

means had been unsuccessfully employed to redress them, and although he had many sympathizers, yet the instant he raised the standard of revolt the Canadian people replied so clearly and emphatically that the result should have proved conclusively that under no circumstances would they accept republican principles or approve of any movement hostile to the independence of the Provinces upon this continent and their union with the Empire of Great Britain. For two years they had to resist attacks all along the border, fostered and encouraged by our neighbors. These attacks were sternly resisted and put down, and peace was again restored.

In 1866, Canadian lives once more had to be sacrificed for the defence of our borders from Fenian attacks organized in the United States. Canadians have therefore never yet failed to show their confidence in their country, their love for its institutions, and their determination to uphold the honor and autonomy of their native land.

Canada has been assailed, not only by armed men, but trade restrictions and hostile tariff laws have also been used to coerce the Canadian people from their steadfast adherence to the principles for which their fathers fought and suffered. In spite of it all they have been true to their country, and they will in the future, as in the past, suffer hardships and trials and rise unitedly and loyally for the defence of their native land should the occasion ever require it.

WILLIAM EVERETT

WILLIAM EVERETT, LL.D., Ph. D., an American educationist and author, son of the statesman and orator, Edward Everett, was born at Watertown, Mass., Oct. 10, 1839. He graduated at Harvard University in 1859 and afterwards studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He graduated from the law school of his Alma Mater, but never practiced his profession. From 1870 to 1877 he was tutor and assistant professor at Harvard, and master of Adams Academy at Quincy, Mass., 1877-93, and again from 1897. He was licensed to preach by the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian Ministers and has done so occasionally. During the presidential campaign of 1884, he was an active supporter of Mr. Cleveland, having previously acted with the Republicans, and was an unsuccessful congressional candidate in 1890 and 1892. He was however elected in the following year, and sat in the House of Representatives through the fifty-third Congress, 1893-95. He has been long prominent as a civil-service and tariff reformer, and is a strenuous, fearless speaker in behalf of any cause he elects to support. His published works include "On the Cam," a series of lectures on Cambridge University (1865); "College Essays"; "Hesione; or, Europe Unchained," a poem (1869); "School Sermons" (1881), and the juvenile stories, "Changing Base" (1868); "Double Play" (1870), and "Thine, not Mine" (1890).

PATRIOTISM

ORATION DELIVERED JUNE 28, 1900

I DO not see how any one can rise on this occasion without trembling. It has been illustrated by too many distinguished names, it has brought forth too many striking sentiments, not to give every orator the certainty that he will fall short of its traditions and the doubt if he will so disastrously. But of one thing I am sure; it behooves the speaker to-day to be candid: no elegant or inflated commonplaces, concealing one's real sentiments by the excuse of academic dignity of courtesy, ought to sully the honesty with which brethren speak to each other. The first, the only aim of every university is the investigation and propagation of truth; truth in the convictions and truth in the utterance.

My very first knowledge of the Phi Beta Kappa dates back to early childhood. In the year 1846 I was present at a portion of the Commencement exercises when the parts were sustained by Francis James Child, George Martin Lane, Charles Eliot Norton, and George Frisbie Hoar.

Those exercises were followed by a Commencement dinner whose good cheer proved too much for a boy not yet seven years old. It was a dinner at home: no one ever wanted to eat too much at the official Commencement dinner. I heard, therefore, at my bedside the next day the tale of Phi Beta Kappa, how Charles Sumner had held his audience for two hours relating the achievements of the four Harvard graduates who had lately died, Pickering, Stone, Allston, and Channing, winding up with the magnificent peroration transferred, I believe, from an earlier address, in which he appealed so earnestly for peace as the duty of our age and answered Burke's lament that the age of chivalry had gone by, the declaration that the age of humanity had come, that the coming time should take its name, not from the horse but from man.

I can not even think of Phi Beta without these names and these thoughts ringing in my ears and almost dictating my words.

It seems to me that an orator can hardly go wrong if he holds fast to our motto, "Philosophy the guide, or rather the sailing-master of life." There is little doubt that when this motto was first given to a secret fraternity, "veiled in the obscurity of a learned language," it meant that philosophy which rejects revelation, the philosophy of the encyclopædists of France.

Accordingly, when the veil was taken away from the mys-

tic characters Phi Beta Kappa, it was declared that philosophy included religion. How many who accept membership in it to-day direct their voyage of life by philosophy or religion after it might not be safe to say. It cannot, however, be wrong, whatever our subject is, to steer our way in it with her at the helm.

