

T. W. HIGGINSON

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, LL. D., distinguished American essayist, lecturer, and opponent of slavery, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 22, 1823, and educated at Harvard University. After studying at the Divinity School, Cambridge, he was ordained, in 1847, pastor of a Unitarian church in Newburyport, but resigned his charge three years later on account of his anti-slavery and abolitionist views being unacceptable to his congregation. In 1850, he was an unsuccessful Free-Soil candidate for Congress. In 1852, he became pastor of a free church at Worcester, Mass., but retired from the ministry in 1858. During these years at Worcester he was active among the anti-slavery agitators, and after the outbreak of the Civil War he served two years in the Federal army, where as Colonel of the First South Carolina volunteers he commanded the first regiment of freed slaves in the national service. He resigned from the service in 1864 on account of ill-health and resided at Newport, R. I., until 1878, when he removed to Cambridge, Mass., which has since been his home. He has been an earnest advocate of female suffrage, and has been active also in promoting the higher education of women. In 1899, he delivered a course of Lowell lectures at Boston upon American Oratory. Colonel Higginson has published, besides a translation of Epictetus (1865-92), "Out-Door Papers" (1863); "Malbone," a romance (1869); "Army Life in a Black Regiment" (1870); "Atlantic Essays" (1871); "The Sympathy of Religions" (1871); "Oldport Days" (1873); "Young Folks' History of the United States" (1875); "Short Studies of American Authors" (1879); "Common Sense about Women" (1881); "Life of Margaret Fuller" (1884); "Larger History of the United States" (1885); "Travellers and Outlaws"; "The Monarch of Dreams" (1886); "Hints on Writing and Speech-making" (1887); "Women and Men" (1888); "An Afternoon Landscape," a collection of verse (1889); "The New World and the New Book" (1892); "Concerning All of Us" (1892); "Book and Heart" (1897); "Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic" (1898), and "Cheerful Yesterdays" (1898), perhaps his best-known work.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, MAY 30, 1870

WE meet to-day for a purpose that has the dignity and the tenderness of funeral rites without their sadness. It is not a new bereavement, but one which time has softened, that brings us here. We meet not around a newly-opened grave, but among those which nature

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has already decorated with the memorials of her love. Above every tomb her daily sunshine has smiled, her tears have wept; over the humblest she has bidden some grasses nestle, some vines creep, and the butterfly—ancient emblem of immortality—waves his little wings above every sod. To nature's signs of tenderness we add our own. Not "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but blossoms to blossoms, laurels to the laureled.

The great Civil War has passed by—its great armies were disbanded, their tents struck, their camp-fires put out, their muster-rolls laid away. But there is another army whose numbers no presidential proclamation could reduce; no general orders disband. This is their camping-ground, these white stones are their tents, this list of names we bear is their muster-roll, their camp-fires yet burn in our hearts.

I remember this "Sweet Auburn" when no sacred associations made it sweeter, and when its trees looked down on no funerals but those of the bird and the bee. Time has enriched its memories since those days. And especially during our great war, as the nation seemed to grow impoverished in men, these hills grew richer in associations, until their multiplying wealth took in that heroic boy who fell in almost the last battle of the war. Now that roll of honor has closed, and the work of commemoration begun.

Without distinction of nationality, of race, of religion, they gave their lives to their country. Without distinction of religion, of race, of nationality, we garland their graves to-day. The young Roman Catholic convert, who died exclaiming "Mary! pardon!" and the young Protestant theological student, whose favorite place of study was this cemetery, and who asked only that no words of praise might be engraven on his stone—these bore alike the cross in their life-

time, and shall bear it alike in flowers to-day. They gave their lives that we might remain one nation, and the nation holds their memory alike in its arms.

