

smoke and tears. The word "imbecile" escaped his lips, and with a mocking movement, in which, nevertheless, I could discern a forlorn hope, he put the tube to his lips.

A prayer ascended from my heart, and from the lovely girl by my side. I prayed to the trombone, Thérèse to Heaven.

"Ah, my brave trombone," I said, "wilt thou be mute now, when a blast from thy loins will give me eternal joy?"

And suddenly the firemen stopped swearing, the women wringing their hands, the children crying; each and every faculty was given over to a solemn and sublime peal that floated out from the mouth of the trombone and sought the hearts of its hearers. It spoke of hope and consolation, and, to me, of a joy unspeakable. Despite its battered side it lived, our dear trombone!

When the last peal had died away, and the firemen again commenced to swear, the women to wring their hands, and the children to cry, Monsieur Rigaud turned to me.

"Thou hast saved the life of my child and that of my dear trombone," he cried, altogether forgetting his own two hundred

pounds that I had with such difficulty pushed through the corridor.

And knowing how forgetful he was, and that perhaps to-morrow he would be in a different mood, I said on the instant, bravely,

"Monsieur Rigaud, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Thérèse."

I did well, for he spread out his fat fingers with a gesture of benediction.

"Perhaps it will be best, my children," he said, "to take the money I had reserved for the good Sisters, and build for us a house, with all the doors and windows upon the ground-floor. It is not wise to climb so high, when the demon of fire may at any moment be sapping the foundation. Have I reason, do you think, my children?"

"You have indeed reason," we replied, with enthusiasm. And only this spring the house was built, a little way out of town, where all the birds of heaven can sing and the flowers of the earth may bloom for my sweet Thérèse.

As for the trombone, Monsieur Rigaud can not be fonder of it than I.

### ECHOES OF BUNKER HILL.



CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

ONE must live within the sound of church bells to know the full charm and power of their chimes. They are like good and true friends, whom you find out not by any casual introduction, but by life-long familiarity. These chimes talk to you with

their sweet, strong music quite in their own way, and although, like some of our best friends, they may not have a great many changes, but harp a good deal upon the same old notes, they seem to us always new as they send out their stirring vibrations upon the air with the changing hours and seasons, just as the kindly greetings of home or the "good-morning" and "good-evening" of neighbors never wear out, but gather blessings with years. There is something very private and personal, and at the same time very sweeping and universal, in the voices of these bells. Tremulous as harp strings, clear as bugle tones, commanding as cannon thunder, these chimes whisper in your ear, while they call upon the whole neighborhood and bring the whole multitude together within the spell of a melody that carries the heart of ages and the fellowship of human kind in its ring.

I lived in my childhood and youth within such a spell, and from my home at the foot of Bunker Hill, on the banks of the Mystic River, I used to hear the chimes of old Christ Church, Boston, as they swept from that tall spire across the harbor and Navy-yard to Moulton's Point, where stood the frugal house which my upright and industrious father built with his own hands, and to which we



retreated after his death led us to leave a better house built by him on the hill-side. I remember especially how those bells used to ring at Christmas-time, especially on Christmas-eve, and they are the earliest voices that told me of a historical Church more winning and comprehensive, if no less assuming, than the Puritan shrine where I was baptized under the ministry of the famous Dr. Jedediah Morse, whose name now rests more upon his geography than his theology, and whose son has girdled with speaking wires the earth that his good father embraced in his books and maps. I have heard those bells at times for nearly threescore years, and they never said more to me than one night not long ago this last winter, as I was going to sleep under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and these dear old chimes came to my drowsy ear, put away slumber for some time, and set me to thinking and then dreaming of the old times and the new, and of the strange ties that bind them together, a thinking and a dreaming that were not broken but completed by waking in the morning with the same music keeping company with the light of dawn. I do not wish to be sentimental, or to bore you with personal reminiscences of my old home and friends and town, but I can not forget what Christ Church bells have said to me while I am writing of Bunker Hill and its echoes; and that old belfry and its chimes have a great deal to do with the facts of my story, and with its philosophy too.

