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1863

### **Address by Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, and Poem by D. Bethune Duffield, Esq., on the Dedication of the Law Lecture Hall of the Michigan University**

Thomas M. Cooley

D. Bethune Duffield

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ADDRESS

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BY

HON. THOMAS M. COOLEY, 1824-1898

AND

POEM

BY



D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD, ESQ.,

ON THE

DEDICATION OF THE LAW LECTURE HALL  
OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

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Thursday, October 1, 1863.

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## ADDRESS.

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### STUDENTS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LAW:

While Michigan was yet a wilderness, only feeling along its borders the advancing tread of civilization, and only hearing here and there the sound of the woodman's axe, the wisdom of American statesmen made provision for the establishment in the territory of a great University. Not yet to be founded: for as yet the wants of the people did not demand it: the echoes of the savage war whoop along the Detroit and the Raisin still chilled the blood: the pioneers were still busy with their traps and their guns, and the learning they taught their children was the cunning of woodcraft, and how to outwit the fox and to entrap the beaver. But the men who endowed a University in the wilderness, already saw in the teeming future the advancing hosts that were soon to pass the lakes, and hew away great forests, cover the fields with waving grain, and call into existence beautiful hamlets, and busy cities, the palaces of industry, and the temples of religion and learning. And they may have remembered the early and the humble founding of Harvard; how our New England ancestors, "to the end that learning might not be buried in the graves of their forefathers," planted the foundations of the noble college almost before the first stumps of the new settlement had rotted away, and how they brought of their scanty crops or earnings for its support, each his peck of corn, or the wampum obtained by barter with the red man; and how it grew and strengthened upon this provision until the colony and erewhile a great nation could count it among their great and noble treasures. Or they may have looked many centuries further back, to the humble and obscure founding of England's great Universities: to Oxford, rising slowly into notice in those dark and

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bloody days, when conquering Norman and fierce and half subdued Saxon still scowled at each other as they met, and still cherished their mutual hatred; and Cambridge also, like Oxford a child of the wilderness, growing slowly through long ages as the nation grew, educating and civilizing the nation, and being strengthened by the learning and civilization it spread abroad.

And so the Congress which endowed our University, guided by the light of experience, and aware that the institution must be a thing of growth rather than of creation, anticipated the day of its necessity, and laid its foundation in the primeval forest.

But they had not great wealth to give it, with which elegant buildings might be erected, or large libraries purchased, or expensive collections procured. The endowment was *land*: a part of the forest itself: of little value then, and only to be made valuable by the labor of the industrious pioneer; and even then not a rich endowment, but one easily squandered, and which economy alone could make answer the purpose of its establishment. But economy is or should be an American virtue; to be taught and practiced in its schools as well as by its firesides and in its halls of legislation: and economy has carefully cherished the fund, until, within the life time of men who saw the first planting, the fruits of the institution, complete in all its departments, can now be enjoyed.

And now as we who compose one of these departments proceed to dedicate to instruction in the Science of the Law, this spacious hall, provided for us by means of this prudent foresight of the statesmen of our country, it seems meet for us to consider the relations we sustain to that country, and what claims the organized society into which we are born has upon the science we are to study, and the profession we are to follow.

And at the outset we must not fail to consider well the nature of this organized society to which we are attached, and of the people who compose it. More truly than of any other people may we say of our race, they are

*A people who reverence the law.* You shall not, in all your investigations, go so far back in history that you do not find our race ruled by the law, and bowing more or less reverently to its decrees. Rough and ignorant though they were, and careless of the rights of other peoples, among themselves they had their courts and their juries, whose decisions were obeyed, and whose judgments preserved

the public order. And this was true in great measure because they were

*A people who made their own laws.* Self government was native to the race. England never knew despotic government in the sense in which it is to be understood elsewhere. Neighborhood self-government, by tens and by hundreds, or by other local divisions, was older than the good laws of Edward the Confessor, for which the Saxons struggled so long with their Norman lords. Those laws were themselves in great measure only the customs which a freedom loving people had insensibly adopted in their intercourse with each other. Long before Magna Charta the English people had learned that the true science of government demanded that, in respect to all local matters, the governing power should be brought as near as possible to the subjects upon which it was to act.

If you follow this people as it leaves its native shores to settle this western continent, you will find at no period in its history the question raised or discussed whether power should be centralized in one man or body of men, or divided and localized. A government by townships in respect to all local matters was so much a matter of course among the pioneers of America, that an American would as soon inquire why and how do men breathe, as why and how came it it about that our ancestors took upon themselves in their several localities a local self government.

And it was as members of these local democracies that they learned the science of government, and fitted themselves to be citizens of larger communities. They learned to be sparing of the public funds, because the public funds were their own. But they were not stingy of the public funds, because all expenditures were to be for public purposes in which each had a private interest. And the application to public affairs of the same common reason which was applied in their private affairs made statesmen of them on a small scale, and enabled them to judge well of state affairs on a larger scale.

Directly or indirectly the people of England and America have always made their own laws. If they did not always in their earlier history through their representatives enact the statutes of the realm, there was always going on among them an insensible law making, growing out of their daily life, evolved by their daily thoughts and business and habits. The noble Common Law of England is the code enacted by the common people of England, carefully elaborated

and perfected through long centuries, at their firesides and in their shops, and only declared in Parliament and in the Courts. Its peculiar excellence is that it is forever adapted to the people, because it forever grows with the people, and expands to accommodate new circumstances and new and higher conditions of society. Some things in it were harsh and cruel, which the refining influences of modern times, and the civilizing influences of Christianity, have softened down or brushed away: other things savored of an age of ignorance and superstition, but just in proportion as light was let in upon the national mind, these also have been modified by the light. A statute of George II. forbade the punishment of witchcraft; but the punishment itself had ceased before the statute, and the act was but declaratory of a law already made by the common sense of the nation, forbidding the infliction of penalties upon the victims of delusion. So likewise were abolished the trial by ordeal, the wager of battle, and all those barbarous modes of determining guilt fit only for the ages of darkness and superstition, and in their nature abhorrent to the cultivated mind.