And so the little distinctions of rank that separated us in the service are nothing here. Death has given the same brevet to all. The brilliant young cavalry-general who rode into his last action, with stars on his shoulders and his death-wound on his breast, is to us no more precious than that sergeant of sharpshooters who followed the line unarmed at Antietam, waiting to take the rifle of some one who should die, because his own had been stolen; or that private who did the same thing in the same battle, leaving the hospital service to which he had been assigned. Nature has been equally tender to the graves of all, and our love knows no distinction.

What a wonderful embalmer is death! We who survive grow daily older. Since the war closed the youngest has gained some new wrinkle, the oldest some added gray hair. A few years more and only a few tottering figures shall represent the marching files of the Grand Army; a year or two beyond that, and there shall flutter by the window the last empty sleeve. But these who are here are embalmed forever in our imaginations; they will not change; they never will seem to us less young, less fresh, less daring, than when they sallied to their last battle. They will always have the dew of their youth; it is we alone who shall grow old.

And, again, what a wonderful purifier is death! These who fell beside us varied in character; like other men they had their strength and their weaknesses, their merits and their faults. Yet now all stains seem washed away; their life ceased at its climax, and the ending sanctified all that went before. They died for their country; that is their

record. They found their way to heaven equally short, it seems to us, from every battle-field, and with equal readiness our love seeks them to-day.

"What is a victory like?" said a lady to the Duke of Wellington. "The greatest tragedy in the world, madam, except a defeat." Even our great war would be but a tragedy were it not for the warm feeling of brotherhood it has left behind it, based on the hidden emotions of days like these. The war has given peace to the nation; it has given union, freedom, equal rights; and in addition to that, it has given to you and me the sacred sympathy of these graves. No matter what it has cost us individually—health or worldly fortunes—it is our reward that we can stand to-day among these graves and yet not blush that we survive.

The great French soldier, La Tour D'Auvergne, was the hero of many battles, but remained by his own choice in the ranks. Napoleon gave him a sword and the official title "First among the grenadiers of France." When he was killed, the emperor ordered that his heart should be entrusted to the keeping of his regiment—that his name should be called at every roll-call, and that his next comrade should make answer, "Dead upon the field of honor." In our memories are the names of many heroes; we treasure all their hearts in this consecrated ground, and when the name of each is called, we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor."

ORATION UPON GRANT

DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD IN CAMBRIDGE,
MASSACHUSETTS, AUGUST 8, 1885

IT was one of the most picturesque moments of the history of Rome when, after the battle of Cannæ was lost and the Roman army almost annihilated—while Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, was measuring by bushels the gold rings of the slain Roman knights—the whole people of the city went out to greet with honor their defeated general Terentius Varro, and to bear to him a vote of thanks from the senate for “not having despaired of the republic.”

The vast obsequies celebrated all over the land to-day are not in honor of a defeated general, but of a victorious one; yet the ground of gratitude is the same as in that Roman pageant. Our Civil War, like that between Rome and Carthage, began in defeat and was transformed into victory, because he whom we celebrate did not despair of the republic. From the time when his successes at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg first turned the tide of adversity until the day when he received Lee's surrender it was to him we looked.

Nor was this all. There was in all this something more than mere generalship. Generalship is undoubtedly a special gift, almost amounting to genius—a man is born to it, as he is for poetry, or chess-playing, or commerce; and as in those other vocations, so in this, his success in one direction does not prove him equally strong in all. There are many ways in which General Grant does not rank with the greatest of the sons of men. He was wanting in many of the gifts and even tastes which raise man to his highest; he did not greatly care

for poetry, philosophy, music, painting, sculpture, natural science. The one art for which he had a genius is one that must be fleeting and perishable compared to these; for the human race must in its progress outgrow war. But a remarkable personal quality never can be ignored; if not shown in one way it will be shown in another; and this personal quality Grant had. Let us analyze some of its aspects.

He was great, in the first place, through the mere scale of his work. His number of troops, the vast area of his operations, surpassed what the world had before seen. When he took 15,000 prisoners at Fort Donelson, the capture was three times as large as when Burgoyne surrendered, in the only American battle thought important enough to be mentioned by Sir Edward Creasy in his “Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.”

