

THE NEW CAPITOL;

OR,

THE WILDERNESS REJOICING.



A

THANKSGIVING SERMON

IN THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

November 28, 1878.

By GEORGE DUFFIELD.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

LANSING, MICH.:
W. S. GEORGE & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1878.

F 574
.L2 D8
Copy 1



The New Capitol;

OR,

THE WILDERNESS REJOICING.

A

THANKSGIVING SERMON

IN THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

November 23, 1878.

BY GEORGE DUFFIELD.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)



LANSING, MICH.:
W. S. GEORGE & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1878.



F 574
.L 218



STET CAPITOLIUM FULGENS.
Hor.



LANSING, Dec. 2, 1878.

Rev. George Duffield, D. D.:

DEAR SIR:—The undersigned having listened to your sermon on Thanksgiving day, with great pleasure, hereby respectfully request a copy of the same for publication.

Commemorating not only the day so long celebrated by this great nation, but filled with facts and historical allusions, of great interest to the citizens of Lansing, we are anxious that it should be preserved by such publication. The history of Lansing, from its selection as the seat of government of the State in 1847, must always be of great interest, not alone to its old citizens, but to all who hereafter become permanent residents. Its history and progress is a miniature of the progress of the Peninsular State for the last thirty years.

Very respectfully,

S. D. BINGHAM,	H. W. WALKER,
H. M. JOY,	S. REEVES,
THEODORE P. PRUDDEN,	L. B. POTTER,
H. CRAWFORD,	S. M. MILLER,
HENRY N. LAWRENCE,	C. H. THOMPSON.
N. F. HANDY,	H. INGERSOLL,
O. A. BOWEN,	GEORGE E. RANNEY.

LANSING, MICH., Dec. 10, 1875.

Hon. S. D. Bingham, Rev. T. P. Prudden, Hon. O. A. Bowen and others:

GENTLEMEN:—Called unexpectedly to preach the Thanksgiving sermon with only a week in which to prepare it, and that too when the State Library was *in transitu* and unavailable, if I have written anything worthy of publication, it is more than I expected. Your vote in the church at the union service was kind. Your letter still more so, and I cannot refuse your request. With all its deficiencies, the hasty manuscript is at your service. That there may one day be a "YOUNG REPUBLIC" in this country who shall thoroughly understand and appreciate *its true history*, is the sincere prayer of

Yours with respect and esteem,

GEORGE DUFFIELD,
Pastor First Pres. Church.

DURTON WET COLLECTION

EVANGELICAL

THE NEW CAPITOL;

OR,

THE WILDERNESS REJOICING.

ISAIAH XXXV., 1, 2.

“The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

“It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; **THEY SHALL SEE THE GLORY OF THE LORD, AND THE EXCELLENCY OF OUR GOD.**”

It is indeed an occasion of “Thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God,” when such a wonderful change is witnessed in the condition of any people as is here described.

A fertile and populous country turned into a wilderness (as in the border States during the last war), briars and thorns coming up in the fortress, thorns and nettles in the palaces, and the fox looking out of the window, is much too frequent an incident in human history to create surprise. Fire, and sword, and famine, and pestilence have done this work of desolation a thousand times.

But such a calamitous history directly reversed! the wilderness becoming a fruitful field, and instead of the thorn the fir tree, instead of the briar the myrtle tree; the desert converted into a garden, and made to bud and blossom as the rose; the solitary place rejoicing over the multitude of its inhabitants with joy and singing, is a marvel indeed. It is an incident so very rare that even “rapt Isaiah” himself, with all his hallowed fire, can find no better figure by which to represent that day so long ex-

pected (but which yet will come) when "the way of holiness shall be established in the earth, when joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." Then, when the good Providence of God "Caused it to rain on the earth where no man is, on the wilderness wherein there is no man, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."—Job xxxviii., 26-7. Then, when the glory of Lebanon is given to them, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, no wonder that such highly favored localities are also made to recognize "the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."

Trusting that you will pardon my temerity in undertaking so vast a theme at so short a notice, I invite your attention to "The Wilderness Rejoicing," or some thoughts on the completion of the NEW CAPITOL.

Inquire of the former age, and search diligently of the fathers, and they will teach you, that great as has been our increase in the latter end, it was "a day of small things" at the beginning. The aspiring heads of future things were not yet visible.

