

with him," and accept him, you are wedded to God. Will you not believe the testimony? Will you not believe this witness, this last of all, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings himself? Once more he repeats it, so that all may know it. With Peter and James and John, on the mount of transfiguration, he cries again, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." And that voice went echoing and re-echoing through Palestine, through all the earth from sea to sea; yes, that voice is echoing still, Hear him! Hear him!

My friend, will you hear him to-day? Hark! what is he saying to you? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Will you not think well of such a Saviour? Will you not believe in him? Will you not trust in him with all your heart and mind? Will you not live for him? If he laid down his life for us, is it not the least we can do to lay down ours for him? If he bore the Cross and died on it for me, ought I not to be willing to take it up for him? Oh, have we not reason to think well of him? Do you think it is right and noble to lift up your voice against such a Saviour? Do you think it is just to cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" Oh, may God help all of us to glorify the Father, by thinking well of his only-begotten Son.

AMBASSADOR PORTER



ORACE PORTER, American general, diplomat, and orator, was born at Huntingdon, Pa., April 15, 1837. He was prepared for college in his native State, entered the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, and while there was appointed to the United States Military Academy, from which he graduated in 1860. He was instructor of artillery at West Point for several months, and at the outbreak of the Civil War was ordered for duty in the South. He was chief of artillery and had charge of the batteries at the capture of Fort Pulaski, was on the staff of Gen. McClellan in July, 1862, and served with the Army of the Potomac until after the engagement at Antietam. In the following year he was chief of ordnance on Gen. Rosecrans's staff, and took part in the Chickamauga campaign with the Army of the Cumberland. When Grant assumed command in the East, Porter became his aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and later on as colonel. He accompanied Grant through the Wilderness campaign and at the sieges of Richmond and Petersburg, was present at the surrender of Appomattox, and afterwards made a series of inspection tours in the South and on the Pacific coast. He was brevetted captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services during the war. General Porter was assistant secretary of war while Grant was secretary, and during Grant's first Presidential term he acted as his secretary. In 1873, he withdrew from the army and became prominently identified with several large railroads and corporations. He has made some important inventions, and, moreover, has a widespread reputation as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker. In 1897, he was appointed United States Ambassador to France. He has published "Campaigning with Grant."

SPEECH: "OUR GUESTS"

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY DECEMBER 22, 1875

MR. PRESIDENT,—Some hours ago you were engaged in welcoming the coming guests. But at this late period of the evening, your mind, no doubt, naturally reverts to the necessity of speeding the departing guests, and I suppose my services have been called in at this point on account of something in my style which it is thought will be peculiarly efficacious in speeding the de-

parture of guests. But, sir, while I yield to no one in disposition to heartily second all your efforts, yet it is always dangerous to call in the services of a novice on occasions of emergency. This fact was impressed upon me most forcibly during one of the prominent engagements in the war. When the commanding general had decided to make a decisive movement to determine the fate of the day, and had made all the necessary disposition of the troops, he called to a young staff officer who had just joined the army, and told him that when he gave the order for the final advance he wanted him to take out his watch and tell the exact time. The young officer stepped forward with that look of vanity and self-consciousness upon his face which is only begotten of youth and inexperience. He thought the supreme moment of his life had arrived, and when the final order was given he pulled out his watch in the presence of a group of anxious staff officers and promptly informed the general that—it had run down!

And, sir, it sometimes happens that a speech-maker does not fully realize the fact, until he has opened his mouth, that he has "run down."

When Gibbon was writing his Roman History it is said that it took him more than ten years to finish his "Rise and Fall." There are times when an extemporaneous speaker may accomplish this in less than that many minutes. In this country, where everybody makes speeches, speaking is supposed to be contagious, and men are presumed to take to it as naturally as they take the measles; and, like the victims of that disease, you cannot always tell just when, or how badly, they are going to break out.

