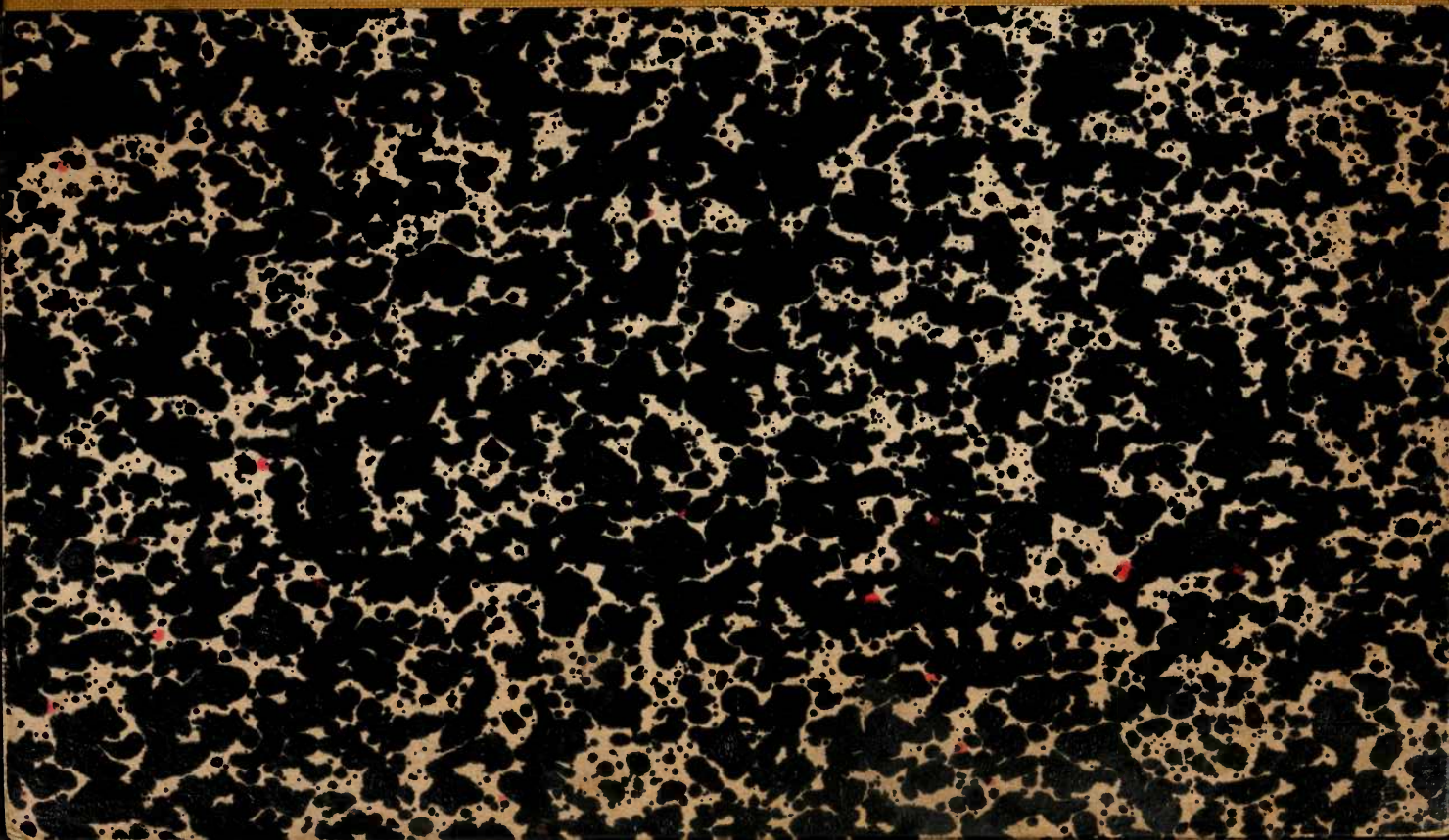


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EULOGY

ON

WILLIAM LADD.

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ON

WILLIAM LADD,

LATE

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

By GEORGE C. BECKWITH.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

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EULOGY.