"The inhabitants being of different nations, different religions, different languages, it is almost impossible to give them any precise and determinate character. These several communities must always be helpless and dependent; formed for happiness, perhaps, *but not formed for empire or union.*" So writes Parson Burnaby in his book of travels, A. D. 1759.

"From the universal loyalty of the people, it is absurd to imagine they have any thoughts of independence. No more absurd would it be to place two of his majesty's beef eaters to watch a child in the cradle, that it do not rise and cut its father's throat, than to guard these infant colonies to prevent the shaking off the British yoke. Besides, they are so distinct from one another in their forms of government, in their religious rites, in their emulation of trade, and consequently in their affections,

that they *never can unite* in so dangerous an enterprize." So said the notorious Hutchinson in his official communication to the home government thirty years before.— Vol. II., 118. So said they all, if not in the same words as Tobiah, the Ammonite, of the feeble Jews attempting to revive the stones of the Temple from the heaps of rubbish that had been burned, at least to the same effect, "Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall."

But the hand of Providence was not reserving this vacant spot, on the Great Western Continent, and especially the great peninsula in the very heart of it, for the last grand experiment of human government in vain. Not in vain was he sifting the three kingdoms for the seed wheat wherewith to sow the virgin soil of His choicest field. No century has ever passed over the earth that has witnessed such a glorious harvest, such vast material progress, such wonderful intellectual and moral progress, such rapid political advancement, and such true national prosperity as that which came to its close July 4, 1876. We did well to celebrate it, not only in justice to ourselves, but for the good of the world. The reproach of the enemies of free institutions has returned upon their own heads, and been rendered seven fold into their own bosom.

Similar to that of the Nation has been the history of our *State*. Those who first entered our borders through "the Black Swamp," or blazed their way into the "heavy timber," or axe in hand fought their way through our choked and winding streams in their "dug-outs," seemed to think that it was *all* swamp and marsh and bottoms that never could be drained. The first report that went to headquarters from Saginaw Valley certified that "only mosquitoes, bull-frogs, or Indians could live there," and yet where will you find a busier or more populous valley, or one whose wealth has been more rapidly multiplied?

When the corner stone of the new Capitol was laid, that vast concourse of 50,000 citizens were pleasantly

reminded by the orator of the day, that two millions of acres once set apart in her Territory for the soldiers of 1812 would not be accepted, even as a gift, and the act of Congress was repealed!

“Nearly one-half the country a poor, barren, sandy land, in which scarcely any thing can grow but scrub oak; little short sand hills, forming deep basins of marsh, the shores and bottoms of the streams swampy beyond description, the extreme sterility and barrenness of the soil, —everywhere the same,—taking the country as a whole, not one acre out of a hundred, if indeed one out of a thousand, that would in any case admit of cultivation!” Such was the description given of our pleasant peninsula by the Surveyor General of Ohio Nov. 13, 1815. Such, substantially, the adverse opinion and prophecy for nearly twenty years later of many others, not excepting Horace Greeley himself in the New York Tribune.

But nothing like the light of truth to dissipate the darkness of prejudice! When the time came for the old thirteen to be doubled by the admission of Michigan into the Union, public opinion had undergone a most decided change. There was a social and almost thanksgiving tone in the editorials and poems of that period, especially Mrs. Sigourneys. “Little Michy” was “a very good little sister,” “a very fair little sister.” She had “a dowry” amply sufficient “to spread a broad board,” as she does to-day. Withal she was considered “quite intelligent,” and the older sisters thought possibly,

“They could teach her the names, of those great ones to tell
Who stood at the helm, when the war tempest fell.”

That immortal ROLL OF HONOR in the late Rebellion¹ will show that she was an apt scholar, and learned her lesson well! Above all, her admission to the Union would offset the admission of Arkansas, and the growing preponderance of the slave-holding South, and they thought

¹Commissioned officers, 357; enlisted men, 14,466. Total enlisted from 1861-65, 90,747.

rightly. Let the Slave State this day compare histories, other things being equal, with the Free State, if she dare! Let her show a similar destiny wrought out with the same rapidity, and to the same extent of greatness, if she can! Think of the contrast for a single moment, and then see that the sooner a "solid South" is made to know her place, the better! The highest compliment I ever heard paid to Michigan during the war was by a dying soldier from Massachusetts: "Some States," said he, "are good in one thing, and some in another, but Michigan is equally good in infantry, cavalry, artillery, and the corps of engineers." Ready as she was to put down Southern Rebellion, she is equally ready with another hundred thousand, the sons and grand-sons of our martyrs for liberty, to overwhelm Southern tyranny, violence, and fraud. She has not ratified the 15th amendment in vain. Let the South take timely warning. If there is no gratitude left among these men, at least they should have some sense!¹