But conspicuous through the history of the race stands boldly out the truth, that this people of laws are also

*A people who love justice and fair play.* And as the noblest means of ensuring justice they originated and perfected, and through all ages have adhered to and claimed the benefit of the system of trial by jury. I know that this system has been abused, and that in the hands of unprincipled tools of tyranny it has sometimes been a most efficient instrument of tyranny; I do not forget the judicial murders perpetrated while Scroggs and Jeffries disgraced the judicial ermine, and dragooned juries into verdicts which their souls abhorred; but I know how revolting these were to the common mind, and how terribly this fact was beaten into the head of Jeffries when once the people could reach him. But the cases of Scroggs and Jeffries were exceptional in their character, and occurred in exceptional times. As a rule there cannot be a tyranny when the administration of the law depends upon the will of the people sitting as jurors, and where there must not only be law for the verdict demanded, but the law itself must be one which the people approve. We hear sometimes from the border territories of the west accounts of extra judicial trials and punishments; lynch law administered to rogues where as yet a regular administration of justice by the State is not to be had;

but even lynch law has its regular trial, and the notions of fair play which prevail among the miners of Colorado or the squatters in Kansas would be outraged by seeing even the notorious criminal punished without having the question of his guilt first submitted to a jury impartially selected.

Among this people, thus loving law and justice, and thus familiar with the law, the influence of the legal profession is perhaps greater than with any other. In fact a distinct profession devoting themselves to the practice of the law, and respected as its exponents, are only to be looked for among a free people ; and their standing is likely to be proportioned to the degree of freedom which the people enjoy. The advocates of Rome were most influential and powerful in the best days of the republic ; and the legal profession in England only attained its highest position when freedom of speech and of the press became firmly established during the eighteenth century. A people who have freedom, and who understand the law, understand best the value of the law, and the importance of having it carefully made, and justly expounded. As fixed and settled principles of law are the distinguishing traits of savage from civilized communities, so a distinct profession, to make, expound and enforce the law, marks the distinction between a people whose rights are assured, and a people holding their liberties at the will of those who chance to possess rule over them. And so with us the responsibility of framing new statutes is for the most part thrown upon the legal profession. They do not always compose in large part our legislative bodies, but the revision of proposed statutes at least is expected to be in charge of legal members, and they are held responsible for all defects.

But if the making of new laws is mainly in their hands, the expounding of new laws is entirely so. In the persons of their representatives upon the bench they declare what the law is ; as expounders their power is perhaps even greater than as legislators ; and a higher degree of virtue is required to hold the scales of justice even in the courts than is expected of those who fill our legislative halls. Upon legislative powers are numberless restraints, designed to check hasty and improvident action, and to shield private rights against legislative usurpation. We have our two houses of the legislature ; each operating as a restraint upon the other, and thus guarding the State against those temporary excitements which sometimes sweep over the people, and from which no single body of men can at all



times hope to be free. Witness the terror which seized upon the lower house of Congress at the time of the first discovery of Burr's Conspiracy, leading to the passage, with almost entire unanimity, of a bill needlessly suspending the *habeas corpus*, which the Senate, not affected by the excitement, rejected with equal unanimity. But we have, further and better, constitutional bounds set to legislative power, limiting it in all directions to the proper subjects of legislation, and bounding it even in regard to those subjects. No similar restraints upon judicial power are practicable; and so while courts may sit in judgment upon legislative action, and annul whatever is done in excess of rightful jurisdiction, the judiciary must decide upon its own authority, and the judge must find within his own breast those restraints against hasty and unjust action which the legislator has in the constitution and the courts.

But the courts are only the mouth-pieces of the bar. At best the judges are only selected from leading members of the profession, and are not a distinct class of men placed high above the bar, and declaring the law as oracles. They are only good representatives of the learning, wisdom and virtue of the profession, and the decisions they deliver are only deductions from the learned arguments had before them. It is the business of the bar to instruct them, rather than be instructed by them, and justice is blind indeed if her advocates supply her with no light. Even when judges cannot be convinced, the lawyer may sometimes instruct the public judgment, and thus by indirect action upon the court secure correct results. The arguments of Erskine at the bar did far more to settle the law of libel than the authoritative decisions of Mansfield; and the advocate may fairly be said to have overruled the judge. The attorney's oath binds him to fidelity as well to the courts in which he may practice as to his clients; to speak the truth before the one with the same care and diligence as he would protect the interests of the other; and his duty is not merely to succeed in the particular case, but to advance the general cause of truth and justice, by faithfully and boldly advocating their principles, in every case, and irrespective of circumstances.

Thus loaded with responsibilities, and thus necessary to the State, **it is not surprising that pains have been taken to make of our profession a learned and an able body of men. The ancient Inns of Court, which are the Colleges of Law in England, and exclusively**

under the control of the legal profession, alone have authority to admit to the higher walks of practice. A long attendance of the student, measured by the number of dinners eaten at the commons, is the essential prerequisite to an examination; and when once admission is secured, the young advocate must still slowly and patiently eat his way upwards to the seats of the benchers. Even the privilege of entering upon the study of the law is only secured by special vote of one of the Inns of Court, and on the payment of enormous fees. The tendency of all this is to make the law an aristocratic and an exclusive profession; and because one's attendance upon his studies is measured by the dinners eaten, the wits will have it that the Inns of Court judge of capacity to discuss legal questions by the extent of the gastronomic powers. But behind all this there is a high and noble purpose; a purpose to keep the doors of the profession carefully guarded so as to secure a body of independent, able and profound lawyers; and that they may not disgrace their associates by dishonest practices, the power to punish by disfranchisement for any act unbecoming a lawyer or a man is allowed to the colleges of law which have admitted them. All this has made the legal profession a controlling power in the realm, and given to history the great names of Mansfield, and Erskine, and Brougham and Campbell. It remains for the bar of America to make the American system, which is the opposite of the exclusive and aristocratic system of England, equally efficient in the production of great results; and that it may become so our colleges of law are endowed and encouraged, in the hope that those who attend them shall be fired by the same emulation, and that same love of the law as the security for justice, which made the names of Blackstone, and Mansfield and Kent immortal.

After what I have said I need hardly add that there are duties which the lawyer can neither cast off nor evade without unfaithfulness to society and to the science of which he assumes to be a votary.

*He owes to society an influence in favor of good morals.* What is human law but the application, as near as erring human wisdom will admit, of the will of heaven to the affairs of mankind? It has been defined as a rule of action, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong; and how base then must that man be, who, being selected and sworn to the just practice of that rule, spends his days in defrauding men of their rights, in encouraging vice and dishonesty that he may feed upon them, and in undermining the very foundations

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of society by bringing the law, which is the great conservative element of society, into contempt and disgrace. Sometimes these men cast their influence into the scale of vice because it is easier to float with the downward current than to breast it; or perhaps they delight in the vicious applause which one capable of better things may so easily win in the haunts of vice, and so they help to destroy the law which they are sworn to uphold. Such applause, received willingly, at last deadens the sensibilities alike to the voice of conscience and to the warnings of a just public sentiment; and the man ceases to appreciate his relative position to society and to the State, and comes to look upon the world as all depraved and vicious like himself. It is said of Judge Scroggs that he so accustomed himself to live in the applause of the minions of tyranny around him, that at last it seemed to him to fairly represent not only the public voice of his age but of posterity also; so that he himself revised for publication the reports of his brutal conduct on the criminal trials had before him, expecting posterity to applaud his coarse jokes and savage retorts as the brutal tools around him did while he lived. Yet was his reputation when he died so loathed by the nation that it is said the very name of Scroggs died out in England, and that if he left relatives behind him, they were ashamed afterwards to bear his name, and hid under some other cognomen their blushes at his infamy.

