


## SECRETARY LONG

ON. JOHN DAVIS LONG, an American statesman, orator, and Secretary of the Navy, in the administrations of President McKinley and Roosevelt, was born at Buckfield, Me., Oct. 27, 1838. He was educated at the schools of his native town, at the Hebron Academy, and at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1857. For two years he was the principal of the academy at Westfield, Mass., retiring from this position to study law. After taking a year's course at the Harvard Law School and subsequent training in a law office at Boston, he was in 1861 admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. He first opened an office in his native town, but returned to Boston in 1862, and, after a short interval, entered the office of Stillman B. Allen, with whom he subsequently formed a partnership. In politics, Mr. Long is a Republican, and he made his maiden speech as early as his twenty-first year. In 1861, while still a resident of Buckfield, he was elected a delegate to the Maine Republican convention, and in the same year was nominated as representative to the legislature of the State, but was defeated. In 1869, he removed to Hingham, Mass., and in 1871 and 1872 ran unsuccessfully on an independent ticket for the legislature of Massachusetts. Returning to the Republican fold, Mr. Long, in 1874, was elected a representative to the Massachusetts legislature in the session of 1875. As a member of the House he at once attracted attention, and the tact, skill, and unflinching good humor which characterized him then were stepping-stones to further advancement. He was returned to the House in 1876, when he was elected Speaker, reëlections following in 1877 and 1878. He was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1879, 1880, and 1881. Although one of the youngest governors the State had ever had, he was one of the best. Upon retiring from the State House, Mr. Long was elected to the national House of Representatives from the second Congressional district of Massachusetts. At Washington, he gained fresh distinction, his readiness in debate and skill in parliamentary tactics making him conspicuous. One of his important speeches, delivered March 25, 1884, dealt the deathblow to the "Bonded Whiskey Bill." At the Republican National Convention, held at Chicago, June, 1884, Mr. Long was chosen to present the name of the Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, as the choice of Massachusetts for the Presidency. In 1883, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of United States Senator, opposing Senator Hoar. Mr. Long, in 1888, declined reëlection to Congress, and in 1889 resumed the practice of law at Boston. On the election of President McKinley he was called to the portfolio of the navy. His conduct of that department, during the war with Spain, was exceedingly able. As a writer, Mr. Long is polished in style and forcible. During his leisure, while Speaker of the House of Representatives, he made a blank-verse translation of Virgil's "Æneid." He has also published for private distribution several volumes of poems, marked by the graces of simplicity and exquisite rhythm. His speeches, even in the heat of political campaigns, are always marked by the best use of English. He is one of the most pleasing and effective of public speakers, and a departmental officer of much skill and ability.

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## IN EULOGY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS<sup>1</sup>

DELIVERED AT A MEMORIAL MEETING IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1884

EXCEPT amid the affectionate associations of his native place and home, no spot could be more fitting in which to honor the memory of Wendell Phillips than the capital of the nation whose one great blot his fiery eloquence burnt out. No day could be more appropriate than the birthday of Washington, whose victories for American independence were but half won till this zealot preached the crusade that crowned them at Appomattox. No body of men could more fitly gather around his open grave and bedew it with their grateful tears than those who represent the race whose shackles he turned into garlands amid which they now lay him to rest. Well may the "Goddess of Liberty" on yonder dome strain her tear-dimmed eyes to the North, listening to catch once more the thrill of a voice, but for which she might have towered this day only as a brazen lie.

Of the great names that in these latter days of the republic stand for its redemption from crime against itself, and for its perfected consecration to human freedom, his blazes out among the foremost few. Upon the earlier anti-slavery heights, he gives place to Garrison alone. And when I remember that in my own honored Commonwealth—in Massachusetts, star of the North—flamed these two immortal spirits, and so many others who clustered around them, I cannot refrain from joining my voice with yours in honoring this

<sup>1</sup> Used by kind permission of Hon. John D. Long.

one of them which has latest taken its flight back to God, who gave it.

In the case of most great men, even of those who suggest their limitations least, we speak of the steps, the milestones, the dates, and events of their career. But to recite those of Wendell Phillips seems out of place.