The admission of Michigan to the Union, A. D. 1835, was the culminating point of all her previous history. Her forms of government had been so manifold, that it is her one especial characteristic. Over the primeval period of the mound and garden builders, darkness still rests, and her history is not yet unveiled! The hunting grounds of the aboriginal Algonquins are almost equally silent. People and land make the *possibility* of a State, but are not the State itself. Forty years (1722-1763) she was a distant dependency of France; thirty years (1763-1796) a similar dependency of Great Britain; but a *dependency* is not a State, one of whose essential attributes is INDEPENDENCE.

Four years (1796-1800) she was an integral portion of the Northwestern Territory; five years (1800-1805) a portion of the territory of Indiana. But a portion of territory is not a State. A State must have SOVEREIGNTY, *i. e.*, the uncontrolled and exclusive exercise of its own power.

¹Jan. 4th, 1861, the writer uttered a similar warning,—“That the South may know precisely what they may expect, I repeat the sentiment, that if they throw down the gauntlet and appeal to the God of Battles, it will be TAKEN UP.”—Fast Day sermon, Philadelphia, 1861, p. 43.

Thirty years (1805-1835) she was the "Territory of Michigan;" but a territory is not a State. A State must have the same rights that other States exercise. It must have EQUALITY. It is not a mere aggregation of the individuals who represent it, any more than a man is merely the sum of the particles that compose his body. There is a spirit which is the man, and it is this same spirit, in a broader sense, which is the State.

To ascend these three great altar stairs has been often attempted in the history of the world at the cost of infinite blood and treasure, but seldom has it been accomplished.

Waiving all philosophic definitions, and all those schemes of ideal commonwealths, that like the stars, as Bacon has it, "are so high and far away that they give but little light and less heat," let us take things in the concrete. More than the natural outgrowth of a family, more than a mere civil or social compact, more than a mere "contrivance of human wisdom for the protection of human rights," (*Burke*,) more than a mere process; a State is the *result* of a process. It is the *product of history*, and all that it is, and all that it has, is within the pale of history. It is a tree that has a great historic root. It is a ship, the keel of which has been laid by Divine Providence. It is a magnificent edifice, founded not on force, but on JUSTICE.¹ It is planned by wisdom; built by industry; adorned by taste; cheered by love; defended by courage; made permanent by religion; and politically there is no more unpardonable sin² than that of those who would lift an accursed hand to destroy it. Charles I. deserved to lose his head for his crime against the life of a nation, and that famous apple tree was defrauded of its just rights when the leaders of rebellion went free, to find themselves in Congress, where they are this day lording it over us!

The State is, in fact, according to President Woolsey,

¹"First ethics then politics," says Plato.

²"There can be no fouler deed."—Baneroft, II., p. 15.

“A MORAL PERSON.” It has a heart; it has a conscience; it has a high regard for truth, and virtue, and honor. It is not only capable of rights, but of obligations. Its province is not confined to justice. It can also exercise mercy and benevolence, and can show—

What Rome ne'er boasted in her proudest day,
Asylums sacred to humanity,
For all who need.

Taken all in all, there is nothing in this world so magnificently attractive and beautiful, so dear to the present, so sure a pledge for the future, as a State that, like a blooming virgin, has just come to her full maturity.¹ There is nothing whose death is so terrible, or so much to be lamented, as that of a commonwealth. And it is not so *surprising*, as PRUDHON would have us think, that as soon as one goes deep into politics he stumbles on religion, when even BENJ. CONSTANT, who projected his work in the spirit of atheism, finished it by seeking the necessary condition of the existence of civilized society in the sentiment of religion!

Religion is the cement that holds society together. Miss the church steeple from the landscape, and with it all the Christianity that has come from our ancestors, and you will have no common school. Lose your common school and your Capitol will be but a heap of stone and mortar. “Vice is the disease of which nations die,” said William Penn, and it is as true now as ever.