*He owes the weight of his influence to good order.* The lawyer is and should be conservative. However radical the changes he may desire to make, the lessons of our judicial history admonish him that they can only be safely brought about in the slow processes of time. We admire Cromwell and his liberty-loving associates, but we cannot forget that the radical change they sought to inaugurate was followed by anarchy, and then reaction, restoring the same tyrannical family, with all their vices and all their impious claims by divine right. The lesson that a criminal king is mortal to the executioner's axe was worth something to the race, but the great truth that radical changes can only be safely brought about by slow and cautious and patient advances, was worth far more. Convulsions indeed come at times, like that which now shakes the fabric of American unity; which can neither be guarded against nor foreseen, and which when they are upon us may demand speedy and desperate remedies; but even then it is the part of wisdom to keep an eye to the old landmarks, and so to shape action that when the commotion is quelled there shall be appa-

rent, not mere heaps of materials from which to build something anew, but the same good ship of state, with some progress towards justice and freedom. The training of our profession does not lead us to court such convulsions, but rather to cling fast to all that is good in our present system, and to bring about changes gradually by the pressure of constant influence against that which is bad. Every inch gained to freedom with so much blood under Cromwell was lost under the two following Stuarts; while silently, and bloodlessly, and almost imperceptibly, long strides have been made in constitutional liberty under the House of Hanover, and every step is fortified beyond recovery by kingly or arbitrary power. The steady pressure of expanding thought has proved far more fatal to despotism than the axe of the executioner, or the sword of the avenger.

*His aid is due to legal and social progress.* In the life of nations conservatism and progress must be found to go hand in hand; and the former, instead of opposing all change, and living as much as possible in the past, must be awake to the living present, and hopeful of the future. For better or for worse must the world be ever changing; and he who is forever looking backwards and hugging the past to his soul, will find himself insensibly moving backwards until the darkness of past ages is upon him. If we would truly conserve what is good in the present, we must do so by relieving it of whatever is bad. The forms of law that are suited to one age may prove unsuited to another, and when amendment is required, if skillful hands refuse to do the work, we may expect the unskilled, who only feel that amendment is necessary but know not how to make it, will cut and hew blindly in their ignorance until the beautiful fabric which has required ages to build and perfect may be utterly defaced by vandal hands. Happily good lawyers have never been wanting who were ready to lend a helping hand to the law's amendment. There have been men almost in our day who struggled against allowing prisoners accused of treason the aid of advocates on their trial, and who would have perpetuated those horrible spectacles to be seen in the English State Trials, of men sitting in the prisoner's seat, friendless and trembling with apprehension, with all the power of the crown, and all the skill of the crown lawyers, a frowning judge, and all the terrors of legal forms, brought to bear to make innocent facts speak guilt, while the only aid vouchsafed the prisoner, is a discussion on his behalf of the ~~made~~ legal questions which may possibly arise. But legal horrors

like these have been swept away by the careful but firm hands of good lawyers; and in our own day the Lord Chancellor himself has been found giving the labor of long years to careful changes in the law, with a view to brushing away all that is merely technical, and the reason for which has ceased. The American people began this work earlier than the English lawyers, and if they have not always done it so well, the time has now arrived when an educated profession in whom they confide can, if they will, take charge of the work, and see that what is done is well done, and harmonious with what remains.

*The American lawyer owes all to freedom, and the free institutions under which he lives.* For these have made his nation great and prosperous, and a large part of all that is great and manly in his own nature are due to them. To his profession is intrusted the cause of freedom; and if hereafter as heretofore it is to prosper and its beneficent influences to spread, it must be because the bar, pervaded by the spirit of liberty, compel the law to speak in its behalf. A considerable share of his business consists in protecting accused individuals against the false accusations or the vengeance of society; and he serves society best when he interposes, even in behalf of the guilty, to compel a strict adherence to the law. There is no criminal case which cannot be justly defended; for the public safety requires that the law should punish only by unvarying rules; and if judge and jury step aside from those, and punish men who cannot be condemned by the law, and lawyers assist them in so doing, judge, jury and lawyers are together but a mob, and public order receives a shock which cannot fail to be followed by a sense of insecurity. The foulest injustice is done when the law is twisted to fit special cases; for then every man is made to feel that when his turn comes to be accused, he cannot be sure whether he is to be tried by the law and judged by the evidence, or tried by suspicion, and condemned by prejudice.

I know it is sometimes made a reproach to our profession that they use the technical forms of the law as a means of shielding crime; and that courts follow precedents rather than the dictates of justice. But no people has so little occasion to complain of precedents as we. They have ever been the anchors of our safety, from which if we had broken away we should have drifted we know not whither. It is a peculiar glory of our law that it allows of no precedents against a just liberty; and in all the long contest between king and people in Eng-

land, every decision in favor of liberty was counted as evidence of the law, while every instance of tyranny by means of the law was set down as an instance of usurpation. Of the things which Lord Coke enumerates as favored by the law, life and liberty are first; and if the strong presumptions which the law indulges in their favor sometimes let the guilty escape, it is not the less to be remembered that to them we owe in great measure the public happiness and security. The legal forms of which men complain were designed to protect these; and to complain of these forms because they sometimes shield the guilty, is as unwise as to complain of the judgments of Heaven, because instances of individual hardship occur in the working out of great and beneficent results. The presumption in favor of freedom did more perhaps than anything else towards the final abolition of slavery and serfdom in England. First and foremost, the law presumed every man free; and this presumption must be overcome by evidence before the liberty of any individual could be restrained. The eye of the common law of England saw chains upon no man, until he who claimed his service could come with his testimony, and point out the bonds, and show how they became fastened upon the limbs. Even then the law embraced the first opportunity to strike the fetters off. If the master dealt with his bondsman as if he was free, the law adjudged him to be free, even against the will of the master. If for a year he had resided within a walled city away from his master, the law refused to allow him to be again claimed. And thus insensibly by the silent operation of legal presumptions a nation in large part bondsmen became the freest on earth.