The friends of peace meet to-day under circumstances peculiarly afflictive. Death has smitten down the charm of these annual solemnities. His manly form, his countenance ever beaming with benignity, his tongue always ready with its captivating eloquence to plead for every cause of God and man, are now mouldering in the grave. Our father and leader, the founder of our Society, and the champion of our cause, the apostle and martyr of peace, has gone to his final reward, and left us to mourn his sudden, irreparable loss, and gather from his memory fresh motives to zeal in behalf of an object to which his talents, his property and his life were all devoted.

A bereavement so great and so recent, will hardly allow us to indulge in the exercises common on this occasion. Every eye is turned to the seat that death has left vacant; the mind, in spite of all efforts, is busy with the recollection of what we have lost; nor can our hearts resist the temptation to linger on the sad yet pleasing theme. Death is a mirror which reflects the hues of heaven to earth; and fain would we gaze till we see once more the full and perfect image of our departed friend. His name,

next to the influences he set at work for the good of mankind, is the richest legacy he has bequeathed us; and we feel that the claims of our cause, and the general expectations of the community, as well as the strong impulses of our own hearts, require us to dwell awhile on the history, character and services of our much lamented President.

William Ladd was born May 10, 1778, at Exeter, N. H., where he spent his boyhood, and developed the germ of those traits which afterwards rendered him the ornament and delight of society. Intended by his parents for one of the learned professions, he pursued his studies preparatory to college at the academy in his native village, and entered Harvard University at the age of fifteen. Light-hearted, fond of society, and a favorite in every circle, he was distinguished in college less by his studious habits than by the buoyancy of his spirits, and the kindness of his feelings; yet he attained, even on the green side of twenty, such a reputation for scholarship as entitled him, at the close of his collegiate course, to an honorable appointment in a class which produced some of our most distinguished men, and thus proved how much more wit than truth there must have been in the remark occasionally made by himself, 'that he gained little knowledge or mental discipline in college; and what he did get, the salt water pretty much washed out.'

Too young to require an immediate commencement of professional studies, and strongly bent on seeing the world, he betook himself, on leaving college, to the ocean. The business of his father, now removed to Portsmouth, and extensively engaged in navigation, afforded him a favorable opportunity; and he went on board one of his vessels as a passenger, with no aim more definite than that of a general traveller. But his peculiar activity did not relish the idle, though honorable confinement of a cabin; and from choice he submitted to perform the labors of a com-

mon sailor. In his next voyage, he went as mate; and in his third, he took the command of a ship, and soon became one of the shrewdest, most successful of his father's captains, and finally the commander of vessels owned jointly by himself and his brothers.

We cannot follow our young adventurer from port to port, from continent to continent; but in 1801, four years after leaving college, we find him in Florida, then a Spanish province, on an enterprise of philanthropy and gain. He had conceived the idea of undermining slavery by the introduction of free white laborers; the Spanish governor encouraged the experiment, by offering a lot of land for every one he should introduce; and accordingly he transported from Philadelphia a considerable number of Dutch emigrants, called redemptioners. It was not, however, the right team for a Yankee to drive. Some of his Dutchmen deserted; others grew sick, or too lazy to work; and at length he gave up the project in despair, and, after a residence there of about five years, returned, on the death of his father in 1806, to Portsmouth. From that time he went again to sea, and followed it with much success till the approach of our last war drove our commerce from the ocean.

Here began a new era in the life of our friend. Retiring in 1812 to Minot, a town in the interior of the State of Maine, he devoted himself, with characteristic ardor, to agricultural pursuits, and continued to the end of his days a practical farmer. There he enjoyed opportunities for reading and reflection, for self-review and self-culture, for reviving his literary habits, and maturing the character requisite for that work of reform which he was destined ere-long to undertake. Most reformers, like Luther and John the Baptist, are trained for their office in retirement; and in like manner was the Philanthropist of Minot prepared for his mission of peace.

But first he received a higher baptism, "an unction from the Holy One." However interesting his social character, he continued thoughtless on the subject of personal religion, until his attention was roused by a homely, well-timed rebuke from a bold, blunt, honest Christian in the city of Portland, where I have often seen him in his little shop, tinkering his tin wares, and pressing the claims of his God and Saviour on all he met. The reproof, though offensive at the time, proved the occasion of his soon becoming a "new creature in Christ Jesus;" and through the remainder of his life, that plain-spoken old man was his cherished friend. The change was marked, prominent and all-pervading. It gave him a direction and an impulse altogether new. It consecrated him to God and mankind. His all he laid upon the altar; and thenceforth did he give to every enterprise of benevolence and reform, his ready, zealous, powerful support.