Now, as I was informed, when I came here, that ten minutes was the time allotted to each speaker on these occa-

sions, and which, I learn, has never been known to be exceeded, I can hardly be expected to say all the kind words of acknowledgment and appreciation which your guests for whom I am reputed to speak would like to have said on their behalf to-night.

I will say that we have all enjoyed with inexpressible pleasure the banquet which has been set before us; but your guests will leave here considerably perplexed in mind to know just why the landing of a silent and hungry band of pilgrims should be celebrated by sumptuous banquets and fluent speeches; and when we look at the first frugal meal eaten upon Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrim Fathers, and then turn to this groaning board surrounded by their descendants, your guests are impressed with the idea that this is the most rapid case of "Pilgrim's Progress" on record.

We who have been so unfortunate as to be able to study the Puritan character only from a distance have been led to believe that the only form of speech adopted by them in public was that of prayer; though in my army experience, more especially during a stampede of quartermaster's mules through camp on a dark night, I have heard descendants of the Puritans use the name of their Maker in a way which their best-advised friends assured me was not in prayer.

Now, sir, in our better reading we have been taught to associate in our minds prayer with fasting; but in the forms of speech used here to-night I am sure they have not been accompanied by any abstinence of diet. But while there shall be no adverse criticism upon the banquet, particularly on the part of those of us who have just shown such a practical appreciation of it, yet we can see nothing in your feast at all suggestive of speaking. There is certainly not an

article on your table which at all resembles our speeches here to-night—not even the milk, for that is sometimes condensed.

In endeavoring to respond for your guests I presume I shall not be expected to speak for the guests of the city of New York. They are at home, and are able to speak for themselves; at least, they will be able to if they can bring their minds down to a lower plane than that on which they now travel. For at present they are thinking only of elevated railroads, the height of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the future price of their up-town lots. This state of mind has become a subject of remark. It is always worthy of remark when New Yorkers get to setting their affections on “things above.”

I suppose I shall be allowed to confine my remarks principally to the guests from Pennsylvania, as I know more about that State, although I fully recognize that among our most popular orators of the present day a knowledge of the subject whereof they speak is not by any means considered an essential.

Now, it was all very well for you to have your Miles Standish going about promising to whip the Indians with his shot-gun brigade; but we had our William Penn, who went about with his coat-tail pockets full of painted beads, quack medicines, and patent grindstones for sharpening scalping-knives. He was his own Indian contractor. Miles Standish may have been a very promising young man, but William Penn was a paying one. I, for one, have never credited those stories about William Penn which try to make people believe that he introduced among the untutored savages a peculiar game of the palefaces,—that he sat down with them under the deep shade of the primeval forests, and, while

pointing them to a better land above, dealt himself four aces from the bottom of the pack and won the game.

These stories make us doubt the truth of all history, even the history of that still greater patriot, George Washington; for we have learned to believe from tradition that he was a man of unimpeachable personal veracity, and yet when we come to read his history we find recorded there only one solitary instance of his ever having told the truth.

Now, Pennsylvania has often been the common ground on which New England has met other sections of the country to interchange patriotic ideas and brush up their rusty statesmanship. For instance, at the City of Brotherly Love met that arm-in-arm convention which assembled there some years ago, in which Massachusetts and South Carolina, with a degree of fraternity unparalleled in politics, mingled their tears together, and wiped their weeping eyes on Pennsylvania's coat-sleeve.

We have not only interchanged statesmanlike ideas, but we have interchanged statesmen themselves. When we were short of Revolutionary statesmen we sent to New England and got Benjamin Franklin. It was popularly supposed, at the time, that he left Massachusetts because he could not get the Boston post-office.

Knowing his ambition, as soon as he arrived in Philadelphia we recommended him for the Philadelphia post-office, and he was appointed. And so Boston, with all her boasted pride in literature, has not always been the first city to recognize a man of letters. It may be a useful hint to your distinguished guest of this evening who presides over the affairs of the nation, to say that if ever he finds any candidates for postal honors in New England who cannot succeed in getting

any recommendations there, let him send them down to Pennsylvania, and the difficulty can be solved at once.