It took longer to soften the criminal law, in actual practice, to just and politic presumptions of innocence. First the nation must try the experiment of severity as a restraint upon crime; and it required almost until our own day to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the English people that to familiarize men to bloody punishments was to deaden their moral sensibilities, and weaken those moral restraints which must mainly be relied upon to prevent crime. In America not only has mercy always tempered justice in the infliction of punishment, but the legal presumptions in favor of innocence have been observed with more care and strictness than has been known in England until within a recent period.

Long may it be before American lawyers and American judges shall cease to give to the law a strict construction in favor of life and

liberty; as Portia did when she adjudged to Shylock his pound of flesh.

“ not  
One drop of Christian blood, \* \* \*  
But just a pound of flesh:”

and when she threatened him with the heavy hand of the law if he took

“ more  
Or less than a just pound—be it but so much  
As makes it light or heavy in the substance  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair.”

If the American be a true lawyer, devoted to morality, to good order, to social progress and to freedom, he will be devoted also to national unity. No man like the lawyer is made to feel the peculiarities of our composite system, and the importance of preserving every wheel in its complicated machinery unbroken. The legal machinery which he is constantly handling and working is designed, in considerable part, to preserve and protect the Union, at the same time that it protects and perpetuates individual liberty and local self-government. The Union of thirty-five States is penetrated in every direction by vital chords of which the courts are the center, which have been carefully contrived with a view to prevent that clashing of local interests, feelings and jealousies, which otherwise might lead to war or separation. If a discontented State pass laws encroaching upon the national sovereignty, the courts may annul them; if a grasping national Congress pass laws interfering with the right of local government, or encroaching upon private rights, the courts may declare them void; if state jealousies make state courts partial tribunals in controversies between citizens of the respective States, there are impartial-national courts in which the controversies may be adjusted. Thus the encroachments upon national powers, which might lead to national imbecility and to national destruction, the encroachments upon State rights which might lead to the destruction of local self government, and to rebellion and civil war, the clashing interests and jealousies of States, have all been provided against so far as it was in the power of human wisdom to do so, and the remedies provided are remedies placed in the hands of the legal profession. To teach the law in America is therefore to teach loyalty to the Union; and in proportion

as that loyalty is pure and devoted, the law will be respected, and care be taken that the decisions of state and national courts within their respective spheres shall alike be respected. We cannot well forget that a main cause of the failure of the old Confederation of States was that it had no national courts empowered to enforce by their judgments and punishments the performance of national duties; and that national duties failed to be performed so long as the injunction to duty was only addressed to States in their corporate capacity, and not to individuals who could be coerced by the fear of fines and imprisonments.

When bad men planned to destroy the American Union, they set deliberately at work to educate the people in erroneous principles of national law. With thirty years persistent instruction it is scarcely to be wondered at that a large section of the country came at last to believe that allegiance was due to the State only, and that when the State saw fit to sever its connection with its fellows, individual obligations to the nation ceased. And so it happened that when the State thus assumed to act, the very reverence men felt for the law carried them off into rebellion; for they thought that the only law now demanding their obedience was that of the State. Only as men become disabused of these erroneous notions can a true and lasting Union be restored, and the government become that beautiful and harmonious structure which our fathers planned.

The battle which our brothers are waging in Virginia, and Tennessee, and Arkansas, is one of constitutional law. The question at issue is one proper for the determination of courts, but it has been forcibly wrested from their control, and made the gage of bloody contest. Lawyers engaged in this strife are merely settling a point of national law. They have gone to knit together with the points of their swords the Union which conspirators vainly claim to have severed. In this work many of them have laid down precious lives. Who shall say that those southern fields are not ours which hold in their embrace the sacred remains of those martyrs of liberty but recently in our midst? Even now as we meet, rejoicing at the commencement of a new college year, there comes up from Chattanooga the sound of mourning for another of our cherished comrades, and the brave and chivalrous WELLS is added to the list of those who have freely given their blood because they loved their country, and would not see the banner of their fathers robbed of its beaming stars.



Gathering in this Hall to drink of the wisdom of Marshall, and Kent, and Story, there are many things in the circumstances to keep fresh in our minds the duties which as present or prospective members of the bar we owe alike to the State and the nation. State and nation alike have contributed to found the institution to which we are attached. If the Congress endowed it, the State has fostered it, not lavishly, but with such prudent economy as circumstances would allow. From all parts of the land young men are invited to partake its benefits, and none of whatever country or lineage is made to feel as he enters that Michigan makes a discrimination against him in favor of her own sons. The institution pertains alike to the nation and to the State, and holds to each a relation which it can never dissolve. In the science which it is the province of this department to teach, there is nothing which can justly have any tendency to strengthen the State at the expense of the nation, or to exalt the nation on the ruin of the State. Experience has shown that the scheme of checks and balances was well devised for the protection of individual rights and the ensuring of national greatness; and the more closely one studies the great charters of our liberty, and the more deeply he reads in the wisdom of the great sages of the law, the more careful will he be to observe those checks and balances, and to endeavor to restore from its present disorder that great Union of States upon which at its first formation

“ All heaven and happy constellations shed their selectest influence.”

May this building, therefore, in the teachings of those who will occupy its chair of instruction, and in the influence of those who shall go forth with its honors, be dedicated to all those good influences which should ever attend the study and the practice of the law: to sound morality; to good order; to progress in intelligence, virtue and freedom; to the rights of the States as protective of individual rights and liberties; and to the preservation and perpetuation of that national unity upon which at last must state rights themselves depend, alike when assailed by foreign and by domestic foes. So shall this department come to be loved and venerated by those who bear its honors, and patriots shall learn to bless and to cherish the institution that gives the full strength of its sons alike to the Union and to the just rights and liberties of the States.

# POEM.



## POEM.

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Now, while War's echoes, rolling deep and low,  
Down where the tropic billows ebb and flow,  
Fade slowly out, and drop in moans away  
Around the shores of Southern cliff and bay;  
While hopeful hearts entreat our bugles all,  
To notes of dawning Peace, and sweet recall  
From toil, and peril, wounds and strife,  
Back to the ingle-side of life, —  
We here, perchance, may calm the anxious thought,  
And by the springs of Learning's shady grot  
Invoke, — e'en while the battle yet appals, —  
Peace on this temple's newly risen walls!