Soon after this crisis in his history, Mr. Ladd chanced to hear for the first time of the cause of peace. Though very pacific in his own disposition, and familiar with the atrocities and horrors of war, still he had never dreamed of an effort in earnest for its abolition, until the late President Appleton, of Bowdoin College, one of the clearest intellects and purest hearts that ever adorned our country, suggested the subject in a conversation near the close of his life. The impression still was slight, and would probably have soon passed away, but for an incident, apparently trifling, that fixed it in his mind, and made it the grand idea and aim of his subsequent life. Some Christians in Maine, having projected a weekly religious paper, and anxious to secure his co-operation, had engaged him, as a well-known, scientific farmer, to write for the agricultural department; but just then some tracts from the pen of the late Dr. Worcester

fell in his way, and interested him so deeply, that he resolved, before taking up the subject of agriculture, to send a few articles on peace. That effort rivetted him to the cause for life. He had planned no series of essays, nor thought of any thing more than a few brief articles; but these grew so fast under his hands, that he paused not till he had written enough for a volume; a form which those essays afterwards assumed, and now constitute one of our best works on peace. It was not long before he wrote a second series; and, should you look through a complete file of that paper, the Christian Mirror, you would perhaps find the articles on this subject from his pen alone equalling nearly half the whole number issued in some ten or fifteen years.

The providence of God now marked Mr. Ladd as the Coryphaeus of our cause. When the venerable Worcester, its pioneer and patriarch, resolved, under the infirmities of seventy, to retire from public life, Elisha stood ready to catch the falling mantle of Elijah. The Friend of Peace, a periodical projected by Dr. Worcester, and sustained for a series of years almost solely by his zeal and abilities, was, of course, to be relinquished, as none but David could wield his sling; and Mr. Ladd pledged himself, so long as his pen and his purse should last, at least to support a periodical on peace. That pledge he nobly redeemed; and, through his influence, a periodical devoted to our cause, has now been continued, under different titles, for thirteen years.

It would be interesting, were there time, to follow our new champion through his subsequent career. The fate of our cause seemed now to rest on him alone; and he girded himself for the work with an energy of purpose that never faltered, and an ardor of zeal that grew more and more intense to the last hour of his life. One of his first efforts was a popular address before the Massachusetts

Peace Society, the parent of all our peace organizations; but he soon began to deliver lectures, and establish societies in various places. Seconded by some leading men in different religious denominations, he founded in May, 1828, the American Peace Society, as a national Society, in the city of New York, and for six or seven years sustained it almost alone. His modesty, declining any office of special honor, consented to act only as its General Agent; but it was during that period hardly a figure of speech to call him, as he sometimes was called, greatly to his mortification, the American Peace Society itself. He was the editor of its periodical; his purse, and no other, was pledged for its bills; and long did he issue its appeals, and deliver its lectures, and circulate its publications, and perform its agencies, and carry on all its operations, with little more aid from the community than their consent that he might manage the cause very much as he pleased, and their occasional commendation of his incomparable perseverance and zeal.

I need not review the labors of our departed friend during the few last years of his life. They are fresh in the memory of you all. Not only his first two volumes of essays, but his three large, popular tracts, two stereotyped by our Society, and the other republished by the London Peace Society; his two essays on a Congress of Nations, the first on the subject for nearly a century, both published by our Society, and the last re-issued by the London Society in an edition of twenty thousand copies; his small juvenile volumes, about half a dozen in all, written for the most part with admirable tact; his articles for the religious press, numerous as the weeks of each passing year; his sermons Sabbath after Sabbath, his lectures and addresses from city to city, his incessant correspondence with the friends of peace through the world, and his personal appeals in almost every circle he

met, whether in the parlor, the stage, or the steamboat;—all these are too well known to need renewed mention here, and forcibly illustrate his single-hearted devotion to the cause. It was the magnet of his soul, the pole star of his life. He planned for it; he prayed for it; he toiled for it day and night from one end of the year to the other; and finally on this altar of his favorite, fondly-cherished cause, did he sacrifice himself a whole burnt-offering. It was his ruling passion; and, as he approached his heavenly home, and caught from the nearing summit of Pisgah a wider, clearer view of the promised land he had sought so long, the reign of universal peace, it seemed to fill his whole vision, like the flood of glory which burst upon the raptured eye of the dying Payson.

