

**CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, 1835-
1915: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY;
WITH A MEMORIAL ADDRESS
DELIVERED NOVEMBER 17, 1915**

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November 17, 1915 by Charles Francis Adams & Henry Cabot Lodge

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CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS & HENRY CABOT LODGE

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Charles Francis Adams

1835-1915

An Autobiography

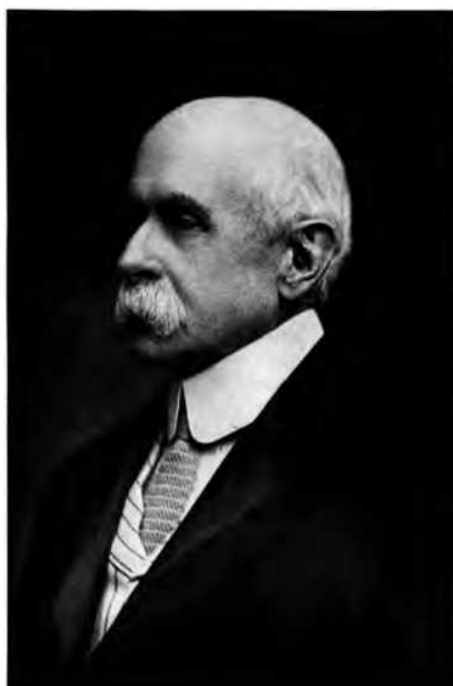
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Charles Francis Adams

Contents

I. MEMORIAL ADDRESS. BY HENRY CABOT LODGE	ix
II. AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS	i
I. YOUTH AND EDUCATION	3
II. LAW AND POLITICS	38
III. WASHINGTON, 1861	72
IV. WAR AND ARMY LIFE	114
V. PUBLIC SERVICE AND HISTORY	168
INDEX	219

Memorial Address

No man who reflects, certainly no one who gives rein to his imagination, can approach even the slightest attempt to tell the story of a man's life upon earth, whether it be his own or another's, without feeling that he is doing so in obedience to one of the overruling impulses, one of the deep-seated instincts of humanity. He cannot escape the vision of the successive generations of men as they pass by in long procession recounting, each in its turn, the lives and deeds of those who have gone before.

The form remains; the function never dies.

We fain would learn where the function and the form began and when they issued from the darkness. There comes no answer to our questioning (We cannot know, we can only guess.)

In those dim, mysterious regions of the past, about which conjecture alone is possible, we may nevertheless be sure that, as soon as men secured command of language, the first use to which they put it, after passing beyond the base needs of daily communication, was to talk of themselves and of each other. When Browning's Eurydice cries to Orpheus:

No Past is mine, no Future; Look at me!

we listen to the passionate voice of an old, sophisticated and complex civilization. Primitive man was the very reverse of this. He clung to the past and grasped blindly at the future. A little speck in the vast spaces of time and eternity, his