

and cattle. The girls and boys when they graduated, intermarrying, became heads of families as reputable and well-behaved and devoted to Christianity as any we can find in our own States. They were Catholics. That is a crime with some people in this country.

Mr. President, are we to be told that a secret political organization in this country shall dictate to us what we ought to do for this much-injured race whom we have despoiled of their lands and homes and whom God has put upon us as an inheritance to be cared for? I accuse no senator here of any other motive than a desire to do his public duty. I shall do mine, and I should gladly vote for an amendment to this bill infinitely stronger than that of the senator from Arkansas. I would put this work, imperative upon us, in the hands of those who could best accomplish it, as I would give the building of my house to the best mechanic, who would put up a structure that suited me and met the ends I desired. If the Catholics can do it better than anybody else, let them do it. If the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Congregationalist, or any other denomination can do it, give the work to them; but to every man who comes to me and says this is a union of church and state, I answer him, "Your statement is false upon the very face of it." Instead of teaching the Indian children that they must be Catholics in order to be good citizens, they are simply taught that work is ennobling, and with the sense of self-dependence and not of dependence upon others will come civilization and Christianity. These are my feelings, Mr. President, and I would be glad if I could put them upon the statute books.

DAVID SWING



DAVID SWING, American Presbyterian clergyman and pulpit orator, was born at Cincinnati, O., Aug. 23, 1830, and died at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1894. Educated at Miami University, Oxford, O., he studied theology and was professor of languages at his Alma Mater for twelve years. In 1866, he became pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago. He quickly achieved a wide popularity as a pulpit orator, his sermons and essays appearing weekly in the newspapers. In 1874, he was accused of heterodoxy, and after a trial of several weeks was acquitted. Not wishing to create discord in the Presbytery, however, he resigned his pastorate and became pastor of an independent congregation, called the Central Church, remaining in charge of this parish until his death at Chicago, in his sixty-fifth year. He was for a number of years editor of "The Alliance," a Chicago religious journal, and took much interest in national matters, as well as in local municipal reforms. His published writings consist of two series of "Sermons"; "Truths for Today" (1874); "Club Essays" (1880); "Motives of Life"; "Old Pictures of Life," a collection of essays, with biographical sketch of the author (1894).

ON WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

AS OUR Nation grows older, and adds to its moral worth as rapidly as it adds to its years, its memorial days will become more significant, and no statesman or editor or clergyman will pass unconsciously such graves as those of Washington and Lincoln. The Greeks and Latins celebrated the death-days of their great men because greatness did not reach its climax at the cradle, but nearer the tomb. Our country, in regarding the birthdays of its distinguished sons, has in heart the same feelings which the classics cherished, and uses the joy and beauty of the cradle only as an emblem of the subsequent splendor of life. Any day taken from that career which ended in 1799, the day in October when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, would answer as well as the day in February for a trumpet

call to awaken an unequalled memory. Be the hour that of cradle or inauguration or farewell address or grave, it recalls the one great historic fact. The American habit of taking up the birthday as an emblem of the whole page or volume in history is well, for there the first smile of life is seen, and the cradle is less sad than the sepulchre.

This smallest month in the year is ornamented by the two greatest birthdays recorded upon our continent—those of Washington and Lincoln. Only ten years lay between the death of Washington and the birth of Abraham Lincoln. In that little interregnum the people ruled just as they do now when both kings have long been absent from the land they loved. But we should all see to it that the absence is only that of the material form, not that of the soul. The bookmaker, the journalist, the politician, the preacher, the poet, and the painter should carry onward the spirit of these men, and make them to be the same moral forces in the morrow they were in the yesterday. What the old saints are to Christianity these two patriots are to our country. Take from beneath our churches the Christ and the Saints Paul and John, and although each truth of a natural religion would remain, what a coldness would be felt in its walls! How hearts would freeze at the altars! So our Nation does not repose upon early abstract ideas, but also upon the warm hearts which once beat along the Potomac and in the prairies of Illinois.

