

cratic fisherman will have done with them and will throw them back, stiff and half dead, into the sea.

I have little disposition to submit to lectures, public or private, from gentlemen who, whatever they profess, are practical allies of the great movement to establish a peonage on American soil of which ten million American citizens are to be the victims.

We cannot shut our eyes to the changes that have been wrought in our time. Until lately this country stood to Asia and Africa as the earth to the other planets in the solar system. We knew they were there. But we exerted and desired no influence upon them. They had little influence upon us. We sent them a few missionaries. But they concerned themselves with their relations to the next world and not to this. To-day the whole earth is but a neighborhood. The events that happen in Asia, half way around the earth, are printed in the Boston papers twelve hours before they happen. Now these new relations are to be hereafter constant, intimate, supreme. I for one prefer to trust the important questions they are bringing upon us to the men who have so far dealt with the Chinese problem rather than to Mr. Bryan. Do not misunderstand me. Let us not in our new relations abandon our old principles. Conditions on this planet may have changed. But the stars have not changed their places in the heavens. The Declaration of Independence must still be our guide. The eternal laws of justice and righteousness and liberty are still to govern the relations of citizens to one another, and the relations of nations to one another. The eternal law of righteousness which we learned in the beginning from Asia must still guide us in dealing with the east, from which it came.

## EULOGY OF M'KINLEY

DELIVERED AT WORCESTER, MASS., SEPTEMBER 19, 1901

THE voice and love of sorrow, to-day, is not that which cometh from the lips. Since the tidings came from the dwelling at whose door all mankind were listening, silence, the inward prayer, the quivering lip, the tears of women and of bearded men, have been the token of an affection which no other man left alive has inspired.

This is the third time within the memory of men not yet old that the head of the Republic has been stricken down in his high place by the hand of an assassin. Each of them was a man of the people. Each had risen by the sheer force of excellence from the humblest beginning. The life of each was a proof that in one great country men rise from the lowest to the highest places by virtue only of the upward gravitation of a manly character.

The stroke every time was at liberty, not at despotism. In the great strife which has been going on through all ages between equality and despotism, between manhood and privilege, between justice and oppression, these men were on the side of humanity. The lives stricken down had been spent in the service of no selfish ambition, no personal ends, but only that the very men who smote them might be better off. If there were any men on earth who ought to have prayed and striven that the life of Abraham Lincoln, or James A. Garfield, or William McKinley should be spared, and that their noble and lofty aspirations might be fulfilled, it was the men who struck them down.

Booth fancied that he was avenging the wrongs of the  
Vol. 11—4



South. Yet the whole South thinks now that she never had a truer or wiser friend than Abraham Lincoln.

The man who murdered McKinley was a Pole. He was of a race whose country had been parted among despots, as wild beasts devour their prey, but who had found here in our Republic the door open to freedom and equality, to a comfort and prosperity, which William McKinley had done more than any other to create. Why! at the moment of the crime, this man, a humble citizen, was welcomed to join hands as an equal with the chief magistrate of the country. It could have happened nowhere else on earth. This was a blow struck at the principle of human equality itself, as it was recognized by the leader of a great people on a great public occasion.

If there be anything of reason or of hope in the wild delirium of these conspirators, crimes like this are the sure way to baffle it. The anarchist, whatever may be his dream, can only bring us back to the beast again. When his doctrine shall prevail, man must wander once more like the orang-outang in the forest.

The folly of this action, the supreme and utter folly of it, would move us to laughter if it were not for the terrible tragedy. What has ever been or ever can be gained by these crimes? Eight strong men, one of them chosen by the same people who chose McKinley, the others chosen by him as his honored and trusted counsellors, were ready in turn to take the helm of state. The anarchist must slay seventy-five million Americans before he can overthrow the Republic, or the doctrine on which the Republic is builded.

We shall, I hope, in due time, soberly, when the tempest of grief has passed by, find means for additional security against the repetition of a crime like this. We shall go

as far as we can without sacrificing constitutional liberty, to repress the utterance of doctrine which in effect is nothing but counselling murder.

We shall also, I hope, learn to moderate the bitterness of political strife and to avoid the savage attack on the motive and character of men who are charged by the people with public responsibilities in high places. This fault, while I think it is already disappearing from ordinary political and sectional controversy, seems to linger still among our scholars and men of letters.

Is it strange that a Pole, bred to regard government as synonymous with crime, should have failed to learn the lesson, even in our free schools and free streets, that here government and human liberty and human welfare are inseparable, when there comes from the college hall, from the scholar's desk, and sometimes from the press and pulpit, the constant preaching that the country is base, and that the rulers of the Republic are corrupt and wicked? Good men, and patriotic men, are not, all of them, free from censure in this matter.

The things about which good men differ most sharply and angrily in our day are those which concern the application of the simplest principles of justice and righteousness to the conduct of states, as in former times men differed about the simplest principles of religious faith. In such case, the man who is most positive and most intolerant is the surest to be wrong.

The moral is, not that we should abate our zeal for justice and righteousness or our condemnation of wrong, but only that we should abate in the severity of our judgment of the motives of men from whom we differ.