## I.

The rector, the wardens, and the vestry did not know it at the time any more than did the lifeless bells, but none the less those bells, as soon as their full chime was completed, and the inscription on the first bell, in 1744, twenty-one years after the building of Christ Church, was crowned by that on the eighth bell, "Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester, cast us all, Anno 1774," had a great prophecy in their notes, and began to ring in the birthday of a great nation in this New World. I suppose that they were rung at Christmas, 1774, and at Easter and at Whit-Sunday, 1775, and that their Whitsun peals proclaimed to the whole neighborhood the new lawgiving of Christ not long before June 17, 1775, and had a return, not wholly a retort, but in part an echo, from the cannon of Prescott and his raw recruits within the rough extemporized fortification on Bunker Hill; for Bunker Hill has had something to do with the new lawgiving of the nations, and has not been wholly left out of the ministry of love which fulfills the law of Christ. It is said that from this steeple, which was visible from a great distance, warning was given of the intended march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord. Paul Revere's narrative states

that on Sunday, April 16, he had been to Lexington by desire of Dr. Warren to see Hancock and Adams, who were at Rev. Mr. Clark's, and that on Tuesday evening, April 18, after a number of British soldiers had been seen marching to Boston Common, he was sent again by Dr. Warren to Lexington to tell those flaming patriots what mischief those soldiers were probably bent upon doing. Revere went, and returned at night through Charlestown, where he met Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen, whom he promised to inform of the movements of the British by signals from the North Church, and who told him afterward that they saw the signals. So this old belfry speaks to us now of the first struggles of the provincial yeomanry at Lexington and Concord; and it is said that General Gage looked out from its commanding height upon the burning of Charlestown and the battle of Bunker Hill.

No doubt that among the thousands who turned their eager eyes from the high places of Boston toward the Mystic River some looked from that belfry, and very likely they climbed to that height early in the morning, very soon after the guns of the British man-of-war *Lively*, that was then anchored opposite the present Navy-yard, opened her fire upon the American works, which a thousand plucky men, who had seen a spade and pickaxe before, had thrown up in a night. There was probably a great deal to see during the day, especially during the forenoon, before the smoke of the battle and the flames of the burning town darkened the sight. They could see there at noon the several regiments marching through the streets of Boston to their places of embarkation, and the two ships of war moving up Charles River to join the others in firing on the works. They could, by glimpses of the harbor and by the sound or the silence of the cannon, get some idea of what was going on. The blue flag was displayed as the signal, and from Long Wharf and the North Battery the fleet of barges, with field-pieces in the leading boats, moved toward Charlestown. The redoubled roar of the cannonade could not wholly hide with its smoke the brilliant spectacle, the scarlet uniforms, the glittering weapons, the bright artillery, the regular motion of the boats, the jets of flame, the clouds of smoke—a sight such as Boston had never seen before.

I will not try to tell over again the story of the battle, for it is in every school history. It is enough now to know that at one o'clock the British army landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and immediately formed in three lines, while the barges returned to Boston for more troops, who arrived at three; that the British, some three thousand strong, advanced upon the American works; that they were driven back





DR. JOSEPH WARREN.

with fearful slaughter; that they advanced again, with the flames of the burning town to veil their movements, and were again repulsed; that they rallied again with reinforcements against the Americans, who were not only worn down with labor and fasting, but out of ammunition; and at about five o'clock, after this bloody conflict of an hour and a half with raw volunteers, these picked soldiers of the British army took possession of the hill that had served them for a retreat on the famous 19th of April, with more than a thousand dead and wounded as the price of their victory, among these 226 being among the killed. The Americans had 140 killed, 271 wounded, and 30 captured, or 441 in all, in a force probably not exceeding fifteen hundred men actually engaged. The British, by the most truthful accounts, had less than four thousand men engaged on the field, according to Mr. Richard Frothingham's excellent history of the battle, but he apparently does not include the sailors and gunners in the British ships who were so active in the fight, and who killed the first American in the fort.

