

**AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE
MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, IN AID OF
THE FUND FOR BALL'S EQUESTRIAN
STATUE OF WASHINGTON, ON THE
EVENING OF 13 MAY, 1859, PP. 3-57**

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An address delivered at the music hall, boston, in aid of the fund for ball's equestrian statue of Washington, on the evening of 13 May, 1859, pp. 3-57 by Robert C. Winthrop

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ROBERT C. WINTHROP

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Address was first delivered in Baltimore, on the evening of 2d of May, 1859, in aid of the Funds of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. It is here published, by request, as delivered at the Music Hall in Boston, on the 13th of May following, in aid of an object for which it had been previously promised.

On this latter occasion, after a chorus by the "Orpheus Glee Club," which had kindly volunteered for the purpose, the object of the Address was introduced as follows, by the HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE, as Chairman of a Committee, appointed by the Artists of Boston, to procure funds for casting in bronze the design of Mr. THOMAS BALL for an Equestrian Statue of Washington :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

I have been requested by the committee who have in charge the erection of Ball's equestrian statue of Washington in the city of Boston, to introduce the subject and the orator of the evening. And remembering that those who read books commonly skip the preface, especially if it be long, in their eagerness to reach the interest of the following volume, I shall apply the warning to the present occasion, and hope to secure your patience for the preparatory word by postponing for a moment only the intellectual banquet for which we are already impatient. I shall therefore perform my whole duty if I but sound the homely note of preparation, and hint at the object to be attained, leaving all the poetry of the theme to the same eloquent lips whose inauguration of other monuments and statues, of marble or imperishable bronze, has likewise adorned the literature of our country with contributions equally beautiful and permanent. [Applause.] Nothing more strikingly indicates the

progress of taste and the maturity of general intelligence, than the interest which is beginning to be exhibited in the multiplication of objects belonging to the department of the Fine Arts. Specimens of these will indeed always be found among the appendages of wealth and luxury ; but they become peculiarly significant, when, obedient to the voice of the people, Art, in her noblest forms, joins hand in hand with History to bear the examples of human greatness down the pathway of time. Viewed in the light of local interest only, it was eminently fitting that the first popular statue erected in Boston should be that of her own native and illustrious son, the Printer-philosopher, Franklin. And perhaps it is equally proper that the second should be that of the great forensic genius of New England, who made this state and city his chosen home, and whose public career is so intimately associated with their social and political history. But viewed even in this light, or in any light, what other name can be mentioned for this honor before his, who, living was declared to be " first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen ;" and to whose memory Death gave an immortal consecration of fame and affection. [Applause.]

The merit of initiating the present enterprise belongs to the artists of Boston, who, besides fulfilling the dictates of patriotism, embrace in their purposes a fraternal tribute to the genius and worth of a distinguished member of their own profession. And as it may be concluded that we have fairly reached the period when commemorative art in this country shall be in general requisition, it is also proposed that this statue shall exhibit the resources of our own State in the production of works of its class. The artist is a citizen of Boston ; the statue will be modelled here ; it will also be cast in bronze at some one of the foundries of Massachusetts, and it is expected that abundant funds for defraying its cost will flow from the generosity of our own people. The general supervision of the work has been given to a committee appointed by the artists themselves ; but it is the desire of all concerned therein to secure, as far as practicable, the coöperation of the public in such manner as may be agreeable to the varying tastes of individuals. The committee, however, take the present opportunity to state that it is proposed to hold a Fair some time in October next, on a scale of

liberality, if possible, never excelled in this city, the proceeds of which will be devoted to this object. And they take pleasure, also, in saying that the ladies, always the admirers of genius and heroism, and who are only less than omnipotent in their undertakings, have already engaged in this service with an enthusiasm which ensures success. [Applause.]

It has always been the source of honest pride to her people that in the catalogue of patriotic States, Massachusetts has held an honorable position, and it is a continued gratification in our time to feel that when the record of those who have manifested their veneration of the peerless Washington shall be gathered, it will be among her durable honors that her sons and daughters, among them, him whom, preëminent in the service, it is needless to name, have been earnest in securing to posterity the unaltered home of the Father of his country. [Applause.]

