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Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> 1871.

WALT WHITMAN'S  
*AMERICAN INSTITUTE*  
POEM.



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1 Sept 9. Warfield  
Nov. 1871

AFTER ALL, NOT TO  
CREATE ONLY.

*Recited by WALT WHITMAN, on Invitation of  
Managers American Institute, on Opening  
their 40th Annual Exhibition, New York,  
noon, September 7, 1871.*



BOSTON:  
ROBERTS BROTHERS.  
1871.

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AMERICAN INSTITUTE,  
New York, Aug. 1, 1871.

WALT WHITMAN, Esq.

Dear Sir, — Aware of the kindly and generous interest you take in the welfare and progress of the American Institute, the Board of Managers of the 40th National Industrial Exhibition have instructed us to solicit of you the honor of a Poem on the occasion of its Opening, Sept. 7, 1871 — with the privilege of furnishing proofs of the same to the metropolitan press for publication with the other proceedings.

With profound respect,

GEORGE PEYTON, }  
CHAS. E. BURD, } *Committee*  
JAMES B. YOUNG, } *on Invitations.*

The invitation as above was promptly accepted.

It may be proper to say that the American Institute, organized about forty years ago, for developing, perfecting, and exemplifying Mechanical, Farming, Inventive, Scientific, and Art interests in the United States, holds every fall a National Exhibition, or Fair, in New York, where the results of its labors in these departments are collected, and are visited and examined by many thousands of people. It was to formally inaugurate the 40th of these Fairs, that "*After all, Not to Create only,*" was recited. The actual scene is eminently practical, modern, and comprehensive. Engines, machinery, and apparatus of all kinds, musical and philosophical instruments, sculpture, casts, minerals, woollen, cotton and linen goods, fertilizers, the latest farm and household implements, and all improved products of the soil, form but a part of one of these Exhibitions, and of the basis afforded by it to the Philosopher, the Political Economist, or the Poet.

The fact, however, in connection with the Institute, at present most interesting and important to the public throughout the United States — and the spinal part of the Poem ensuing — is the noble plan to soon build, or commence to build, a Structure, or group of structures, for a vast permanent Universal Exhibition and Rendezvous of specimens of all the Products, Manufactures, Trades, Machinery, both land and sea, of the New World — and for Science and Art. An official statement of the Managers, lately printed, says: —

“It is the intention of the Institute as soon as a proper site can be obtained, either in Central Park or some other suitable locality, to commence the erection upon it of a costly and imposing edifice, at an expense of some \$2,000,000, which shall entirely eclipse any industrial palace that has ever been built in any part of the world, whether as to the elegance of architectural design, the immensity of its proportions, or the beauty, utility and durability of the materials used in its construction. The uses to which it will be put are these: The palace will be divided into various departments. One of these will contain a perpetual exhibition of the finest examples of American workmanship and ingenuity in competition with each other, grouped geographically, so as to illustrate the comparative material progress and position of each State and Territory of the Union. Another great feature will be a department of contrasts, wherein may be seen the obsolete mechanisms of a century ago in juxtaposition with the marvellous machinery of to-day, together with such as would indicate the intermediate steps by which the present degree of perfection has been reached — than which nothing could be more graphically illustrative of our national growth in the mechanical arts during the century. Another will be the department of models, very similar to that at the Patent Office, Washington, which, owing to its distance from the great centre of population, industry, manufactures, commerce and trade, is of little practical benefit to inventors compared with what it would be were it placed here.

“Another, and perhaps most interesting of all, will be the department of the American Workshop, where the interesting movements by which American industry works out her multifarious results from the raw material to the finished product, may be both seen and understood; and where either the boy or the man may learn almost at a glance that which years of patient book-toil might not teach.