What wonders on these quiet hills we see  
Where late the savage bands roamed forth so free,  
And forests hoary, grimly dark and old,  
Wrapped all to silence in their mystic fold!  
Now, — on these heights the sunlight breaks with joy,  
And other scenes far other minds employ —  
Here fields and farms disclose the laboring wain,  
And flocks and herds adorn both hill and plain —  
Here, upward springs the temple of our God,  
While ashes holy consecrate its sod;  
Here, grander Halls, and nobler edifice  
Than Athens grouped on her Acropolis,  
Invite, with classic groves, to varied thought,  
As Youth with Wisdom face to face is brought.

As yet no Parthenon, with lordly grace,  
 Here lifts the beauty of its storied face,  
 Nor gorgeous Pantheon with its stony creed;  
 —To man but smoking flax and broken reed—  
 No symbol'd deities adorn these hills,  
 Nor haunt the fountains of their laughing rills;  
 No strife in Colloseum's stifled air,  
 No open Areopagus is here —  
 Yet, Greece appears in Sculpture's classic mould,  
 And Rome frowns sternly from her busts of old,  
 Or smiles in Painting with her hues of gold;  
 While porches right and left, shine round our way,  
 And find their group of worshipers each day,  
 Where *highest* Culture yields its rich perfume,  
 And all the holier Arts in clusters bloom.  
 Here, Science, with Philosophy divine,  
 For all alike the latest truths combine,  
 Dismissing each vain folly of the Past,  
 And flinging Error to the fleeing blast.

Behold, the triumph of these later years,  
 Which mocks at Earth, and scales Heaven's golden stairs,  
 Yon wondrous tube! that hence with glaring eye  
 Invades the pathways of the silent sky,  
 Rides with the planets on their airy way,  
 Tracks the wild comet to the blaze of day,  
 Sweeps boldly thro' the star-sown depths of space,  
 Leaps o'er the bounds of Heaven's most secret place,  
 And in its range of soaring sovereignty,  
 Almost unveils the curtained home of Deity!

Here, there are lights of far more sacred hue,  
 Than Grecian fane or altar ever knew,  
 And here is Hope's superior arch of blue  
 To shed o'er glowing student-life, and heart,  
 The grace of old, the charm of younger Art;

While Christian Virtue, clad in Heavenly Truth,  
Here doubly arms each noble-minded Youth.

To them, here gathered in their primal days,  
We fling, in rough, but still in earnest lays,  
Some scattered thoughts in lofty eulogy  
Of Law, allied with human Liberty —  
Her mighty grasp, and her conserving power  
Of men and nations, in the trying hour,  
When earth-born passions, raging like the sea,  
Strive ever to instal some hateful Tyranny  
That fetters each proud soul aspiring to be free.

Let man his eye send forth, where'er he may,  
Up to the fiery orb that rules the day,  
Or deep within the night's dark blue, afar  
Where rolls, on noiseless wheel, Heaven's distant star,  
Along the splintered mountain's rocky brow,  
Or thro' the lilies at its base below,  
Still, every where, without a jar or flaw,  
Stands forth sublime, some universal Law.

We read it in the Winter's blast of cold,  
The Summer's gentle rain on earth's soft mould,  
In flying clouds that fleck the evening sky,  
The thunder's voices in the vault on high,  
The roaring beatings of the angry sea,  
The babe's soft breathing on its mother's knee,  
In man's bright life while beautiful and proud,  
In man's remains enfolded in the shroud,  
In all the leafy grandeur of the woods,  
And roaring music of their streaming floods,  
In fruit and flower, in brake and bower,  
Where ever at the morning hour  
Sweet warblers send their anthems to the sky,  
To lead Man's praises to that throne on high,

Whence sprang Creation's laws; as it is writ,  
 "God spake and said, *let it be so, for this is fit.*"

He built the planets without toil or tools,  
 And from His bosom flowed those mighty rules,  
 Which hold them fast along their shining way,  
 And oils their axles each revolving day;  
 Bids them, with joy, the harvest fruits evolve,  
 That man may here Life's toiling problem solve;  
 And then in power He came, and from the cloud  
 On Sinai's peak, 'mid thunders long and loud,  
 For Man's protection, wrote upon the stone,  
 Those laws of Life, the world so long has known,  
 So poorly kept, so often overthrown.

A shield for Man, was Law in mercy given  
 The free, inspired, precious gift of Heaven!  
 What other hand or power, on land or sea,  
 Puts o'er his head such full security,  
 And gives him freedom both to think and be?

Go, tramp the reeking City's noisy way,  
 And view those wretched human beasts of prey,  
 With sharpened weapons hid within the vest  
 Reserved to do the murderer's behest;  
 Ask there the tottering man of trembling years,  
 Or her whose cheek is furrowed deep with tears,  
 Or greedy miser, counting o'er his gold,  
 What makes them in their daily walk so bold?  
 And why it is, that in the silent night,  
 When fears are apt the timid heart to fright,  
 Sweet Infancy finds its angelic rest  
 Upon the heaving pillow of a mother's breast;  
 And why the maiden, fearless droops her head,  
 Nor dreams that dark intruders dare to spread

The snowy curtains round her virgin bed?  
 What is it thus that bids all fears withdraw,  
 If not a deep, instinctive, holy trust in Law!  
 They know, its power, — like God's almighty care,  
 Round the wide world, — is present everywhere,  
 Along the crowded way, and silent stair.  
 The Miser feels it guards his glittering store,  
 The Maiden knows it sentinels her door,  
 The Mother sometimes *dreams* of coming harm,  
 But once awaking, loses all alarm; —  
 She hears the Warder's cry, and as a spell  
 Echoes it o'er her babe, "yes, all is well,"  
 Then hush'd to silence sleeps, like some reposing bell!

And so the Ruler, if he loves his State,  
 And fain would have his People good and great,  
 Looks forth to see, if thro' his wide spread land,  
 The Ministers of Justice faithful stand —  
 Faithful to high and low, to rich and poor,  
 At castle-guarded gate, and cottage door —  
 Faithful to keep that Statute, wise and great,  
 The index of a Nation's best estate —  
 Whose glorious mission, and whose wealth of words  
 Settled by barons bold in brains and swords,  
 Old MAGNA CHARTA; 'neath whose sheltering wings,  
 "Monarchs but subjects are, and subjects kings."

This sends the rills of Peace among the poor,  
 And starts the song at every cabin door;  
 Gives honest Labor, honest recompense,  
 Saves the poor victims of stern Indigence,  
 Defends the feeble 'gainst the arm of Wrong,  
 And makes e'en Woman's weakness more than strong;  
 Flings ramparts round the peasant's lowly cot,  
 Stronger than castle walls, or trenched moat,



And plants within the brave man's open breast,  
The joy of independence, — greater than King's bequest.

