

never can be too frequently alluded to, or too plainly expressed. My friends, we but too feebly estimate the struggle in which many of our honored sires were engaged, the price, the fearful price, that has been paid for our country's liberties, and the great courage, devotion and sacrifice they represent. A nation knows nothing of abiding peace till nerve, muscle, heart, soul, all we hold most dear, have been taxed to their utmost, and its altars have been made crimson with blood. Under a benignant and overruling providence, the peace and prosperity we this day enjoy come from the zeal, faith, courage, consecration and suffering of those who have gone before. In this world, beautiful as it is, peaceful acres represent the price of blood. Would to God that we might remember this truth, not for vain glory, but to honor such as we this day recall, to thank, to reward, to perpetuate. I trust that the time has forever passed when the tread of marshalled men shall again shake this continent, and this beautiful valley shall again resound with the notes of war, either for aggression or defense. Our inheritance to-day is peace. Being therefore peace, our only ambition should be to keep it, guard it most jealously and sacredly; to be known and remembered for the multitude of our virtues, and for the noble aspirations of sanctified and cultivated genius. And the more so, since to attain this no city need be sacked, no fields devastated, nor blood shed, not even a tear fall. Next to suffering and dying for freedom, is the noble duty to preserve it. The old Jewish rabbi was right when he said that, were the sea ink and the land parchment, the former could not be able to describe, nor the latter to comprise all the praise of liberty. Liberty is the mother of every virtue and the best nurse of genius. The immortal Burke, in one of his impassioned sentences, asks, what is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? We answer it is nothing. It is a vessel without a rudder, a charter without a seal. Virtuous liberty should be our aim, as it has been the desire of all who have coveted its wealth, and who have sought its establishment. Every country that submits to be a land of slaves, deserves to be a land of ruin. An Italian poet once signalized his love of imperial Rome in these noble words: "Eternal gods! may that day be the last on which I forget the happiness of Rome." So should we think, and so should we say. He who is unwilling to imperil his life, if need be, at the summons of holy freedom, does not merit life. He who sincerely loves his country leaves the fragrance of a good name to many ages. But I can not say what I would. I close, then, by remarking that it