“Still another department will comprehend a museum of American minerals, so arranged, classified and ticketed as not only to awaken admiration and curiosity, but also to convey to the observer some practical idea of the wealth, expenditures of time, ingenuity, labor and money, and the losses and gains they represent in mine-working; and a museum of American geology, to teach the lessons of the rocks, touching the structure of this continent; together with a collection of fossiliferous remains, arranged in such wise as to illustrate the progressive growths, through the ages, of vegetable and animated nature. Another branch will be devoted to such of the branches of natural history as have no especial department. Another will be given to the fine arts; and this, besides its general features, will embrace a permanent gallery of American paintings, a great hall of American statuary, and a vast Musical Conservatory — constructed with special reference to the principles of acoustics — wherein multitudes may daily assemble and listen to the choicest American compositions sung by American voices and played by American performers upon American instruments; or where, by way of comparison and change, the finest conceptions of the Euro-

pean masters might be rendered by monster choirs and orchestras of all musical nationalities upon a scale befitting their grandeur and the vastness of the audiences. Another department will be given over to horticulture and agriculture; another to commerce; another to American antiquities gathered from all parts of this continent as a permanent accessible record of the past histories of the various races which at different periods have inhabited it.

“Another portion of the enormous edifice will be consecrated to learning. Here will be the great Lecture Hall, in which the ablest professors will give to listening throngs such glimpses of the sciences as shall make them long for and seek to gain more thorough and exact knowledge, and thus science shall be truly popularized. Here also will be the halls where the various scientific sections, not alone the agricultural, horticultural, photographic and polytechnic sections of to-day, but the projected sections—geographical, chemical, historical, astronomical, geological, botanical, microscopical and others—will meet and discuss, before freely admitted audiences, problems, the solutions of which would enhance the fame and the power of our country. Here, too, will be situated the great scientific library of the Institute, which already numbers over 10,000 valuable volumes; and here the chemical laboratory and workshops, in which the faculty of the Institute may labor, and perchance assist the struggling inventor to a practical success which his own unaided efforts or scant resources might for ever preclude. Here the philosopher may teach and the student learn the wonders of science in its varied relations to earth, fire, water and air; and here may the now impenetrable veil be torn from many a mystery.”

It was in view of the scheme thus projected—in the midst, as it were, of the vast Laboring, Mechanical, and Farming objects and life of the country—to suggest that artists and poets in the United States may best give up old-time and old-world themes, and betake themselves to convey the power, beauty and nutriment of Humanity here, with current Inventions, Science, Patriotism—and to make Labor ideal as well as material—that the following Recitation had its delivery.



## AFTER ALL, NOT TO CREATE ONLY.

### 1.

AFTER all, not to create only, or found only,  
But to bring, perhaps from afar, what is  
already founded,  
To give it our own identity, average, limitless,  
free ;  
To fill the gross, the torpid bulk with vital re-  
ligious fire ;  
Not to repel or destroy, so much as accept, fuse,  
rehabilitate ;  
To obey, as well as command — to follow, more  
than to lead ;  
These also are the lessons of our New World ;  
— While how little the New, after all — how  
much the Old, Old World !

Long, long, long, has the grass been growing,  
Long and long has the rain been falling,  
Long has the globe been rolling round.

### 2.

Come, Muse, migrate from Greece and Ionia ;  
Cross out, please, those immensely overpaid ac-  
counts,

That matter of Troy, and Achilles' wrath, and  
 Eneas', Odysseus' wanderings;  
 Placard "*Removed*" and "*To Let*" on the rocks  
 of your snowy Parnassus;  
 Repeat at Jerusalem — place the notice high on  
 Jaffa's gate, and on Mount Moriah;  
 The same on the walls of your Gothic European  
 Cathedrals, and German, French and Span-  
 ish Castles;  
 For know a better, fresher, busier sphere — a  
 wide, untried domain awaits, demands you.

## 3.

Responsive to our summons,  
 Or rather to her long-nurs'd inclination,  
 Join'd with an irresistible, natural gravitation,  
 She comes! this famous Female — as was indeed  
 to be expected;  
 (For who, so ever-youthful, 'cute and handsome,  
 would wish to stay in mansions such as  
 those,  
 When offer'd quarters with all the modern im-  
 provements,  
 With all the fun that's going — and all the best  
 society?)

She comes! I hear the rustling of her gown;  
 I scent the odor of her breath's delicious fra-  
 grance;  
 I mark her step divine — her curious eyes a-  
 turning, rolling,  
 Upon this very scene.

The Dame of Dames! can I believe, then,  
Those ancient temples classic, and castles strong  
and feudalistic, could none of them restrain  
her?

Nor shades of Virgil and Dante — nor myriad  
memories, poems, old associations, magnet-  
ize and hold on to her?

But that she's left them all — and *here*?