That was a sad evening for Boston and all the people around it. The sun that went down in splendor behind the ruins of that burned town, after that day of summer loveliness, shone upon a Golgotha of death. British and Americans who had been in arms against each other were one now in the pain of wounds, the agony of bereavement, and the need of the Divine Comforter. The chimes of Christ Church did not probably ring out after the din of battle had ceased and night came on, but they must have tolled when Major Piteairn's body was brought there for the burial service, and interred under the church. He was a brave and kindly man, who has apparently been misunderstood, and identified with acts of

atrocious which he abhorred. His name heads the large list of British officers who were killed or wounded in the battle—thirteen killed and seventy wounded, a proportion so large as to put this battle on a footing with the carnage of Quebec and of Minden. The losses on the American side were not so many nor so conspicuous, but one man fell whose death was life to his companions and his cause, and, with all allowance for local and personal friendship and patriotic exaggeration, there is no doubt that when Dr. Joseph Warren died, New England liberty had its martyr, and America had a hero who fought for her thenceforth with weapons that are not carnal, and with a valor that knows no weariness and wants no food or clothing or arms. Warren was a noble man, and did a great deal for the patriot cause, but his life and his death meant more than he or any body else knew at the time. He was, as we shall see, a text out of the book of humanity and of God that history was then unrolling.

Precisely what this Bunker Hill battle did at the time for our people and the world it is impossible for us to say, but it was clearly a great power alike in the march of events and of ideas. The fight did not begin in speculative thinking, but it was a plain, matter-of-fact struggle of a thousand or two New England provincials, who were at heart freemen, against some four thousand British soldiers who were sent to put them down under the foot of the throne and Parliament of England. But as all laws begin in some matter-of-fact case, so all intellectual progress starts in some practical point, and thinking amounts to little until it feels the spur of action. An act of Joseph Priestley revealed oxygen and created chemistry the year before this battle, which oxygenated ideas and made a new era in history. Here in America Bunker Hill gave the shock that brought the colonies to their feet, and roused them to the consciousness of unity. As a piece of strategy or tactics it amounted to next to nothing on either side, for the stand of the Americans on that hill was a doubtful step, alike hard to keep and, if kept, by no means a decisive one; while the assault upon the Americans by the British, who had ships and cannon to assail their foes in the rear or to starve them out, was a reckless exposure of life. But none the less this battle was a great event in the quality of the struggle and the significance of the result. For the first time the Americans and the British came together in open warfare, and when it was proved that the Americans could stand the fire of disciplined British troops, and drive them again and again to retreat, the die was cast, the end was sure, and the cool, clear head of Washington, who two days before had been made by the Continental Congress commander-in-chief, saw



what it meant, and said, "The liberties of the country are safe."

On the day of the battle Congress elected its four major-generals—Ward, Lee, Schuyler, and Putnam, with Horatio Gates as adjutant-general. Four days (June 21) afterward Thomas Jefferson entered Congress, and the next day brought news of the Charlestown battle, which put fire into his ideal statesmanship, and made Patrick Henry say, "I am glad of it; a breach of our affections was needed to rouse the country to action." "Americans will fight," wrote Franklin to his English friends: "England has lost her colonies forever." In England there were great echoes to the guns of Bunker Hill, and in spite of the protest of Chatham and the Whigs, the king and Parliament were stirred to new measures of aggression. How much the best heart of the mother country sympathized with the struggling colonists we have no ample means of knowing, but it is certain that the thousand raw recruits who gathered at Cambridge on the evening of June 16, and heard the prayer of President Langdon, had a deep sense of their English birthright, and of their just claim to the government of impartial law, with exemption from the rule of arbitrary power. Josiah Quincy, Jun., when he listened, on January 20, 1775, to Chatham's memorable speech in the House of Lords, listened for his countrymen as well as for himself; and there is nothing in his journal that those rough farmers in their motley homespun and their odd medley of weapons could not fully understand and answer to. The England that could receive such words from her noblest statesman as these had not lost the blood of Cromwell and Milton, or forgotten the treachery of the Stuarts: "My lords, these three millions of Whigs—three millions of Whigs, my lords, with arms in their hands—are a very formidable body. It was the Whigs, my lords, that set his Majesty's royal ancestors on the throne of England. I hope, my lords, there are yet double the number of Whigs in England that there are in America. I hope the Whigs of both countries will join and make a common cause. Ireland is with the Americans to a man. The Whigs of that country will, and those of this country ought to, think the American cause their own. They are allied to each other in sentiment and interest, united in one great principle of defense and resistance against tyranny and oppression." The vote went against Chatham's motion in favor of recalling the troops from Boston, but his speech, with those of Lord Camden, Lord Shelburne, and the Duke of Richmond, is proof enough that our people were right in their protest both as Englishmen and as New Englanders, and that it was not merely their new local liberty, but their old English birthright, that led them

to their stand against despotism at Bunker Hill.