These bitter and uncharitable critics, especially if they



speak from places which seem to give them authority, if their arrows be feathered with the graces of speech and of culture, also serve to arm and equip other men more dangerous than themselves. It is they who are behind the anarchist. It is they who excited the crazed brain of Guiteau, and shotted the weapon of Czolgosz.

But this hour is devoted to the memory of the dead President. I can only repeat now what I thank God it was given me to say while he lived, that he was our best-beloved President, save only Washington and Lincoln.

The tributes to the excellence of President McKinley do not come from personal or political friendship alone, and are not born of a present sorrow. Men who differed from him in opinion most widely on the great questions of the time, loved and honored him if only they knew him.

About three months ago I sat by an eminent Democrat, holding high office, of large influence in the public life of the country, earnest and zealous in his dislike of every political principle and measure of Mr. McKinley. He poured out his heart to me in a warm and affectionate declaration of regard for him. He spoke of his sincerity, his simplicity, his frankness, his modesty, his never-failing kindness and courtesy, and his great power as a leader of men.

Congressman McCall, who had differed from him most sharply on the greatest single measure of his administration, declares that "one of God's finest gentlemen has gone out of the world; one who in every part of his nature was as sweet and gentle as a child."

The veteran Senator Vest, of Missouri, who never failed to speak out frankly what was in his heart from any restraint of time or occasion, most pugnacious of political champion, Confederate, Southerner, free-trader, advocate of

state's rights, and of free silver, zealous opponent of the course of the administration as to the Philippine Islands, has paid a like tribute to his gentleness, his courtesy, and to his ability as a great leader of men. These are but types of the opinion of all men who knew the President.

The belief that President McKinley lacked intellectual power, or firmness, or strength of will, long ago disappeared, as his countrymen came to know him better. I do not believe there is a stronger personal force left on earth than that veiled by his quiet and gracious manner. Those who denied his absolute integrity and patriotism and desire for justice and liberty, will as surely change their minds.

Is there in history or in poetry the story of a knightlier chivalry than that of this man's devotion to the wife of his youth. In his home, the foremost household of the Republic has been the foremost example of that household virtue, the love of husband and wife, which is the one best thing man has gained so far in the uncounted years of his evolution.

He was a man of simple, and quiet courage, as became an American citizen and a veteran soldier. He might have avoided this fate. There were never wanting counsellors enough to bid him surround himself with guards, or shut out the people from his presence, or keep away from the places where they were gathered. But he would take no heed of such warning. He liked better to trust himself to the affections of his countrymen, to their knowledge that he deserved their love, that he merited well of them, and cared for nothing but their welfare. He was thinking ever of their safety, not of his own. He would rather win his enemies than intimidate them. He ever seemed to be saying:



"Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee  
Corruption wins no more than honesty ;  
Still in thy righ hand carry gentle Peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not ;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,  
Thy God's, and Truth's, then if thou fal'st,  
Thou fal'st a blessed martyr."

The presence of death reveals the inmost soul. It assures the sincerity of the man as no oath or penal sanction can do it.

"He nothing common did, or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene."

"The bed of death," as our great orator said, "brings every man to his individuality. A man may live as a hero, a statesman, or a conqueror, but he must die as a man." Surely courage, and love, and faith, are still the great attributes of a noble and manly character. What pride do we all feel in our beloved country, what pride in the Republic which calls such men to her high places, when we hear the simple story of what he said in those moments of supreme trial, when he lay, awaiting the result, and at last, when he knew his fate. The sublime pity for the wretch who had murdered him: "Don't hurt the man." The cheerful counsel to his wife: "We must bear up; it will be better for both of us." The murmured verse of the beautiful hymn:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer, to Thee."

"Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

Ah! my friends, if we have given to us in this world a divine pattern, and are commanded to imitate the divine example, surely there can be no presumption or blasphemy in saying that men have sometimes attained unto it. If the spirit of him who said in his dying hour: "Father, for-

give them, for they know not what they do," who, if the cup were not to pass from him, submitted his own will to his Father's, and commended, in dying, his spirit to the spirit that made it, ever hath been manifested in the conduct of any human being, it was found in that of McKinley.

We will place William McKinley in our Valhalla. He was a favorite of the people. He was a leader of men. He knew the people that he ruled. His power was of the sunshine; not of the tempest. Whether the great measures with which his name is inseparably connected were wise or unwise, righteous or unrighteous, must be settled by later and more deliberate verdict than ours. History will declare, I think, that he believed them right and wise, that he loved his countrymen, and loved liberty.

But in this hour, as we stand by the grave of our beloved, we are thinking of the simple household virtues which make the whole world kin, and which, after all, are the strength of the Republic and the foundation of all human society. The pure family life, the love of one man for one woman, the sincere friendship, the unfailing kindness, the open heart, the modest bearing, the sweet and gracious demeanor—it is these of which our hearts are full. It is these that cling to the good man's memory here and hereafter.

Peace to his ashes. The benedictions of millions of Americans are falling now upon his new-made grave like dew.

"Hush! the Dead March wails in the people's ears,  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;  
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
He hath gone who seemed so great.—  
Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here; and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the sweet earth's bosom leave him,  
God, accept him; Christ, receive him."