I cannot refrain from mentioning another subordinate era in the life of Mr. Ladd. Finding it difficult to collect an audience during the week, and too delicate, except where very well known, to ask as a layman for pulpits on the Sabbath, he received from an association of Congregational ministers in Maine, a commission, about three years before his death, as a preacher of the gospel, for the purpose of facilitating his labors in the cause of peace. The result proved his wisdom; and, with new opportunities open before him, he went forth to his work with redoubled zeal. Acceptable both as a lecturer and a preacher, he had more calls for his services than he could meet; and his ardor, sustained by a constitution seemingly of iron, pushed him at length into efforts too great even for his strength. Besides the ceaseless effusions of his pen, he used commonly to preach three times on the Sabbath, to lecture often through the week, and then converse every where on his chosen theme from morning till midnight. All this even a frame-work of adamant could not endure long. His friends admonished and expostulated; but he said his time was short, and he

must work while he could. He had long contemplated a tour through the Western States, but was frustrated in his plans till last autumn, when he started upon what he regarded himself as his final excursion of any extent. Never did he seem more in his element; and it was delightful to observe how his spirit was refreshed by the manifestations he met of increasing interest in the cause. At Troy and Albany, at Schenectady and Utica, at Syracuse, and Auburn, and Geneva, and Rochester, and Lockport, and Buffalo, and many other places, he found open pulpits, and occasionally so strong a desire to hear "the old man eloquent," that large churches could not contain the crowds that came for the purpose. No wonder that a spirit like his could not withstand such temptations to excessive effort; and at Peterborough he was obliged to rest awhile in the hospitable mansion of his friend, Gerrit Smith, *par nobile fratrum.* He resumed his journey soon, but was driven to his bed in Canandaigua for four weeks. A man of ordinary resolution would have gone no farther, nor even so far; but, on recovering a little strength, he proceeded to Rochester, Lockport, and other places, till he reached Buffalo, sometimes attempting still three services on the Sabbath, and frequently obliged by the disease in his legs to sit during the delivery of his discourses, and even to pause and rest in the midst of them. Several of his last sermons he preached on his knees; and, when it came to this, he felt, in spite of himself, that he must return home to rest, if not to die. Still he could not even now resist the claims of any good cause like that of temperance; and the walls of this sanctuary, little more than twenty-four hours before his death, listened to the last strains of his eloquence in behalf of an enterprise akin to his own, and dear to his heart. The next evening he reached the residence of his friends in Portsmouth, with few, if any symptoms of

increased disease, and no premonitions to others of speedy death, though he seemed to have a strong presentiment that he should not live long, and said privately, that his work was nearly, if not quite finished, and that he was now going home to die very soon. Still he was cheerful and happy as ever. He spent the evening in his wonted strain of sprightly conversation, retired to rest in his usual health, and in less than half an hour expired without a struggle or a groan. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

The character of our lamented friend was reflected from every page of his chequered and eventful history. Defective it confessedly was; but its few faults were well nigh lost in the shade of its great and manifold excellences. Its basis was pure gold; and the severest scrutiny would discover little else than new traits of beauty and worth. Indebted to him for my own interest in the cause of peace, lured by his influence into its service, and intimately associated with him for the last six years of his life, I have had some peculiar opportunities and inducements to study his character; and a calm review of it as a whole constrains me to feel more deeply than ever how much reason the friends of peace have to say of him, as Hamlet did of his father,