Society is not moved simply by its truths, but also by its attachments, and doubly fortunate and successful is it when its attachments bind it to the best truths. Men love their country, right or wrong; but fortunate is our Nation in that its great heroic characters were in perfect harmony with the most refined light, and thus truth and sentiment are in full

partnership. There have been States which have had to apologize for the defects of their heroes—their Caesars or Napoleons or Georges—their emperors or queens or czars: but fortunate was this February in those two cradles over which attachment and philosophy join in unusual accord. Love sees nothing that needs be forgiven. Patriotism and reason meet over these birthdays, and, willing to love country, right or wrong, men may love it all the more in this unsullied memory of right.

Next to the saints of religion must be ranked in all our minds these saints of our country; because our Nation asks not for political theory only, but for a worship, a friendship that can conquer and hope like the faith of the Christian. When an enemy rises up against this Republic it must always find not a mere soulless corporation, but a passion, a sentiment which will pluck up trees by the roots and toss mountains into the sea. A mother defends her child not only because of right and principle, but also because of her affection. Thus great, pure leaders, like those of historic memory, enlarge political philosophy into devotion. It helped our nation in its dark days of 1770 and 1861, that its two leaders were so worthy of admiration. The soldiers of Valley Forge saw in their general a lofty character for whom they could endure privations, in whom they could trust. When they were cold and hungry and homesick they were still inspired by the merit of their commander. He had separated himself from his wealth and its peace to be a soldier against the greatest power upon earth; the troops saw that moral worth, and were cheered by the vision when all other scenes were darkened. When Baron Steuben, an ardent volunteer from the German army, saw the troops at Valley Forge, their want of all the comforts of life, he won-

dered what held the soldiers so firmly to their post of duty. It was a moral power that held them—the hope of a free nation and faith in their chieftain. In Philadelphia the British army, from the highest to the humblest, was spending in carousal the winter months which the colonial troops were spending in all forms of discomfort. One British officer kept a gambling house in which the common soldiers were robbed of their gold. Thus was the British army a military machine, while the American army was a band of men with a soul in it—an army of 6,000 friends of freedom and of Washington. Washington's dining-room of logs, in which banqueting hall that could be duplicated for \$50, there was simple food and no carousal, became an emblem of the kind of leader the file was trusting and following.

This scene was repeated in the war of the secession. Whatever the hardships of the soldiers in that long and awful war, the troops could always think of Abraham Lincoln as being in full sympathy with them, as knowing what labor and privation were, and as being willing to die, if need be, for the welfare of the country. The fame of other men arose and fell, but Mr. Lincoln's shone with a steady beam, however dark the night. All the simplicity and honesty of his character, the hardships of his early life, added to the impressiveness of his name. His history made him the basis of songs and of a deep admiration.

It is wonderful that two such men, so similar, so grand in intellect and morals, came to our Nation in its hour of greatest need. The need did not create them; it simply found them. George Washington was just as honest and noble when he was twenty, and twenty years before the independence, as he was in the revolution. When discontent about rank and pay sprang up in the Indian War, Major

Washington, then twenty-two, said he should as soon serve as a private as serve as an officer, and for small pay as for large pay; that he would remain with his regiment on the Ohio under any possible arrangement. Thus the subsequent revolution did not make Washington; it only found him.

Thus came Abraham Lincoln into our country, not created by the war of the Rebellion, but created previously in the mysterious laboratory of nature. He was simple in life, clear in his views of right and duty, firm in his will long before the flag of war was unfurled. * * * * *

Great memory of our country, that in ten years after the death of Washington this child was opening its eyes upon a continent that was to make it a part of its second great drama!

So far is our day from the time of Washington that many details have fallen out of the picture, and there remains the form without the life. To the new generation that man, once called the "Saviour of His Country" and the "Father of His Country," has become as dead and cold as a marble statue of some ancient Greek or Roman. The calm forehead and noble face remain, but the human nature which still comes to us when the name of Lincoln is pronounced has fallen away. But this is not time's fault, it is the fault of the new generation; for God has made the mind such that it can recall past years and fill itself with living pictures. Nature offers no reward to mental indolence. It hates an idler in any field. If the passion for property has injured all love of literature, and if so far as literary taste remains it prefers a foolish novel to the greatest pages of history, certainly in such an age a few years will blot out scenes the most wonderful and events the most thrilling. The law of

nature is that to the industrious mind pursuing the best paths, the past shall be made almost as vivid as the present. Not eighteen hundred years can destroy the picture of the living Jesus, a hundred years can not turn into dead rock the fathers of the Nation.