What these men were in their personal character, their culture, and in their relations to their age, we can judge quite well by their education in their peculiar town organizations, their schools, and their churches. They had been brought up under positive laws, with town officers elected by themselves, and having full authority in each township, with no desire to break their historical relations to the provincial authorities or the British government; they had been well taught at school and in church, and their leaders were generally men of good education, most of them graduates of Harvard College. Warren, Hancock, and Samuel Adams, the ruling spirits of the gathering storm, were Harvard College men, and so were General Ward, who headed the list of major-generals, and Samuel Osgood, his aid, who was with him near the field during the battle, and afterward so conspicuous under the administration of Washington for his ability and integrity in the Treasury and the Post-office. These men, both the rank and file and the leaders, were undoubtedly full of the modern spirit, and their uprising against British aggression had echoes from the liberals of Europe, and certainly helped on the freethinking of the Illuminists, as well as the reforms of the philanthropists. Their success was welcome at the court of Frederick the Great, who liked liberty of thought and of action when it did not cut into his own royal prerogative; and the patron of Voltaire was the friend of America. France, of course, could not be indifferent to so important a blow at the dominion of England, and Vergennes immediately sent Bonvouloir on a mission to America, while the egotist and dreamer Rousseau, then at Paris a greater power than Vergennes or his master, Louis XVI., the prophet of democracy with peerless style, had here in young Thomas Jefferson an emissary stronger than a score of Bonvouloirs—an emissary who was to put the ideas of the "Social Contract" into letters of flame in the Declaration of July 4, 1776, under the spell of battle that pointed ideas with bayonets and loaded them with powder and ball. Voltaire at Ferney was no stranger to the struggle that was to introduce him to Franklin; and even Goethe, the serene artist and poet of the future, then a young man, in the fever of that storm and pressure period, and just made famous by the romance of *Werther*, had in 1773, two years before, been greatly stirred by the story of the Boston tea-party; and he could not have been indifferent to its bloody sequel. The masters of the rising age of human culture, Kant, Herder, and Lessing, although not then known by their chief works, were full of sympathy and hope for free institutions, and ready for every



cheering word from the new republic, whose cause they afterward so heartily vindicated.

So Bunker Hill belongs to modern times, and had more to do with modern thinking than its heroes knew. The new age was beginning, and they were a part of it. The characteristic elements of the nineteenth century were in them; and this century, as has been well observed of the century that reckoned from the birth of Christ, actually began about thirty years before its nominal date. Not merely a new nation, but a new humanity was beginning to be—not a new language was growing up, but a new reading of all tongues, with fresh and flaming emphasis to all words that stand for the rights of man, the claims of reason and conscience, the largeness of nature, the worth of liberty, the majesty of justice, and the benignity of God. There may have been, and there undoubtedly was, some one-sidedness and extravagance in this new vocabulary; but all these words and ideas were needed, and the chimes of the old church bell, that discouraged war and moderated passion and pleaded for the duties of man and for the grace and sovereignty of God, bore witness in their swell and their cadence to the lawgivers and the prophets who had been scourges of oppression and champions of liberty and law.

The radical thinkers of America have within sixty or seventy years had their strength within the sound of old Christ Church bells, and within the range of the sound of Bunker Hill guns; but there was not much overt radicalism among the patriots who fought the battle. They had not broken fellowship, like the German and French Illuminists and the present Free Religionists, with the old church and Bible. Nor have their successors, who most shortened the old creed, cut short the commandments. They were brought up to find all liberty inside of the Bible and the meeting-house, and their clergy went with them in their uprising. Even Warren, who was a zealous Freemason, and called St. Andrew's Lodge his *alma mater*, appears to have been an old-fashioned church-going man, and with Hancock and other patriots who accepted the civic side of Puritanism more than the theocratic side, he attended Brattle Street Church, and was one of the famous line who have made that old parish sacred from that day to our own, with its record of Buckminster, Everett, and Palfrey in the pulpit, and Webster, Otis, the Lawrences, and Kirkland in the pews. Colonel Prescott, who led the Americans from Cambridge to Bunker Hill, and was not apparently very ecclesiastical in his tone, was conservative in his principles, and of an aristocratic family, with no radicalism. But because they kept their free principles within ecclesiastical bounds, they none the less belonged to the new times,