Tandem fit surculus Arbor, “The sprout at length becomes a tree!” was the motto of our Territory. “*Circumspice!*” the triumphant motto of the State. What eye less than that of Omniscience itself could have foreseen the various intermingled and oftentimes conflicting forces of which our highly favored commonwealth is the ultimate resultant!

¹The greatest engine of moral power known to human affairs, is an organized and prosperous State. All that man in his individual capacity can do—all that he can effect by his private fraternities, by his ingenious discoveries and wonders of art, or by his influence over others is as nothing compared with the collective perpetuated influence on human affairs and human happiness of a well constituted, powerful commonwealth.—*Edward Everett.*

As the true unity of history is to be found in Christ, so its true secret is, that GOD IS IN IT. If ever the human race gets out of the wilderness, and into the land of promise, and so fulfills the high destiny that has always been expected of it, it will be as ancient Israel did,—under the same auspices, under the same leader. Not “*Teucro auspice, Teucro duce,*” but “*Deo auspice, Deo duce.*”

But there is one question more in the history of this noble commonwealth in which we, my friends and fellow citizens, of all others who observe this day of high thanks and grateful review, have our own peculiar satisfaction. Where will be the permanent seat of government? The Governor and his cabinet cannot wander at large over the whole State, like some old Teutonic king. There must be a capital. It is the question of the county seat all over again, only on a much larger scale,—the contest all the more severe in proportion to the greater magnitude of interests. The capital will be a city of its own kind. It must of necessity have certain advantages that will pertain to no other. The larger the State, the more important the seat of government. The more the State increases, the more the capital city will increase. Its citizens may go to other cities, but other cities *must* come to it.

Other cities may be the center of business and commercial life, but it will be the centre of State life, of State politics, of State society, and even in no small degree of State literature. There the Capitol, the great house and home of the State, will be reared; there will come the Senators and Representatives of the people; there the Governor and the various heads of department; there the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the ablest members of the State bar; there will be the GREAT LIBRARY; there will naturally center the various State societies; there railroads will center and manufactures, and public and private institutions; there many a patriotic citizen, in the decline of life, attracted by its social advantages,

will come and build his house, and choose his permanent home. A single walk through the Capitol, and an inspection of its 200 rooms, with the name and object over them for which they are designed, will be a political education to the citizen, of the grandeur of the Commonwealth, such as he will get no where else. It must be a large business that requires so large an office. Even the very building of the Capitol, and the temporary residence of so many workmen, will be no little local advantage in the employment of labor and the price of land. To whom shall the much coveted prize eventually be assigned?

The first capital was at Detroit; where shall the next and permanent one be?

History does not help us much at this point, not even the veracious "Annals of our city from the foundation thereof down to the present time, by M. Dash, 1870." There is an *hiatus valde deflendus* which, after the filling up of a few more illustrious graves, may one day be also filled.

For the present we shall take it for granted that our Conscript Fathers, who in former times were accustomed to assemble in the city of the Straits, in this particular instance, presaging, like old Tarquin, the future magnitude of the State, did *not* build any wiser than they knew; that the number of rival claimants was not so multitudinous, as is some times insinuated; that the conflict was not quite so fierce as that of the Greeks and Trojans over the dead body of Patroclus, nor so long continued and exterminating as that of the famous mousers of Kilkenny; that the log-rolling on the part of the third house was not so effective as it might have been; that there was no bribery, no corruption, no treason; that they were all "honorable men," and that the Curtius-like leap into the middle of the table, and the still more famous toast, "Here's to the goose that lost the Capitol," and the concluding doxology and benediction is all a myth.

All we care to know is that out of 70 counties, and 16

townships, and as many school sections, there was one Ingham, one Lansing, one school section No. 16, "one mile from Burchard's mill!" It was indeed a wilderness here when that saw mill was built (1843), when the nearest neighbors were a mile and a half from each other on the north and west, and nearly five miles on the south and east, when "the first school was kept in a little shanty" (1847), and when the same year, March 16, 1847, the shortest act ever passed by the Legislature read on this wise:

Resolved, That the seat of government in this State shall be in the township of Lansing, in the county of Ingham."

The old Capitol was first occupied by the Legislature in 1848.

January 4th, 1871, the message of Gov. Baldwin called the attention of the Legislature to the necessity for a new one.

March 31st, 1871, an act was passed providing for its erection, and appointing the Board of State Building Commissioners.