Now, sir, to even up this matter of an exchange of statesmen, it was foreseen, a number of years ago, with that degree of foresight which is peculiar to New England, that a contingency might arise in the affairs of our government in which it might be necessary for the State of Maine to furnish a Speaker for the House of Representatives. Well, Pennsylvania was equal to the emergency, and we sent you up our friend Blaine, and we think we are now no longer indebted to New England after this swap.

I like to dwell upon the State of Maine. I dwelt *in* that State a whole week, once, for the express purpose of testing practically the working of the Maine liquor law. It was a dry season. Even the women were out in processions, waging a crusade against that peculiar form of original sin which is put up in quart bottles. There was an "irrepressible conflict" going on between the Santa Cruz rum and the saintly crusaders. It was the driest spot I ever encountered except one. That was a military post on the alkali plains of the Great American Desert, where the supply of liquor had been cut off, where no water had risen from earth or descended from heaven for nine months, and where the commanding officer used to write beseeching letters to all the recruiting-officers in the East, begging them to send him all their dropsical recruits, so that he could tap them and use them for purposes of irrigation.

There have been eminent public men in our nation who are claimed by both New England and Pennsylvania on account of the migratory habits of their parents. It was a distinguished admiral of our navy who used to be very fond of remarking, with that degree of nautical perspicacity com-

mon only to seafaring men, that though his bark was launched in New England, the keel was laid in Pennsylvania.

But, sir, we guests from different sections of the country learned to know each other better when, for four long years, we were, many of us, guests in common of the State of Virginia, when we stood side by side and fought together on the color line—that is, next to the black troops; for the colored troops were there, and the honors were about equally divided between us: we had the "circumstance" and they had the "Pomp" of war. That reminds me that people of that sable hue used to be the guests of Pennsylvania long before the war. They used to come to us, not by the elevated, but by the underground railroad.

Well, we did not want to be selfish, and keep every good thing we came across to ourselves, so in a spirit of liberality we used to distribute them throughout New England; and, to the credit of that section be it said, they treated them better than we did; for sometimes it would happen that in our haste to get them out of the State their faces got turned the wrong way in the night, and they would find their way back to their masters.

There was one old woman, we cannot tell how old—the leaf of the family Bible was torn out, and tradition only says that she was one of the seventy-five nurses of George Washington, who, according to all accounts, was the most nursed man in the nation. She escaped twice, and, under the sanctifying influences of the Fugitive Slave Law, had twice been sent back. She escaped a third time, and she thought if there was any gratitude left in republics she ought to be considered a heroine in turbans. She held her head as high as the Queen of Sheba, and expected she would immediately be

elected an honorary member of all the female sewing-societies, be presented with free passes on all the city railroads, and be admitted to a front seat in every travelling circus; I don't know but she expected to be made a member of the Legislature.

But she found that republics were not grateful: her position was not appreciated; it was hard work even to get admission to travelling side-shows. One time she succeeded in getting into an exhibition given by Tom Thumb. Just before the close of the performance the English showman who had charge of the exhibition came forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to observe that immediately after the performance is over you will find the little gentleman standing near the main exit, upon a chair. He will be most 'appy to supply copies of his photographs to any of the ladies wishing to purchase, for the small sum of sixpence apiece, and any lady making a purchase will have the hadditional pleasure in store for 'er of receiving a kiss from 'is Lilliputian lips—that is, if she so desire; hotherwise she will himmediately poss hout, and not block hup the doorway." As Aunty passed out, she bought a photograph, and then leaned forward to the little man and said, "Now, son, I've done bought one yer pretty 'graphs, now, den, gib de ole gal a good smack, honey!" He drew back and said, "I don't kiss colored people." "Well, afore God," said she, "I berily believe that if dar was an individooal in dis town no bigger nor a tadpole, he'd have sumfing agin de colored popoolashun." Well, sir, I think that New England is about the only section that at that time did not have something against the colored population.