Man is the only animal to which nature has granted the power of seeing the past. The brute lives by the day; but each educated soul carries hundreds of years in the heart. Thus life is endeared, and the youth of twenty may seem to be living in a day thirty centuries in length. But all this landscape depends for its breadth and beauty upon the mind's activity. When one comes to the Mississippi one can see only a muddy stream, or he can behold that stream with De Soto at its mouth and red men on its banks three hundred years ago; and when the same heart comes to the Potomac it may see only the fishing-boys and the negroes lying idly in the sun, or it may see Washington there in those days whose suns went down a hundred years before the sun of this sacred morning came. Man's present is only an hour or two, but when his mind is awakened the past and the future are melted into the present, and make each passing hour great in its associations and hopes.

Not all minds may indeed possess the same power of recalling the past, but the common mental attributes are quite uniformly distributed, and few are the young persons of to-day who could not, if so they wished, recall the bygone times until they could hear the leaves rustle, in the autumn, under the foot of George Washington, could hear the axe of young Lincoln sounding afar in the lonely woods, could even see Jesus of Nazareth in his cottage in the Galilean hills or in the streets of Jerusalem. God made the soul too great to lie poised upon the present moment. It should

rest upon the past and the future. But if the mind possesses no activity, or if its activity is exhausted upon transient and worthless literature the past falls out of life, and all the grand ones from the Divine Christ to the human Washington and Lincoln are only names without any meaning. Often are they made the subjects of ridicule or wit by hearts that have never measured the greatness of the lives for which the names stand. The philosophy of that revival of interest in the birthdays of our two greatest men is the hope that the new generation may grasp the past of the Nation and may pass from ignorance to knowledge and from silly ridicule to deep admiration.

One of the best lessons to be read from these two names is the warmth of their hearts. There was no indifference in these characters. Great as their minds were, they were also powerful in their affection. Washington suffers now from the peculiar dignity of the old literary style. That style, perfected by Addison and Johnson, made a letter from friend to friend as pompous as a President's message or a King's address to a Parliament. Hamilton, George Washington and Martha, each man and woman, used the style of Edmund Burke; and a love letter read like an oration. But translating Washington's letters into the simple English of to-day, he is seen at once to have been a man of deep love, with his country one of the chief objects of his passion. The kindness and pathos of Mr. Lincoln are better seen because they are expressed in the dialect of our time, while the same qualities in Washington are toned down by the stateliness of the Miltonian English. When Washington had bidden good-by to LaFayette he followed the noble French patriot with a letter which shows the tenderness of the American's heart:

"In the moment of our separation, upon the road as we traveled and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect and attachment for you with which length of years, close connection, and your merits have inspired me. I often asked myself, as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I should ever have of you. My fears answered yes. I called to mind the days of my youth that they had long fled to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years in climbing, and that though I was blessed with a good constitution I was of a short-lived family, and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. These thoughts darkened the shades and gave a gloom to the picture, and consequently to my prospects of seeing you again."

Strip the letter of its stateliness and it recalls a tearful carriage ride from Mt. Vernon to Annapolis. Washington and LaFayette journeying toward the harbor whence the great friend of freedom was to sail for France, riding along mile after mile in the Indian-summer of Maryland, make a picture which is easily filled with all the friendship and nobleness and pathos of the once real life. It does not ask for much imagination to make that good-by ride so near and real as to make the rattle of the carriages audible and the slow procession visible on a long hillside, and thus visible are the travelers.

