And never did they intend to despair until
the last man of that glorious band was made
to measure his length on his mother earth.
The conclusion is known by all, especially when
we can look up to the blue vault of heaven
in sight of him who reigns supreme and ex-
claim: ‘we live free, “we bow to none but our God.”’

But we have yet to come to a time in
our national career by far more sad and
appalling. A time when fanaticalism and blind
inertia sit high on their imperial thrones.
A time when reason is foolish and correction
humbling. A time, in short, when social
and religious duties are thrown to the four
winds of heaven, and the ballot box the great
bulwark of civil liberty is rendered profane
and insecure by repeated instances of Black
Republican mobs.

I regret fellow members, that I can present
to your minds no fit offering for this oc-
casion. Should that I had foreseen for your
reception some casket of precious gems—
the rich jewels of history and learning.