and their bullets opened the war that destroyed the Bastille and the Inquisition, upset the Pope's temporal throne, and made the world new. Puritan orthodoxy itself went valorously into the new movement on its civic side, and not only opposed the British bishops, but stood up for the rights of man, as in Samuel Adams, who was as liberal in his political code as he was strait-laced in his theological creed—a Jeffersonian, yet a Calvinist. In fact, the liberty spirit of New England was never an ungodly spirit in those times, and it has not been such since. The Puritan renounces his birthright when he turns from the God of his fathers, and the movement men of this race have spoken in his name, if not always wisely. Warren, who died at the age of thirty-four, seems, without knowing it, to have anticipated all the great outbreaks of liberty, and guarded against their excess by the variety of his services and the rectitude of his spirit. School-master, physician, orator, legislator, major-general, he was a friend of all classes, and probably alike as a physician, a Freemason, and a patriot he was much among the mechanics, and had much to do with settling practically their relation to the new liberty, and making labor and property friends in the rising government. The watch-word of those two dangerous factions in Europe, the Jesuits and the Internationalists, has been the Cross or the Trowel, as if labor and faith were bound to fight against each other for very life. The true watch-word is the Cross and the Trowel; and if New England did not like the sign of the Cross, she contended for what it means, and her mechanics have never separated the trowel or the hammer from the Bible in their interpretation of the gospel of Him who worked at the carpenter's bench before He preached upon the mount and healed by the way-side.

It is well to shun all exaggeration, but a man who lived his early life on this very battle-field, and whose early church and school were on the ground that was burned over by the British shells from Copp's Hill, may be excused for regarding this chapter of American history in its most generous relations, and hearing its echoes to the fathers of the old civilization, and its voices to the new ages that have echoed their cheer. We give a sketch of the old town of Charlestown as one might see it from Beacon Hill, from which it was drawn. The original Bunker Hill is on the left; Breed's Hill, the historical Bunker Hill, in the centre; and Moulton's Hill, where the British landed, is on the right. The church is the old Puritan temple, on the site where John Winthrop and John Harvard once worshiped. There were men in Boston on the 17th of June, 1775, learned and thoughtful enough to read the scene before them in the wis-





VIEW OF CHARLESTOWN AND THE BACKGROUND FROM BEACON HILL.

dom of history and the hope of prophecy. Boston had no artist like Kaubach to pencil the shapes that loomed up among the night shadows over those four hundred homes in ashes. But the shapes were there before every open vision; and the Hebrew lawgivers and prophets, with Moses and Isaiah; the Greek and Roman masters of intelligence and virtue, with Socrates and Zeno; the apostles of Christian faith and inward religion, with Paul and Augustine and Calvin; the heroes of Germanic manhood, with Hermann and Luther; the founders of English loyalty and manhood, with Alfred and Cromwell—these shapes all were there for those who had eyes to see them upon that cloud of smoke in the light of those pillars of fire. That burning town meant as much as burning Jerusalem, but meant more hope and less despair. New life was to rise from those ashes. The raw recruits who were driven from that rude fortress were intrenching themselves more wisely on Prospect Hill, Washington was on his way to Cambridge, Dorchester Heights were to be occupied by his command, and before April came round again the last of the soldiers

and ships of Great Britain had disappeared from Boston, and the siege of the Puritan capital was raised.

## II.

It is dangerous for a Boston or Charlestown man to undertake to tell what shapes his imagination sees from the great future that was then beginning to open upon that neighborhood; and instead of trying to put visions into form, I will be content to let History speak for herself in two scenes that are echoes of that Bunker Hill fight. The first of these is from June 17, 1825, fifty years after the battle. I was there, a school-boy, just in my teens, and I remember well the magnificence and the excitement of the occasion, which had, it was said, 50,000 people in the assembly, Daniel Webster for orator, and Lafayette as principal guest.

