.

But, as I have said, these thoughts, which seem to belong logically and naturally to the time of old age, are not

those which, in our experience, we find filling an old man's breast. The great and healthy souls of all ages, of all nations, of all religions, seem, as they grow old, to abandon subtle reasoning about the matter, to lay less and less stress upon miraculous attestation, and to agree in resting upon the simple faith that the power which has constructed this fabric of things is conscious and is beneficent, whether that faith find utterance in the brave challenge of Paul:—

> For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heighth, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God;

Or in the sweet evening song of Whittier:—

> And so beside the silent sea
> I wait the muffled oar,
> No harm from Him can come to me
> On ocean or on shore.
>
> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air,
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care;

Or in the lofty dying note of the great light of the early church, St. Ambrose:

"*Non ita vixi ut me vixisse pudeat, nec mori timeo, quia bonum habemus dominum*";—

Or, in those sentences in which Plato sums up for his generation and for all generations, the richest lesson of all thought and the result of all experience:

"The world is the fairest of creations and HE is the best of causes.

"No man can be a true worshipper of the gods who does not know that the soul is immortal.

"So far as the principle of immortality dwells in us, to that we must hearken."

Mr. Salisbury said:—

On the list of poets most remembered by present members of the Society stand the names of William Lincoln, the gifted historian, Judge Henry Chapin, whose verse often kindly provided us with unanticipated surprises, and Dr. Samuel F. Haven, the distinguished antiquary and historical critic, for so long a time the venerated librarian of the American Antiquarian Society.

To-day our long absent friend and associate, the poetic and scholarly ex-Minister to Switzerland, will delight our ears with "The Poetry of Speech." I will ask the Hon. John D. Washburn to offer the centennial poem.

POEM.

BY JOHN D. WASHBURN.

Hail and farewell, ye mediæval towers
That crown these heights in majesty sublime,
Ye sparkling streams, ye valleys bright with flowers,
Ye mountains hoar, eternity in time;
Oh! scenes of beauty, known and loved so well,
Sadly I bid you hail, and long farewell.

Historic fields! where early camp-fires glowed
With light prophetic of the age to be,
Whose gleams, though fitful, to the future showed
The stormy, war-rocked cradle of the free.
Of dauntless hope, of valor bright ye tell,
Oh! fields of glory, hail and long farewell.

Birthplace of freedom—dearest right of man—
Alike historian's, statesman's, poet's dream,
While in our woods the naked savage ran,
Nor yet Columbus had begun to dream;
Where rang of ancient tyranny the knell,
Birthplace of freedom, hail and long farewell.

Oh, birth of pain! what tears and groans and throes!
Stern accoucheurs those pristine days afford.
Strange instruments of parturition those,
Crossbow and spear and battle-axe and sword,
Attendants grim! shorn trunk and severed head,
And loathsome vulture, swooping round the dead.

Nor brief that labor, not through one short night,
Nor days, nor years, those fruitful pangs obtain;
The passing centuries, in their ceaseless flight,
Watched the slow lingerings of that birth of pain.
Oh, joy to man! the child is born at length,
In beauty grows, in valor, wisdom, strength.

Stalwart and strong, he waxed in every limb;
Of all her powers, kind Nature gave him part:
His were the mighty thews of Anakim,
The bounding pulses of a Titan's heart;
His ponderous mace the Western throne beat down,
While Czar and Kaiser trembled at his frown.

His glorious deeds upon his native soil
Let Morat, Sempach and Morgarten tell!
Lieutenants brave, the comrades of his toil,
Plain men, made heroes by his magic spell,
In aspiration strenuous, bold in deed,
Erlach and Tell and Arnold Winkelried.

Hail and farewell, ye lakes! whose crystal deeps,
Limpid and clear, the snow-clad mountains hold,
When on their crests the moonlight softly sleeps,
Or sunset crowns them with its crimsoned gold—
Contrasted beauties! who may fitly tell
Your matchless glories? hail and long farewell!

Contrasts of Nature! yet these lakes, in sooth,
Of intellectual contrasts also tell.
Huss burned by Constance, witness of the truth
Which doomed Voltaire to fiercest flames of hell,
And laughing Voltaire, by Lake Leman's side,
With scoff and sneer that sentence grim defied.