On the bright centre of great Chatsworth's lawn,  
Where Art, and Nature's fairest lines are drawn  
To rear a palace for a childless duke,  
Stands forth an humble cot without rebuke —  
And underneath its weather-beaten roof,  
Strong in his right, and fearless of reproof,  
Sits the brown owner of the acre's fee,  
With right of exit, and of entrance free —  
Free o'er the polish'd road, and velvet sod  
To range in ducal liberty abroad!  
The jealous master, as he turned his eye  
From out his mansion's gilded tapestry,  
Still constant saw this blot upon the green, —  
The scab on England's loveliest rural scene, —  
And oft resolved that, cost him what it might,  
That shabby cot should cease his lawn to blight.  
Gold in bright heaps he tendered to the boor,  
Who like a noble sat — in all his rights secure,  
Nor feared the Duke's designs upon his humble door.  
Half crowns were offered by his lavish hand,  
As many as might hide from sight the land,  
The heap was doubled, trebled, made four fold,  
But still the stubborn owner said; "it can't be sold,  
"Your ancestors on mine, long years ago  
"For some brave service did this ground bestow,  
"And English Law I'm told, defends my right,  
"Against your gold, however much or bright." —  
And so to-day, there sits the peasant brown,  
Beneath an angry Duke's menacing frown.

But what cares he? Great England's royal might  
Thro' each successive day, each cloudy night,  
Extends above this plat of narrow bound  
The Law's strong shield — the spot is sacred ground!

As well might she to dust fling off her crown,  
 As suffer ducal gold that home to batter down —  
 For that which makes the peasant's hearth *his own*  
 Is all that keeps secure the English throne,  
 The power of LAW, which speaks, and it is done!

Law is of earthly wrongs, Earth's only cure,  
 God's massive barrier 'twixt the rich and poor,  
 Their shield and shelter, their ever sure defence  
 Against the Despot's schemes of Violence; —  
 For in its highest, noblest, holiest sense,  
 She stands upon our stormy earth,  
 The creature of a Heavenly birth,  
 To note and guard man's bravest deeds;  
 And whenso'er for Truth he falls or bleeds,  
 She grasps with eager hands the prize thus won,  
 And saves it for the ages yet to run,  
 Ere her great conflict in the world is done.

Oh! men of poverty, and lowly life,  
 Who feel its burdens, and its chafing strife,  
 As on you march thro' all its noisy din,  
 — Your feet oft stumbling thro' the depths of sin, —  
 Tho' your dark hearts in some despairing hour,  
 Bid you no longer as its subjects cower,  
 But "up," and bid defiance to its power,  
 Don the red cap, and all your friends arouse  
 To form an army of the pike and blouse,  
     Fling high your barricade,  
     Defy the cannonade,  
 And shout your triumph in the wild carouse,  
 Know ye! that when in Freedom's land, you smite  
 At Freedom's Laws, and their protective might,  
 The way is cleared for Tyranny's advance, —  
 For bloody Anarchy's delirious dance, —  
 In every eager upraised demon hand,  
 Then flash the weapons of a wild command,

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When fire and faggot, with the secret knife  
 Let out in copious flood, fair Freedom's life —  
 And soon — how soon your God alone can tell —  
 As onward rolls this surging wave from Hell,  
     Your trembling feet shall tread  
     The ashes of *your* dead,  
 As with a shock that sweeps away your all,  
 Grim Ruin's blows on home and hearthstone fall.

To Freedom's laws Man's highest oaths are due,  
 For only thus can he to her be true,  
 And all her bloody-handed foes subdue —  
 Her yoke is easy, and her burden light;  
 As Rome's great orator in Rome's dark night  
 Boldly declared, that *they who would be free*  
*The faithful SERVANTS of the Law must be.\**

And well he might for Roman Law contend,  
 And service in her cause so well defend,  
 Since from the ruins of that mighty power  
 Which once made Europe's trembling nations cower,  
 The greatest treasure of her vast *debris* —  
 And that which once made Rome so grandly free, —  
 Brighter by far than all her soldiers' fame,  
 The great embalming volume of her name,  
 Are those brief brazen tablets of her Law;  
 That like the sleeping Lion's taloned paw,  
 Or silent frown of grimly mounted tower,  
*Still* hold men mute before their slumbering power.

What but the Law has made this nation great?  
 What but its magic power binds State with State,  
 And holds them each like planets in their path,  
 Against all gales, however wild their wrath?  
 What more sublime than its good anchor-grip,

\* "Nos servi legum sumus, ut liberi esse possumus."—CICERO.

In this great day of storm? within the very roar  
 Of whirlpool billows, and a rocky shore!  
 Let that good anchor slip, that cable part,  
 And no man's wisdom, no mere mortal art  
 Can save the bannered vessel in her day of pride,  
 From wreck, and ruin on a lawless tide.

Some classic Poet of the ancient days,  
 Among the beauties of his finished lays,  
 Inquires, what nobler sight has e'er been seen  
 On Empire's bloody path, or village green,  
 Than some strong man with all life's hopes elate  
 Still struggling bravely with the storms of Fate?  
 We answer back the Poet from our time  
 By pointing forth a scene yet more sublime,  
 Our young, and free, our Union banded State  
 Her glorious history, and her precious freight,  
 Poised by Law's anchor-hold o'er ruin's gate! —  
 (God save her, in the fearful strait!)

If, then, the Law alone holds fast the State,  
 And all past trophies of th' heroic great;  
 If only in *her* ark, lie garnered safe  
 The fruits of triumph, and each bloody waif,  
 Pluck'd bravely from the mailed hand of power,  
 How promptly *now* in this rough hour,  
 Should men of might,  
 And men whose eyes the LORD has touched with light,  
 Rise to oppose the bold affronting foe,  
 That madly seeks by one Satanic blow  
 Both Law, and Liberty to overthrow.

