

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it. That the elements of maternal nature would since have resolved themselves back into original chaos, if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out "Duluth!"

In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that "Duluth" not only existed somewhere, but that wherever it was it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of "Duluth;" that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of the inspired poesy, was in fact but another name for "Duluth;" that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of "Duluth." I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of "Duluth."

I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of Pilgrims from every nation of the earth, to the gushing fountain of poesy, opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art, called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish, that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilium,

it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of "Duluth."

Yes, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find "Duluth." Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is 'Duluth'?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capitol of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and, as I unfolded it, a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagined burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of Paradise.

There, there, for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word, "Duluth!" This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of "Duluth" in the United States; but if the gentlemen will examine it I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of "Duluth" in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It hits the shadowy vale of futurity, and affords us a view of the golden prospects of "Duluth," far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If the gentlemen will examine it they will find "Duluth" not only in the centre of the map but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles

apart and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas, the sunlit south, and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the icebound north. How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skilled paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, "Duluth" is pre-eminently a central point, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where "Duluth" is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.

I find by reference to this map that "Duluth" is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior, but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot or whether "it is just lying around there loose."

I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain which, I am told, are very fitting in the form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with government subsidies, luring the unwary settler, as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveller on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon; or whether it is real *bona fide*, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But however that may be I am satisfied "Duluth" is there, or thereabouts, for I see it stated here on the map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred

and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of "Duluth," unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months of the year to freeze the smokestack off a locomotive.

But I see it represented on this map that "Duluth" is situated exactly half way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating air of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other may see at a glance that "Duluth" must be the place of untold delight, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters.

In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of "Duluth" when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody—

" Know ye the land of the cedar and the vine,  
Whence the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gaul in her bloom;  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,  
In color though varied, in beauty may vie?"

As to the commercial resources of "Duluth," sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map.

I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two millions of square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to "Duluth."

Look at it, sir [pointing to the map]. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal measures, wide-extended plains of richest pasturage—all, all embraced in this vast territory—which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of "Duluth."

Look at it, sir [pointing to the map]; do you not see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of "Duluth" intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there whether it would or not? And here, sir [still pointing to the map], I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of "Duluth," I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the smallpox breaks out among the women and children of the famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war, especially for any valiant lieutenant-general whose

"Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting has grown rusty,  
And eats into itself for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack."

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon of military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind, a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past, as it has disappointed all the ex-

pectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire.

For aught I know the next flash of electric fire that simmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall ope their beauteous eyes the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France.

But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians?

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands."

[Here the hammer fell. Many cries, "Go on! Go on!"  
The Speaker—Is there any objection to the gentleman from Kentucky continuing his remarks? The chair hears none. The gentleman will proceed. Mr. Knott continued:]

I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "wheat fields" represented on this map, in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the ut-

most verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity.

But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it in with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to "Duluth," as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that "Duluth" is destined to be the best market of the world. Here, you will observe [pointing to the map], are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and "Duluth;" and here, right on the road to "Duluth," are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on those immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into "Duluth" in the morning.

I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward "Duluth," with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along amid clouds of dust until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stockyards at "Duluth."

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of "Duluth," as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon this delightful theme. I think every gentle-

man upon this floor is as well satisfied as I am that "Duluth" is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of "Duluth" and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment, that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "woman's rights," should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now, perhaps, agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners, who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic, would be better fricasseed, boiled or roasted, and, in the second place, these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust! And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish "Duluth!" Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix.