

Pending the motion, Mr. Horace Rublee addressed the Society as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Before the question is put, I wish to add my mite to the eloquent tribute already paid to the eminent man and honored member of this association whose loss we deplore. He was a man whose like is not often found; largely gifted by nature, he added to those gifts wide and varied attainments in Literature and Science, wearing at once the double wreath of Poesy and of her sterner sister, and his name and fame are not confined to one quarter of the globe alone, or to the country that gave him birth. To most of the younger men of this generation, at all acquainted with the Literature of their country—to many of those here present—the name of James Gates Percival has been familiar from earliest childhood. Those, here, who were born among the rocks and hills of New England, may remember how the latent sentiment of patriotism, of pride in their native land, was aroused in their boyish bosoms, and kindled into a living power—how those bleak rocks and barren hills grew transfigured in the light of glorious memories, and hallowed associations from the heroic past—as they read his noble lines, fervid with patriotism and instinct, with the inspiration of Freedom:

“Hail to the land on which we tread

Our fondest boast!

The sepulchre of mighty dead,

The truest hearts that ever bled,

Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,

A fearless host!

No slave breathes here; our unchained feet

Are freer than the waves that beat

Our coast.

* * * * *

“There is no other land like thee

No dearer shore;

Thou art the shelter of the free,

The home, the port of Liberty;

Thou hast been and shalt ever be

Till time is o'er,

When I forget to think upon

My land may mother curse the son

She bore.”