

Death and Immortality

I would not for anything blot out the faintest stars that shine in the horizon of human despair, nor in the horizon of human hope.

But for me, I will leave the dead where nature leaves them. And whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish.

The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the rocks and sands of fate and time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with Nature, the mother of us all, under a seven-hued bow of hope. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead sleep.

We cannot say whether death is a wall or a door, the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar or the folding forever of wings; whether it is the rising or the setting of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one—we do not know; we can not say.

If there is a world of joy, so much the better. I have never put out the faintest star of human hope that ever trembled in the night of life. There was a time when I was not; after that I was; now I am. And it is just as probable that I will live again as it was that I could have lived before I did. Let it go. Ah! but what will life be? The world will be here. Men and women will be there. The page of history will be open. The walls of

the world will be adorned with art, the niches with sculpture; music will be here, and all there is of life and joy. And there will be homes here, and the fireside, and there will be a common hope without a common fear. Love will be here, and love is the only hope on life's dark cloud.

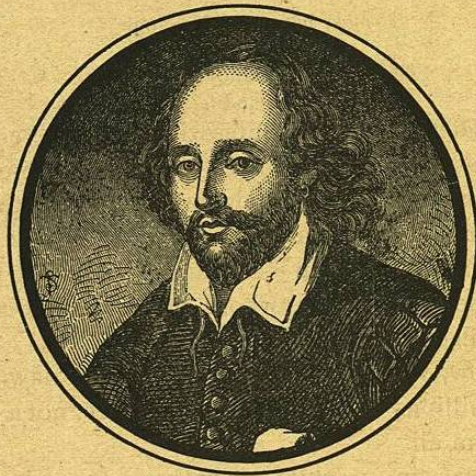
Love was the first to dream of immortality. Love is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the child; it sheds its radiance upon the peaceful tomb. Love is the mother of beauty—the mother of melody, for music is its voice. Love is the builder of every hope, the kindler of every fire on every hearth. Love is the enchanter, the magician that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens out of common clay. Love is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart. Without that divine passion, without that divine sway, we are less than beasts, and with it earth is heaven and we are gods.



Characterizations of Great Men and Women.

Jefferson was a statesman. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, founder of a university, father of a political body, President of the United States, a statesman and philosopher.

Humboldt, the Shakspeare of science, the most learned



SHAKSPEARE.

man of the most learned nation, with a mind grand enough to grasp not simply this globe, but this constellation—a man who shed light upon the whole earth—a man who honored human nature, and who won all his victories on the field of thought.

La Place, who read the heavens like an open book, who enlarged the horizon of human thought.

Beethoven, master of melody and harmony, who added to the joy of human life, and who has borne upon the

wings of harmony and melody millions of spirits to the height of joy, with his heart still filled with melody.

Robert Burns, poet of love and liberty, and from his heart, like a spring, gurgling and running down the highways, his poems have filled the world with music. They have added luster to human love. That man, who in four lines, gave all the philosophy of life:

"To make happy fireside clime
To weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life,"

Charles Dickens, whose genius will be a perpetual shield saving thousands and millions of children from blows, who did more to make us tender with children than any other writer that ever touched a pen.

Ralph Waldo Emerson—a man of the loftiest ideal, a perfect model of integrity, whose mind was like a placid lake and reflected truths like stars.

Longfellow, whose poems, tender as the dawn, have gone into millions of homes, not an impure, not a stained word in them all.

Charles Darwin—a child of nature—one who knew more about his mother than any other child she ever had. What is philosophy? it is to account for phenomena by which we are surrounded—that is, to find the hidden cord that unites everything.

He would have traversed this globe on foot had it been possible to have found one new fact or to have corrected one error that he had made. No nobler man has lived. No man who has studied with more reverence, (and by reverence I mean simply one who lives and studies for the truth)—no man who studied with more reverence than he.

Shakespeare, the greatest man who ever touched this planet, within whose brain were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be—Shakspeare, who was an intellectual ocean toward which all rivers ran and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain—that man who has added more to the intelligence of the world than any other who ever lived—that man, whose creations will live as long as man has imagination.

And Harriet Martineau, who did as much for English liberty as any man, brave and free.

“George Eliot,” the greatest woman the English-speaking people ever produced.

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Shakspeare's Peerless Women.

You can find no woman like Isabella, where reason and purity blend into perfect truth; no woman like Juliet, where passion and purity meet like red and white within the bosom of a flower; no woman like Imogen, who said, “what is it to be false?” no woman like Cordelia, that would not show her wealth of love in hope of gain; nor like Hermione, who bore the cross of shame for years; nor like Miranda, who told her love as the flower exposes its bosom to the sun; nor like Desdemona, who was so pure that she could not suspect that another could suspect her of a crime.

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A Splendid Eulogy on “George Eliot.”