His was the force, not of the stream, which gathers volume as it flows, and pours its resistless flood in a steady current, marking its beneficence by the fair cities it builds along its banks; nor of the fire, which, under the mastery of law, turns the mighty wheels of the machinery and onward locomotion of the age; but rather of the wind, that bloweth where it listeth, now in the exquisite music of a zephyr over an æolian harp strung with human sympathies and graces, and now in the sweep of a tornado, smiting every rotten trunk to the earth, and making even the sturdy and honest oak bend before its storm.

His was not the service of Lincoln or Andrew in executive station, of Sumner or Stevens in Congress, of Grant or Sherman in the field, adapting means to successive steps of advance, and working through the best agencies at hand to achieve the best results possible; but it was the service of the torch that is flung at large to kindle the conflagration at the beginning, and, whatever burns, to keep it flaming on. He was no patient ox, toiling under the yoke and at his load. He was often rather the goad-stick which pricked those who were dragging burdens, in the homely carriage of which he was less serviceable than were those he prodded. He was a man of inspirations, not of affairs. His not to make or interpret or execute the law; his not the equipment for that work; but his to quicken the public sentiment of which law is the expression and force. When its formulation and fruit had

come for others, when they had encamped content, this pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night was already in the nebulous distance, beckoning them to a new lead and advance. Not the safest guide in the slow and sure economies of material welfare, he was rather the prophet of the people's conscience, the poet of their noblest impulses.

It seems as if when, in Faneuil Hall nearly fifty years ago, in his early youth, he leaped into the arena for human rights, he flung aside every incumbrance of ordinary growth toward the achievement of a plan of life, and streamed at once into flame. Born a patrician, he was such a tribune of the people as Rome never dreamed of, who knew no law, only the law of their enlargement and of their broadening, and of their equal rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

With the genius of a scholar, touched with the fine culture of letters, his mind itself a classic, he scorned the noble avenues of the statesman, the useful walks of political service, the delights of literature, all of which lay at his hand, and gave himself to the passionate impulses of a great human charity,—to the cause of the oppressed, the enslaved, the poor, the down-trodden, and the friendless. Into the great anti-slavery cause and conflict he rode,—a warrior whose sword was to flash and whose voice was to ring till the last battle-field was won. To that cause he gave all except that exquisite loyalty to her who sat at his hearth, which, faithful even unto death, is now as grateful and sweet to the American people as the white leaves of a flower or the tenderest heart-beat in a poet's song.

For that cause he sacrificed all, enduring, as it is impossible now to realize, obloquy and shame, hissing and hate. No man is altogether the master of his own character or in-

clination, and it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that, from the terrific ordeal through which in those days Phillips went, and from the wounds he then received at the hands of his own caste, came something of the spirit that never after could quite reconcile itself with the ranks that later were sincerely ready to do him justice.

A victim of injustice, there were times when he did injustice. And perhaps there could be no more complete tribute to his character than that in his later years, as well as now in the halo of his death, his eloquence, his singleness and purity of purpose, his lofty integrity, and his great work were the acknowledgment and pride of all his fellow citizens alike; and that to question his opinions was never to accuse the disinterested fervor of his convictions and ideas.

Ah, with what admiration—it seems but yesterday in the streets of Boston—we looked, as we saw above the throng that commanding and high-spirited face, never quite free from its scorn of conscious superiority! We turned to gaze upon him when he had passed,—that higher-bred and more beautiful Puritan Apollo, whose tongue was his lute, and whose swift shaft was winged with the immortal fire of liberty.

A city-full and a nation-full honor him. He has his reward in the praise even of those who differed from him most; and he has his reward—and to him it is the sweetest—in the tears and gratitude of thousands in humble life, to whom his name is as that thought of a friend, which to many, alas, is so rare, yet by every human being is so longed for.

There are humble homes of plain living, but of high thinking, in my own New England, under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, along the sea and among the farms, to which my heart turns as I speak, and in which are men and women, peers of his courage and humanity, though not of his gifts and fame,

who remember and mourn this leader, whose eloquence and fire kindled their youth with enthusiasm for human rights, and who endeared himself to them by sharing with them the persecution of the opinions of that time.