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

The limits of this service will not allow me to attempt a full delineation of Mr. Ladd's character, or to dwell long on that rare combination of qualities which fitted him so well for the work of reform. The difficulties of such a work nothing but experience can fully teach. There is not on earth another task so difficult as this; none from which even good men are so prone to excuse

themselves; none which requires a character so complete, so well balanced, and so invulnerable at every point. It demands a benevolence wide as the limits of erring or suffering humanity, devoted, disinterested, self-denying; a keen, far-seeing eye; a kind, yet fearless, unflinching spirit; a hand able now to touch the gentlest chords, and anon to hold the helm steady and safe in the fiercest gale of passion; a sensibility to feel the slightest breeze of popular favor, coupled with a courage that would brave a world in arms; a disposition to "become all things to all men" on subordinate, unessential points, counterpoised by an unalterable purpose never to deviate a hair's breadth from the line of truth and duty; a vigilance that never sleeps, an energy that never tires, and a perseverance that holds on its way through every obstacle, and turns even occasional defeat into means of ultimate victory. Reform is the very genius, the whole mission of Christianity upon earth; and in every age have reformers been her true apostles, her only pioneers in reclaiming an apostate race to God, the vanguard in all her aggressive movements upon the empire of error and sin.

For this arduous work, so much above the character and even the aims of most Christians, our late President was eminently qualified. Cast in one of nature's largest moulds, he inherited a constitution able without fatigue to perform, month after month, an amount of labor that would have crushed a man of ordinary strength. His intellect, though not of the highest order, was much above the common range of minds, and fully made up by its versatility, promptitude and energy, what it lacked in depth and philosophical discrimination. His mind, like his entire character, was hung upon a pivot, and turned at once to meet the most sudden emergencies. Like an expert huntsman, he could shoot his game quite as well on foot or wing as at rest. Few ever caught

him by surprise; he was extremely quick to see and grasp the main points of an argument; and his skill in debate, the fairness and pertinency of his replies, and his general tact in managing all sorts of minds, made him a favorite advocate of our principles alike in halls of science, and dwellings of the poor. There was about him a charm quite inimitable; and, wherever he went, his social qualities gave even the reformer a ready passport to every heart. There was no resisting such a spirit as his; and, like the vernal sun gently unlocking the bosom of all nature to his genial beams, it opened the avenues to persuasion even in the most prejudiced minds. His bosom was full of the milk of human kindness; and it was constantly gushing out upon all around him. His wit, and humor, and kind feelings, and guileless simplicity, and amusing anecdotes, and ceaseless flow of spirits, all conspired to render him the charm of every circle, and to conciliate favor or a fair hearing for his cause even from its enemies. He used, wherever he was, to converse on his favorite theme; and, when his bold, unpopular avowals had obviously displeased his listeners, I have often started him upon a well-known trail of anecdotes, and waited, never in vain, to hear them, after many an interchange of furtive winks and smiles, saying one to another how much they should like to hear that man lecture on any subject he should choose.

Mr. Ladd's constitutional buoyancy of spirits was quite an essential qualification for his work. Hope was strikingly predominant in his character; and, but for this, he would never have continued a single month in a cause so depressed as he found that of peace. Some of its strongest friends dissuaded him even from making an effort, and told him, when on the eve of delivering his first lectures in the city of New York, he could not get an audience on that subject; but he replied, with a mixture of

decision and humor quite characteristic, that 'he would go, if he could get a single person to hear him, and the sexton to snuff the candles.' He went; but the lecture-room was so retired, and the night so dark and rainy, that the sexton, supposing that nobody would come in such weather, had locked the door and pocketed the key. Nothing daunted, the man of peace contrived to get into the room; and by the aid of those whom he had had the precaution to take with him for hearers, he delivered his first lecture on peace in that emporium of America. Then and there, has he often said, was the American Peace Society born; but few men would have sought or endured such a place for the birth of an enterprise destined to go, like Christianity herself from her manger-cradle, to the bloodless conquest of a world.

