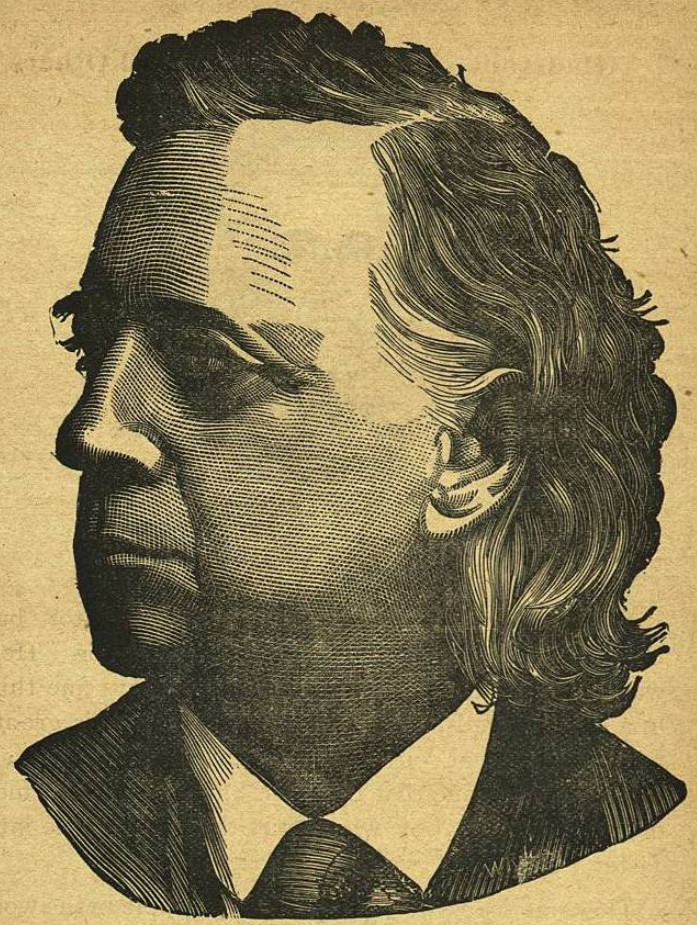
Gladstone, Webster, Beecher and Others.

I do not regard Gladstone as a great orator, but it must be conceded that he is a grand speaker. He is wanting in feeliug and imagination. He says fine things in a stately, well-balanced way, but I defy his greatest admirer to repeat, on the spur of the moment, one sentence of Gladstone that has been burned into the memory and the recital of which stirs the public pulse into a faster beat.

The Americans are the most fluent people in the world, and our political methods have done much to foster the art of public speaking, but this has not encouraged true oratory, for when everyone is a speaker people are satisfied with mediocrity. The true artist is not going to enter the field against the sign painter, nor will the poet compete with the maker of advertising rhymes.



Henry Ward Beecher
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Plymouth Church
1884

Webster was a man of great possibilities rather than great achievements. He aimed at being sonorous and ponderous, and he succeeded. He ignored the heart while addressing himself to the head, yet he has left a few grand oratorical paragraphs that will survive in the language after his standing as a statesman is forgotten.

Clay was handicapped by inadequate training. His success with the masses, who idolized him, was due more to his personal magnetism than to his origanality, for he had none. There was far more in his manner than in his matter. He was a great force, but history will not rank him as a great orator. In his owu field Tom Corwin was superb, but he either lacked the opportunity or did not make it, to give the world the best there was in him.

S. S. Prentiss was an oratorical meteor. He flamed across the sky and was gone, but he had the divine gift, with all the human failings that attach. In denunciatory power, biting scorn and withering contempt Wendell Phillips was wonderful and unapproached by any man of his time. Henry Ward Beecher as an orator of the first class stands in the fore front of Americans, and unsurpassed by many of the ancients or moderns. He was a master of the emotions. He said grand things and might have spoken still better had not his splendid genius been cramped by his environment. It is a great pity that Beecher wasted so much of his life within the narrow and narrowing compass of the pulpit. Talmage? Who ever accused Talmage of being an orator; certainly no person able to define the word or to appreciate the gift? He is a spouter, a word conjurer. The ventriloquist can dc some surprising things with his mouth, but

that does not make him an orator. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech is a gem, and Abraham Lincoln in that rose to the front rank of oratars. But it was but one flight. as brilliant as it was brief, indicating the grand possibilities that lay dormant in the man. No land has had so many great speakers as America, but it would be sheer vanity for us to claim to head the list with our array of great orators.

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Words.

A contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton discouraged the idea that all languages could be traced to one; he maintained that all language was of natural growth; that we speak as naturally as we grow; we talk as naturally as sings a bird, or as blooms and blossoms a flower. Experience teaches us that this may be so; words are continually dying and continually being born; words are the garment of thought. Through the lapse of time some were as rude as the skins of wild beasts, and others are pleasing and cultured like silk and gold. Words have been born of hatred and revenge; of love and self-sacrifice and fear, of agony and joy; the stars have fashioned them, and in them mingled the darkness and the dawn.

Every word that we get from the past, so to speak, is a mummy robed in the linen of the grave. They are the crystalization of human history, of all that man enjoyed, of all that man has suffered, his victories and defeats, all that he has lost and won. Words are the shadows of all that have been; they are the mirrors of all that is.

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This Country Should Protect Its Industries.

[To the Virginia Delegation, Palmer House, Chicago.]

My Friends:—What the Republicans want this year is to win, and I am glad we have an issue before us upon which we can sweep the country like the wind from the prairies of Nebraska. We don't have to revive the questions of the past or go to the graveyards of history to bring back what has been.

This year we are going to talk about the present and the future of this great country. We have got a baby in the cradle, and we are going to rock the cradle and and take care of the baby.

I mean by that that I am for protection and the Republican party is for protection. We want to make this Nation great, prosperous and civilized, We want to diversify onr industries so that every man, woman, and child that has talent can find use for it.

Labor is valuable and dignlfied in proportion to the amount of brain that is put in it. I know a bright little girl who is crippled and who would not be able to earn but $1 a year but for the fact that she has a genius for drawing and earns $100 a week making designs for wall-paper.

Take a piece of canvass two feet square, cover it with paint, and it may be worth $1.50. Let some artist put his genius upon it, and the picture is worth thousands of dollars. Take a ton of iron ore in the ground and it is worth one cent. Three tons of coal in the mine are worth three cents. One ton of limestone in the qnarry is worth one cent. Put this together and make a ton of

Bessemer steel, and you have something that is worth $30, and $29.95 of that is labor.

The nation that simply raises raw material and exports it will always be poor, and will always be ignorant.

We want our people rich in money, rich in intellect, rich in all the graces that the human mind is capable of possessing and using.

The only way we can have that is by diversifying our industries and giving every man, woman and child in this great country a fair chance to use to the best advantage the faculties they possess. That can only be done in a country that protects its industries, and by that means diversifies them.

Now I am for any man that this convention nominates, who is a gocd Republican, but be sure you don't make a mistake. A wood's colt may win a race sometimes, but he is not safe to bet on. It is a bad policy to run him as a general rule.

It is to the interest of the Republican party and to the Nation that we should have at the head of our affairs a man who has been tried in some high position, where his intellectual faculties have been developed, where he has been brought into contact with great questions concerning the rights of States, corporations and individuals.

No man ought to be elected President of the United States who has not won his spurs in some intellectual field ef conflict.

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Orators and Oratory.