I am not going to plunge into a discussion of what philosophy means. It has been used to mean many things, and to some it means nothing at all. When Wackford Squeers, who sixty years ago we all knew was of the immortals and who is now in danger of being forgotten, was asked by any parent a question in some occult branch of study, like trigonometry, he was wont to answer, "Sir, are you a philosopher?" And to the invariable negative he would then reply, "Ah, then I can't explain it to you."

As one of Wackford Squeers's humblest successors I feel there is something not absurd in his counter-question when I meet what are called practical men discussing what they call the practical problems of life.

He who, whether decked with a blue and pink ribbon or not, steers his course with philosophy as his guide, approaches all life's problems in another temper and another spirit; he is working by other roads to other ends from him who is guided by the passions and worships the idols of the hour. Philosophy has different meanings for different men but the gulf is infinite between those who accept it with any meaning and those who know it not, or know it only as an object of patronage or scorn.

The philosopher walks by principle, not merely by interest or passion; by the past and the future, not merely by the unseen and the eternal, not merely by the seen and temporal—by law and not only by accident. It is not, as sometimes

fancied, that he does not see, and, seeing, does not heed these things; he does not, as Plato bids him, turn his back on what this world shows. He meets immediate duties; he lives with contemporary men; he deals with existing demands. But he does all this by the light and guidance of rules of which the servant of time and place knows nothing.

I claim for this the assent of all my brothers here as an intellectual fact; but I desire at the outset of what I say to rouse your thoughts to it as the dictate of emotion and of conscience. Philosophy, the study of causes in their deepest effects, beginning with the true use of terms and proceeding by sound reasoning, has the power to transmit and sanctify the most commonplace transactions, the most hackneyed words.

The master of all philosophy began his work by forcing his contemporaries to define the commonest subjects of conversation. I would, as his follower, ask you to apply that method to one of the favorite watchwords, one of the pressing duties of to-day, and see if philosophy has not something to define and correct in a field where her sway is scarcely admitted.

You cannot talk for ten minutes on any of what are rightly held to be the great interests of life without feeling how loosely we use their names. We seem not to be dealing with sterling coin, which has the same value everywhere and always, but with counters that, passing with a conventional value here and now, are worthless when we come to some great public or private crisis.

Education, business, amusement, art, literature, science, home, comfort, society, politics, patriotism, religion—how many men who use these words have any true conception of their force? How many simply mean that form of educa-

tion, that line of business, that sect in religion, that party in politics, to which they are accustomed?

How many are led by this loose yet limited use of words into equally loose and equally narrow ways of action? How many need a Socrates to walk through the streets and force them to define their terms? And how many, if he did appear again, would be ready to kill him for corrupting the youth, and holding to a god different from those the country worships?

Patriotism—love of country—devotion to the land that bore us—is pressed upon us now as paramount to every other notion in its claims on head, hand, and heart. It is pictured to us not merely as an amiable and inspiring emotion, but as a paramount duty which is to sweep every other out of the way. The thought cannot be put in loftier or more comprehensive words than by Cicero, "*Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, cari familiares, propinqui; sed omnes omnium caritates una patria complexa est.*"

"Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relations; but all affections to all men are embraced in country alone."

The Greek, the Roman, the Frenchman, the German, talks about "fatherland," and we are beginning to copy them; though to my ear the English "mother country" is far more tender and true.

Cicero follows up his words by saying that for her no true son would, if need be, hesitate to die. And his words, themselves an echo of what the poets and orators whose heir he was had repeated again and again, have been re-echoed and reiterated in many ages since he bowed his neck to the sword of his country's enemy.

But to give life for their country is the least part of what

men have been willing to do for her. Human life has often seemed a very trifling possession to be exposed cheaply in all sorts of useless risks and feuds. It has been the cheerful sacrifice of the things that make life worth living, the eager endurance of things far worse than death, which show the mighty power which love of country holds over the entire being of men.

Wealth that Croesus might have envied has been poured at the feet of our mother, and sacrifices taken up which St. Francis never knew—ease and luxury, refined company, and cultivated employment have been rejected for the hardships and suffering of the camp—the sympathy and idolatry of home have been abandoned for the tenfold hardships and sufferings of a political career; and at the age when we can offer neither life nor living as of any value to one's country, those children and grandchildren which were to have been the old man's and the old woman's solace are freely sent forth in the cause of the country which will send back nothing but a sword and cap to be hung on the wall and never be worn by living man again.

Such are the sacrifices men have cheerfully made for the existence, the honor, the prosperity of their country.

But perhaps the power of patriotism is shown more strongly in what it makes them do than in what it makes them give up. You know how many men have been, as it were, born again by the thought that they might illustrate the name and swell the force of their country, achieving what they never would have aroused themselves to do for themselves alone.