Yes, if you will allow me to say so,  
I, my friends, if you do not, can plainly see Her,  
The same Undying Soul of Earth's, activity's,  
beauty's, heroism's Expression,  
Out from her evolutions hither come — sub-  
merged the strata of her former themes,  
Hidden and cover'd by to-day's — foundation of  
to-day's;  
Ended, deceas'd, through time, her voice by Cas-  
taly's fountain;  
Silent through time the broken-lipp'd Sphynx in  
Egypt — silent those century-baffling tombs;  
Closed for aye the epics of Asia's, Europe's hel-  
meted warriors;  
Calliope's call for ever closed — Clio, Melpomene,  
Thalia closed and dead;  
Seal'd the stately rhythmus of Una and Oriana  
— ended the quest of the Holy Graal;  
Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the wind  
— extinct;  
The Crusaders' streams of shadowy, midnight  
troops, sped with the sunrise;  
Amadis, Tancred, utterly gone — Charlemagne,  
Roland, Oliver gone,

Palmerin, ogre, departed — vanish'd the turrets  
 that Usk reflected,  
 Arthur vanish'd with all his knights — Merlin  
 and Lancelot and Galahad — all gone —  
 dissolv'd utterly, like an exhalation ;  
 Pass'd ! pass'd ! for us, for ever pass'd ! that once  
 so mighty World — now void, inanimate,  
 phantom World !  
 Embroider'd, dazzling World ! with all its gor-  
 geous legends, myths,  
 Its kings and barons proud — its priests, and  
 warlike lords, and courtly dames ;  
 Pass'd to its charnel vault — laid on the shelf —  
 coffin'd, with Crown and Armor on,  
 Blazon'd with Shakspeare's purple page,  
 And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme.

I say I see, my friends, if you do not, the Ani-  
 mus of all that World,  
 Escaped, bequeath'd, vital, fugacious as ever,  
 leaving those dead remains, and now this  
 spot approaching, filling ;  
 — And I can hear what maybe you do not — a  
 terrible æsthetical commotion,  
 With howling desperate gulp of “ flower ” and  
 “ bower,”  
 With “ Sonnet to Matilda's Eyebrow ” quite,  
 quite frantic ;  
 With gushing, sentimental reading circles turn'd  
 to ice or stone ;  
 With many a squeak, (in metre choice,) from  
 Boston, New York, Philadelphia, London ;

As she, the illustrious Emigré, (having, it is true, in her day, although the same, changed, journey'd considerable,)  
 Making directly for this rendezvous — vigorously clearing a path for herself — striding through the confusion,  
 By thud of machinery and shrill steam-whistle undismay'd,  
 Bluff'd not a bit by drain-pipe, gasometers, artificial fertilizers,  
 Smiling and pleased, with palpable intent to stay,  
 She's here, install'd amid the kitchen ware!

## 4.

But hold — don't I forget my manners?  
 To introduce the Stranger (what else indeed have I come for?) to thee, Columbia:  
 In Liberty's name, welcome, Immortal! clasp hands,  
 And ever henceforth Sisters dear be both.

Fear not, O Muse! truly new ways and days receive, surround you,  
 (I candidly confess, a queer, queer race, of novel fashion.)  
 And yet the same old human race — the same within, without,  
 Faces and hearts the same — feelings the same — yearnings the same,  
 The same old love — beauty and use the same.

## 5.

We do not blame thee, Elder World — nor separate ourselves from thee :

(Would the Son separate himself from the Father?)

Looking back on thee — seeing thee to thy duties, grandeurs, through past ages bending, building,

We build to ours to-day.

Mightier than Egypt's tombs,  
Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,  
Prouder than Milan's statued, spired Cathedral,  
More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,  
We plan, even now, to raise, beyond them all,  
Thy great Cathedral, sacred Industry — no tomb,

A Keep for life for practical Invention.

As in a waking vision,  
E'en while I chant, I see it rise — I scan and prophesy outside and in,  
Its manifold ensemble.

## 6.

Around a Palace,  
Loftier, fairer, ampler than any yet,  
Earth's modern Wonder, History's Seven outstripping,  
High rising tier on tier, with glass and iron façades,

Gladdening the sun and sky — enhued in cheer-  
fulest hues,  
Bronze, lilac, robin's-egg, marine and crimson,  
Over whose golden roof shall flaunt, beneath thy  
banner, Freedom,  
The banners of The States, the flags of every  
land,  
A brood of lofty, fair. but lesser Palaces shall  
cluster.