October 2d, 1873, came the greatest of all days in the history of the city of Lansing, the laying of the new corner stone! Precisely what day it was considered finished I do not know; probably the day it was accepted by the commissioners, Monday, September 23d, 1878.

It is no small thing to have planned and erected so magnificent a structure,

"Whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by work of daring art,
The true design and aim"

of such a State.

Long days and weary nights have witnessed the study of the Commissioners, the invention of the Architect, the energy of the contractor, the skill and industry of the various workers in stone and wood and iron.

So quietly and steadily has it grown up before our

eyes, that more than once have we been reminded of the old temple on Mt. Zion.

“No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.”

If it be true, that the architectural history of any people becomes a history of their condition at different periods, if every edifice raised by man “contains a record quite legible to the educated eye of the race that produced it, the ways of life, and even the religion of the people by whom it was erected;” certainly there is nothing in the erection of the Capitol of Michigan of which our people need to be ashamed.

Those who visit the great temple of our Union at Washington, while they admit that its exterior is most imposing and even magnificent, are yet obliged to confess that “the impression of the whole structure is that of enormous and frightfully foolish waste of money, directed neither by patriotism, good sense, or good taste.” In fact, “that the Capitol of the United States is a huge, imposing, rich, and ill-digested job.” Severe strictures have recently been made on the capitols at Albany, Springfield, and even at Hartford, as if every public building must not only be erected at the public expense, but at the loss of State or National honor.

Thanks to those who have had the constant supervision of this work, it seems to give our recent and most graceful historian no little pleasure in saying “that our Capitol, just completed, is a beautiful and satisfactory building, in which no unsound material has been placed, and into which all the funds appropriated have honestly entered. When other communities have been so badly cheated in such enterprises, it is certainly worth recording that Michigan has been served with strict integrity.”¹

Our “Palladian” style of architecture may not leave much room for “ornamented construction,” but certainly it is free from the charge of “constructed ornament.”²

¹ Judge J. V. Campbell, p. 575.

² Appendix B.

While the Capitol has thus been making progress to its final completion, some of us, by a very natural association of ideas have been led to think of its great prototype, and of the many incidents that simply by the alteration of a word, or by changing a shade or two of thought¹ might be made subservient to a much higher wisdom.

There was the commanding hill where, in breaking ground for their great national temple, the Romans found the head of one Tolius (Caput Toli), "sound and entire" and bleeding afresh, and hence Capitol (that is, I suppose, the place of brains). There was the lofty flight of one hundred steps by which the ascent was made from the city to the temple. There, deep and broad, they laid the enduring foundations for those massive walls, the very centre of her strength, and resolution,

"Her citadel impregnable!"

There was the temple of Jupiter Stator, the grandest temple in all Rome, the name and place alike suggestive that a state to be worthy of its name, and have fixedness, and stand a permanent organization, must be under the protection of a Higher Power.²

There, sacred to the goddess of power and empire, were the geese, by saving whom on one occasion they saved themselves.

There, like the Palladium at Athens, was the inestimably precious shield, with which the sceptre of empire was supposed to be coeval and inseparable.

There was the statue of the much belied Janus, "one front thoughtfully regarding the past, rich with experience, with memories, with the priceless tradition of truth and virtue, the other, as earnestly directed to the All Hail hereafter, richer still with its transcendant hopes, and unfulfilled prophecies."—*Ch. Sumner*.

There was the place for the statues, like that of Lepi-

¹ Paucis mutatis verbis atque sententiis Christiani fierent."—Aug. De. Ver. Rel., IV.

² Quem Statorem hujus orbis atque imperii vere nominavimus."—Cicero.

dus, who had saved the life of a citizen in battle, and for others who had achieved other golden deeds of self-devotion, that to this day touch the heartstrings when we read them. As with Nelson it was victory or Westminster Abbey, so with the old Roman, it was victory or the Capitol.

There came the consuls and magistrates, when first entering upon their respective duties, to offer sacrifices, as if it was the place to make a right beginning.

There came the grand triumphal processions of Æmilius and other consuls and their victorious legions, as if this were the only place where honors and ovations could rightly end.

There, too, might be seen the great Cornelius Scipio, the foremost man of all Rome, who, whenever he undertook any affair of weighty importance, "was always accustomed to spend some hours alone in the Temple of Jupiter."