In the character of our friend there were other traits still more important to the great purpose of his life. Benevolence, deep-seated, active, universal, was the main-spring of all his movements. Not only was it seen in the kindness that distilled like gentlest dew on the domestic circle, in the hospitality that made his house a sort of hotel, and in deeds of beneficence to all that came in his way; but it went abroad in quest of objects, and expanded itself over the whole earth. It was not the love of kindred; for that moves in the narrow circle of home. It was not friendship; for that is also restricted to a chosen few. Nor was it patriotism; for that exhausts itself upon one's own country, and is often transformed into a scourge of wrath and revenge to the rest of mankind. No; it was a principle far higher, more godlike than any of these; a philanthropy wide as the world; a love that encircled in its generous embrace the whole human family. It was a humble yet striking resemblance of His benevolence whose "tender mercies are over all the works of his hand." And can we wonder that such a

philanthropy leaped at once into the cause of peace as the noblest reform ever attempted or conceived? Can it surprise us, that such a philanthropist, like Hannibal of old, vowed on the altar of his God, perpetual hostility to war as man's deepest disgrace and deadliest foe, as a libel on our religion, an outrage upon humanity, a demon stalking age after age over the whole earth in fire and blood?

This trait in the character of our lamented leader is greatly undervalued. The benevolence of reform is never appreciated, like other modes of beneficence, by its immediate subjects or spectators. It prevents evil, and thus loses the credit of a cure. It does men good against their will; and they curse their benefactor. Give sweetmeats or toys to a child, and he will return you many a fond caress; but attempt the correction of faults which threaten his ultimate ruin, and you wake his young ire. Feed and clothe the worse than fatherless family of a drunkard, and from all around will you win golden opinions of your kindness; but, should you do ten times more good by restoring that sot to himself, and making him again the delight of his friends, an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world, you would probably receive quite as many curses as compliments. Socrates reproved the Athenians; and they decreed him the fatal hemlock. Patriarchs, prophets and apostles, the best benefactors of mankind, showed their benevolence mainly in works of reform; but what requital did they receive from their contemporaries? Little else than calumny and reproach, the dungeon, the gibbet and the stake. John the Baptist rebuked the letcher even in his chair of office; and Herod cut off the reformer's head. Our Saviour, when performing miracles for their benefit, was a favorite of the people; but when he entered fully on his mission as leader in God's great work of a world's

reformation, and spoke against their sins as never man spoke, they nailed him to the cross.

Such is the fate of reformers; and theirs is obviously the highest style of benevolence. It was the benevolence of Christ; it is the climax of God's benevolence to man. It does the most good with the least prospect of present reward. It is the purest, strongest, most self-denying. All other kinds may expect more or less reward here; this alone kindles resentment, and braves reproach and ignominy. True, the reformer will have his reward; but he must look for it mainly, if not solely from God. Even from men he may hope for eventual praise; but it will probably come, if at all, too late to greet his ear, or even to write his epitaph, before his bones shall have mingled with their kindred dust. He may do for the world far more than the idols of its fondest admiration ever did; and still may they curse him for his unbidden, unwelcome kindness. Give to slaveholders another cotton-gin, and they will laud you to the skies; but urge upon them a panacea for slavery worth to them more than all the inventions of all the Whitneys, and Fultons, and Arkwrights in the world, and the chivalry of the South is up in wrath to hoot and hunt you from the land. Let some man of the sword fight another battle of Tippecanoe or New Orleans, and a nation's gratitude shall one day offer him the highest honors in their gift; but let the man of peace accomplish far more for his country, for the world, than all the Marathons and Yorktowns chronicled in history, ever did, or ever can, and that reformer will go down to his grave unhonored save by the few who have caught some portion of his spirit.

Such a reformer was our late friend; and I honor his benevolence as far more unquestionable and self-denying than that which relieves the poor, or sends the gospel through the world. These forms of beneficence men

will reward with their praises; but that which assails a favorite custom, must calculate on reproach or silent contempt. The missionary will be applauded, for there are millions to appreciate his work; while the peace reformer, though he should evince more self-denial, and accomplish more good, is pretty sure to be censured, or pitied, or neglected by the mass even of those whose religion, aiming as its great object at reform deep as the utmost depths of depravity, and wide as the farthest limits of error and sin, should constrain them to enter heartily into every enterprise of the kind. None but pioneers in reform can fully know its trials. Such men are the packhorses of the church, scapegoats to bear off its sins; and I confess my surprise that the benevolence of our late friend should ever have sought a field so repulsive. I should never have wondered at any amount of his liberality in support of popular charities; but I do wonder how one so sensitive to the opinions of others, and so reluctant to offend, should have braved through life all the odium, contempt or neglect inseparable from the first stages of such a reform.