“George Eliot” carried tenderly in her heart the faults and frailties of her race. She saw the highway of eternal

right through all the winding paths, where folly vainly stalks with thorn-pierced hands, the fading flowers of selfish joy; and whatever you may think or I may think of the one mistake in all her sad and loving life; I know and feel that in the court where her conscience sat as judge she stood acquitted, pure as light and stainless as a star. “George Eliot” has joined the choir invisible whose music is the gladness of this world, and her wondrous lines, her touching poems, will be read hundreds of years after every sermon in which a priest has sought to stain her name shall have vanished utterly from human speech. How appropriate here, with some slight change, the words of Laertes.

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Ingersoll on Evolution.

“It is not so much difference who my father was as who his son is.” And I finally said I would rather belong to a race that commenced with the skulless vertebrates in the dim Laurentian seas, that wriggled without knowing why they wriggled, swimming without knowing where they were going, that come along up by degrees through millions of ages, through all that crawls, and swims, and floats, and runs and growls, and barks, and howls, until it struck this fellow in the dug-out. And then that fellow in the dug-out getting a little grander, and each one below calling every one above him a heretic, calling every one who had made a little advance an infidel or an atheist. and finally the heads getting a little higher and donning up a little grander and more splendidly, and finally produced Shakspeare, who harvested all the field of dramatic thought and from whose day until now there

have been none but gleaners of chaff and straw. Shakspeare was an intellectual ocean whose waives touched all the shores of human thought, within which were all the tides and currents and pulses, upon which lay all the lights and shadows, and over which brooded all the calms. and swept all the storms and tempests of which the soul is capable. I would rather belong to that race that commenced with that skulless vertebrate; that produced Shakspeare; a race that has before it an infinite future with the angel of progress leaning from the far horizon, beckoning men forward and upward forever.

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Hypocrites and Heroes.

Do you know, sometimes I have thought that all the hypocrites in the world are not worth one drop of honest blood. I am sorry that any good man ever died for religion. I would rather let them advance a little easier. It is too bad to see a good man sacrificed for a lot of wild beasts and cattle. But there is now and then a man who would not swerve the breadth of a hair. There was now and then a sublime heart willing to die for an intellectual conviction, and had it not been for these men we would have been wild beasts and savages to-day. There were some men who would not take it back, and had it not been for a few such brave, heroic souls in every age, we would have been cannibals, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed upon our breasts, dancing around some dried-snake fetish.

When I read these frightful books it seems to me sometimes as though I had suffered all these things myself.

It seems sometimes as though I had stood upon the shore of exile, and gazed with tearful eyes toward home and native land. It seems to me as though I had been staked out upon the sands of the sea and drowned by the inexorable, advancing tide; as though my nails had been torn from my hands, and into the bleeding quick needles has been thrust; as though my feet had been crushed in iron boots; as though I had been chained in the cell of the Inquisition, and listened with dying ears for the coming foot steps of release; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and saw the glittering ax fall upon me, as though as I had been upon the rack and had seen, bending above me, the white faces of hypocrite priests; as though I had been taken from my fireside, from my wife and children, taken to the public square, chained; as though fagots had been piled about me; as though the flames had climbed around my limbs, and scorched my eyes to blindness, and as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds by all the countless hands of fate. And, while I so feel, I swear that while I live I will do what little I can to augment the liberties of man woman and child. I denounce slavery and superstition everywhere. I believe in liberty, and happiness, and love, and joy in this world. I am amazed that any man ever had the impudence to try and do another man's thinking.



Superior Men.

The superior man is the man that loves his fellow-man; the superior man is the useful man; the superior man is the kind man, the man who lifts up his down-



PHIL. D. ARMOUR.

trodden brothers; and the greater the load of human sorrow and human want you can get in your arms, the easier you can climb the great hill of fame. The superior man is the man who loves his fellow-man. And

let me say right here, the good men, the superior men, the grand men, are brothers the world over, no matter what their complexion may be; centuries may separate them, yet they are hand in hand; and all the good, and all the grand, and all the superior men, shoulder, to shoulder, heart to heart, are fighting the great battle for the progress of mankind.

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Injustice is Always Punished.

A Government that is founded upon anything except liberty and justice cannot and ought not to stand. All the wrecks on either side of the river of time; all the wrecks of the great cities and all nations that have passed away—all are a warning that no nation founded upon injustice can stand. From sand-enshrouded Egypt, from the marble wilderness of Athens, from every fallen, crumbling stone of the once mighty Rome, comes a wail, as it were, the cry that no nation founded upon injustice can permanently stand.

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A Grease Story; Ferryman, ditto.

Now, suppose a shareholder in a railroad that had earned \$18,000 the past year, should look over the books and find that in that year the railroad had used \$12,000 worth of grease. The next year, suppose the earnings should fall off \$5,000, and the man, in looking over the accounts, should learn that in that year the road had used only \$500 worth of grease. Suppose a the man should say, "The trouble is, we want more grease." What would you think of a man if he discharged the

superintendent for not using more grease? Here we come to a ferryman with his boat hauled up on the sand, and the river dry. "How's business?" we ask him. He says business is rather dull. We say, "You need more boats." I guess he'd tell us, "All I ask for is more water for this one."