Here thoughtful Gibbon, Reason's patient child,
Tireless in labors, sought historic truth;
Here Rousseau, in imaginations wild
Clothed his fair Julie with immortal youth;
Calvin proclaimed his pessimistic views,
And Byron courted his voluptuous muse.

Farewell, Cathedral City! grand and gray,
Around whose base the Aar so proudly flows;
Welcome its waters, on each summer day,
Cold as the glacier from whose depths they rose.
Clear, crystal fount, round which the mountains stand,
The silent guardians of the Oberland.

Dear are thy cloisters, relics of the past,
  Those shaded walks, beside the winding stream;
That studious leisure (too serene to last),
  Fair home of scholar's thought, of poet's dream,
Where tranquil peace and modest learning dwell,
Cathedral City, hail, and long farewell.

Farewell, old World! *good* world you've been to me,
  Of charmed experience one delightful span—
Kindly relations—clearer now I see
  The universal Brotherhood of Man.
That ancient world recedes, is lost to view;
  Old things have passed away! Hail to the new!

A waste of waters 'neath a wintry sky—
Wild, foaming surges, billows mountain-high,
A dangerous lee-shore, with no succor nigh.

Through lowering clouds the sun's cold, sickly beam-
Mid driving mists the wandering sea-gulls' gleam,
Above the storm their wild and fitful scream.

One solitary bark on all that sea—
Alone! in peril and in mystery—
Where, Lord of Ocean, shall the haven be?

Seams opening wide, torn sail and shattered mast,
Pumps dismal creaking—waters gaining fast—
All hope, all *human* hope, of safety past.

A reverent company, who fear the Lord,
In joy, in grief, in peril still adored,
True to His saints, and faithful to His Word.

His hand had led them o'er the wintry wave,
He would not sink them in this watery grave;
Was His arm shortened, that He could not save?

His testimonies surely must prevail—
Strong in His strength His children shall not fail—
He rules the tempest, and directs the gale.

Them will He save who in His succor trust—
His covenant-mercies will sustain the just,
Who holds the princes of the earth as dust.

On Him, in direst peril, cast your care,
The God of Israel will your burden bear.
Raise then to His dread name the hymn of prayer.

Oh, stern and righteous God,
  Restrain Thy wrathful hand,
Spare, spare Thy fierce avenging rod—
  We bow to Thy command.

Thee only do we fear;
  Midst terrors Thou dost dwell;
Drown not, O Lord, our bodies here,
  Nor burn our souls in hell.

Thy voice is on the deep,
  Thy chariot rides the skies;
At Thy command the billows sleep,
  At Thy behest they rise.

From tyranny we flee;
  Oh deign, our God, to bless.
Freedom we seek to worship Thee,
  In the far wilderness.

Our scarlet sins forgive!
  From Adam's Fall they came;
In pitying mercy, let us live
  To glorify Thy name.

Thy tempests o'er us sweep;
  Thy raging billows roar;
Our past transgressions now we weep;
  Help us to sin no more.

Thou know'st us frail and weak,
  Tossed by the wind and wave—
In Sinai's thunder Thou did'st speak.
  Lift now Thy voice to save!

The whirlwind owns Thy power!
Oh, hide not now Thy face,
But grant us, in this dangerous hour,
Thy favor and Thy grace.

Great God, Thy blessing give!
Guide us by smoke and flame.
In pardoning mercy, let us live
To glorify Thy name.

As up to heaven ascends the reverent psalm,
From heaven descends its sweet celestial calm;
The ashen skies assume a kindlier hue,
Once more the gleaming stars light up the blue.
To shuddering terror buoyant hope succeeds,
They follow where the God of Jacob leads.
No Highland light illumes the wanderer's way,
Nor "Gurnet" guides them with its welcoming ray;
Yet lies their storm-tossed shallop in the bay,
Ocean's wild waters passed—the haven nigh—
But hark! that stranger voice, a wail? a sigh?
It is Peregrine White,
In the dead of the night,
As he utters his infantile cry.

First-born of Freedom on this western strand,
Herald of promise to the pilgrim band,
Heaven-sent, their pious enterprise to bless,
New Baptist, "crying in the wilderness;"
Conceived where Holland 'neath the threatening sea
Maintains the home and altar of the free;
Now tossed by angry waves, now lulled to sleep
In thy pre-natal cradle of the deep,
Watched in thy progress by the unsleeping Eye,
Ocean's wild waters passed, the haven nigh;
Oh, Peregrine White,
In the dead of the night,
What meaneth thine infantile cry?