But time, if not ability, fails me to give a full portrait of our departed leader. He had a rich cluster, a rare combination of excellences as a man, a Christian and a reformer. His moral courage, his independence and decision, his energy and perseverance, his disinterestedness, self-denial and self-sacrifice, his candor and fairness, his childlike simplicity, and the perfect transparency of his character, his sound judgment, and well-balanced mind, the peculiar ardor and tenderness of his feelings, the readiness of his purse, his pen and his tongue for every good cause,—these and similar traits were fully developed in his history.

But more than this passing notice is due to his indomitable energy. Not one man in ten thousand would have

prosecuted an enterprise so little appreciated through so long, so unbroken a series of obstacles well nigh insurmountable. Few even suspect how many or how great they were,—more indeed than in any other cause; but through them all, he held on his way, nor seemed for a moment to dream of turning back. Some ridiculed, others pitied, and even good men, professed friends of the cause, despaired, and began, one after another, to stand aloof; but he clung still to the helm with a grasp stronger than ever, and steered his ship in the very teeth of wind and tide. Often have I seen him anxious for the cause; but never could I detect the slightest symptom of wavering in his purpose. That was unalterable. He had nailed his flag to the mast; and, had he been left entirely alone on board, I verily believe he would have staid there till the vessel rotted or sunk, before he would have quitted his post.

All this energy was interwoven with qualities which served to disarm opposition, and conciliate kindness and confidence. His honesty, his candor, his frankness, his bland spirit, his conciliatory address, his caution in all his movements, his delicate regard for the feelings of others, his respect for the opinions and even the prejudices of mankind, his well-known sympathy with good men of every name on the great points of truth and duty, all conspired to make the community feel safe under his guidance, and open their hearts to his appeals. They had no dread, no suspicion of his influence. He was one of themselves; they knew him well; and from his movements they feared no afterclap of mischief. His sole aim was reform, thorough, evangelical and safe. He went to the bottom of the evil he would cure; but he tried no rash experiments, dealt in no sweeping denunciations, and allowed himself in the use of no weapons but truth and love. He was a conservative reformer; and,

while he would fain pull up every tare, he was careful to leave the wheat unmolested. Not William Penn himself was more thorough on peace; yet he preached no crusade against church or state, nor allowed himself to weaken the foundations of either. I must think him a very skilful pilot of reform between the Scylla and Charybdis of the times. He certainly sought the right medium; and, when receiving from ultraists on both extremes some of their hottest fires, he felt that he must have found it. In his principles, he was sufficiently radical; but in his movements, he was strongly conservative. He was decided, yet moderate and conciliatory. He took things by the smooth handle. He would not attempt to force human nature faster than it could be made willing to go. He began at the beginning, and went onward and upward by easy gradations. He was wont, if I may borrow a figure of his own, to drive the wedge of reform the right end foremost. He did not expect men to come, at a single leap, the whole length of any reform; but, like the great Reformer from heaven, he led them along, step by step, as satisfactory light beamed upon their path. Such was the course his own mind had taken; and thus had experience taught him moderation, forbearance and charity. He would let the child creep until it could walk. If he could not gain at once all he wished, he secured what he could, and waited patiently for the rest.

There was, also, much discrimination in Mr. Ladd's views, as well as decision in his purpose, and perseverance in his plans. He aimed at a single object, and that distinct and well defined. It was peace; and with this he did not confound a variety of foreign questions touching civil or domestic government. His sole aim was the abolition of war; and war he took to mean not all sorts of conflict among men, but merely conflict between nations by force. It was this custom alone he sought

to abolish; and he welcomed the aid of all that would co-operate for such a purpose. And the means he selected, were both simple and efficacious. They all consisted in a right application of the gospel to the case, as God's own remedy for this deep and deadly gangrene festering for nearly six thousand years on the bosom of a world. Nor did he prescribe any rude or repulsive method of administering this remedy; but sought through the pulpit and the press, through the school and the family, through all the established channels of influence over the popular mind, to leaven the whole community with such principles as would ere-long banish war from every land blest with the light of the gospel.