When, on July 4, 1863, he took Vicksburg, he received what was then claimed to be the greatest capture of men and armament since the invention of gunpowder, and perhaps since the beginning of recorded history. He captured 15 generals, 31,600 soldiers and 172 cannon. For victories less than this Julius Cæsar was made dictator for ten years and his statue was carried in processions with those of the immortal gods. Cæsar at Pharsalia took but 24,000 prisoners; Napoleon at Ulm, 23,000; Hannibal at Cannæ but 20,000. Yet these in Grant's case were but special victories. How great, then, his power when at the head of the armies of the United States! Neither of these great commanders ever directed the movements of a million men. The mere coarse estimate of numbers, therefore, is the first measure of Grant's fame.

But mere numbers are a subordinate matter. He surpassed his predecessors also in the dignity of the object for which he fought. The three great generals of the world are usually

enumerated—following Macaulay—as being Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon. Two of these fought in wars of mere conquest, and the contests of the third were marred by a gloomy fanaticism, by cruelty and by selfishness. General Grant fought to restore a nation, that nation being the hope of the world. And he restored it. His work was as complete as it was important. Cæsar died by violence; Napoleon died defeated; Cromwell's work crumbled to pieces when his hand was cold. Grant's career triumphed in its ending; it is at its height to-day.

It was finely said by a Massachusetts statesman that we did not fight to bring our opponents to our feet, but only to our side. Grant to-day brings his opponents literally to his side when they act as pall-bearers around his coffin.

The next thing remarkable about him was the spirit in which he fought. He belonged in his whole temperament to the Anglo-Saxon or Germanic type of generals, and not to the French or Latin type. It is said that in the Duke of Wellington's despatches you never find the word "glory," but always the word "duty," while in those of Napoleon Bonaparte you never find the word "duty," but always "glory." Grant was in this respect like Wellington. In his early western campaign he wrote to his father: "I will go on and do my duty to the best of my ability, and do all I can to bring the war to a speedy close. I am not an aspirant for anything at the close of the war. . . . One thing I am well aware of: I have the confidence of every man in my command." Of course he had. Once convince men that your motive is duty and their confidence is yours.

When we come to the mere executive qualities involved in fighting, we find that Grant habitually combined in action two things rarely brought together—quickness and persever-

ance. That could be said of him which Malcolm McLeod said of Charles Edward, the Pretender: "He is the bravest man, not to be rash, and the most cautious man, not to be a coward, that I ever saw."

He did not have the visible and conspicuous dash of Sherman or Sheridan; he was rather the kind of man whom they needed to have behind them. But in quickness of apprehension and action, where this quality was needed, he was not their inferior, if they were even his equals. He owed to it his first conspicuous victory at Fort Donelson. Looking at the knapsacks of the slain enemy, he discovered that they held three days' rations, and knew, therefore, that they were trying to get away. Under this stimulus he renewed the attack and the day was won.

Moreover, it is to be noticed that he was, in all his action as a commander, essentially original—a man of initiative, not of routine. He was singularly free from the habit of depending on others. When in Egypt an official gave him an Arabian horse and advised that, at first, he should simply pace the horse up and down, with one or two attendants to hold him, Grant, who had at West Point been the best rider in his class, said briefly, "If I can mount a horse I can ride him, and all the attendants can do is to keep away." It was the same with him through his military life; if he could mount the horse he could ride it; and what caused all to turn to him, as much as anything, was this knowledge that he was an original force, not an imitator or dependent.

And to crown all these qualities was added one more, that of personal modesty. When, at Hamburg, Germany, he was toasted as "the man who had saved the nation," he replied, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the country." He put down the pride of the

German officers, the most self-sufficient military aristocracy of the world, by quietly disclaiming the assumption of being a soldier at all. He said to Bismarck: "I am more a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, though I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars—the Mexican as a young lieutenant, and later [mark the exquisite moderation of that "and later"]—I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure." Such a remark from the greatest captain of the age disarmed even German criticism.