Who but the demon Prince that haunts the air,  
 And ever seeks by his perpetual snare,

To lead men, stumbling from the heights of Peace  
 Down where war's ringing bugles never cease,  
 Could wake this land to fratricidal strife,  
 Resolved to take the Nation's hallowed life?  
 Who but this fiend could party hates inspire  
 And bold, bad men with love of conquest fire,  
 Thro' all the gardened regions of the South,  
 From gray haired men to warm impetuous youth,  
 Till, by these fearful forces strong impelled,  
 They sprang to sever by the warrior's sword,  
 The silver link by which the States are held; —  
 Nor yet dared Patriots shout the rallying word,  
 To call the Southern hosts from Ocean's tide,  
 And banks of Mississippi's rolling pride,  
 Full armed around the Father's Union arch,  
 Resolved that whatsoever ills befell the march,  
 That Union's life and fame were worth them all;  
 And Southern hearts should greet the Northmen's call  
 To stand, stand bravely as those Father's stood,  
 For the great Union - land, from hill to flood —

But now the frenzy of aspiring power,  
 With sulph'rous clouds that o'er each hill - side lower,  
 And monster guns that hurl black death afar  
 And all the crash, and bloody tramp of War,  
 Have blasted all the beauty of her plains,  
 And sowed fresh graves thro' all her quiet lanes.  
 Set loose those fiends that follow in the wake,  
 Of Anarchy's mad rule when strong men quake  
 To find, that Hell opes wide her flaming jaw,  
 And puts Wild Passion in the place of Law.

Sad States! who mourn their hecatombs of dead,  
 And vanished liberties —

Their Treason, spread

On History's brazen page for years shall stand;  
 And crowding eyes from every distant land,  
 Shall read the record of this day of shame,

And curse and spit upon the wretched name  
 Of him, who sought the Nation's birth to brand  
 E'en while she trod the summit of her fame,  
 Unfolding there fair Liberty's great oriflame.

But ah! not Southern hearts alone, deplore  
 The men who fell amid this battle's roar;  
 The land is full of graves, heroic graves,  
 Where holy ashes in their earthen caves,  
 Sleep proudly, as becomes our noble braves!—  
 The stirring bugle-call to charge the foe,  
 Was the last summons heard by them below,  
 The last alas! their sleeping dust shall know  
 Until the silver trumpets sweetly blow,  
 And rouse them in their gory robes to stand  
 Among the chosen ones in Freedom's band,  
 The favored spirits in Heaven's better land.

E'en here, in our fair State whose velvet shoe,  
 Washed by the Nation's boundary wave of blue,  
 Has never yet been stained with gory red  
 Ebbing its sacred tide from battle's dead,  
 We see the soldiers' graves as thick they lie  
 In public ground, and sheltering cemetery;  
 Or on the open farm, where parents' love  
 Has laid a son within the homestead grove;  
 That ever as they thither turn their eye  
 Where sleeps their sacrifice to Liberty,  
 The sobbing heart each day may comfort find  
 In the bright record he has left behind—  
 And to the halting stranger on his way,  
 May, in the greatness of the patriot say,  
 "There sleeps my boy! he for his Country fell—  
 "He did his duty—but a fatal shell  
 "Sent him all coffined to our cheerless hearth,  
 "And there we've laid him in the sodded earth—

" And tho' we're lonely in these closing years,  
 " And oft surprise each other in our tears,  
 " Still, when our Country's flag streams into view  
 " We read along its folds a name not seen by you,  
 " A name that once embodied all our joy,  
 " The precious name of yonder sleeping boy; —  
 " I said, he for his flag and country fell,  
 " Then why should aged parents mourn,  
 " For this their son to endless glory born?  
 " Besides, the Heavenly Father *doeth all things well.*

And from these very walls, these seats we fill,  
 Brave youth have marched to bloody battle's drill,  
 Have borne its heat, and burdens on the field,  
 In prison cell, and 'neath the broken shield  
 Have poured their lives in purple tide away,  
 On some victorious or disastrous day.  
 This hour they send a precept back to you,  
 That each to Country and her laws be true; —  
 While round their names we weave memorial yew.  
 Young CLARK of modest mien, and Christian worth,  
 Who early to the conflict sallied forth,  
 And fell afar on Mississippi's shore,  
 Pierced by a coward's ball before a traitor's door;  
 GILLULY, who on Frederick's bloody height,  
 Fell like a Hero in the thickest fight,  
 GRACE, the bold soldier, destitute of fear,  
 Who thro' each battle-storm sent up his cheer  
 Rejoicing in the strife of clashing sword and spear!  
 And happy JEFFORDS, \* who in years yet tender  
 Death found amid the battle's purple splendor; —  
 Behold him there, within that bloody charge,  
 Where round him, still the foe's dark ranks enlarge,  
 His hand the standard snatches from the dead,  
 And proudly lifts it o'er his unclad head,  
 Hews down to earth the swift advancing foe

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\* Harrison H. Jeffords, Col. 4th Mich. Infantry, who fell at Gettysburg.

In that last rush to bear it safely thro' —  
 He knows the sacred trust within his hand,  
 The glorious ensign of his native land;  
 And happy he, if in his final hours,  
 As smiling children gather up their flowers,  
 He may, with soul by loftiest thoughts imprest,  
 Gather with joy upon his noble breast,  
 The spears and arrows of that mighty foe,  
 To make a lane where Freedom's flag may go.

He falls! but on his grave behold the spoil  
 Of that wild conflict, and that fierce recoil  
 Around the body of a soldier brave,  
 Who strove the banner of his love to save.  
 And from that silent mound a message comes  
 Solemn as rolling dirge from muffled drums —  
 Tho' dead he speaks — and this his last adieu,  
 "My duty I have done, nor do I rue  
 "The day I pledged the Nation my young life  
 "For all the horrors of this bitter strife —  
 "Comrades, know this, for now life's halting currents drag,  
 "I fell with arms about the Country's dear old flag."

Like Roman wrestlers in that dying chant,  
 "*Ave! Caesar, morituri te salutant,*"  
 So he, his heart with holiest hopes elate,  
 Turned backward glances from Death's bloody gate,  
 And shouting cried, as he embraced his fate,  
 "Hail, symbol of our Nation, grand and free,  
 "About to die, I send salute to THEE!"

Brave Jeffords! tho' we drop the loving tear,  
 And mourn with those who stood to thee so near,  
 With plighted bride, who, in her mute despair,  
 Weaves the sad ivy in her flowing hair,  
 Still we exclaim, in view of all thy worth,  
 How splendid thy departure from the earth!  
 How grand thy death — how sure thy second birth.  
 Fame has thee in her keeping, and thy name  
 Shall stand encircled by her brilliant flame; —



And thro' the days, and darkest nights of Time,  
Earth's eye shall read it on her shaft sublime.