There, too, it was that Scylla, the consul, saying that he wanted *only* this to complete his happiness, turned his dying eyes, regretting that it would fall to the lot of Catullus, and not himself, to dedicate it with all the pomp and glory he intended.

And there, too, in close and most significant proximity, was the Tarpeian Rock, from which as gallant a defender of the capitol at one time as Manlius was hurled by public wrath at another!

The high places of power are like the tops of the pyramids, the reptile can crawl there as well as the eagle fly; but the moment the eagle loses his wings and becomes a reptile, he falls like Lucifer, to rise no more.

And one thing more let us not forget; there was the straw thatched cabin of Romulus, a good precedent for the preservation of our cradle of liberty, the old State House.

Just about the time the loveliness and grandeur of the dome received their full development, and the dear

old flag waved so triumphantly from the highest point of the lantern, it so happened that he who stands this day as the teacher of the hour, had a waking vision of the capitol and its surroundings, which has been to him a theme and inspiration ever since. It was early morning,—after a long night of watching with a dying friend. It was just at sunrise, when, as it sometimes happens in midsummer, the sun comes up without a cloud and the horizon is clear of mist. The first object that arrested my attention was the lofty old elm on the park—“one where a thousand stood,” that seemed strangely thrown into the back-ground—like a sentinel that has been doing double duty through the night, and is just relieved. I thought of the Red man, and the hunter and trapper, and the hardy pioneer, but the tear was scarcely started ere it was caught by a smile,—when I looked upon our pleasant city bursting like a flower from the shadows of the wilderness! There is nothing to regret when barbarism gives place to civilization!

The next thing I noticed was the modest little dome of the old Capitol, cheerful and bright and all ablaze with glory. That, too, had been relieved from duty, but there was nothing to regret in this respect, nothing of which to be ashamed; very much in its history of which to be justly proud. And if in the course of human events the time had come, as Will Carleton has it, to go

“Out of the old house into the new,”

it was more as a father gives way in his declining years to the advancing honors of a worthy son, that the old Capitol at that moment seemed to be looking at the new—nothing of jealousy, nothing of envy, nothing but grateful joy.

Once more I looked, and behold the new Capitol was illumined from without, brighter than it has ever yet been lighted from within. It was like a revelation, and in one happy moment I seemed to read the history of the entire

past, and involuntarily I exclaimed, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"

I was in a genial mood for a kind of reflection which to a large extent has so pleasantly replaced the day dreams of youth. As the star of hope sets that of memory rises.

I thought of Washington when he first laid out, from the wilderness not yet subdued, the site of our now magnificent metropolis,—especially of that memorable procession, September, 1793, when, with fife and drum, and on a fallen tree across the Tiber, and up the narrow foot-way, amid the oaks and underbrush, he came to lay the corner stone of such a capitol as the world had never seen.

I thought of the mighty contrast between the old Capitol and the new, never so well put as in the burning words of the illustrious exile of Hungary, God bless him! when like Cyneas, the Epirote among the Senators of Rome, he stood before our Senators and Representatives, more to his honor than to theirs, to plead for liberty and to plead in vain! He *left* more liberty than he found: "I stand before you Legislators of the new capitol—that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it, and come over to yours, purified by the air of liberty. The old stands a mournful monument of the fragility of human things—yours as a sanctuary of eternal rights. The old beamed with the red lustre of conquest, now darkened by oppression's gloomy night—yours beams with freedom's brightest ray. The old absorbed the world by its own centralized glory; yours protects your own nation against absorption even by itself. The old was awful with unrestricted power; yours is glorious with having restricted it. At the view of the old, nations trembled; at the view of yours, humanity hopes. To the old, misfortune was only introduced with fettered hands, to kneel at the triumphant conqueror's heels; to yours, the triumph of introduction is granted to unfortunate exiles, invited to

the honor of a seat. And where kings and Cæsars never would be hailed for their power, might, and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a down-trodden nation is welcomed as your great republic's guest, precisely because he *is* persecuted, helpless, and poor. In the old, the terrible *Væ Victis* was the rule; in yours protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to the vanquished in a just cause. And while out of the old a conquered world was ruled, you in yours provide for the common confederative interests of a territory larger than the conquered world of the old. There sat men boasting their will to be sovereign of the world; here sit men whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, and to do that which their sovereign, the people, wills.¹