When we turn from the military life of Grant to his civil life, we find him at great disadvantage and entering untried on a sphere where it is, perhaps, still too early to judge him. He had been trained in the army, a bad school for civil service through this reason, that an army officer is obliged, if in command, to select his subordinates, trust a great deal to them, stand by them under attack and not interfere very much with them till they lose his confidence and he drops them. It is almost impossible for him, as can be done in a counting-room or a workshop, to watch his subordinates, check them, guide them and correct their mistakes from day to day. The chief drawbacks of President Grant's administration came from this habit, and now that it is past we can see that they left the man himself unstained. There were, undoubtedly, men of the highest character with whom he was brought in close contact whom he could not appreciate and with whom he could not well act. Thus he never did justice to Charles Sumner, but we may well admit, at this distance of time, that Sumner did not quite do justice to him.

There is no doubt, I suppose, that Grant would have died a happier man had he for a third time been raised to the Presi-

dency. There is nothing strange in this. Nobody ever longed to be an ex-President, and anybody might honorably long to be set above even Washington by having a third Presidential term. To call this Cæsarism was idle; it was not in Grant to make one conscious step to impair the liberties of his country. Whether his third administration would not have damaged those liberties indirectly and unconsciously, we never shall know; the majority of Americans apparently either feared some such result, or found the precedent too dangerous to venture on. The step never was taken at any rate; and the nation is perhaps safer that it was not, but we must guard against connecting this ambition in Grant's case with anything base or unscrupulous.

He was never tried by this test of a third term of power; but a third term of ordeal came to him in a wholly unexpected way, and increased his hold upon us all. He told Bismarck, as we have seen, that he never entered on a war without regret or retired from it without pleasure. But he was destined to enter on just one more campaign—against pain and disease combined with sudden poverty. It was a formidable coalition. It is sometimes said that it is easier to die well than to live well; but it is harder than either to grow old, knowing that one's great period of action is past, and weighed down with the double weight of hopeless financial failure and irremediable bodily pain. Either bankruptcy or physical torture has by itself crushed many a man morally and mentally; but Grant's greatest campaign was when he resisted them both. Upon such a campaign as this he might well, as he said, shrink from entering; but having been obliged to enter upon it, he was still Grant. Thousands of Americans have felt a sense of nearness to him and a sense of pride in him during the last few months such as they never

felt before. He was already a hero in war to us. The last few months have made him a hero of peace, *miles pacificus*.

It has been already said that the supreme generals of the world were Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon. Grant was behind all three of these in variety of cultivation and in many of the qualities that make a man's biography picturesque and fascinating. He may be said to have seemed a little prosaic, compared with any one of these. But in moral qualities he was above them all; more truthful, more unselfish, more simple, more humane. He fell short of Washington in this, that he was not equally great in war and statesmanship; but his qualities were within reach of all; his very defects were within reach of all; and he will long be with Washington and Lincoln the typical American in the public eyes. It is this typical quality after all that is most valuable. What we need most to know is not that exceptional men of rare gifts or qualities may arise here—they may arise anywhere—but that there is such an average quality among us that when a great personal leadership is wanted it will be forthcoming, after a few experiments. This is the secret of that popular preference always so obvious for an obscure origin in case of a great man. The preference is equally recognized among the philosophers; "the interest of history," says Emerson, "is in the fortunes of the poor." Indeed the deeper feeling of the whole world has always recognized this—it is to the proudest monarchy in Europe, the Castilian, that we owe the phrase, "the son of his own works"¹—Grant was the son of his own works. His fame rests upon the broadest and surest of all pedestals, as broad as common humanity. He seems greatest because he was no detached or ideal hero, but simply the representative of us all.

¹ "El hijo de sus obras."

FOR SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-PROTECTION

[Speech at the Annual Meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, held at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 1, 1887.]