It means, God's promises are ever sure,
And evermore His mercies shall endure.
It means, forever shall His work go on,
To faithful sire succeed the faithful son.
It means, the righteous shall possess the earth,
His seed renewing through successive birth,
That when Age droops and falters by the way
Comes Youth, to light and cheer the darkening day;
The pilgrim sinks at last, his labors done,
His son survives, the world's great work goes on;
Duty, devotion, conscience never die.
So, Peregrine White,
In the dead of the night,
All hail to thine infantile cry!

O child, forerunner of a mighty race,
Take then this desert for thy dwelling-place.
Soon shall that race these barren realms reclaim,
Their savage beasts and men more savage tame.
A scanty band, from old oppressions free,
People the continent from sea to sea;
Throw off allegiance to the father-land;
Repress rebellion with resistless hand;
The rights of man protect with equal laws,
Maintain with arm of power the freedman's cause;
As the brave Switzer, when his lance he hurled,
Made "way for liberty" throughout the world,
Such their great office, such their mission high.
Oh, Peregrine White,
In the dead of the night,
Prophetic thy infantile cry.

Omens and prophecies of an earlier age!
Of their fulfilment turn the glowing page,
A broader freedom than the Switzer saw,
A grander liberty, maintained by law;
Progress, Invention, with ingenious hand
Have "scattered plenty o'er the smiling land."
New modes of thought, new trophies of success,
New gardens blooming in the wilderness.

Triumphs of mind! the victories of the brain,
Freedom leads on with science in her train;
Thought ever deepening, hopes conquering fears,
The stately progress of these hundred years.

Bright though the glories of the earlier time,
The triumphs of the present though sublime,
Not this the hour of glories past to tell,
Nor even on Freedom's triumphs now to dwell.
With grateful hearts we hail those heroes brave
Who fought and died our liberties to save,
Not loftier valor marked Morgarten's day—
A thousand Winkelreids hewed Freedom's way;
Well learned the lessons of those ancient fields,
"Who falls for Freedom falls, but never yields."
Yet though with laurel war his heroes crowned,
Peace hath her victories not less renowned.
Mark then her triumph, celebrate it here,
Exalt its ensign in this hundredth year.

Huss burned in flames at tyranny's command
Martyred for conscience in the Switzer's land;
But our wise Allen 'gainst the fire arrayed
His patriot army, "few but undismayed."
A hundred years the varying conflict raged,
Death thinned its ranks, but new recruits engaged.
To patriot sire succeeded patriot son,
And through the century the strife went on.
Nor yet surcease—each ready for the call
With buckets, bags and apparatus all.
So when Age droops and falters by the way
Comes Youth to light and cheer the darkening day.
The pilgrim sinks at last, his labor done,
The son survives, the world's great work goes on,
With strength renewed in each advancing year,
Peregrine's prophecy fulfilling here.

But not alone material triumphs move
Our grateful hearts to thankfulness and love;
A brighter laurel on her brow appears—
The nobler trophies of these hundred years.

Though proud her record of extinguished fires,
This Alma Mater loftier aims inspires;
In social, intellectual bonds unites
Her chosen sons, to rivalry invites,
In contests higher than material arts,—
Conquests of mind, and unison of hearts;
She trains them for the service of the State;
The bar, the Senate, on her pleasure wait—
Wherever intellectual flowers appear,
The best, the brightest have been nurtured here;
While pure good fellowship here always finds
The welcome kinship of accordant minds.

Little thought Allen, when his band he chose,
How bright the catalogue time would disclose.
Here fond affection dwells on Lincoln's name,
And ours is Allen's, Devens's, Bullock's fame;
Thomas and Merrick, friendly rivals here,—
Chandler and Sargent in our ranks appear;
And, modest always, earliest in the train,
The honored names of Salisbury and Paine.

Secure the past, its lasting record made,
Of grateful reverence be the tribute paid;
The fathers, ever faithful in their day,
To fame and honor showed their sons the way.
In private walk, in service of the State,
Forensic strife, and Senate's high debate,
Their voice is heard, their arguments prevail;
Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale.
And he, whose eloquence to-night you've heard,
Whose every utterance was a golden word,
Has proved that all of greatness is not past,
And that Time's noblest offspring is the last.