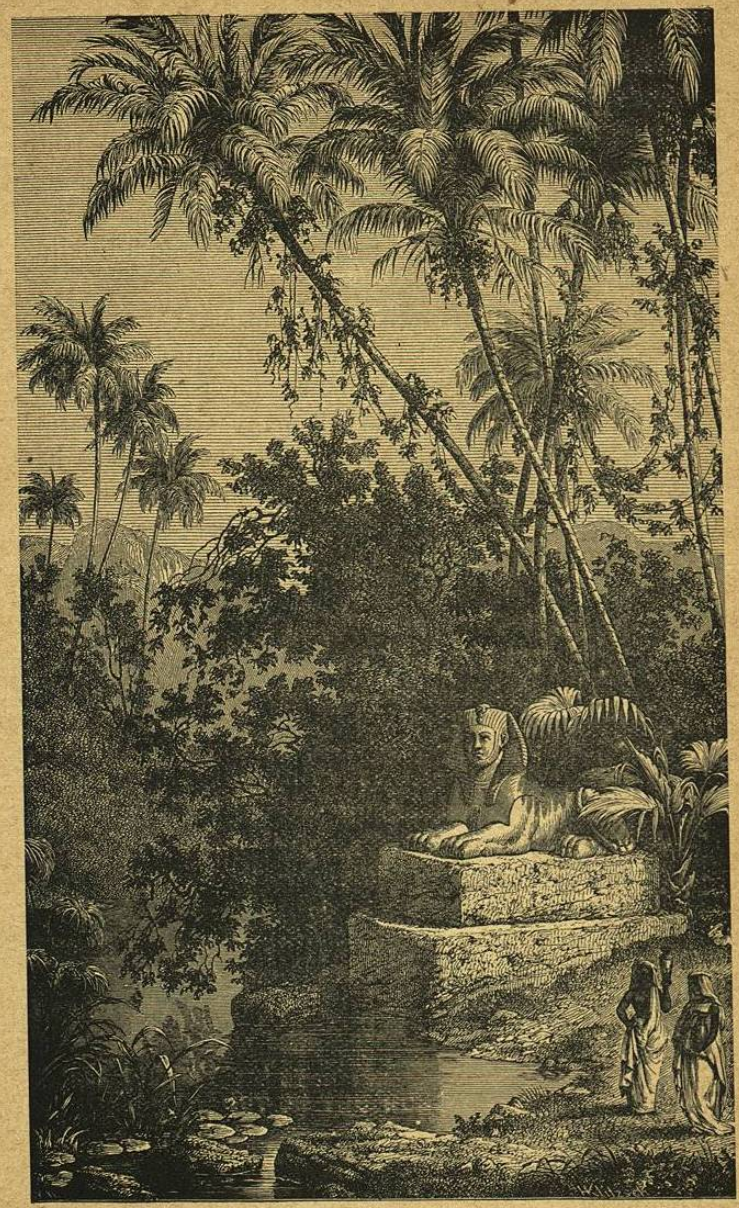
The great orator is a genius. He is a great artist and the most potent of all while exerting his influence. With words he paints pictures that glow in the brain and set the most prosaic heart a throbbing. He chisels statues with sounds. His voice is music that thrills and stirs, and moves to resistance, to laughter, or to tears. He is the great master of lights and shades, and he illustrates by the most vivid contrasts. Like the great painter, he knows the full value of color. His wit is keen, quick, and to the point, and like lightning's flash it lights up all about it. His humor is genial as the light of the harvest moon when it catches a glimpse of the setting sun, and banishes the shadows in a twilight of glowing beauty. Pathos is his, and he is master of and holds the key to the fountain of tears. In his deft hands scorn becomes a powerful weapon in the denunciation of wrong and the exposition of fraud. He is the magician who draws the hearts and the minds of men to his own mood. Who will deny that, with this wonderful power, he is not a genius with an innate gift that training may improve or hamper, but which it can never wholly destroy and never give, even in part.

People are still eager to hear and be thrilled by the music of the human voice. They have read the speeches and they yearn to see and to hear the man—the orator. They want to have their emotions stirred, to feel the divine flame, and, forgetting the sordid earth for a time, to soar to heights of dazzling splendor on his wings. As to the suggestion that the printing press exhausts the orator's themes, it but serves to intensify them and to pre-

pare the people for the proper reception of what he has to say. In every way the printing press is the orator's ally, for it enables the hearer to deliberate on the truth that has stirred him, and to weigh it away from the orator's magic influence. Truth is the corner-stone of oratory, without that it is a sounding brass and a tinkling symbal.

If he is not born an orator, then all he can do is to pray to be born again. The elocutionist is not an orator. Oratory is not simply an art, though for its complete exposition it requires the mastery of many arts. The real orator has something to say, just as the real poet has a song to sing, and so strong is his desire to say it, that he becomes the servant of the thought that urges him on. He loses the consciousness of self, loses it in the presence of the ideal that possesses him and makes him for the time its mouthpiece. No, the field of oratory increases with the vision as men climb up, but the master spirits cannot be produced to order.

I concede the supreme ability of Beecher and the great natural force of Corwin. Webster lacked sincerity; Phillips was a thorn rather than a flower; Clay had all the orator's physical attributes, but lacked thought; Kossuth, now nearing his end, I regard as the greatest orator Europe has given to the nineteenth century. A handsome presence and a graceful manner are of great advantage, particularly where the speaker is addressing a strange audience, but I think these physical advantages have been overestimated. Sheridan was preposessing. Gratton was under-sized, awkward and apt to excite ridicule at the beginning of an address. The same is true of Curran, Prentiss was boyish and lame; Corwin dark



BANKS OF THE NILE.

as an Indian and far from handsome. And so I might go through the list to prove that the foremost orators have not been handsome men. But it is conceded that when the plainest face lit up, with the soul aflame, the homeliest of these men looked as if he were inspired.

I do not believe in Indian orations. They were all written, like Emmett's speech, long after the event, and there is a painful sameness in them that reflects no credit on the white authors. The Irish talk well, but their orators, like their poets, are not the greatest! Curran gave utterance to the noblest paragraph in the English tongue. Danton, to my mind, was the greatest of all the French orators, but it is a mistake to suppose that an impulsive people must produce the greatest orators. Of all the arts this is the one that depends most on acute reasoning.

Ingersoll's Improved Man.