There are oppressed peoples in foreign lands who lament an advocate and champion of the larger and sweeter liberty of which they dream, and which he yearned to see them enjoy. There are five million citizens of our own, to whom and to whose descendants he will be as a deliverer, like him who led the children of Israel out of their bondage.

As in his own career Phillips disdained the ordinary steps and methods of influence and growth, so in any estimate of him all the ordinary modes of analysis and criticism are useless. What are his errors in economical science; what are his mistaken estimates of men and measures; what are his bitter injustices to patriots as true as himself; what are his rashnesses of judgment, looked at in the light of his lofty consecration to his fellow men and of that absolute innocence of any purpose of self-aggrandizement, which you felt as distinctly in his character as you heard the music in his voice, and which separated him so utterly from the mouthing demagogues whose self-seeking is as patent as their roar? What are all these, if these there were, except as they were the incidentals, not the essentials, of a nature that went to its mark with the relentless stroke of the lightning, and, had it not been the lightning, would have been nothing?

Our glorious summer days sometimes breed, even in the very rankness of their opulence, enervating and unhealthy weaknesses. The air is heavy. Its breath poisons the blood; the pulse of nature is sluggish and mean. Then come the tempest and the thunder. So was it in the body politic, whether the plague was slavery or whatever wrong; whether

it was weakness in men of high degree or tyranny over men of low estate; whether it was the curse of the grog-shop or the iron hand of the despot at home or abroad,—so it was that like the lightning Phillips flashed and struck. The scorching, hissing bolt rent the air, now here, now there. From heaven to earth, now wild at random, now straight it shot. It streamed across the sky. It leaped in broken links of a chain of fire. It sometimes fell with reckless indiscrimination alike on the just and on the unjust. It sometimes smote the innocent as well as blasted the guilty. But when the tempest was over there was a purer and fresher spirit in the air, and a sweeter health.

Louder than the thunder, mightier than the wind, the earthquake, or the fire, a still small voice spake in the public heart, and the public conscience woke.

## JOHN MORLEY



RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, P.C., D.C.L., an eminent English statesman, and man of letters, was born at Blackburn, Lancashire, Dec. 24, 1833. He was educated at Cheltenham College and at Lincoln College, Oxford. On receiving his degree he qualified for the Bar, but never practiced law, drifting instead into journalism. His contributions to the London "Leader" were of such excellence that they led to his appointment on the staff of the "Saturday Review." He afterwards became editor of the "Fortnightly Review," 1867-83; of the "Pall Mall Gazette," 1880-83, and of "Macmillan's Magazine," 1883-85. From 1883 to 1895 he was Liberal member of Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in 1896 became representative of the Scotch boroughs of Montrose. He was chief secretary for Ireland in 1886 and again from 1892 to 1895. He has been a close student of political problems, and an able and prolific writer. His power as a statesman has lain in his ability to clothe his arguments in strong and exact phrases, and in his honesty and sincerity. He has been one of the most earnest advocates of home rule for Ireland, and also given his best efforts to the solution of labor problems. As historian, editor, and man of letters, Mr. Morley has earned a world-wide reputation. He is one of the first living masters of the English language. Among his most notable publications are: "Edmund Burke" (1867); "Critical Miscellanies" (1871); "Voltaire" (1871); "Rousseau" (1873); "On Compromise" (1874); "Diderot and the Encyclopædist" (1878); "Life of Richard Cobden" (1881); "Studies in Literature" (1891); and "Walpole," in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen." He is also well known as the editor of the "English Men of Letters" series.

### ON HOME RULE

DELIVERED AT OXFORD, FEBRUARY 29, 1888

SIR,—This is not my maiden speech to the Oxford Union, therefore it is not upon that ground that I venture to claim your indulgence. I was warned before I came here—and what I have heard since does not alter the weight of that warning—that I must be prepared to face a decisively hostile majority.

But, in spite of that I confess I felt in coming here none of those misgivings which the great Master of Romance made