I do not mean the feats of military courage and strategy which are generally talked of as the sum of patriotic endeavor. I recollect in our war being told by a very well-known soldier who is now a very well-known civilian that it was conceited

for me or any other man to think in time of war he could serve his country in any way but in the ranks.

But in fact every art and every science has won triumphs under the stress of patriotism that it has hardly known in less enthusiastic days. The glow that runs through every line of Sophocles and Virgil, as they sung the glories of Athens and Rome, is reflected in the song of our own bards from Spenser and Shakespeare to this hour; the rush and sweep of Demosthenes and Cicero dwelling on the triumphs and duties of their native lands are only the harbingers of Burke and Webster on the like themes; the beauty into which Bramante and Angelo poured all their souls to adorn their beloved Florence was lavished under no other impulse than that which set all the science of France working to relieve her agriculture and manufactures from the pressure laid upon her by the strange vicissitudes of her Revolution.

Not all this enthusiasm has succeeded; there have been patriotic blunders as well as patriotic triumphs, but still it stands true that men are spurred on to make the best of themselves in the days when love of country glowed strongest in their hearts. It would seem as if all citizens poured their individual affections and devotions into one Superior Lake from which they all burst in one Niagara of patriotism.

I am ashamed, however, to press such a commonplace proposition before this audience and in this place, where the walls are as redolent of love of country as Faneuil Hall itself. The question is if philosophy, our chosen guide of life, has anything to say of this same love of country,—if she brings that under her rule, as she does so much else of life, supplementing, curtailing, correcting,—or whether patriotism may bid defiance to philosophy, claiming her submission as she claims the submission of every other human interest, and

bidding her yield and be absorbed, or stand off and depart to her visionary Utopia, where the claims of practical duty and natural sentiment do not seek to follow her.

For indeed we are told now that patriotism is not merely a generous and laudable emotion, but a paramount and overwhelming duty, to which everything else which men have called duties must give way. If a monarch, a statesman, a soldier stands forth pre-eminent in exalting the name or spreading the bounds of his country, he is a patriot—and that is enough.

Such a leader may be as perjured and blasphemous as Frederick, or as brutal and stupid as his father; he may be as faithless and mean as Marlborough, or as dissolute and bloody as Julius Cæsar; he may trample on every right of independent natives and drive his countrymen to the shambles like Napoleon; he may be as corrupt as Walpole and as wayward as Chatham; he may be destitute of every spark of culture, or may prostitute the gifts of the Muses to the basest ends; he may have, in short, all manner of vices, curses, or defects; but if he is true to his country, if he is her faithful standard-bearer, if he strives to set and keep her high above her rivals, he is right, a worthy patriot.

And if he seems lukewarm in her cause, if, however wise and good and accomplished he may be in all other relations, he fails to work with all his heart and soul to maintain her position among the nations, he must be stamped with failure if not with curse.

For the plain citizen who does not claim to be a leader in peace or war, the duty is still clearer. He must stand by his country, according to what those who have her destiny in their control decide is her proper course. In war or in peace he is to have but one watchword.

In peace, indeed, his patriotic duty will chiefly be shown by obeying existing laws, wherever they may strike, even as Socrates rejected all thought of evading the unjust, stupid, and malignant sentence that took his life. But it is not thought inconsistent with that true love of country to let one's opinions be known about those laws, and about the good of the country in general, in time of peace.

In a free land like ours every citizen is expected to be ready with voice and vote to do his part in correcting what is amiss, in protesting against bad laws, and, as far as he may, defeating bad men whom he believes to be seeking his country's ruin.

Nay, a citizen of a free country who did not so criticise would be held to be derelict to that highest duty which free lands, differing from slavish despotisms, impose upon their sons.

But in time of war we are told that all this is changed. As soon as our country is arrayed against another under arms, every loyal son has nothing to do but to support her armies to victory; he may desire peace, but it must be "peace with honor," whatever that phrase of the greatest charlatan of modern times may mean. He must not question the justice or the expediency of the war; he must either fight himself or encourage others to fight. Criticism of the management of the war may be allowable; of the fact of the war, it is treason. And the word for the patriot is, "Our country, right or wrong."

Right here, then, as I conceive it, Philosophy raises her warning finger before the passionate enthusiast and says: "Hold!" In the name of higher thought, of deeper law, of more serious principle, to which every man here, every child of Harvard, every brother of this society is bound to

listen, Philosophy says "Hold!" With the terror of the voice within, with the majesty of the voice from above to Americans now, and with the spirit of Socrates returning to earth, it bids them know what they mean by the words they use, or they may be crowning as a lofty emotion that which is only an unreasoning passion, and clothing with the robes of duty what is only a superstition.