The improved man will be in favor of universal liberty —that is to say, he will be opposed to all kings and nobles, to all privileged classes. He will give to all others the rights that he claims for himself. He will neither bow nor cringe, nor accept bowing and cringing from others. He will be neither master nor slave, neither prince nor peasant—simply man.

He will be the enemy of all caste. no matter whether its foundation be wealth, title or power, and of him it will be said: "Blessed is that man who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid."

The Improved Man will be in favor of universal education. He will believe it the duty of every person to shed all the light he can, to the end that no child may be reared in darkness. By education he will mean the gaining of useful knowlhdge, the development of the mind along the natural paths that lead to human hapiness.

He will not waste his time in ascertaining the foolish theories of extinct peoples, nor in studying the dead languages for the sake of understanding the theologies of ignorance and fear, but he will turn his attention to the affairs of life, and will do his utmost to see to it that every child has an opportunity to learn the demonstrated facts of science, the true history of the world, the great principles of right and wrong applicable to human conduct—the things necessary to the preservation of the individual and of the State, and such arts and industries as are essential to the preservation of all.

He will endeavor to develop the mind in the direction of the beautiful—of the highest art—so that the palace in which the mind dwells may be enriched and rendered

beautiful, to the end that these stones, called facts, may be changed into statues. The Improved Man will believe only in the religion of this world.

He will have nothing to do with the miraculous and supernatural. He will find that there is no room in the universe for these things. He will know that happiness is the only good, and that everything that tends to the hapiness of sentient beings is good, and that to do the things—and no other—that add to the hapiness of man is to practice the highest possible religion. His motto mill be: "Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof."

He will know that each man should be his own priest, and that the brain is the real cathedral. He will know that in the realm of mind there is no authority—that majorities in this mental world can settle nothing—that each soul is the sovereign of its own world, and that it can not abdicate without degrading itself.

He will not bow to numbers or force, neither to antiquity nor custom. He stands under the flag of nature, under the blue and stars, will decide for himself. He will not endeavor by prayers and supplications, by fastings and genuflections, to change the mind of the "Infinite" or alter the course of nature, neither will he employ others to do these things in his place.

He will have no confidence in the religion of idleness, and will give no part of what he earns to support parson or priest, archbishop or pope. He will know that honest labor is the highest form of prayer. He will spend no time in ringing bells or swinging censers, or in chanting the litanies of barbarism, but he will appreciate all that is artistic—that is beautiful—that tends to refine and ennoble the human race. He will not live a life of fear. He will stand in awe neither of man or ghosts.

He will enjoy not only the sunshine of life, but will bear with fortitude the darkest days. He will have no fear of death. About the grave there will be no terrors, and his life will end as serenely as the sun rises.

The Improved Man will be satisfied that the supernatural does not exist—that behind every fact, every thought and dream is an efficient cause. He will know that every human action is a necessary product, and he will also know that men cannot be reformed by punishment, by degradation or by revenge.

He will regard those who violate the laws of nature and the laws of State as victims of circumstances, and he will do what he can for the well-being of his fellowmen.

The Improved Man will not give his life to the accumulation of wealth

He will find no happiness in exciting the envy of his neighbors. He will not care to live in a palace, while others who are good, industrious and kind are compelled to huddle in nuts and dens.

He will know that great wealth is a great burden- and that to accumulate beyond the actual needs of a reasonable human being is to increase not wealth, but responsibility and trouble

The Improved Man will find his greatest joy in tne happiness of others, and he will know that the home is the real temple.

He will believe in the democracy of the fireside, and will reap his greatest reward in being loved by those whose lives he has enriched.

The Improved Man will be self-poised, independent, candid and free. He will be a scientist. He will observe, investigate, experiment and demonstrate. He will use his sense and his senses. He will keep his mind open as the day to the hints and suggestions of nature. He will always be a student, a lerner and a listener—a believer in intellectual hospitality.

In the world of his brain there will be continuous summer, perpetual seed-time and harvest. Facts will be the foundation of his faith. In one hand he will carry the torch of truth, and with the other raise the fallen.

Golden Thoughts.

—Liberty is cheap at any price.

—No party has a mortgage on me.

—I admit that the Republican party is not absolutely perfect.

—The army and the navy are the right and the left hands of the civil power.

—Governments should be for all, and should protect white and black alike.

—It makes all the difference whether a bankrupt or a banker signs a note.

—You can convince a man without killing him, but you can't kill him without convincing him.

—I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear.

—The old Democratic party followed the South and ate dirt for years, and they seem to like the diet.

—Neither do I believe it is possible to influence a solitary man who has got any sense, by slander or vituperation.