Here also again, in the capitol of the State, surrounded by the ancient military landmarks, which neither the lapse of time nor the hand of improvement has quite obliterated, within the sound of artillery from the spot where the Commander-in-chief first drew his sword in the presence of the continental army, will a new memorial rise to perpetuate his fame. And among the cheering auspices of the undertaking, I find not the least to be the privilege of announcing to you as one of its earliest supporters and advocates, the orator of this evening; another honored son of Massachusetts, whose ears I may not offend with the language of personal compliment, and whose public services and private virtues supersede an introduction to this audience of his fellow citizens—the **HONORABLE ROBERT C. WINTHROP.**

ADDRESS.

I WAS not at all surprised, my friends, on my return home yesterday from a brief Southern tour, to find that the wars and rumors of wars from abroad, which are agitating and engrossing the public mind, and the elemental revolutions at home, which precipitated us into midsummer a few days since only to plunge us back again so soon into this cold and cheerless spring, should have somewhat overclouded the prospects and the promise of this occasion.

But the glorious sunshine which we have enjoyed this afternoon, the inspiring strains of this charming band of choristers, and still more the eloquent and excellent remarks of my valued friend who has just introduced me so kindly, have dissipated all doubts and forebodings, and have assured me that the cause which I am to plead is already safe, and that we shall none of us have occasion to repent that we have "set this Ball in motion."—My only apprehension is, that the occasion may hardly seem to call for so grave and formal a discourse, as that which, according to my promise, I now proceed to deliver.

It would not be easy, I think, to name a more interest-

ing or a more instructive memorial of our Revolutionary period, than the "Journal of a Voyage to England,"—with the account of what he saw and heard and did there in the years 1774 and 1775,—by that eminent and eloquent young Boston patriot,—**JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.**,—who died, alas, within sight of his native shores on his return home, just eighty-four years ago on the 26th of April last, leaving a name which, even had no fresh renown been earned for it in a later generation, could not fail to have been held in the most grateful remembrance, through all ages of our country's history, by every friend of American liberty.

This journal will be found in the admirable Memoir of its author, prepared and published in the year 1825, by his early distinguished and now venerable and venerated son. The Memoir has long been out of print, and copies of it are not always easily to be procured. But it well deserves a place in every American library, and it is greatly to be hoped that a new edition of it may be forthcoming at no distant day from the same filial hand;—a hand still untrembling under the ceaseless industry of more than fourscore years, and never weary of doing another, and still another, labor of love for his kinsfolk, his fellow-citizens, or his country.

One of the most striking passages of this journal is that which describes an interview between our young Boston Cicero, as Quincy was deservedly called in those days, and that distinguished member of Parliament and friend of America, Col. Barré.

Among the statesmen of the mother country, during the early part of our Revolutionary contentions, the name

of no one was more familiar or more endeared to our American patriots than that of Isaac Barré. A self-made man, of humble Irish parentage, he had served upon this continent, as an officer of the British army, before the oppression of the colonies which led to their separation had commenced. He was with Wolfe, as an aid-de-camp, at the capture of Quebec, where he received a wound which was destined to cost him his eyesight before he died. Some of you may, perhaps, remember a pleasant anecdote, which Mr. Webster used to tell with the highest relish, when he was himself suffering from an almost blinding catarrh during the season of roses or of hay,—the story of Lord North, who was afflicted with total blindness before his death, saying of Col. Barré, after he also had become blind,—“Although the worthy gentleman and I have often been at variance, there are few men living who would feel more delighted to see each other.” Barré returned home, however, to become adjutant-general, governor of Stirling Castle, and a member of the House of Commons. In this latter capacity he signalized himself, within two days after taking his seat, by a bold and blunt philippic upon no less formidable and illustrious an opponent than William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham; and not long afterwards he was among the few members of parliament who ventured to resist the passage of the Stamp Act, making a powerful and admirable reply on that occasion to the celebrated Charles Townsend, the most eloquent of all the advocates of that ill-starr’d,—if I ought not rather to call it, in view of all its fortunate consequences,—that auspicious and glorious measure. “There has been nothing of note in Parlia-