This love of country, this patriotic ardor of ours, must submit to have Philosophy investigate her claims, to rule above all other emotions, not in the interest of any less generous emotion, not to make men more sordid or selfish, but simply because there is a rule called truth, and a measure called right, by which every human action is bound to be gauged, because all gods and men and fiends should league all their forces, and with the golden chain of Olympus to draw its glory down to their purposes they will only find themselves drawn upward subject to its unchanging laws, the weak members hanging in the air, and the vile ones hurled down to Tartarus.

What is this country—this mother country, this fatherland that we are bidden to love and serve and stand by at any risk and sacrifice? Is it the soil? the land? the plains and mountains and rivers? the fields, and forests, and mines? No doubt there is inspiration from this very earth—from that part of the globe which one nation holds, and which we call our country.

Poets and orators have dwelt again and again on the undying attractions to our own land, no matter what it is like; the Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, soft Italy, and stern Spain equally clutching on the hearts of their people with a resistless chain.

But a land is nothing without the men. The very same

countries, whose scenery, tame or bold, charming or awful, has been the inspiration to gallant generations, may, as the wheel of time turns, fall to indolent savages, listless slaves, or sordid money-getters. Byron has told us this in lines which the men of his own time felt were instinct with creative genius, but which the taste of the day rejects for distorted thoughts in distorted verse:

"Clime of the forgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
'T were long to tell and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes; self-abasement paved a way
To villain-bonds and despot sway."

It is the nation, not the land, which makes the patriot; if the nation degenerate, the land becomes only a monument, not a dwelling: let the nation rouse itself and the country may be a palace and a temple once more.

But who are the men that made the nation? Are they the whole of the population or a part only? are they one party only among the people, which is ready perhaps to regard the other party not as countrymen, but as aliens? Are the country the men who govern her and control her destinies, the king, the nobles, the popular representatives, the delegates to whom power is transmitted when the people resign it?

Once the king was the nation, with perhaps a few counselors; patriotism meant loyalty to the sovereign; every man

who on any pretext arrayed himself against the Crown was a disloyal rebel, an unpatriotic traitor; until at length God for his own purposes saw fit to array Charles the First against the people of England, when, after years of civil war, and twice as many years of hollow peace, and five times as many years when discussion was stifled or put aside, the world came to recognize that loyalty to one's king and love to one's country are as different in their nature as the light of a lamp and the light of the sun.

And yet, if a king understands the spirit and heart of his nation, he may lead it so truly in peace or in war that love of country shall be inseparable from devotion to the sovereign. Modern historians may load their pages as they please with revelations of the meanness, the falsehood, the waywardness of Queen Elizabeth; yet England believed in her and loved her; and if England rose from ruin to prosperity in her reign it was because her people trusted her. In her day, as for two centuries before, Scotland, where three different races had been welded together by Bruce to produce the most patriotic of peoples, had scarcely a true national existence, certainly nothing that men could cling to with affection and pride, because kings and commons were alike the prey of a poor, proud, selfish nobility who suffered nobody to rule, scarcely to live, but themselves; exempting themselves from the laws which they forced upon their country.

An American cries out at the idea of a trusted aristocracy seeking to drag the force and affection of a nation of vassals, and calling that patriotism. Then what will he say to the patriotism of some of those lands which have made their national name ring through the world for the triumphs and the sacrifices of which it is the emblem?

What was Sparta? What was Venice? What was Bern?

What was Poland? Merely the fields where the most exclusive aristocracies won name and fame and wealth and territory only to sink their unrecognized subject citizens lower every year in the scale of true nationality.

Not one of these identified the nation with the people. Or does an American insist on a democracy where the entire people's voice speaks through rulers of its choosing? Does he prefer the patriotism of Athens, where thirty thousand democrats kept up an interminable feud with ten thousand conservatives, one ever plunging the city into rash expeditions, the other, as soon as its wealth gave it the upper hand, disfranchising, exiling, killing the majority of the people, because it could hire stronger arms to crush superior numbers?

What was the patriotism of the Italian cities when faction alternately banished faction, when Dante suffered no more than he would have inflicted had his side got the upper hand? What was the patriotism in either Greece or Italy, which confined itself to its own city, and where city enjoyed far more fighting against city than ever thinking of union to save the common race from bondage?

For years, for centuries, for ages, the nations that would most eagerly repeat such sentiments as Cicero's about love of country never dreamed of using the word in any sense that a philosopher, nay, that a plain, truth-telling man, could not convict at once of meanness and contradiction.

But we of modern times look back with pity and contempt on those benighted ages which had not discovered the great arcanum of representative government, whereby a free nation chooses the men to whom it entrusts its concerns; its presidents and its prime ministers, its parliaments and congresses and courts. Yet even this mighty discovery, where-