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EULOGY.

ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR HENRY B. ANTHONY, OF
RHODE ISLAND.

The service of Senator Anthony in this body exceeded the entire period of the Republican ascendancy, from Lincoln to Garfield—a momentous interval, characterized by unprecedented activity of the material, intellectual, and moral energies of the Nation, and resulting in structural changes in government and society.

It was an epoch of tremendous passions; of vague and indefinite morality; of frenzied debate; of anomalous statesmanship. There were giants in those days, and when the Macaulay of another age shall turn to rehearse their history, he shall find little in our recorded annals to explain the remarkable and long-continued prominence of Senator Anthony in his State and the country, or the extraordinary influence he exercised upon all his contemporaries.

Without the learning and eloquence of Sumner, the logic of Fessenden, the restless industry of Wilson, or the intense and relentless energy of Chandler and Morton, he was the trusted counselor and companion of all, and was accorded the highest positions of confidence and honor to which a senator can aspire.

For twenty-five years Senator Anthony uttered no word in debate in this chamber that is not recorded, but how faint

and unsatisfactory is the portrait that this will present to posterity. Those who recall the melody of his diction and the dignity of his delivery will always wonder with regret that he so seldom spoke who spoke so well; but no printed page could record the gentle and benignant courtesy which shone in his demeanor and lent a nameless but irresistible charm to his deportment and bearing; the confident courage that despised the paltry arts and hollow clamors of the demagogue; the stainless honor that knew no taint of perfidy or guile.

He was a minister of grace. He never made an enemy and never lost a friend. The envy that might have been aroused by his early success was averted by the sensitive delicacy of his nature; and the jealousy that might have been excited by his long supremacy was disarmed by his loyalty to his friends, by his fidelity to his convictions, by his unsullied integrity, by the temperate restraint of his spirit, which no heat of controversy could disturb, nor any rancor of partisanship provoke to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman.

The entire career of Senator Anthony was one of unique and singular felicity. For him fate spared its irony. Nemesis was propitiated. Fortune favored him. Time denied him none of those possessions that are regarded as the chief requisites of human happiness. He escaped calumny, and detraction passed him by. There was no winter in his years. He had length of days without infirmity. His ambition was satisfied. Honor, health, love, friendship, affluence, which so often with capricious disdain elude the most strenuous pursuit, attended him as courtiers surround a monarch. His life was not fragmentary and unfinished, but full-orbed and complete. Death was not an interruption, but a climax.

His sun was neither obscured nor eclipsed, but followed its appointed path to the western horizon. So he departed, and above his spirit and fame abides the enduring covenant of peace:

"His memory, like a cloudless sky;
His conscience, like a sea at rest."