Somewhere within the walls of all,  
Shall all that forwards perfect human life be  
started,  
Tried, taught, advanced, visibly exhibited.

Here shall you trace in flowing operation,  
In every state of practical, busy movement,  
The rills of Civilization.

Materials here, under your eye, shall change  
their shape, as if by magic ;  
The cotton shall be pick'd almost in the very  
field,  
Shall be dried, clean'd, ginn'd, baled, spun into  
thread and cloth, before you :  
You shall see hands at work at all the old pro-  
cesses, and all the new ones ;  
You shall see the various grains, and how flour  
is made, and then bread baked by the  
bakers ;  
You shall see the crude ores of California and  
Nevada passing on and on till they become  
bullion ;

You shall watch how the printer sets type, and  
 learn what a composing stick is ;  
 You shall mark, in amazement, the Hoe press  
 whirling its cylinders, shedding the printed  
 leaves steady and fast :  
 The photograph, model, watch, pin, nail, shall  
 be created before you.

In large calm halls, a stately Museum shall teach  
 you the infinite, solemn lessons of Minerals ;  
 In another, woods, plants, Vegetation shall be  
 illustrated — in another Animals, animal  
 life and development.

One stately house shall be the Music House ;  
 Others for other Arts — Learning, the Sciences,  
 shall all be here ;  
 None shall be slighted — none but shall here be  
 honor'd, help'd, exempl'd.

## 7.

This, this and these, America, shall be *your*  
 Pyramids and Obelisks,  
 Your Alexandrian Pharos, gardens of Babylon,  
 Your temple at Olympia.

The male and female many laboring not,  
 Shall ever here confront the laboring many,  
 With precious benefits to both — glory to all,  
 To thee, America — and thee, Eternal Muse.

And here shall ye inhabit, Powerful Matrons !  
In your vast state, vaster than all the old ;  
Echoed through long, long centuries to come,  
To sound of different, prouder songs, with  
stronger themes,  
Practical, peaceful life — the people's life — the  
People themselves,  
Lifted, illumin'd, bathed in peace — elate, secure  
in peace.

## 8.

Away with themes of war ! away with War  
itself !  
Hence from my shuddering sight, to never more  
return, that show of blacken'd, mutilated  
corpses !  
That hell unpent, and raid of blood — fit for  
wild tigers, or for lop-tongued wolves —  
not reasoning men !  
And in its stead speed Industry's campaigns !  
With thy undaunted armies, Engineering !  
Thy pennants, Labor, loosen'd to the breeze !  
Thy bugles sounding loud and clear !

Away with old romance !  
Away with novels, plots, and plays of foreign  
courts !  
Away with love-verses, sugar'd in rhyme — the  
intrigues, amours of idlers,  
Fitted for only banquets of the night, where  
dancers to late music slide ;

The unhealthy pleasures, extravagant dissipa-  
tions of the few,  
With perfumes, heat and wine, beneath the  
dazzling chandeliers.

## 9.

To you, ye Reverent, sane Sisters,  
To this resplendent day, the present scene,  
These eyes and ears that like some broad par  
terre bloom up around, before me,  
I raise a voice for far superber themes for poets  
and for Art.  
To exalt the present and the real,  
To teach the average man the glory of his daily  
walk and trade,  
To sing, in songs, how exercise and chemical  
life are never to be baffled;  
Boldly to thee, America, to-day! and thee, Im-  
mortal Muse!  
To practical, manual work, for each and all —  
to plough, hoe, dig,  
To plant and tend the tree, the berry, vegetables,  
flowers,  
For every man to see to it that he really do  
something — for every woman too;  
To use the hammer, and the saw, (rip or cross-  
cut.)  
To cultivate a turn for carpentering, plastering,  
painting,  
To work as tailor, tailoress, nurse, hostler, porter,  
To invent a little — something ingenious — to  
aid the washing, cooking, cleaning.

And hold it no disgrace to take a hand at them  
themselves.