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Great men.

It is often said of this or that man, that he is a self-made man—that he was born of the poorest and humblest parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome he became great. This is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. Most of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad but loving breast of poverty. Most of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame commenced at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw-thatched cottages of Europe; in the log-houses of America; in the factories of the great cities; in the midst of toil; in the smoke and din of labor, and on the verge of want. They were rocked by the feet of mothers whose hands, at the same time, were busy with the needle or the wheel.

Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfill the prophecies of their age.

Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been beleaguered by the mailed hosts of superstition. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance. Hated by those they wished to rescue, despised

by those they were trying to save, these grand soldiers, these immortal deliverers, have fought without thanks, labored without applause, suffered without pity, and they have died execrated and adhorbed. For the good of mankind they accepted isolation, poverty and calumny. They gave up all, sacrificed all, lost all but truth and self-respect.



Elevation of Women.

Now, if men have been slaves, if they have crawled in the dust before one another, what shall I say of women? They have been the slaves of men. It took thousands of ages to bring women from adject slavery up to the

divine height in marriage. I believe in marriage. If there is any Heaven upon earth it is in the family by the fireside, and the family is a unit of government. Without the family relation is tender, pure and true, civilization is impossible. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons to-night are but the souvenirs of your mother's bondage. The chains around your necks and the bracelets clasped upon your white arms by the thrilled hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold. Nearly every civilization in this world accounts for the devilment in it by the crimes of woman. They say woman broguht all the trouble into the world. I don't care if she did. I would rather live in a world full of trouble with the women I love, than to live in Heaven with nobody but men.

But some people say: "Would you allow a woman to vote?" Yes, if she wants to; that is her business, not mine. If a woman wants to vote, I am too much of a gentleman to say she shall not. But they say woman has not sense enough to vote. It don't take much. But it seems to me there are some questions, as for instance, the question of peace and war, that a woman should be allowed to vote upon. A woman that has sons to be offered on the altar of that Moloch, it seems to me that such a grand woman should have as much right to vote upon the question of peace and war as some thrice-besotted sot that reels to the ballot-box and deposits his vote for war. But if women have been slaves, what shall we say of little children born in the sub-cellars, children of poverty, children of crime, children of wealth, children that are afraid when they

hear their names pronounced by the lips of the mother, children that cower in fear when they hear the footsteps of their brutal father, the flotsman and jetsman upon the rude sea of life, my heart goes out to them one and all.

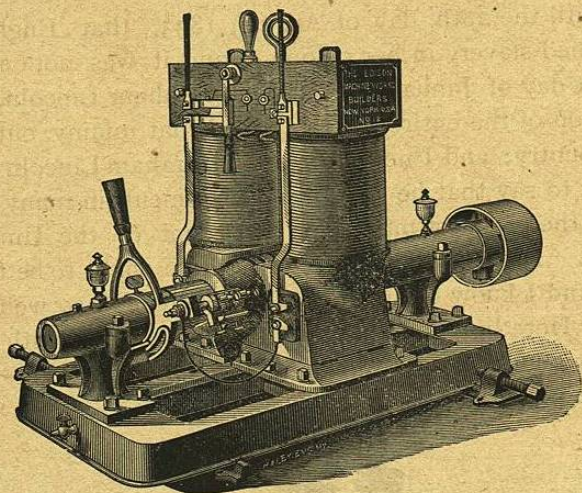
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True Nobility of Man.

The time will come when no matter how much money a man has, he will not be respected unless he is using it for the benefit of his fellow-men. It will soon be here. It no longer satisfies the ambition of great men to be king or emporer. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head. He wanted some evidence that he had something of value within his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Caesar, that he might become a member of the French academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their fellows.

Compare, for instance, King William and Helmholtz. The king is one of the anointed by the Most High, as they claim—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Helmholtz, who towers in intellectual Colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. And so it is the world over. The time is coming when a man will be rated at his real worth, and that by his brain and heart. We care nothing now about an officer unless he fills his place. No matter if he is president, if

he rattles in the place nobody cares anything about him. I might give you an instance in point, but I won't. The world is getting better and grander and nobler every day.



DYNAMO.

Abraham Lincoln.

This world has not been fit to live in for fifty years. There is no liberty in it—very little. Why, it is only a few years ago that all the Christian nations were engaged in the slave trade. It was not until 1808 that England abolished the slave trade, and up to that time her priests in her churches and her judges on her benches owned stock in slave ships, and luxuriated on the profits of piracy and murder; and when a man stood up and denounced it they mobbed him as though he had been a common burglar or a horse thief. Think of it! It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that England abolished slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the 1st day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln, by direction of the entire North, wiped that infamy out of this country; and I never speak of Abraham Lincoln but I want to say that he was, in my judgment, in many respects the grandest man ever President of the United States. I say that upon his tomb there ought to be this line—and I know of no other man deserving it so well as he: "Here lies one who having been clothed with almost absolute power never abused it except on the side of mercy."