Shall we pause here to inquire how much this admirable reformer accomplished? It is impossible to tell precisely, because the nature of the case admits no very palpable or certain criteria; still there are some landmarks to indicate and measure the progress of this cause. More, far more has been gained than is generally supposed. The reform has been so gradual and silent, that its very subjects are not fully aware how much their own views have been changed; but I could easily multiply facts, if a few were not sufficient, to prove that public opinion on this subject has undergone a change highly auspicious and cheering. Only thirty years ago, with the exception of here and there a Quaker, or some kindred spirit, scarce a man could be found in all Christendom that did not plead for the right, the necessity, and even the glory of war. History recorded its exploits; poetry chanted its praises; even the pulpit justified and eulogized it; and thus did the utmost fascinations of genius, art and wealth conspire to throw a mantle of gilded delusion over its mass of abominations. The general tone is now changed, or fast changing. Public opinion is indeed bad enough still;

but it has begun to rebuke and suppress such absurdities. It is on the whole subject widely different from what it was half or even quarter of a century ago. The late Dr. Worcester, after writing his Solemn Review of the Custom of War, could hardly find a bookseller willing to risk the publication of a work so far in advance of the community; but that very tract, adopted by the friends of peace in both hemispheres, and scattered to the number perhaps of half a million over the four quarters of the globe, is little, if at all, above the present standard of opinion in our own country. Mr. Ladd found few ministers in the habit of preaching on peace as on repentance or faith; but now hundreds, if not thousands, among us are accustomed thus to plead the cause in a way the most effective of all others. Then few pulpits were open to its advocacy; now scarcely one is refused, and none without such apologies as prove the altered tone of feeling through the community. The cause has at length won its way to its proper place among the instrumentalities at work for the world's entire and thorough conversion to God. It has now "a local habitation, and a name." It has become a household word. It has gone to the fireside, into halls of legislation, into seminaries of learning from the highest to the lowest. The ruler has heard of it, and he passes resolves in its favor; the preacher, and he inculcates it; the printer, and he publishes it; the instructer, and he teaches it to his pupils; the parent, and he commends it to his children; the people at large, and they are at length beginning to inquire, and read, and talk about it. Every where is the leaven at work more or less. Some of the best and strongest influences in the community are now on its side; and, should this progress continue only half a century longer, public sentiment would hardly tolerate another appeal to arms among nations calling themselves Christians. Already has the

cause undoubtedly prevented many a war; it is showing the world how to avoid all war; and, would the friends of God and man rally in its support as they should, the whole war-system might in a single generation be superseded through Christendom by substitutes far more effectual than the sword for all purposes of protection and redress.

This was the aim of our departed reformer; and millions yet unborn shall bless his name. A patriot lately fell, and a nation mourned; but long after the name of Harrison shall have faded from the memory of men, will that of Ladd brighten into new and ever-increasing glory, as the benefactor of a world through all coming ages. War may chisel the name of its modern demi-god on his mausoleum of marble or brass; but the peacemaker of Minot shall outlive even the Corsican soldier whose insatiate ambition drank the blood of more than five millions of his fellow-men. The friend of God and man sleeps with his fathers; but never shall the influences he set at work, cease to operate, till they shall accomplish the blessed consummation of laws, and courts, and Christian principles applied to nations as now to individuals; never till the wholesale butchers of mankind, the chief idols of a world's admiration for fifty centuries, shall be consigned to universal, everlasting infamy; never till the whole war-system,

> Blood-nursed, and watered with the widow's tears,

shall be for ever abandoned as the relic of a blind and barbarous paganism; never till 'swords shall every where be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and all nations shall cease even from learning the art of war any more.'

That day will come, for God hath promised it; and, when it does come, the spirit of our departed friend will find his eulogy written with a pencil of sunbeams in the character and condition of a renovated world. Never, while on earth,

did he seem for a moment to regret any of his benefactions, or toils, or sacrifices for this object; and, as he bends from his throne above to watch its onward progress age after age, and sees one nation after another sheathing the sword for ever, and the warring elements of a thousand generations hushed into perpetual peace, and all the millions of our race, as children of a common Father, as followers of the same Redeemer, rejoicing evermore in the sweet and hallowed reciprocities of a universal brotherhood, O, how will the glorified peacemaker then bless his God anew for the privilege of once toiling on earth in a cause destined to such glorious results!