The preparations for laying the cornerstone of the new monument had been watched eagerly by our boys, and we went every day when we could to see what progress had been made. I remember well the bright day, the great multitude, and the magnetic spell of the orator's voice, little as I could make out of his words, as I listened from the rear of the amphitheatre in which he spoke, and as I crept under the floor, I believe, that I might hear more distinctly. That was Daniel Webster who was speaking, and that was his voice: it was enough for me. We boys could take in the whole drift of his oration when it was published, and could say with him, as he closed, "Thank God, I—I also am an American!"

There was an echo indeed to old Bunker Hill! The monument of brick and wood, twenty-eight feet high, that had been erected by the Freemasons of Charlestown in 1794, had done good service in its day, and now its place was to be taken by a massive obelisk two hundred and twenty-one feet high and thirty

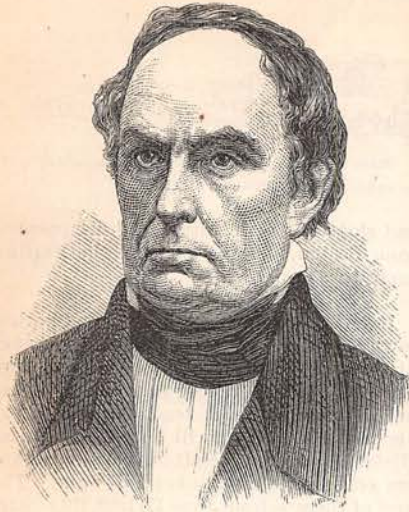


BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.



THE OLD MONUMENT.





DANIEL WEBSTER.

feet square—a structure that answers well to the pluck that threw up those fortifications and manned them with such might. In the broader bearings of this demonstration we must not forget its local associations, nor fail to connect the new Boston and Charlestown with the men and scenes of 1775. In looking over the list of names in Richard Frothingham's *History of Charlestown*, before that date, I find some that were familiar to me fifty years afterward, and whose descendants took part in this jubilee—such names as Devens, Harris, Edes, Frothingham, Foster, Larkin, Austin, Breed, Stevens, Call, Adams, Hurd, Russell, Rand, Goodwin, Hooper, Calder, Symmes, Newell, Wait, Gorham. I remember some characteristic men who seemed to keep up the costume of the old time, such as David Stetson, with his suit of drab or snuff-color, Thomas Rand, with his queue and small-clothes and shoe-buckles, and General Austin, in his sheriff's uniform, with gold-lace and buttons and white top-boots. Charlestown of course took great pride in this movement, but it was not by any means confined to her citizens, and the officers of the Monument Association—Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Perkins, Joseph Story, Edward Everett, John C. Warren, G. Stuart, Washington Allston, George Ticknor—show well the character and range of interest in the enterprise.

We can not fail to see that this echo of Bunker Hill came from the aristocratic and conservative elements of Massachusetts society, and we may well be glad that it was so, alike from the weight of their influence and the worth of their testimony. Wealth and culture, social position and name, were on the side of patriotism, and joined in an

act that committed them to liberty as well as law. It was a wholesome act at that time, when there was danger of a somewhat churlish conservatism, and the greed of trade had joined with the traditions of caste in checking the free instincts of the nation, and New England, not wholly by principle, had won back the Presidency to one of her sons. The monument meant "the United States" in their liberty and union, as the battle meant the "protest of the provinces" against bondage and misrule. Daniel Webster, the orator, spoke (then in 1825, and in 1843, eighteen years after) well the word of the occasion, and it gave him fuller swing than some of the themes that he handled, and was worthy of the champion of Greece and the South American republics. Our America needed that noble oration, with its statement of the essential principles of government, and its plea for local rights and national order. Europe needed it too, in that time of reactionary thought and policy, ten years after the victory of Waterloo, that had crushed Napoleon, had built up the Holy Alliance—when in Russia, Germany, France, and England the spirit of rational progress was so held in check, and the Pope, who domineered over Italy, thought it safe for him to bully all Christendom. It was a good thing for Lafayette to hear and to take back with him to France, whose despot he had defied when in power and defended in exile, whose rightful liberty he had always defended in a manner worthy of his first American service, and whose law he was soon so nobly to vindicate at the head of the National Guard at the downfall of the Bourbons in 1830.