And now, before taking our departure, let me say that your guests cannot help wondering what the Pilgrim Fathers

would say if they should rise from their graves and look upon this age of rapidity in which we live—an age of steam and electricity; an age of political calisthenics and religious gymnastics; an age in which American rifles are fired at targets so far off that it requires a telescope to see them; an age in which couples get married by proxy, children race to Sunday-school on velocipedes, and people join the church by telegraph, and send forward their photographs to be baptized; when everything is moving with marvellous rapidity except the American flag—and Sergeant Bates still persists in dragging that along on foot.

And now, sir, if we are to judge the future by the past, what kind of an age will our children's children live in? The descendants of our friends here, General Hawley and Judge Gildersleeve and other sharpshooters, may be purchasing whole continents to find a range for their improved arms; pocket-pistols may carry as far as rifled cannon of the present day; even Quaker guns may speak, and then you will hear loudly from Pennsylvania; and some future Mr. Bergh, in the tenderness of a humanity increasing with the ages, may be seen floating about through the heavens in an improved balloon, cautioning pigeons to fly higher.

Pardon me, sir, for exceeding the allotted time. I know that in allotting the prescribed number of minutes to us tonight, you intended to pay us a high compliment. It is enough to satisfy the ambition of any of us speakers; for you have virtually said to us that we have gone ahead of our Revolutionary sires as rapidly as the decades fly. They are known in history as "minute-men," but you would have us go down to posterity as "ten-minutes men."

THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN INVENTION

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1877

MR. PRESIDENT,—I suppose it was a matter of necessity, calling on some of us from other States to speak for you to-night, for we have learned from the history of Priscilla and John Alden that a New-Englander may be too modest to speak for himself. But this modesty, like some of the greater blessings of the war, has been more or less disguised to-night.

We have heard from the eloquent gentleman on my left all about the good-fellowship and the still better fellowships in the rival universities of Harvard and Yale. We have heard from my sculptor friend upon the extreme right all about Hawthorne's tales, and all the great *Storys* that have emanated from Salem; but I am not a little surprised that in this age, when speeches are made principally by those running for office, you should call upon one engaged only in running cars, and more particularly upon one brought up in the military service, where the practice of running is not regarded as strictly professional. It occurred to me some years ago that the occupation of moving cars would be fully as congenial as that of stopping bullets—as a steady business, so when I left Washington I changed my profession.

I know how hard it is to believe that persons from Washington ever change their professions. In this regal age, when every man is his own sovereign, somebody had to provide palaces, and, as royalty is not supposed to have any permanent abiding-place in a country like this, it was thought

best to put these palaces on wheels; and, since we have been told by reliable authority that “uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” we thought it necessary to introduce every device to enable those crowned heads to rest as easily as possible.

Of course we cannot be expected to do as much for the travelling public as the railway companies. They at times put their passengers to death. We only put them to sleep. We don't pretend that all the devices, patents, and inventions upon these cars are due to the genius of the management. Many of the best suggestions have come from the travellers themselves, especially New-England travellers.

Some years ago, when the bedding was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homœopathic principle, a New-Englander got on a car one night. Now, it is a remarkable fact that a New-Englander never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed the porter and said, “Say, have you got such a thing as a corkscrew about you?”

“We don't 'low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd these yer cars, sah,” was the reply.

“Tain't that,” said the Yankee, “but I want to get hold onto one of your pillows that kind of worked its way into my ear.”

The pillows have since been enlarged.

I notice that in the general comprehensiveness of the sentiment which follows this toast you allude to that large and liberal class of patrons, active though defunct, known as “deadheads.” It is said to be a quotation from Shakespeare. That is a revelation. It proves conclusively that Shakespeare