It is of fresh memory that Mr. Lincoln was a man of unusual warmth of heart—a twofold reminder in these two names that our age asks for men not of vast wealth and of endless political acuteness, but men who can love the country and be once more as a father full of affection for all the household. Men without affection for their nation make citizens like Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, or the

advocates of anarchy or political frauds. The country needs only those children who are capable of studying the great pages of history, and of forming tender attachments to all that is good in our National career. It is the evil of our day that the human heart has passed out of power, and that machine natures have attempted to fill up the tremendous vacancy. The treasury at Washington is full, but the Nation's heart is empty. The rights of the negro are not secured to him; the tremendous frauds of corporations are permitted to go on with a growing robbery of the people, and all because the love of the whole country is inactive, and men of great brain have displaced the men of large soul. This disease of the political heart is so infectious that we are all touched with its blight, and look upon our country as only a soulless corporation.

But our government is not a corporation. It is a vast family of dependent ones where hearts and hands should be joined for mutual welfare. Washington and Lincoln being absent, the Congress and the President stand in loco parentis, and should carry onward all that old sympathy with the people which made all the old glory of our fathers. A colonial officer once wrote Washington, suggesting that, in case independence was secured, they establish an American king; that the people could never rule. Washington quickly wrote to the young aristocrat never to speak or even think of such a result again—that the coming government must be that of the people. Thus was he the people's friend, and now that these States are occupied by fifty millions of people, the need of a friend has not undergone any decline. These millions are not rich, not powerful, they need a government which can secure to them "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." * * * * *

Washington and Lincoln should stand as proofs forever that our Nation is a great beating heart, capable of many sorrows and a many-colored happiness, a great heart like that of a Jesus, which must embrace millions in its measureless affection, and love all equally. All the struggles and disappointments and labors of Washington, all the similar pains and tears of Lincoln tell us that when we come to the words "our country" we have come to a living soul, that ought to be as omnipotent as the hand of God, as loving and pure as the heart of Jesus, the Son of God and of all humanity.

Washington came up from Virginia, Lincoln down from Illinois; both came in one spotless honor, in one self-denial, in one patience and labor, in one love of man; both came in the name of one simple Christianity; both breathing daily prayers to God; thus came as though to picture a time when Virginia and Illinois, all the South and all the North would be alike one in works, in love, in religion, and in the details of National fame. If any of you young hearts have begun to forget your Nation and its heroes, you would better sit down by her rivers and remember your lost Zion, and weep as the old vision unveils itself, and then pray God to let your right hand forget its cunning rather than permit your soul to empty itself of your country.

COUNT CAPRIVI



BEORG LEO VON CAPRIVI DE CAPRERA, a distinguished German statesman and soldier, and Chancellor of the Empire (1890-94), was born at Charlottenburg, Feb. 24, 1831, and died at Krossen, Prussia, Feb. 6, 1899. Entering the army in 1849 he gained rapid promotion, and served with honor in the campaigns of 1864 and 1866, and in the Franco-Prussian War was chief of staff of the Tenth Corps. In 1883, he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general, and in the following year was transferred to the control of the admiralty, on the retirement of Von Stosch. Caprivi exhibited creditable vigor in his new post, as well as a thorough comprehension of naval methods, and not long after the accession of William II had completely reorganized the navy. In recognition of his eminent services, he was transferred back to the army and given command of the Tenth or Hanoverian Army Corps. On March 19, 1890, he succeeded Bismarck as chancellor and president of the Prussian Council, and in 1891 received from the Emperor the title of Count. In March, 1892, he resigned his position as Prussian prime minister, but retained his chancellorship till his resignation of that office also, Oct. 26, 1894. In politics, Count Caprivi was a safe, steady councillor, combining patience and sagacity with firmness and a dash of good humor.

ON COLONIAL POSSESSIONS

[First speech as chancellor in the Reichstag, delivered on May 12, 1890, in answer to Dr. von Bamberger's speech on the relinquishment of all colonial possessions.]

GENTLEMEN,—The gentleman who has just spoken has turned his attention from the question before the House to the important subject of our colonial policy. I wish to state with pleasure that he has expressed his approval of the fact that the government has carried out the intentions of the Reichstag. Such is indeed the fact, and I need not enumerate the long series of resolutions through which this House has acknowledged its willingness to support the measures of the federal government. I am convinced, therefore, like my predecessor,¹ that a colonial

¹ Bismarck.