Daniel Webster's oration was Bunker Hill echoed in eloquence. Let us not forget him now, nor fail to see his virtue and own his power because he had faults and infirmities. A great lawyer, an English jurist in the solid caste of his mind and the temper of his associations, he was a great liberator, and all that he did to bind the Union together in bonds of constitutional law he did for the liberty that the Union vindicates, and against the slavery that the Union has crushed. He spoke and did more than he knew, and his word had echoes beyond his purpose or his will. He who fires the cannon or strikes the bells may do it or not as he pleases, but when he has done it, the report and the chimes are not his to control. He may own the gun or the bell, but he does not own the air which carries the vibrations, or the ears that are open to the sound. So the orator owns the speech-making organs, but not the speech after it is made. Daniel Webster has been practically the master-teacher of the nation in its essential law, and his speech was greater than the speaker knew. Before Jackson sent the *Old Ironsides*, the frigate *Constitu-*



tion, to look after nullification at Charleston, Webster had been that same Ironsides in the Senate, and his guns, that floored Hayne and Calhoun, have never ceased their echoes, and were heard above the rebel cannon when Fort Sumter was assailed. He put the great national principle into shape, and when he spoke the word it went forth with a power not his own. He owned the speaking power, but not the power of the speech, which belonged to the nation and to the race. It is well that our fellow-citizen, Gordon W. Burnham, means to put his statue in our Central Park in stately bronze upon a massive pedestal of New England granite. It is a good thing to do at our Centennial Jubilee, to put the statue of the great orator and jurist of the nation there in the heart of the metropolis which he defended, and next to William Shakspeare, who embodied the life of regenerated England in the drama, and to Walter Scott, who has joined the ancient loyalty with the new humanity in his romance.

In thus rambling away from Charlestown and Boston to New York to illustrate the influence of the Bunker Hill orator of 1825, I do not forget the number and importance of his neighbors, and I wish that I could show the growth and prosperity of the population then. From 17,000 in 1775 Boston had increased to about 50,000 in 1825; Charlestown had increased from between two and three thousand to about 7000, and this, too, in spite of the Navy-yard that had seized her best wharf privileges on the water-front, and the State-prison that had cramped her enterprise on the other side, toward Charles River. Great was the prospect that the orator looked upon from his stand in the amphitheatre then, and lordly was the landscape that was commanded by the Christ Church steeple and reached by its bells. There was nothing in that celebration for that old church to mourn over, for the orator spoke the good English of her Bible and her Prayer-book, and did not assail the piety of her creed nor the charity of her prayer for unity, peace, and concord between all nations.

### III.

The end was not yet. The two or three millions had become twelve, the thirteen States had become twenty-four, and there seemed nothing more to do but for the country to go on as it had been going since peace with Great Britain was established. "We can win no laurels in a war for independence," said the orator on that day. But look and listen once more, and hear the echoes of Bunker Hill in 1875 to 1775 and fifty years afterward.

A change, indeed, has come over that neighborhood, the country, and the world within that time. The word which the cannon and the church bells ring out now is,

"The United States, a free nation," great among the nations of the world. The immense assembly on the Battle Hill; the shipping in the harbor; the flags of all countries; the lines of railroad and telegraph that converge here from every quarter of the country and from under the sea; the guests from all the American States and from the national capital; the ministers of foreign governments; the colored men—once slaves, and hearing the roll-call there, but not from the slave-driver's mouth—who march under our flag with the step and the rights of freemen; the orator of the day, who was a major-general in the war for the nation, and who is a judge in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Boston herself, now a great city in the spread of her territory, the affluence of her wealth, the splendor of her culture and her fame, adding five towns with Bunker Hill to her domain, and waiting for Brookline and Cambridge to come under her rule—all these things show that a new day has come, and repeat thousand-fold the echoes of the cry for liberty a hundred years before. I confess to a certain feeling of loneliness in all this grandeur, and every Bunker Hill boy who remembers with me the Boston and Charlestown of fifty years before must miss many faces that are now no more in the world. The notables of Boston have all passed away, and I may call to mind the men who then gave Charlestown name, energy, and wisdom. James Walker was the light of the pulpit; William Austin, Paul Willard, Leonard M. Parker, and others shone at the bar; Abraham R. Thompson, J. Stearns Hurd, William J. Walker, gave character to medicine; Cornelius Walker, who still lives, was head of education; Edward Everett was our orator and statesman. They have gone, all but the old school-master, but are not forgotten; and the old town kept an honorable record to the last, and gave a good report of its schools and its finances when, in January, 1874, it made over its allegiance to Boston, with whose interests business had long made its prosperity identical.

What is Bunker Hill to say now for itself? I do not know, as I am writing, what the oration will be, but I know the orator well, and can tell the spirit of the speech from the spirit of the speaker. The man who bears in his veins the blood of two Presidents; he who has been true to the conservatism as well as to the liberality of his fathers; he who stood up against slavery and secession, and also against despotic centralization; he who tried to spare the point of Southern honor without losing the point of Northern principle by the masterly peace measure that the madness of the hour would not understand, and perhaps the logic of events, greater than the arguments of statesmen, could not accept; he who coun-





CHARLES DEVENS.

seled moderation at home, and who had courage and sagacity abroad—Charles Francis Adams—would have fitly spoken the voice of a hundred years of Bunker Hill, and his name was brought forward in that connection. Robert C. Winthrop, whose ancestor, Governor John Winthrop, first landed at Charlestown, was invited to deliver the oration. He declined the honor, and Charles Devens brings to the post the fame of a brave soldier and the character of a spotless judge. War and peace, or rather peace after war, speaks its word under the shadow of that obelisk. I knew Charles Devens forty years ago, when he was a black-haired, rosy-checked boy, the pride of his father, who still lives, and of his mother and sister and brother, who are gone. I thought well of him, and expected him to be a vigorous and useful man, but not such a man—not a commanding soldier and a leading jurist. He had caution and balance on the paternal side, and the Devens family has had a good record for prudence and success for many generations. The daring came more from the mother's side; and the Lithgows, to whom she belonged, have been a brave and enterprising race, who have made their mark upon their time, and one of them held command and lost blood at Saratoga in the Continental army. Here is the orator, at once a soldier and a judge, to speak to the nation now from Bunker Hill. As he goes to his rostrum he must pass the New Soldiers' Monument on Winthrop Square, and carry the impression of that figure of America crowning her soldier and her sailor with him to the statue of Warren, and to the obelisk on the heights.

The orator himself represents what he ought to say, and he is an echo of Bunker

Hill. The new war was a legitimate consequence of that old fight, and the new peace ought to be a still clearer echo. The battle obelisk says, "We fought against invasion, and for a country strong enough to keep off the invader from abroad and to secure property and life at home." The war for the nation said, "We must stand up for the dearly bought government which we have won, and not permit its destruction to rob us of security at home and of defense against aggression from abroad." So the guns of Bunker Hill had echoes from the batteries of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, Antietam and Gettysburg, Nashville and Petersburg. Washington was once more at Cambridge, and the old struggle of the provincials was crowned by the defense of the Union, the uprising of the nation, and the downfall of slavery. But the soldier who represents the war is the judge who is the mouth-piece of law and the guardian of peace. Bunker Hill meant peace, and its echoes mean it now. The old Continentals there stood up for local liberty as well as for general order, and that local liberty we are to have throughout the length and breadth of the land. The flag that waves over North and South and East and West carries protection in its Stars and Stripes; and New Orleans and Charleston are to have the rights of American citizenship and the defense of the Constitution and the laws as much as Boston or New York or Chicago.

Let us have peace, in the full sense of the word, and, after this hundred years of analysis and antagonism, let us try to put all good things and good people together, and make the new age that is now beginning a jubilee to our country and mankind. Let the Christ Church steeple salute the battle obelisk with good cheer, and welcome the fair and square and high manhood which it represents into its true relations with the affairs of government and society, and with the gospel and kingdom of God. The old guns said to despotism, "No, we won't." Then that plucky negative can only be set aside when the church chimes, that seem to say, "Yes, you will," call the people to a loyalty that is free as well as reverent, and to a faith humane as well as godly, that shall bless us beyond our thought or dream.

### THE SENTINEL.

He paces round the fortress wall  
 For hours and hours together;  
 Afar his ringing footsteps fall.  
 Through wild and wintry weather  
 He paces round the fortress wall  
 Hours and hours together.

So Love doth guard the loving heart  
 For years and years together;  
 Grief can not stay nor anger start,  
 Whatever be life's weather.  
 So Love doth guard the loving heart  
 Years and years together.