Again the vision changed! I thought with no little anxiety of those who would enter our virgin Capitol, whether they would be intelligent lovers of liberty, civil, religious, and Christian? Men like Kossuth, the very breath of whose life was patriotism; or men like Jeff Davis and other wandering stars that have shot madly from their sphere, and gone out in the blackness of eternal infamy! All the policy, special pleading heretofore or hereafter can never deceive the people of the North and dignify the late Rebellion into a civil war. It was REBELLION, that, and nothing else.²

I thought whether these men, of whatever party, would be STATESMEN, *i. e.*, men of the STATE who would legislate for its honor, its credit, and the *public* good, or whether they would be *demagogues*, "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who would simply carry out their own selfish aims and that of their more immediate constituents, like the office-seekers in the time of Aristophanes, so justly compared by him to the fishermen of Lake Copais, who stirred up the mud, because the dirtier the water the surer they were to catch their eels!

¹Life of Kossuth by Headley, p. 453.

²That I speak what I do know, see Appendix A.

Greater questions will demand attention in the new Capitol than ever were discussed in the old. The red spectre of the barricades in 1871 will not so easily down! "As in ancient Athens, the cave of the furies was underneath the rock on whose top sat the court of the Areopagus." So is it now. "The communism of our day is a real cave of the furies," and the furies are "not asleep in their cave."¹ The legislation now called for touches the very foundations of society itself. The slow matches that even now are burning must be stamped out, the insidious enemy be countermined, and that speedily.

I thought of the corner-stone of the new Capitol, than which there is nothing in the whole building that pleases me better. IT FACES NORTH; it looks EAST! It contains a copy of the Holy Bible—equally the foundation of England's greatness and our own! (I am even pleased with its ecclesiastical position. About midway between Congregationalism and Episcopacy—is pretty good Presbyterianism)!

Once more I thought of the grand oration of Webster on the extension of our National Capitol, at the laying of its corner-stone, and the still grander prayer deposited within, and adopted its petitions as my own.

More than all I thought of the ever-memorable scene, it was my good fortune to witness in reference to that same Capitol in July, 1864,—the very midnight of the slave-holder's rebellion,—traitors multiplying at the north as fast as the rebels were subdued at the south, the rebel the better man of the two.

As I approached the Capitol, as if in sympathy with the signs of the times, it was shrouded in the deepest gloom, so that it was scarcely visible even from the very gates. Presently there was a rift in the shifting shadows, and I caught sight for the first time of the new dome—in all its towering height, its immense proportions, its sublime magnificence. As I peered curiously through

¹ See Prof. R. D. Hitchcock's "Socialism,"—*passim*,—A. D. F. Randolph, New York, 1878.

the mist, it seemed as if I saw a gigantic figure at the top—stationary—and various smaller figures moving around it. And so I did. As if in utter defiance of rebellion and laughing treason to scorn, and daring their united power to do its worst, the mighty symbol of our national authority was steadily advancing to its completion. Not the purchase of the land on which the Carthaginians were encamped, by that plucky old Roman who paid the full price, could have had a more inspiring effect on beleaguered Rome than the sight of our national dome, on that most humiliating day in all my life as an American citizen, had on me in beleaguered Washington! Then as never before I felt that my first loyalty was to THAT DOME—rather than that of Michigan, Pennsylvania, or any other State—to that dome in the mighty shadow of which all other domes could safely rest; to that dome as the very keystone that held the national arch together, and which once removed would prostrate our great political edifice in utter ruin.¹ Yes! it was worth all the blood it cost to save it, and I said in my heart of hearts that day what I now say as my final word to each of you, my fellow citizens:

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER! LET US DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC!

“This land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit or die.”
This is our maxim, this our piety,
And God and Nature say that it is just.

¹“One nation historically born—one political organization having one common life—each part with its acknowledged local rights, but holding as the most sacred of all ‘State Rights,’ the right of each part in every other part, and IN THE WHOLE. ‘STATE RIGHTS.’”—A photograph from the ruins of ancient Greece, by Prof. Taylor Lewis. Albany, 1865.

APPENDIX A.