I say I bring thee, Muse, to-day and here,  
All occupations, duties broad and close,  
Toil, healthy toil and sweat, endless, without  
cessation,  
The old, old general burdens, interests, joys,  
The family, parentage, childhood, husband and  
wife,  
The house-comforts — the house itself, and all  
its belongings,  
Food and its preservations — chemistry applied  
to it ;  
Whatever forms the average, strong, complete,  
sweet-blooded Man or Woman — the per-  
fect, longeve Personality,  
And helps its present life to health and happi-  
ness — and shapes its Soul,  
For the eternal Real Life to come.

With latest materials, works,  
Steam-power, the great Express lines, gas, petro-  
leum,  
These triumphs of our time, the Atlantic's deli-  
cate cable,  
The Pacific Railroad, the Suez canal, the Mont  
Cenis tunnel ;  
Science advanced, in grandeur and reality, ana-  
lyzing every thing,  
This world all spann'd with iron rails — with  
lines of steamships threading every sea,  
Our own Rondure, the current globe I bring.

## 10.

And thou, high-towering One — America!  
 Thy swarm of offspring towering high — yet  
     higher thee, above all towering,  
 With Victory on thy left, and at thy right hand  
     Law;  
 Thou Union, holding all — fusing, absorbing,  
     tolerating all,  
 Thee, ever thee, I bring.

Thou — also thou, a world!  
 With all thy wide geographies, manifold, differ-  
     ent, distant,  
 Rounding by thee in One — one common orbic  
     language,  
 One common indivisible destiny and Union.

## 11.

And by the spells which ye vouchsafe,  
 To those, your ministers in earnest,  
 I here personify and call my themes,  
 To make them pass before ye.

Behold, America! (And thou, ineffable Guest  
     and Sister!)  
 For thee come trooping up thy waters and thy  
     lands:  
 Behold! thy fields and farms, thy far-off woods  
     and mountains,  
 As in procession coming.

Behold! the sea itself!  
And on its limitless, heaving breast, thy ships:  
See! where their white sails, bellying in the  
wind, speckle the green and blue!  
See! thy steamers coming and going, steaming  
in or out of port!  
See! dusky and undulating, their long pennants  
of smoke!

Behold, in Oregon, far in the north and west,  
Or in Maine, far in the north and east, thy  
cheerful axemen,  
Wielding all day their axes!

Behold, on the lakes, thy pilots at their wheels  
— thy oarsmen!  
Behold how the ash writhes under those muscu-  
lar arms!

There by the furnace, and there by the anvil,  
Behold thy sturdy blacksmiths, swinging their  
sledges;  
Overhand so steady — overhand they turn and  
fall, with joyous clank,  
Like a tumult of laughter.

Behold! (for still the procession moves,)  
Behold, Mother of All, thy countless sailors,  
boatmen, coasters!  
The myriads of thy young and old mechanics!

Mark — mark the spirit of invention every-  
 where — thy rapid patents,  
 Thy continual workshops, foundries, risen or  
 rising ;  
 See, from their chimneys, how the tall flame-  
 fires stream !

Mark, thy interminable farms, North, South,  
 Thy wealthy Daughter-States, Eastern and  
 Western,  
 The varied products of Ohio, Pennsylvania,  
 Missouri, Georgia, Texas, and the rest ;  
 Thy limitless crops — grass, wheat, sugar, corn,  
 rice, hemp, hops,  
 Thy barns all fill'd — thy endless freight-trains,  
 and thy bulging store-houses,  
 The grapes that ripen on thy vines — the apples  
 in thy orchards,  
 Thy incalculable lumber, beef, pork, potatoes —  
 thy coal — thy gold and silver,  
 The inexhaustible iron in thy mines.

## 12.

All thine, O sacred Union !  
 Ship, farm, shop, barns, factories, mines,  
 City and State — North, South, item and aggre-  
 gate,  
 We dedicate, dread Mother, all to thee !

Protectress absolute, thou ! Bulwark of all !  
 For well we know that while thou givest each  
 and all, (generous as God,)

Without thee, neither all nor each, nor land,  
home,  
Ship, nor mine — nor any here, this day, se-  
cure,  
Nor aught, nor any day, secure.