Men of the day, young men of dawning power,  
Up, and rejoice, that life is yours  
And life in this momentous hour —  
What tho' the gun still roars, the storm yet lowers,  
And on the sea, our fleet of floating towers  
Shall start the echoes of the Ocean's blue,  
And stain the sobbing wave with crimson hue?  
What tho' our gallant youth in battle's line  
Still sink in death, and proudly intertwine  
Their broken bodies with the shattered fort,  
Around its bloody foss, and sally-port;  
And old men, marching to the field,  
Put their last years behind the battered shield, —  
What tho' invasion's tide shall burst its waves  
Round grim New England's highest mountain caves,  
And War, with all its desolating rack,  
On every village green shall leave its track, —  
Tho', like Geneva of the mountain-land,  
*A hundred years in arms* the North must stand, —  
The Father handing to th' advancing son,  
The spear and shield that bears the battle on,  
Still is the guerdon of this struggle vast,  
Worth all the price, however long it last —  
For Peace, born of these pangs before its time,  
Perchance may prove but some gigantic crime  
Forced into light, like Sin's untimely birth,  
The shame of Freedom, and the curse of Earth.

Then rise above the battle's stormy flood,  
Its noise and strife, its garments rolled in blood,  
And from the summit of our mountain height  
Let your far vision take its winged flight —  
Behold, those flying clouds converging on the sky

Above all anxious Europe's upturned eye,  
 And see what hostile banners soon must be unfurled  
 In distant regions of the troubled world,  
 What bolts of War must there full soon be hurl'd!

See how the Sceptred Ruler of the North,  
 Already waves his armed cohorts forth,  
 To break the petty nations at his feet,  
 And make Gibraltar and the Baltic meet —  
 His seventy millions of the Slavie brain  
 May France and Britain both enchain,  
 And Russia's coasts, then touch Atlantic's main.

What overthrows, what bloody conflicts here  
 Upon the early Future's path appear —  
 And who shall say,  
 What new ideas then shall have their sway,  
 As all these old dominions pass away?  
 What form of Rule shall from this furnace spring,  
 When the black eagle thus spreads wide his wing,  
 And vanquished England boasts no more a King?  
 What despot then shall frame poor Europe's laws,  
 When Freedom's sword is broken in her cause,  
 And her brave martyrs lurk within the cave  
 Or sleep in peace beneath a bloody grave?  
 Oh! say, shall Liberty on that dark day  
 With all her precious rights be swept away?  
 Shall that lone star of Switzerland decay?  
 Her hills no more that ancient flag display?

Land of the mountains, grim and old,  
 Whose peaks assail the sky,  
 Whose glacier billows, sternly bold,  
 Come tumbling from on high;  
 Land of the turbid, arrowy flood,  
 And thundering avalanche,  
 Whose echoes, falling to the wood,  
 Blend with thy "*Ranz des Vaches*,"  
 Brave land, thus blest with near approach to Heaven,

What certain anchor-hold to thee is given,  
When Europe thus from end to end is riven?

Yet there amid thy granite peaks,  
Thy lakes so blue and long,  
Where voice despotic never breaks  
Upon the shepherd's song;  
There in thy rock-ribbed valleys green  
Thy pine clad gorges deep,  
Where sunbeams warm are seldom seen,  
And mountain shadows sleep;  
There where thy shepherd soldiers fearless roam  
Has Liberty for years held fast her home!  
But tell us, thou brave land of rock, and flood,  
In that dark hour when Europe is subdued,  
What anchor-hold has thy free brotherhood,  
Save in the fountains of their noble blood?

But, whatso'er thy future fate may be  
In this wild war of clashing sovereignty,  
This thou canst leave, and this our Land will claim,  
The keeping of thy flag, the record of thy fame,  
Till the dark clouds shall lift, the sun shine out again,  
And Freedom's silver trump dissolve the despot's chain.

Here, here alone, in this fair Western World,  
Has Freedom's flag *securely* been unfurled;  
Here has it flamed its constellations bright  
Against the darkness of Old Europe's night;  
Hence has it entered every distant sea  
To tell the World, that here a People Free  
Ask no one Nation for their leave to be—  
Here has she reared her Union columned arch,  
And like a giant in his morning march,  
The young Republic strides upon its way,  
Thro' strife of arms and Treason's wild affray,  
To found new States, and broad foundations lay

For Freedom's children out of every land,  
As one invincible, united band.

Then, whatsoe'er the World's apostacy,  
This Land of ours *must stand for Liberty.*  
The mission grand, to her was early given  
In words that bear the signet seal of Heaven;  
And all her sons who love her glorious name,  
Her precious faith, her pure, inspiring fame  
Must look afar — beyond our present shame,  
When States now lost, we yet again shall see  
Securely anchored in the Union's lee —  
For those rare barks that Freedom's ballast bear,  
Sail ever in her God's protecting care,  
And tho' wild storms may run them 'neath the wave,  
His Mighty Hand below — resolved to save —  
Shall to the surface lift them yet again,  
And by His breezes speed them o'er the main —  
Storm-tost and strained tho' each frail bark may be  
By all the gory waves of anarchy,  
Yet bearing safe thro' hurricane and sea,  
The altar, and the quenchless fires of Liberty.

Aye! this young Land, now bent like blade of steel  
By woes that every heart and hearthstone feel,  
Shall back return: and with elastic spring,  
Soon stand superior to her suffering; —  
And with her weapons henceforth at her side,  
In all the joy of high victorious pride,  
Build out her Empire to the farthest tide.  
Then, tho' the clouds may gather o'er the sea,  
And despots there maintain their sovereignty,  
Still, from our mountain tops, and ocean shores,  
And high as our proud eagle heavenward soars,  
Shall Freedom's beacon-tower fling o'er the sky  
The radiant light of our great trinity  
Of Law, Fraternal Love, and Liberty.

Then, come into this temple, men,  
 For the black night has flown,  
 Come into this temple, men,  
 And know, that it is Freedom's own;  
 For the truths met here from tongue and pen,  
 By the hand of our God were sown.

Come stand before this altar, men,  
 Regard its rugged stone,  
 Come, read its deep-cut record, men,  
 That once, arrayed in lightning, shone  
 Amid old Sinai's darkness, when  
 The Great Law-Giver's work was done.

Come here, and swear allegiance, men,  
 Assume the solemn vow,  
 Come, gird your loins for labor, men,  
 For thought is needed now —  
 The world is arming yet again,  
 And there's trouble on her brow.

Come, firmly plant your footsteps, men,  
 Foundation here is strong,  
 Come, buckle on your armor, men,  
 For battle with the Wrong —  
 Pursue, and drive it to its den,  
 Be your's the Victor's song!

Come, learn within this temple, men,  
 How LAW makes despots cower,  
 And off from our fair landscape roll,  
 The steel-clad despot's power —  
 Come, take of Freedom's strength, and then  
 Accept the duty of the hour.