So persistent and disingenuous of late have been the attempts to ignore and falsify history, that I venture to reproduce some of my own personal testimony in the form of an extract from a letter, dated Gettysburg, Penn., and published in the *Detroit Advertiser & Tribune*, July, 1863:

"I want you thoroughly to understand us," said one of the rebels in the barn to whom I rendered the most assistance, "what we at the South mean, and what we are trying to do. With the exception of that third man from the door, who is a Union man and believes in the reconstruction of the Union" (with a derisive laugh), "*none of us believe in a republican form of government.*" "What do you believe in then?" I asked. "*We are in favor of a monarchical form of government*, and that is what we are trying to establish." "That is, in an empire under Maximilian, with England and France to intervene, I suppose." "Yes, and we are certain to have it!" "Well, gentlemen," said I, "in reply to this declaration, to which your common silence seems to give a full assent, permit me to say with my Union friend here, that I *do* believe in a republican form of government, and what is more, we mean to keep the government that was handed down to us from our fathers. Last night the news came in by a sure hand that Vicksburg is taken and the Mississippi is ours. Your government has gone up! Gentlemen, good night!"

Why cannot we at the North understand the South as well as *they understand us*? From the very first I have had an undoubting belief that a solid South would make a **SOLID NORTH**, and it is coming fast! Here and there I have *heard* of a reconstructed rebel, but I have never yet seen one, even in a southern Presbyterian minister! Hereafter rebels and traitors will be treated more as they deserve, when there will be *no England or France to help them*.

APPENDIX B.

For the following interesting items I am indebted to the unique and invaluable "scrap books" of O. A. Jenison, Esq.,—a monument of untiring industry and indomitable perseverance that must be seen to be appreciated. In the judgment of all who have examined these volumes, the library of the Capitol can never be complete without the *Capitol's own Diary*:

Advertisements for designs, etc., April 12, 1871.

Advertisements for proposals, May 23, '72.

Contract awarded to N. Osborn & Co., July 15, '72.

Ground broken, July 26, '72.

First load of brick, August 12, '72.

First concrete, May 5, '73.

First footing stones, June 24, '73, 11 A. M.

CORNER STONE laid, Oct. 2, '73.

First stone for the base corner, Oct. 9, '73.

First doorsill, south basement door, April 14, '74.

Contents of corner stone sealed, May 29, '74.

Keystone to front pediment, the top stone of the building, placed in position, Oct. 8, '76.

The central figure representing Michigan, placed Oct. 4, '76, at 4:30 P. M.

Foundation stone laid for dome, April 22, '74.

First grand rib of dome placed in position, Aug. 13, '77.

Iron framework for lantern finished June 13, '78.

Last scaffolding removed from the dome, July, 1878.

Ground broken for east portico, June 27, '77.

Ground broken for boiler-room, south end, Sept. 26, '77.

Boiler placed, Oct. 30, '77.

Commenced plastering, April 10, '77.

Commenced laying marble in corridors, March 11, '78.

Last stone in the east walk laid, Oct. 4, '78.

Lighted up for the first time, November 8, '78.

DIMENSIONS.

Length of building, 345 feet 2 inches; depth, 195 feet 5 inches; height of lantern, 265 feet; diameter of rotunda, $44\frac{1}{2}$ feet, height 150 feet; first foundation stone, length 6 feet, breadth, 3 feet 8 inches, thickness 1 foot 3 inches; platform stones of front portico,

15 feet long, 6 feet wide, 18 inches thick, and weigh about 10 tons each; main approach to building, 30 feet wide.

MATERIALS.

Foundation walls, Lamont limestone from Joliet, Illinois. The face stones are sandstone from Amherst, Ohio. Corner stone of New Hampshire granite. Entrance doors to first floor, 14 feet 6 inches high, 3 feet 1 inch wide, made of black walnut. The stairs are of iron; the corridors paved with marble and slate. The floor of the rotunda is of hammered glass, one inch thick; the main approach to the building of Ohio blue stone.

ROOMS.

The building contains 216 rooms proper, 54 corridors, stairways and alcoves, and 2 boiler rooms, making, exclusive of 4 stairways and dome, a total of 268 rooms.

COST

to the day the corner stone was laid \$136,320.72. Entire cost of construction, furniture, and arranging grounds, about \$1,500,000.

The building stands on Capitol square, known on the original plat as block 249, and which contains eleven acres of land.

CHARLES M. CROSWELL, . . .	Governor.
ELIJAH E. MEYERS, . . .	Architect.
OLIVER MARBLE, . . .	Local Superintendent.
N. OSBURN & Co., . . .	Contractors.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.