## 13.

And thou, thy Emblem, waving over all!  
Delicate beauty! a word to thee, (it may be  
salutary ;)  
Remember, thou hast not always been, as here  
to-day, so comfortably ensovereign'd ;  
In other scenes than these have I observ'd thee,  
flag ;  
Not quite so trim and whole, and freshly bloom-  
ing, in folds of stainless silk ;  
But I have seen thee, bunting, to tatters torn,  
upon thy splinter'd staff,  
Or clutch'd to some young color-bearer's breast,  
with desperate hands,  
Savagely struggled for, for life or death — fought  
over long,  
'Mid cannon's thunder-crash, and many a curse,  
and groan and yell — and rifle-volleys crack-  
ing sharp,  
And moving masses, as wild demons surging —  
and lives as nothing risk'd.  
For thy mere remnant, grimed with dirt and  
smoke, and sopp'd in blood ;  
For sake of that, my beauty — and that thou  
might'st dally, as now, secure up there,  
Many a good man have I seen go under.

## 14.

Now here, and these, and hence, in peace, all  
thine, O Flag!

And here, and hence, for thee, O universal  
Muse! and thou for them!

And here and hence, O Union, all the work and  
workmen thine!

The poets, women, sailors, soldiers, farmers,  
miners, students thine!

None separate from Thee — henceforth one  
only, we and Thou;

(For the blood of the children — what is it only  
the blood Maternal?

And lives and works — what are they all at last  
except the roads to Faith and Death?)

While we rehearse our measureless wealth, it is  
for thee, dear Mother!

We own it all and several to-day indissoluble in  
Thee;

— Think not our chant, our show, merely for  
products gross, or lucre — it is for Thee,  
the Soul, electric, spiritual!

Our farms, inventions, crops, we own in Thee!  
Cities and States in Thee!

Our freedom all in Thee! our very lives in  
Thee!





*From the Washington Chronicle, Sept. 11.*

A letter from New York, of September 9, contains the following :

“Imagine yourself inside a huge barn-like edifice of a couple of acres, spanned by immense arches, like the ribs of some leviathan ship, (whose skeleton hull inverted the structure might be said to resemble,) and this building, crowded and crammed with incipient displays of goods and machinery—every thing that grows and is made—and a thousand men actively at work, in their shirt-sleeves, putting the said goods and machinery in order—all with a noise, movement, and variety as if a good-sized city was in process of being built. In the middle of this, to an audience of perhaps two or three thousand people, with a fringe on the outside of five or six hundred partially-hushed workmen, carpenters, machinists, and the like, with saws, wrenches, or hammers in their hands, Walt Whitman, last Thursday, gave his already celebrated poem before the American Institute. His manner was at first sight coldly quiet, but you soon felt a magnetism and felt stirred. His great figure was clothed in gray, with white vest, no necktie, and his beard was unshorn as ever. His voice is magnificent, and is to be mentioned with Nature’s oceans and the music of forests and hills. His gestures are few, but significant. Sometimes he stands with his hands in his breast pockets; once or twice he walked a few steps to and fro. He did not mind the distant noises and the litter and machinery, but doubtless rather enjoyed them. He was perfectly self-possessed. His apostrophe to the Stars and Stripes which floated above him, describing them in far different scenes in battle, was most impassioned. Also, his ‘Away with War itself!’ and his scornful ‘Away with novels, plots, and plays of foreign courts!’ A few allusions of his poem were in a playful tone, but the main impression was markedly serious, animated, and earnest. He was applauded as he advanced to read, besides several times throughout, and at the close. He did not respond in the usual way by bowing. All the directors and officers of the Institute crowded around him and heartily thanked him. He extricated himself, regained his old Panama hat and stick, and, without waiting for the rest of the exercises, made a quiet exit by the steps at the back of the stand.

“The real audience of this chant of peace, invention, and labor, however, was to follow. Of the New York and Brooklyn evening and morning dailies, twelve out of seventeen published the poem in full the same evening or the next morning.”

*Office of the Secretary of the Board of Managers  
40th Annual Exhibition,*

AMERICAN INSTITUTE,  
New York, Sept. 11th, 1871.

\* \* \* At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Institute National Exhibition held this evening, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted :—

*Resolved,* That the Board of Managers of the American Institute respectfully tender their earnest thanks to Walt Whitman for the magnificent original Poem with which he favored them at the opening of their National Industrial Exhibition in New York, Sept. 7th, 1871.

JOHN W. CHAMBERS, *Secretary.*