I HAVE the sensations of a revolutionary veteran, almost, in coming back to the city of Philadelphia and remembering our early meetings here in that time of storm, in contrasting the audiences of to-day with the audiences of that day, and in thinking what are the difficulties that come before us now as compared with those of our youth. The audiences have changed, the atmosphere of the community has changed; nothing but the cause remains the same, and that remains because it is a part of the necessary evolution of democratic society and is an immortal thing.

I recall those early audiences; the rows of quiet faces in Quaker bonnets in the foreground; the rows of exceedingly unquiet figures of Southern medical students, with their hats on, in the background. I recall the visible purpose of those energetic young gentlemen to hear nobody but the women, and the calm determination with which their boot-heels contributed to put the male speakers down. I recall their too assiduous attentions in the streets outside when the meetings broke up; and if there was any of that self-sacrifice which the chairman seems to imply, it did not refer to anything that actually took place inside the hall, although even the attempt on a man's part to get to the other end of his speech was sometimes attended with difficulties. The real test of chivalry, if there was one, consisted in the subsequent escorting through the streets of Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony in the Bloomer dresses of those days, in the midst

of a somewhat uncomplimentary and peripatetic audience of small boys.

The times have changed. Much has come and gone since then. The Southern medical students have disappeared from the room, and almost, it may be, from Philadelphia. The change of fashion has swept away the Quaker bonnets in one direction and the Bloomer trousers in another.

The grand voices that cheered us then in great measure have passed away. The heroic, changeless, firm, granite attitude of Garrison, the fascinating eloquence of Phillips, and the womanly counsel of Lucretia Mott are all only noble memories for those who recall them; but the same cause fills this hall and these hearts to-day. The same cause is ours, fresher and younger because thirty years have gone by.

We need feel no anxiety about it. It comes before us to-day with no new arguments, no new illustrations, only with new tests and new methods. It comes, not with the vague and bodiless traditions of the past, but with the twenty-six thousand women voters of Kansas to-day behind it to strengthen it. It is the cause of the future, the cause of the American people, the inevitable, logical result of all our reasons, the recognition of which alone justifies us in calling ourselves Republicans. Its future is absolutely certain. Those who join themselves with it join to something that they can hold to. It is true of this, as Frederick Douglass said years ago of another organization, "This is the deck; all else is the sea."

I consider it, Mr. Chairman, a great merit of the cause, that as the time goes on, and as it widens so greatly the sphere of its adherents, it brings in a great variety of forces to suggest new arguments; it gives different points of view; different positions. We are not now that simple homogene-

ous body, all united on much the same arguments, all coming to the result in much the same way, that we were at the outset. It has developed, as the anti-slavery movement developed, a great variety of angles of incidence, a great variety of points of view; and the spirit and freshness and vigor of these meetings must come in a large degree from the freedom of those who stand on this platform to speak their own thought and approach the great question in their own way.

Who of us that served in the anti-slavery ranks does not remember those conflicts of opinion on the platform that seemed at times likely to rend the whole movement asunder? I remember dear old Stephen Foster, that man of iron. I remember with delight the time when he followed me in a speech in an anti-slavery convention at Worcester. He said at the outset, "I love my friend Higginson; but if there is anything I abhor, it is such sentiments as he has been expressing."

That was the genuine thing; that was reform. Reformers are not always alike capable of that strict combination, that firm concentration, which makes conservatism so powerful. No liberal sect is ever found like the Roman Catholic Church in its power of cementing and organizing and binding. The force of reform is its individual enthusiasm, resulting from each person following out his own best view.

Reformers are like Esquimaux dogs. Do you know how Esquimaux dogs are fastened to the sledge? The owner of the dogs takes his sledge, catches his dog with difficulty, and fastens him by a single thong to the sledge. He catches another dog, puts his thong upon him and fastens him too. He has twenty dogs at last all harnessed to the sledge, each by his separate thong. Why does he waste his labor in that